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PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

10¢

JULY

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JUDY GARLAND
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

VE AND RITA HAYWORTH: The Story of a Daring Fight for Freedom

Invite Romance with a Skin that's Lovely!
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by charming brides!

HAVE YOU ever heard a man say of another woman—"Her skin is lovely"—and wondered what he was thinking of yours? Wonder no longer—be sure your skin invites romance! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Let this exciting beauty treatment help bring out all the real, hidden loveliness of your skin. For, without knowing it, you may be cleansing your skin improperly . . . or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Thorsen's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "Not a morning . . . not a night would I let go by without following my Mild-Soap Diet routine," she says.

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested. Start today on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For 30 days use Camay faithfully night and morning. From the very first treatment, your skin will feel fresher—more alive. And in a few short weeks greater loveliness may be your reward.

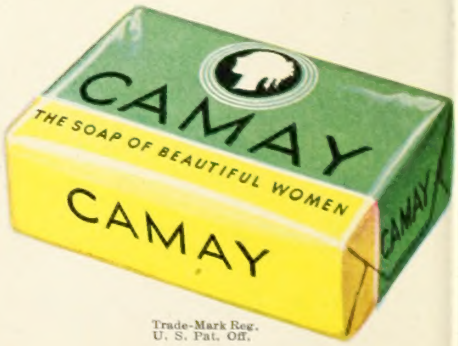
This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert M. Thorsen, of Evanston, Ill., says: "I've found the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to be a beauty treatment that really works for greater loveliness. I'm so pleased with what it has done for my complexion!"

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS . . . LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"All that . . . and You, Darling . . ."

THIS was the beautiful hour of triumph for a woman who took from life a "double brush-off," as Broadway puts it —*and came back.*

Through the warm dark she could see her name glowing in lights . . . a rising star at 27. Holding her close was the man she loved and was going to marry.

"Darling, darling," she whispered, "It's all too wonderful to be believed! Just think, Jim, only a year ago I was broke and unknown". . . and patting his arm, "and unloved, too."

She never spared herself the truth. Only a year ago Smedley, the producer who was starring her now, left orders that she was not to be admitted to his offices again, "Sure, she may have talent . . . but she's got something else, too!" he said flatly.

And Jim who now held her so tenderly had once publicly declared, after dancing with her, that she was simply impossible. And, like Smedley, he explained why.

Luckily the shocking truth got back to her—and she did something about it.* Later she actually forced herself into Smedley's office and read the part so beautifully that she got it. Then she trapped Jim into a date which showed him that his first estimate of her was wrong . . . that she could be completely desirable.

Two Strikes Against You

Sometimes fate hangs on the thinnest of threads. Habits and personality are weighed against ability.

Make up your mind to one thing, however: if you have halitosis (bad breath)* your good points can be lost sight of before this bad one. And, unfortunately, if you are found guilty only once, you may be under suspicion always.

Any one—you included—might have halitosis at this very moment without realizing it. So you may offend needlessly.

Since you do not know, isn't it just common sense to be always on guard? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath? Why not get in the habit of using this amazing antiseptic every night and morning and between business and social appointments at which you wish to appear at your best?

Be At Your Best

Fortunately for you, while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, according to some authorities, are simply due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors which it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

Always bear in mind that people who get places and go places after they get there are usually the ones who are careful about such things as their breath. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

HONESTY
shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Call us Nostradamus, Jr. At any rate we're following in the footsteps of the eminent foreteller.

We are about to prophesy that the Jan Struther novel, "Mrs. Miniver" will be the First Lady of the Screen for '42.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have our paw on the pulse of the public when we make our startling prediction. We saw William Wyler's production of "Mrs. Miniver" in a Hollywood preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let us tell you about that preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Prepared for the screen by producer Sidney Franklin, who had had an editorial hand in "Goodbye Mr. Chips", there was reason to believe that "Mrs. Miniver" was an equally creditable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But it was not certain what the public would say.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was evident that William Wyler, one of the really great directors, had done his finest job . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

That Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver had been perfection itself . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

And that Walter Pidgeon as Clem had been dream-like casting . . .

It was said that no finer supporting cast had ever been assembled than Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon.

★ ★ ★ ★

Still, there was a lot to be learned from the first public reaction to this most unusual type of film about a peaceful little life caught in the maelstrom of the moment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Imagine the excitement! Only once before—it was the preview of "Big Parade"—had there been such a tremendous public demonstration in favor of a film.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" had joined the big parade of the screen's noblest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now it's true we haven't told you about the story. Perhaps we should have done it, because our purpose is to arouse your interest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sounds selfish, doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

But when you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll remember whom to thank for the tip—

—*Leo*

JULY 1942 VOL. 21, NO. 2

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

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FRED R. SAMMIS, Executive Editor
HELEN GILMORE, Editor
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EDMUND DAVENPORT, Art Director

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ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Philip Dorn: It's not his fault

Jean Gabin: Boyer will laugh

Maureen O'Sullivan: She's happy at last

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THEY claim, around Hollywood, that it was Abbott and Costello who invented the slogan, "Keep 'Em Laughing" but the whole town has adopted that phrase now . . . and a mighty sharp idea that is, too . . . for creating laughter is distinctly Hollywood's dish . . . and behind the scenes in movie town, full many a thing is going on right now that is both wacky and wonderful. . . .

For instance . . . every day finds more young leading men gone . . . now Ty Power is in the Navy and Ronnie Reagan, right on the threshold of his most brilliant career after his wonderful work in "Kings Row," has been called to fill his cavalry reserve officer post . . . so the "older" lovers and the very young are being depended upon more than ever. . . .

Thus Twentieth Century-Fox is trying to cash in right away on the grooming it has been giving for more than a year to Jean Gabin, who is not young . . . and thus it was that after the preview of "Moontide," Gabin's first American movie, one famous reviewer turned to another and said, "Gabin's so good Charles Boyer's toupee is turning grey with envy" . . . typical Hollywood humor, that. . . .

Age is getting an inning, too, in the case of Monty Woolley . . . "The Man Who Came To Dinner" wasn't quite the riot at the box office it was supposed to be, but Woolley was . . . the result is that he has more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of contracts waiting for him that he could take advantage of if he could only be in two places at once . . . for Broadway wants him for two plays and a musical and Hollywood wants him for four more films . . . so right now he's settled upon doing "Pied Piper" at Twentieth . . . but the interesting part of it all is that Woolley, beard and acting ability exactly as good as it is today, called round at every movie studio some four years ago . . . he was regarded merely as "a beard" then, not "*the* Beard" and while he played an occasional ambassador or some similar bit role, he never got a chance at a good part until the acid-etched role of *Sheridan Whiteside* put him across . . . which merely puts his story in that crowded file of other good actors who are ignored simply because they have never been properly cast. . . .

It's typical Hollywood politics that is booming the career of Philip Dorn, who has been allowed to languish too long since his outstanding hit in "Escape" . . . a brilliant actor, Dorn was unhappy but uncomplaining when he was wasted on a tiny bit in "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" and his sincerity and artistic conscience were revealed in the fine performance he lavished on that silly role . . . but the turning of the tide of fortune came when Warners tried to borrow him from M-G-M for two different pictures . . . result? . . . Metro's got him cast in five fine ones now. . . .

Also typical of this zany town is the fact that Metro could successfully kill Laraine Day from the *Kildare* pictures . . . in fact the *Kildare* film in which the *Doctor* had a new romance turned out to be the most successful . . . but they don't dare kill Ann Rutherford out of the *Hardy* series . . . and that presents a nice problem . . . for Twentieth Century-Fox has put little Ann under contract . . . so she'll have to be borrowed back on her original lot at a highly advanced salary . . . and what that actually proves to the wise Hollywood insider is that Ann is more popular with the public than Laraine Day is. . . .

AND then, by way of contrast, there are two such varied careers as those of Maureen O'Sullivan and Katharine Hepburn, both touched by today's conditions. . . .

After being tagged a flop and then getting into "The Philadelphia Story" and making that such a terrific stage and screen (*Continued on page* 23)

Glorious News For A Glorious JULY 4th!

THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES!

After one whole year of acclaim, beginning with the 4th of July the price is reduced for this greatest of great pictures so that all the U.S.A. can see it—*and celebrate!*

GARY COOPER as "Sergeant York"

Exactly as shown at advanced prices

WINNER OF THE ACADEMY AWARD just one of the hundred honors heaped upon it!

Presented with Pride by **WARNER BROS** with

WALTER BRENNAN · JOAN LESLIE

GEORGE TOBIAS · STANLEY RIDGES

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch & John Huston · Based Upon the Diary of Sergeant [illegible] · Music By [illegible]

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

Unforgettable performances, unforgettable film: Ida Lupino and Jean Gabin in "Moontide"

Fire, humor, pathos: Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield in "Tortilla Flat"

✓✓ Moontide (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The regeneration of a wanderer and waif through love.*

SEE Gabin! It's the watchword of the month and one that will echo right down through the months to the day the Academy Award is due again. If that day doesn't find a tousleheaded Frenchman accepting, with a very, very slight accent, a coveted Oscar, then some powerful performances will have to come out of Hollywood in the meantime.

We think this is the equal of, if not better than Monsieur Gabin's French pictures. As a gusty wanderer among the world's waterfronts who finally finds, to his astonishment, that he wants to settle down with the forsaken little waif, Ida Lupino, whom he has rescued from drowning, Gabin gives an unforgettable performance. Ida Lupino is the one and right choice as the girl and she rises to every demand of the character.

Thomas Mitchell, the evil barnacle who clings to Gabin, and Claude Rains, the philosopher, are very good. They are more than that actually. Both fit their roles like gloves. Or is it vice versa?

Your Reviewer Says: The sensation of the month.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Moontide
My Gal Sal
Tortilla Flat
Take A Letter, Darling

Best Performances

Jean Gabin in "Moontide"
Ida Lupino in "Moontide"
Victor Mature in "My Gal Sal"
Rita Hayworth in "My Gal Sal"
Robert Cummings in "Saboteur"
Spencer Tracy in "Tortilla Flat"
Hedy Lamarr in "Tortilla Flat"
John Garfield in "Tortilla Flat"
Frank Morgan in "Tortilla Flat"
Fred MacMurray in "Take A Letter, Darling"
Rosalind Russell in "Take A Letter, Darling"

✓✓ Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)

It's About: *Life and love in old Monterey.*

HERE is a good picture. You'll like it because: 1, It has four wonderfully drawn characterizations in Spencer Tracy as a no-good loafer; Hedy Lamarr, a Portuguese girl with matrimonial ideas; John Garfield as her subdued love; and Frank Morgan as the village miser.

You'll like it because: 2, It never goes overboard in theme or text; 3, It has fire, humor, drama and pathos.

Miss Lamarr has never given a better performance. The scheming, conniving no-good loafer lives and breathes on the screen under Tracy's underplaying touch. It's Tracy's best performance in a long time. Garfield is the most believable hot-tempered *Danny* you can imagine and, to our surprise, the usually befuddled Morgan brings a spiritual authenticity to his role of the village recluse who gives his all for his love for dogs.

There are so many beautiful, so many humorous, so many everyday things about "Tortilla Flat" one can't help but take it to one's heart.

Your Reviewer Says: All good things rolled into one package.

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 102

✓✓ My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The life story of a young American song writer.*

FOR the first time on the screen Victor Mature proves himself an actor—an actor so good he actually becomes the man he portrays: Paul Dresser, the young song writer from Indiana who set Dad and Mother to singing "My Gal Sal" and "On The Banks Of The Wabash," tunes that are just as catchy now as they were in the gay days.

From his home on the farm, Vic flees a tyrannical father, takes up with a crooked medicine man, gets himself tarred and feathered, joins another traveling show, is seen by the New York stage star, Rita Hayworth, who laughs at his hickish behavior.

Infuriated, Vic sets out to show Miss Smarty a few things. He does. In New York he finds Rita using one of his songs in her show and from then on, Vic, as Dresser, composes one hit after another and finally—but that's for your delectable enjoyment.

Rita is beautiful and performs delightfully. Carole Landis is very good as the show girl who befriends him, John Sutton very handsome as the producer and Jimmy Gleason excellent as the music publisher. But Victor steals most of the honors.

Your Reviewer Says: It will linger in the memory.

✓✓ Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount)

It's About: *A male secretary who subdues his woman boss with love.*

CUTER than Christmas, gayer than New Year's, peppier than July Fourth is this entertaining two-edged sword that cuts the gloom (pardon the mixed metaphors) and lets the sunshine into your heart.

Rosalind Russell is a "hard-berled" woman advertiser who hires Fred MacMurray as an escort-secretary. Only l-o-v-e hits our Rosalind in the midst of a campaign and when Fred ogles the blonde charmer that controls the product that wants advertising, Rosalind melts and jealously runs into the arms of the blonde's brother, MacDonald Carey.

It turns out well, though, with snappy dialogue leaping like candle flames from the screen.

Constance Moore is lovely as the blonde. Robert Benchley is seen here and there as Rosalind's partner.

Your Reviewer Says: Take a bow, darlings.

(*Continued on page* 99)

First impressions are lasting! Always guard charm with Mum

WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it *instantly prevents* underarm odor—because it so *dependably* safeguards charm all day or all evening.

Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.* Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable

After every bath, and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!

Stay popular with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With *convenient* Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, too!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

To hold a man's interest, stay sure of your charm! Always be nice to be near! You can trust dependable Mum because, without stopping perspiration, it *prevents* underarm odor for a whole day or evening.

Eye-for-an-eye look at George Montgomery, fiance Lamarr

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Brass buttons polished and grin in working order, Ronald Reagan went to the Military Ball with wife Jane Wyman. Claudette Colbert's dinner pal was Cesar Romero in his State Guard uniform

EVENTS OF THE MONTH: The Military Ball, held at the Palladium, was a huge success with practically every star in the industry scattered amongst the throng. Red Skelton and Mickey Rooney signed autographs until their cramped hands refused to hold the pencils. Marion Davies, who acted as hostess, was everywhere. Marion, who donated a hospital to the local State Guard (the party was a benefit for the hospital) deserves great credit for the success of the affair.

Rosalind Russell and her husband, Fred Brisson, the Ronald Reagans (he in uniform), Irene Dunne looking too beautiful, Hedy Lamarr and Rita Hayworth on either side of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, with Hedy's devoted swain, George Montgomery, near by (so were Bud and Lou), Judy Garland with a carnation snood, Betty Grable and George Raft, and even Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, who seldom go social, were a few of the notables who attended.

It takes Hollywood to put on a show such as this. . . .

Jane Withers celebrated her sixteenth birthday with a good old-fashioned hay ride. It took three wagons to carry the guests to Jim Jeffries' barn out Ventura Boulevard, with Jane and Leo Carrillo leading the parade on horseback.

The jitterbug contest at the barn was a riot. Bobby Jordan and Edith Fellows were the cutest pair there.

All in all it was a terrific party for young and old and Jane will never forget her sweet sixteenth birthday. . . .

The Victory Caravan, carrying some of the biggest names in the industry,

pulled out for its initial opening in Washington, D. C. A special train was chartered to carry Charles Boyer, Eleanor Powell, Rise Stevens, Laurel and Hardy, Desi Arnaz, Ray Middleton, Jerry Colonna, Bob Hope, James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Merle Oberon, Joan Bennett and many, many others, including orchestras and a glamour girl chorus.

The Caravan will visit thirteen cities in two and a half weeks, putting on a three-hour show of music, drama and comedy in the biggest available theater auditoriums.

The funds gathered will be added to the Army and Navy Relief Funds.

When it comes to charity on the grand scale, it takes Hollywood to come across!

A Few Facts About Interesting People: Desi Arnaz, Cuban husband of Lucille Ball, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Cuban Reserves and is subject to call any moment.

Don Barry has been granted two billings. He'll be known as "Red" Barry in his Western films and Donald M. Barry in his big feature roles. Don, who is one of those rarities—a fine actor, as well as cowboy star—is his own worst enemy when it comes to cocksure conceit. Too bad, too.

Ruth Hussey has lost fourteen pounds on the strangest diet yet. When Ruth wants sweets she eats nothing but sweets and one starch means a whole meal of starches, etc. You should see that figure.

Myrna Loy is obtaining a Reno divorce from husband Arthur Hornblow.

Clark Gable will lend his talents toward making Defense shorts for Uncle Sam as well as pictures for M-G-M.

Bette Davis's feverish restlessness has driven her from house to house until now Bette is living in an amazingly modest bungalow in a most unfashionable canyon. Why? Nobody in Hollywood can figure it out.

He Had to Open His Big Mouth: Joe E. Brown is back in Hollywood from a thirty-three-day tour of our Alaskan camps, outposts, gun positions and bases. Up in the land of ice and snow his name will never be forgotten. It will keep pretty fresh in the hearts of those lonely kids, too, no matter where they go in this world-wide war.

Joe E. was the first and only bit of entertainment that had come their way in many long months and maybe those fun-thirsty kids didn't gulp it down. What's more, Joe E. ignored all restricting red tape and went on his own initiative.

HE WANTED YOU to read this ad, my dear . . . it's his way of telling you love will die, *unless* you learn the feminine secret of "double-protection" against offending! You see, it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant-smelling soap! Discover "double-protection" in your bath—right now, with one soap that's truly gentle and fragrant . . .

IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!

SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth . . . subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are *super*-sensitive, remember Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart . . . get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—*today!*

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Bill Holden, who's wearing a uniform now, has a last look at a Lux broadcast with Ray Milland and Veronica Lake

Little Foxes Anne Shirley and Deanna Durbin make things pleasant for escorts of the Ciro's evening Craig Stevens (left) and Henry Wilson (right)

Fun at the VACS Fights: Loretta Young, beribboned beauty, comes to look at husband Tom Lewis

(*Continued from page* 9) A touching story was told Cal that concerns Joe E. (Hollywood's ambassador of good citizenship) and the people, five whites and a few hundred Eskimos, of Gambell, a tiny town on a far Alaskan outpost, a town never before visited by a celebrity. With quiet dignity an Eskimo leader read to Joe E. their proclamation that henceforth March seventeenth (the day of his arrival) would be known as Joe E. Brown day and declared a holiday. That's what his visit meant to them.

There were tears in the eyes of this man Hollywood knows as a clown when the proclamation was read. Tears in his eyes and heart. He came home and made a proviso in his will, Joe E. did. When he is gone, his children will carry on the tradition of sending greetings each March seventeenth in the name of Joe E. Brown to the citizens of Gambell.

Much good comes out of Hollywood. And a large portion comes from the wide mouth and open heart of a man named Brown.

Our Kiddies' Corner: Littler Gary Crosby is stealing the thunder from those charity golf matches put on by his dad Bing and friend Bob Hope. When Gary gets bored he breaks out in song and from then on Bing and Bob are minus an audience.

"We have orange trees for orange juice in our back yard," a little neighbor boy taunted little Johnny Farrow, three-year-old son of Maureen O'Sullivan Farrow. "And we've a lot of lemon trees to make lemonade," he went on. "Well," said little Johnny triumphantly, "we've got an olive tree for martinis."

Robert Young and his little daughter Barbara were out riding when a low-flying plane caused the horses to shy. Instantly Bob was off his horse and at Barbara's side. For a moment she gazed at him wide-eyed and then said, "That's right, Daddy, you come to me when you're scared. I'll protect you."

Mickey Keeps Grinning: Let me tell you this—Mickey Rooney's bride, Ava

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Randy Scott gets a Ciro's earful of what's news in the Army from U. S. soldier Burgess Meredith

Gardner, is much prettier than her pictures have her. We thought so the first time we saw her and last week on the "Me And My Gal" set we decided she was much, much prettier and daintier. Ava had come on the set to return a pair of earrings she'd borrowed from Judy Garland. The girls are very good friends and love swapping recipes. Mickey and Ava are very happy in their modest little apartment and Mickey shows no regret at having given up a spacious big home to live in a few rooms.

Oh yes, it's love all right. M-G-M found that out when Mickey refused to remove the wedding band from his hand during his picture, "A Yank At Eton." Which reminds us of a very funny thing that happened on that set. Before Mickey married Ava he had courted Tina Thayer, who now plays a role in the picture. Maybe the proximity of ex-girl friend Tina embarrassed Mickey, but for one scene Tina was supposed to say to Mickey:

"Don't you know about shipboard romances? They are ephemeral things."

After pondering a moment Mickey is supposed to reply: "It all depends on how you look at it. To me this isn't one of those epher—what you said things."

However, Mickey got his tongue twisted over the words.

He blew the first part of the speech and then, half sheepish, half annoyed, he finished up loudly:

"I was a Wife *in name only*"

A NEGLECTED WIFE REGAINS HER HAPPINESS BY OVERCOMING HER "ONE NEGLECT"

1. Our marriage started out like a story-book romance. We were so head-over-heels in love. But soon my romance faded. Jim's love turned to cold indifference. I suffered agonies.

2. Mrs. M. dropped in one morning and caught me crying. She dragged the whole sad story out of me. "My dear," she said, "don't mind my frankness—you see, I used to be a Registered Nurse, and I understand your trouble. So many wives lose their husbands' love because of carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. "Our head physician set me straight," continued Mrs. M. "He advised his women patients to use Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol, you see, is a powerful germicide; used according to easy directions, it kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact . . . yet can't harm sensitive tissues. It cleanses and deodorizes, too."

4. I've used Lysol for feminine hygiene ever since—with never the slightest worry about its effectiveness. Lysol is so economical—it never dents my budget. And—oh, yes, Jim is once more "that way" about me—and am I *happy!*

Why you can depend on Lysol

GENTLE YET POWERFUL—Used as directed, Lysol is gentle to delicate tissues (not an acid—no free alkali), *yet there is no germicide in the douche that Lysol will not kill on instant contact.* SPREADING—No other douche advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution virtually searches out germ life in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL—Small bottle makes almost 4-gallons solution. CLEANLY ODOR—Soon disappears. HOLDS STRENGTH to last drop—play safe with Lysol.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-742. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Moment of Luxury

WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM OF FACE POWDER QUALITY!

COMPARE Cashmere Bouquet Talcum with others you've used! Note the silky feel, the total absence of grit. That's because Cashmere Bouquet Talcum is finer—made to face-powder standards.

COOL AS STARDUST, it falls on your skin; dries lingering moisture; leaves a satiny, protective film so soothing to sensitive areas that chafe easily.

AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX, you'll find Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to your person "the fragrance men love." No whisper of perspiration staleness to brand you as the "lady who forgot."

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

Why boys like the morale-building business: Joan Bennett helps entertain the Army at one of the AWVS canteens

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

"To me, this isn't one of those *big fat* ephemeral things!"

It was so unexpected that the whole company broke up in laughter.

Yes, he's the same old Mickey and marriage has only made him faster on the comeback.

Inside Tidbits: Feuds between women stars are bad enough, but the extent of the mad-on between Betty Grable and Victor Mature, with Betty dressing down Vic on the set 'til the rafters ring, is really something. One particular Grable outburst was returned by Vic with the quiet words: "You should learn how to behave from Carole Landis." And then all Hades broke loose, for Betty isn't particularly fond of Landis, either. For a few more details of the "mad," see page 56.

Charles Boyer is smarting a bit under the fact that Jean Gabin is almost accentless in his very first picture, "Moontide," after less than a year in America, whereas Mr. Boyer still speaks thickish English, to say the least.

When Gabin arrived he could say only "hello" and "go to hell," which some kind soul assured him meant "good-by." Wait, we say, not only 'til you hear Gabin's splendid English but until you get two big eyefuls of that Frenchman's acting. Put Cal down right now as saying next year's Academy Award will be received by a tousle-haired gentleman with a very slight accent. And we don't mean Jerry Colonna, either.

The fact Annie Sheridan and her husband, George Brent, were obviously quarreling while out to dinner the other night doesn't mean a break-up in that marriage exactly.

You'll remember Annie and George did quite a bit of quarreling before marriage and that didn't prevent a wedding, did it? Why should such fracases now mean a divorce, for heaven's sake?

If you don't believe that

You can look as smart as a star

for $6.98, $8.95 or $12.95

See page 62!

Photoplay-Movie Mirror's
NEW FASHION CLINIC

The Bride Wore—What? While thousands of little brides-to-be were flying about collecting dainty finery for their trousseau, the loveliest of them all, Hedy Lamarr, was buying up bright green, red and orange satin cowboy shirts. Yes sir, luscious Hedy Lamarr has gone cowboy with a bang since her romance with former cowhand George Montgomery, and insists hers will be a real out-West wedding with both her and George dressed in Western garb. Can't you just see Hedy in a red bandana with a banjo on her knee? Or is it a "git-tar" these modern cowboys play?

If Hedy is already married by the time you read this you can ignore the rumors that flew about to the effect that the pair wouldn't wed because once the lasso was tied Hedy would be liable for George's eleven dependents, which would relieve George for active service. You know how these rumors are.

Another report had Hedy planning a double wedding with her dear friend Margaret Woods, an M-G-M wardrobe girl who is engaged to Lt. James Jennings. At any rate, Hedy will act as bridesmaid for Margaret when she does wed.

Meantime, George is giving Hedy lessons in riding and declares she's a natural-born horsewoman. And can't you picture Hedy cantering along the bridlepaths in a green satin shirt?

Yippee, cowgirl!

Thisa and Thata Dept.: When Victor Mature heard the loud and favorable reaction from the critics to his performance in "My Gal Sal," he

A new husband toasts a new wife: Wedding-reception view of Paul Douglas, radio announcer, and Virginia Field

YES, JANTZEN . . . and everything you need to make you glamorous while swimming . . . very uplifting bra, waist-trimming, hip-slimming, tummy-smoothing foundation control . . . stunning, sunning necklines . . . glorifying fabrics . . . exciting colors . . . in a word, everything. Knit with "Lastex" yarn they hold their line, lift, loveliness, through sun and water. "Bali-Batik" *(left)* fascinating new knitted pique 5.95 . . . *(right)* "Softie"—"featherwool" sleeker 7.95. Other models 4.95 to 10.95 at leading stores throughout America.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS • PORTLAND, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA

AVOID LIPSTICK PARCHING

"USE Sub-Deb"

Your lips dominate your face; *don't* let them grow chapped and broken and parched.

Make friends with "Sub-Deb"—a treasure of a Lipstick that actually promotes silky softness—while giving you glamorous color! Yes, Coty blends a special, softening ingredient into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. Today, change to "Sub-Deb." Keep the glossy sheen that smart lips—sweet lips—must wear! $1.00 or 50¢.

Coty

TRY MAGNET RED

Clear, thrilling red—so smart—so universally flattering! Other high-fashion colors in the brilliant Coty 9-shade collection:

GITANE
bright "gipsy" tones

BALI
luscious, siren shade

DAHLIA
lovely, flower-soft

TAMALE
ultra-chic "Latin" red

Look hard at this hay-ride party and you'll find Jane Withers, Gene Reynolds, Bobby Jordan, Edith Fellows and Freddie Bartholomew tuning up on Jane's birthday

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

immediately launched a campaign to have the title changed to "Our Boy Victor." Hunk-of-Man's antics are like a beacon in a blackout to Hollywood. For instance, the town went into hysterics when Vic actually hired a woman gardener. Vic says he's so allergic to men he has to have a blonde cultivating his Victory Garden. . . .

Brenda Marshall (Mrs. William Holden) and Jane Wyman (Mrs. Ronald Reagan) are forming a war-widow club in Hollywood now that their husbands have left for camps. Why not such a club in your home town? Brenda and Jane will think up schemes to promote War Bond sales.

The beaux of Donna Reed, the Iowa farm beauty who made such a hit in "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy," have to have the little starlet in early because that's the rules of the Studio Club where Donna lives. . . .

For the first time in her life Garbo actually paid a neighborly call upon her across-the-street neighbor, Paul Henried. You could have knocked the young Austrian actor over with a feather when he found the silent Swede on his doorstep. Seems they had mutual friends in Europe Greta was anxious to hear about. . . .

The recent blackout found old Cal deep in the heart of "Juke Girl." The press was crowded into a Warner Brothers projection room when the lights went out and everything turned very black indeed. But quite nonchalantly we all paraded downstairs and into one of the studio's very swanky air-raid shelters where for

Three who knew each other when greet each other now: Bill Boyd, Jack Holt and Richard Dix at a luncheon in honor of Cecil B. DeMille

two hours we were out of touch with the world.

Bob Hope was way up in suburban Azusa about to receive the keys of the city at a Bob Hope banquet. In the midst of things the whole town went black, of course, and Bob says he finally came out of it with a key to the back door of Pomona. And oh, how they *don't* love Robert in Pomona!

NOTICE—MacDonald Fan Clubs: Jeanette MacDonald has just received word from her enormous English fan club that the money formerly used for stamps and photograph requests is now being given to the Red Cross. They wondered if Jeanette minded.

Far from minding, Jeanette is so pleased she asks us to pass the word along to all her fan clubs, expressing her pleasure at the idea. Cal feels other stars may have the same reaction. Why not write your favorites and find out?

Live Alone and Like It: Eighteen-year-old Linda Darnell has moved into her own tiny apartment and has gone into the business of housekeeping with all her young heart and energy.

There is no servant waiting for Linda upon her return from the studio with warm food ready and served. Linda hustles up her own and does a good job of it at that, especially at broiling steaks and chops. On Sundays Linda visits with her family who agreed the only solution to a crowded household and to the quiet Linda must have when making pictures was the separate home idea. Linda felt her early rising at 5:30 and retiring at 9:30 was too much strain on the family's daily life.

And then, think how glad everyone is when Sunday rolls around again.

Hearts and Flowers Corner: Actor Richard Ney is the happiest young man in Hollywood since Greer Garson has become his dinner partner. The two are seen everywhere together. . . .

Cutest twosome in town is Ray MacDonald and Betty Jane Graham, Judy Garland's close friend. With Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, Betty and Ray are once-a-week patrons of the Vine Street bowling alley that features Mike Riley's crazy band —the one that throws things at the customers. Lana Turner walked in the other night just in time to receive a custard pie in her beautiful face. The amazing thing is—no one gets mad. Maybe these Hollywood kids are setting a good example of how to keep good-humored to some of the older stars who need it. . . .

It's still John Payne and Sheila Ryan despite the fact John escorted

"In Hollywood,

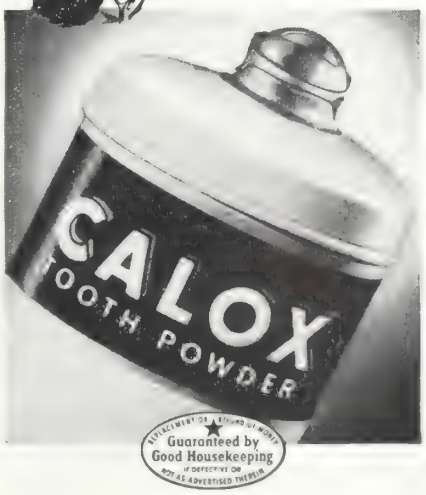
YOU GOTTA HAVE POLISH!"

Joel McCrea says: "Even when an actor's role is that of a diamond in the rough, everyone expects his teeth to be well polished!" With screen standards so high, it's a mighty fine tribute to CALOX TOOTH POWDER that so many stars use it.

Two ways to

WHITENESS

your dentist follows both!
so can you-with Calox



Notice your dentist's technique when he gives you a dental cleaning. First, he thoroughly cleans your teeth. Then, and only then, does he polish them.

In your home care why be satisfied with less than BOTH cleaning *and* polishing, when you can get Calox?

Calox gives you *five* special ingredients for cleaning *and* brightening. With every stroke of the brush, Calox helps detach food particles, removes deposits, cleans off surface stains. And with every stroke Calox *polishes*, too, making your teeth shine with their own clear, and natural lustre . . . In Hollywood, many a star trusts to Calox-care. Try Calox Tooth Powder for *your* smile!

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

"POUR YOURSELF a pair of STOCKINGS"

. . . with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP, the same sleek, streakless leg make-up that English girls have been "going wild about" ever since silk hosiery disappeared for the duration.

This "wonder" product gives stockingless legs real eye-catching glamour, imparting the same velvety-smooth attractiveness to the legs that it does to the face, neck and arms.

Smooth it on in a jiffy . . . you'll find that it's comfortably cool, looks like sheer silk and won't rub off. It's waterproof, too!

Just "pour yourself a pair of stockings" today with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP . . . and forget runs, the high cost of silk stockings and all the other war-time hosiery headaches.

Ask for the special hosiery shades—*Rose Beige* and *Golden Mist.*

More women use* MINER'S *than any other* LIQUID MAKE-UP! *Buy it!.. Try it!.. You'll love it!

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

50c, 25c and 10c at cosmetic and hosiery counters everywhere

For an exquisite all-day powder base or for harmonizing face and leg make-up . . . use one of these flattering shades:

Peach • Rachelle • Brunette
Suntan • Hawaiian • Nut Brown

© 1942, Miner's, Inc.

By popular request: Mr. Cary Grant stands up to spread sunshine for his applauding fans at the charity fights

Same place: Milton Berle shares grins for the winning side with Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. Mrs. Anderson at right

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Kay Francis to the Military Ball. There is such a thing as studio politics, you know. . . .

George Holmes, former Texas football star and now a Hollywood actor, is Linda Darnell's newest escort. George has booked up all the free nights Linda has, which aren't many when she's working for the next three months. . . .

Teresa Wright, who was so good in "The Little Foxes" and is now playing Gary Cooper's wife in "Pride Of The Yankees," will probably be a wife in real life by the time you read this. Teresa is engaged to dialogue director Niven Busch. . . .

Priscilla Lane, for all she's been reported seeing her old Victorville beau, John Barry, is pretty happy with Lieutenant Joe Howard, so we understand.

Hello, Tomboy: How's about it, girls? Are you really a tomboy at heart? Well, don't worry about it, for some of our biggest glamour girls were once freckled-faced female hoodlums. Down in Texas, Ginger Rogers was the leader of her gang and so active her own name of Virginia was discarded in favor of Ginger, which suited her to a "T." Claudette Colbert refused to play with the little girls in her neighborhood and at nine was the crack swimmer of her community and the only girl on her brother Charles's soccer team.

Hair-over-one-eye Lake was always a tiny kid, but in Lake Placid, N. Y., they still refer to her as Tomboy Keane. Veronica's real name was Constance Keane. Veronica says she got more trouncings at home for climbing telephone poles than she got in school for shooting paper wads. Even cool and beautiful Madeleine Carroll confesses she was a member of the home-town hockey team and Myrna Loy claims she could throw a harder and meaner snowball than any kid in Montana. Mary Martin never had a saw or hammer out of her hands when she was a kid deep in the heart of Texas, clap, clap, clap, clap, and tore down fences just so she could nail them together. Priscilla Lane was a barn climber and fell off the roof a good half-dozen times.

So don't despair, mothers, if Sue or Sal is a rip-snorter. It takes a lot of pep to make the grade today!

The Out-West Boys Go South: Whoopee, Cal goes cowboy for the sake of the Marines. Figure that one out. It happened the Sunday before Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette, the funny man in all Gene's pictures, left for Eastern personal appearances. Gene was going down to San Diego to visit his brother Dudley of the Marines and put on a show for the boys, assisted by Smiley who kills 'em with his monkeyshines. So Cal was invited to go along.

We rolled along in a three-car caravan, Gene, his wife, sister and Mary Lee in one car; Cal, Smiley and his two-man troupe in another, and the Melody Ranch boys in the third, leaving right after Gene's afternoon broadcast.

You never saw boys happier to see Hollywood folk than those Rifle Range Marines who whooped at Smiley and cheered Gene's songs. Afterwards we all had special supper in the big mess hall and then wandered through the enormous kitchens. Smiley almost got lost in the huge potato masher and had to be dragged out backwards.

When it comes to downright genial fellow-to-fellow friendliness you've got to hand it to these Western players. Seems they knows just how to reach every boy's heart. And as long as there's a heart beating for Uncle Sam, Gene and Smiley will reach 'em.

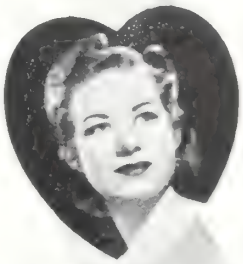
Cal's Answers to Your Questions: The original Navy Blues Sextette is still in Hollywood, but Peggy Diggins is the only one to remain at Warner Brothers. Lorraine Gettman, Marguerite Chapman and Georgia Carroll are at Columbia Studios; Claire James is married to director Buz Berkeley; and Kay Aldridge is Republic's new serial queen.

Bob Stack is not in the Army due to a knee injury. Yep, you're right. It does place young Mr. Stack in an embarrassing position indeed, especially since he has no dependents.

Fink's flash bulb picks off another celebrity at the fights: Margaret Sullavan. Admirer is husband Hayward

Glide into his Heart

Flower-Fresh the Arthur Murray Way
. . . USE ODORONO CREAM



Jean Bjorn,
Nassau teacher, holds partners entranced by her exquisite daintiness.

• In his arms, gliding to sweet music . . . don't let the magic of the moment escape! Guard your precious appealing freshness the way glamourous Arthur Murray Dancers do—with Odorono Cream! *They* often dance ten miles a day without a moment's fear of disillusioning underarm odor or dampness.

Be glamourous, too! See if gentle Odorono Cream doesn't stop perspiration safely for *you*—up to three whole days at a time! Non-greasy, non-gritty, no waiting to dry. And it will not rot your most fragile frocks. Follow directions. Get a jar—begin today! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York

Stops PERSPIRATION SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

ODORONO CREAM WILL NOT IRRITATE YOUR SKIN

TAMPAX CANNOT CHAFE
[worn internally]

PUT all that monthly-chafing worry out of your mind. Listen to the voice of experience and *use Tampax* for sanitary protection. . . Modern women all around you are discovering this wonderful invention of a doctor who realized what troubles a woman can have in hot, chafing weather—especially housewives and "the girls at the office."

You need no belts, pins or pads. Also you need no sanitary deodorants, as no odor forms with Tampax. This dainty device consists of *pure, surgical cotton* compressed and sealed in one-time-use applicator. It is so perfected that the wearer actually cannot feel the Tampax. She can dance, play games, swim . . . use the shower . . . with amazing freedom. Tampax is so compact that disposal is naturally easy.

Regular, Super, Junior are the three sizes to meet all needs. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) At drug stores, notion counters. Trial box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month. Start now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

467,000,000 TAMPAX MADE AND SOLD

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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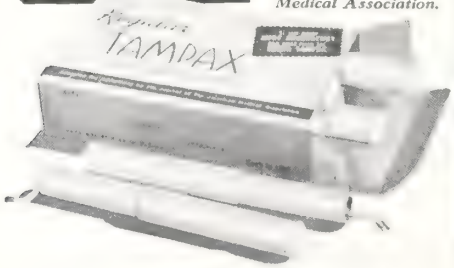

Speak
FOR YOURSELF

Score one for Dennis Morgan; score $5.00 for a reader's viewpoint on him

$10.00 PRIZE
Stop Wondering, Girls!

HAS your Romeo ever described your "looks" to you? Has he ever told you that you have Ann Sothern's hair, Hedy Lamarr's eyes, etc.?

If so, have you ever wondered what you would look like if you had those lovely features that Romeo has been telling you about?

Well, girls, you may stop wondering, because here is an "average American girl" with: Ann Sothern's hair, Olivia de Havilland's eyebrows, Hedy Lamarr's eyes, Priscilla Lane's nose, and Deanna Durbin's mouth.

DOROTHY A. COULTER,
Grand Rapids, Minn.

Each of the features in the picture (left, below) was taken from one of the colored portraits published in Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

$5.00 PRIZE
Dennis Morgan

OH polish up the sunshine
And fluff the clouds a bit
A little bird just told my heart
That this is really IT!

The school books say, in days of yore
Apollo was a menace,
(Add things I never knew before)—
His other name was Dennis.

You've got that something in your smile
All stars and stuff—Oh gee!
Could you step down on earth a while?
Look, Dennis—this is me!

Do you believe that girl meets boy?
(My dear, how do you do!)
And fan meets film star now and then,
And fairy tales come true?

And can you hear a wedding bell,
Soft music on the organ?
And see me in a rosy spell
Becoming Mrs. Morgan?

For you I'd swim from shore to shore
I'd climb the highest Alp.
Ah, what's the use of saying more—
Enclosed please find my scalp.

DOT BLODGETT,
Salt Lake City, Utah

$1.00 PRIZE
Personal to Lew Ayres

DEAR DR. KILDARE:

Don't you think you should have asked *Dr. Gillespie's* advice before making your decision?

You say your role in "All Quiet" influenced you. Remember, your soldier was German and he was disillusioned with the aggressive, avaricious tendencies of his country. Had he been fighting to preserve something fine all would have been different.

You say war is wrong. That's why we're fighting, my friend. If a maniac came along your street and took your neighbors' homes and possessions and made them slaves, you would give him everything of yours and kiss his boots.

Is it publicity? Please not now. This is too serious and you have many admirers. Don't you owe them something, if only to respect yourself?

Are you afraid? Most of our men are, but they don't let that stop them and *that's courage*. No sane person really wants to fight—you know that. I couldn't possibly go to see any of your movies. I'd get hysterics if I'd see *Dr. Kildare* get heroic.

What's happened to you, Mr. Ayres? The others in your industry are so unselfishly patriotic.

(MRS.) A. R. WARREN,
Galveston, Tex.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Another Ayres Angle

YESTERDAY—a hand reaches for a butterfly . . . a sniper's bullet finds its mark . . . the hand reflexes in death . . . all's quiet on the western front. The Boy who played it felt the horrors of war in his heart and hated war to the depths his heart could hate.

Years roll by . . . years in which the Boy becomes a man . . . ideas recreate themselves . . . ideals fashion themselves into new shapes and forms . . . the man in that boy has new perspectives on life and on today's horizons another war has formed itself from the selfish greed of man. But Man finds it hard to conform his ideals and ideas to the present which time and experience of the past have impregnated. And this Man cannot leave his mould . . . a mould made of God and time's creating.

Lew Ayres . . . the boy reaching for the butterfly . . . perhaps knows that the path of life is but a pattern set for his feet. Judgment of his decision is not for me—memories of Lew are too roseate and vivid.

JOHN THAYER,
Cambridge, Mass.

For the true story of the strange case of Lew Ayres, see page 29.

$1.00 PRIZE
Pictures I Can't Forget

"H. M. Pulham, Esq.": Bad boy raised from the dead.

"The Little Foxes": Bette Davis as Tallulah Bankhead.

"Woman Of The Year": Don't kid me. I know they didn't live happily ever after.

"Johnny Eager": Van Heflin completely surrounded by beauty and some talent. (*Continued on page* 85)

Rick Twins surprise their dentist with proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER
makes teeth
TWICE AS BRIGHT

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick, Palatine, Illinois, Twins, chorus: "Pepsodent's really 'super'!"

"People always had a hard time telling us apart . . . in school, in the neighborhood, anywhere!

. . . But, say! After Margaret won the toss to see who'd use Pepsodent Powder, it was different! I chose another well-known brand, thinking there couldn't be very much difference."

"Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed . . . when Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it! Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"

. . . and the Rick Twins' Dentist says: "I was skeptical . . . Pepsodent's claims sounded too good. But, this test convinced me that Pepsodent's statement is accurate".

For the safety of your smile . . . use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

PAULETTE GODDARD
Starring in the Cecil B. deMille Production in Technicolor
"REAP THE WILD WIND"
A Paramount Picture

Canaries
ARE★★★★HITS IN HOLLYWOOD

More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation!* Wherever the great of Filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting everyone's spirits with his joyous song.

A canary takes but little care, and gives matchless hours of loving companionship. Let a canary keep *your* heart buoyant in these trying times!

Send for FREE 76-page illustrated book on canaries. Just mail your name and address, on a penny postcard, to THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, 2493 Mustard Street, Rochester, N.Y.

IN HOLLYWOOD
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BRIEF REVIEWS

Lady looks at etchings — or the equivalent: Fred MacMurray and Roz Russell in the new laugh riot, "Take A Letter, Darling"

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ *ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN, THE*—Columbia: An unpleasant tale with Glenn Ford as the seaman and Ian MacDonald the brutal ship's captain. Ford tries to become famous as an author so he can publish the ship's diary to expose the brutality of conditions aboard ship and thus free his friend Stuart Erwin. (May)

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT — Warners: Humphrey Bogart is a gangster who discovers a Nazi spy ring led by Conrad Veidt and his aides, Peter Lorre and Judith Anderson, and from then on it's a hard chase. The cast is expert but the melodrama is not so expertly executed. (April)

ALMOST MARRIED—Universal: When Jane Frazee's baggage goes to Robert Paige's apartment and his to hers, it leads to romantic complications for them both. Both the players are very personable and Jane sings well. Eugene Pallette is Jane's father and Elizabeth Patterson is Paige's aunt who wants him to marry a society girl. It's kind of cute. (June)

ALWAYS IN MY HEART—Warners: Kay Francis decides to marry wealthy Sidney Blackmer to improve the opportunities of her children, Gloria Warren and Frankie Thomas. After her husband, Walter Huston, is paroled from prison, he goes incognito to his family's small town and straightens out the lives of his children. It's warm and friendly and Gloria Warren has a beautiful voice. (June)

BASHFUL BACHELOR—RKO-Radio; *Lum* and *Abner*, those beloved old codgers of the airways come to the screen in a movie that's in keeping with their radio roles. Chester Lauck (*Lum*) is sweet on Zasu Pitts and almost exterminates his pal, Norris Goff (*Abner*), trying to impress Zasu with his heroism. A horse race and fire-engine ride climax the doings of this droll pair. (June)

BLACK DRAGONS—Monogram: A ridiculous potpourri of nonsense, this, all about a Nazi-inspired plastic surgeon, Bela Lugosi, who makes over six Japanese to look like American industrialists so they can steal our plans like mad. It's all too silly for words. (June)

BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE—Columbia: Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake decide to go to college in this latest instalment of the adventures of the *Bumpstead* family. They conceal their marriage, which leads to many complications.

BLUE, WHITE AND PERFECT—20th Century-Fox: Fast-moving mystery with Lloyd Nolan as the detective *Michael Shayne* who leaves his fiancee, Mary Beth Hughes, to board a luxury liner cruise to Hawaii to pursue a gang of Nazi saboteurs.

BOMBAY CLIPPER—Universal: Stolen jewels provide the motive for a lot of thrilling goings-on aboard the Pacific Clipper. Newspaperman William Gargan is determined to discover the jewels and there's a strange assortment of characters aboard the plane. Irene Hervey provides the romantic interest. (April)

✓ *BORN TO SING*—M-G-M: A clever little comedy-musical, with Leo Gorcey, Ray McDonald and Rags Ragland trying to get back from a crooked show producer the music written by Virginia Weidler's father. The youngsters score brightly and tiny Richard Hall is a panic. (April)

SHADOW STAGE
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BROOKLYN ORCHID—Hal Roach-U.A.: William Bendix, owner of a fleet of taxicabs, is married to Grace Bradley and Joe Sawyer is married to Florine McKinney who doesn't like Miss Bradley. But when a third woman enters the picture, the turmoil gets going, but it doesn't get anywhere. Marjorie Woodworth is beautiful. (April)

BULLET SCARS—Warners: Regis Toomey is a doctor called upon to treat a wounded gangster and he conceives a clever idea for being rescued from mob leader Howard daSylva who is detaining him because he knows too much. Toomey's prescription for the wounded man brings help, and you never saw such shooting. You never saw such a picture, either. (June)

✔ *BUTCH MINDS THE BABY*—Universal: Typical Damon Runyon, amusing and completely in character is this comedy of a paroled convict, Broderick Crawford, who saves young widow Virginia Bruce from suicide and falls in love with her baby. Brod even gets Virginia a job in a night club run by crook Porter Hall and agrees to mind the baby while she's at work. With Dick Foran as Virginia's cop suitor. (June)

✔ *CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS*—Warners: This timely picture is about the training of bush country recruits to become R.C.A.F. flyers, and has many exciting moments. The story has Jimmy Cagney as an undisciplined sky-riding hijacker who earns the enmity of pilots Dennis Morgan, Reginald Gardiner and Alan Hale for his unethical conduct, but gets regenerated. With Brenda Marshall. (May)

✔ *COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE*—M-G-M: Another winner, packed with genial entertainment, is this latest in the series, in which Mickey Rooney must take out poor little rich girl, Donna Reed, who finally learns a few tricks and proves a sensation. *Andy's* heart still belongs to Ann Rutherford, however. (May)

DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE — Warners: Nancy Coleman is the British girl spy who lands in a New York hospital where John Garfield is interning and with his aid brings about the downfall of a Nazi spy ring. Raymond Massey is the Nazi head and Moroni Olsen his chief henchman. (May)

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal: Eccentric Hugh Herbert inherits a pickle factory which sponsors a radio program featuring Richard Davies and Jane Frazee in a newlywed series. Hugh gets himself all mixed up in a plot to substitute Anne Gwynne for Jane. With Mischa Auer.

FINGERS AT THE WINDOW—M-G-M: Basil Rathbone is the ruthless killer who hypnotizes psychopathics into killing the victims of Basil's choosing, and Laraine Day is about to be his latest victim when along comes out-of-work actor Lew Ayres who seeks for the murderer. It's rather interesting, but if this is what Laraine sacrificed the *Kildare* series for, she lost in the deal. (June)

✔ *FLEET'S IN, THE*—Paramount: This gay musical is fun and entertainment. William Holden is a shy sailor who his fellow gobs believe is irresistible to women. They bet he can kiss Dorothy Lamour, dance-hall singer, who loathes sailors, which leads to many complications. With Eddie Bracken, Betty Hutton, Leif Erikson and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. (April)

FLY BY NIGHT—Paramount: Richard Carlson has to escape the law because he's accused of murder, so he forces artist Nancy Kelly to accompany him so she won't sketch his picture and reveal him to the police. The result is plenty of trouble and several harrowing escapes. Albert Basserman and Martin Kosleck carry important roles. (June)

FOUR JACKS AND A JILL—RKO-Radio: This old story provides a mediocre background for the dancing of Ray Bolger, the clowning of Eddie Foy, Jr., and the singing of June Havoc. Anne Shirley, through a fake publicity stunt, secures a good job for night-club musicians Bolger, Foy, Jack Briggs and William Blees, and cabdriver Desi Arnaz helps the hoax along. (April)

FRISCO LIL—Universal: Irene Hervey goes to work for a gambling club in order to help her ol' gambling daddy, Minor Watson, but this alienates the family of her fiance, Kent Taylor, who are the leaders of a reform organization. (May)

GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK, A—Small-U.A.: Gentleman crook Brian Donlevy surrenders to Preston Foster on condition that Foster adopt his baby. So far so good, but when the baby's mother, Miriam Hopkins, and her partner in crime, Philip Reed, attempt to ruin the girl's happiness, Donlevy breaks out of prison to stop them. Miss Hopkins is splendid as the awful mother, but the story doesn't matter much. (June)

GENTLEMAN AT HEART, A—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, clever, money-making bookie, tries to enter the world of art because he's fallen for Carole Landis, who runs an art dealer's shop. His endeavors lead to a lot of laughs. Milton Berle gives his characteristic performance as Romero's chiseling associate and J. Carrol Naish, a painter who copies masterpieces, is very funny.

GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal: It seems the monster is still alive, this time played by Lon Chaney, so Sir Cedric Hardwicke decides to give him a nice, kind new brain, but

See Irene Dunne in "LADY IN A JAM," a Universal Picture

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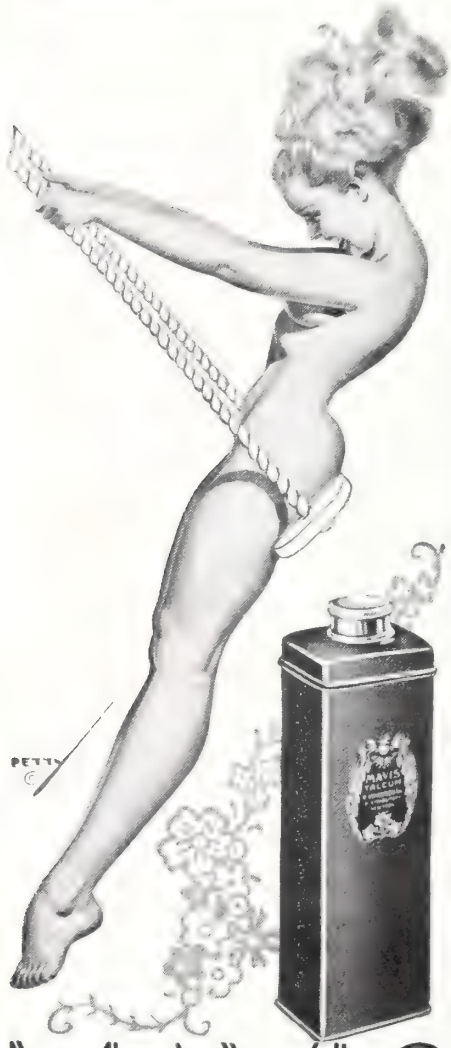

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after a double-cross he gets the sly brain of Bela Lugosi, so things are just as bad as before. Ralph Bellamy and Evelyn Ankers are romantic, even with all the weird goings-on. (June)

✓✓ *GOLD RUSH, THE*—Chaplin: A must for everyone is this re-issue of Chaplin's never-to-be-forgotten comedy. The narration takes the place of the subtitles, and those who laughed and wept at the silent version will find its emotion-stirring qualities as lively as ever, and the adventures of the little tramp in the gold-mad Klondike as appealing as ever. (June)

✓ *GREAT MAN'S LADY, THE*—Paramount: Barbara Stanwyck does a wonderful job as the very old lady who reveals to a young biographer the story of her part in the life history of a great senator, Joel McCrea, from the time of her elopement with him. McCrea is very good as the weakling molded into a great man by a greater woman, and Brian Donlevy is the strong man in her life. (June)

✓✓ *INVADERS, THE*—Columbia: An impressive masterpiece, this story of seven Nazis stranded on Canadian soil. The performances of Leslie Howard as a vacationing author, Laurence Olivier, a French-Canadian trapper, and Raymond Massey, a Canadian soldier, are outstanding. But equally fine are Niall MacGinnis, Eric Portman and Glynis Johns. (May)

✓ *IT STARTED WITH EVE*—Universal: By all odds Durbin's best picture, this has her as a hat-check girl who pinch-hits for Robert Cumming's fiancee, since his dying father, Charles Laughton, demands to see the girl his son will marry. But Laughton's so pleased with her that he proceeds to get well, which causes no end of difficulties. (May)

JAIL HOUSE BLUES—Universal: Nat Pendleton, who has been pardoned from prison, refuses to leave because he wants to remain in stir to produce the big prison show, but when Ralf Harolde escapes, Nat goes after him and meets Anne Gwynne and singer Robert Paige.

✓ *JOE SMITH, AMERICAN*—M-G-M: Robert Young, an average American working in a defense plant, is kidnaped by enemy agents and tortured to reveal details of a bomb sight. How he lives up to his patriotic ideals makes a fine, convincing film. Marsha Hunt as his wife, and Darryl Hickman as their son, are very good. (April)

✓✓ *JUNGLE BOOK*—Korda: A pageantry of sound and color and beauty, with Sabu as the boy raised by wolves who is forced by the tiger to take refuge in a small village. There he finds his real mother, Rosemary de Camp, but when the greedy men of the village learn he guards the secret of hidden treasures they force him back to the jungle. It's novel and delightfully fantastic entertainment. (June)

✓ *KID GLOVE KILLER*—M-G-M: Intelligent writing, acting, and directing combine to make this B picture one to shout about. Van Heflin as the scientific crime detective, Lee Bowman his friend and a killer who places a bomb in the reform mayor's car, and Marsha Hunt as the girl who almost marries Bowman, are all excellent. (June)

✓✓ *KINGS ROW*—Warners: Here is a superb drama, telling the story of five children from their schooldays to adulthood. Ronald Reagan is the town sport who loves Nancy Coleman, daughter of sadistic doctor Charles Coburn. Ann Sheridan is the girl who loves Reagan and Robert Cummings is the psychiatrist who is Reagan's friend. All performances are terrific. (May)

KLONDIKE FURY—Monogram: This is the same old story of a doctor, Edmund Lowe, who loses a patient while operating, flees the whole mess like a weakling, then is faced with the same operation in a new environment. Bill Henry is an embittered cripple, Lucile Fairbanks his sweetheart, and Ralph Morgan a backwoods M.D. (June)

LADY FOR A NIGHT—Republic: Above all else, Joan Blondell, who runs a gambling boat, wants to become a lady of Southern gentility, so she forces Ray Middleton to marry her and steps right into unhappiness. John Wayne as the real hero, Middleton, Blanche Yurka and Edith Barrett are very good, but the picture isn't. (April)

LADY HAS PLANS, THE—Paramount: Comedy, drama and romance, with Paulette Goddard as an American radio war correspondent who is mistaken for a spy who has secret plans tattooed on her back. Ray Milland is a news correspondent. Hilariously funny. (April)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia: A tired story of an actress, Marlene Dietrich, who finds a baby and subsequently marries a baby specialist, Fred MacMurray, for two reasons; in order to have the husband required by law for legal adoption, and because a doctor will be handy. (April)

LARCENY, INC.—Warners: Eddie Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Edward Brophy open up a store next to a bank as a front and then start tunnelling under to the vaults. But they become so fascinated by their success as legitimate business men that they decide to give up robbing the bank, until Anthony Quinn, a pal from prison, decides otherwise. With Jane Wyman and Jack Carson. (June)

✓✓ *MALE ANIMAL, THE*—Warners: A man-sized panic, this hilarious comedy of an English professor, Henry Fonda, his beautiful wife, Olivia de Havilland, and Jack Carson, ex-football player who returns to the college and almost breaks up Fonda's happy home. Besides this problem, Fonda almost get dismissed from college because he's accused of being a Red. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson add to the fun. (June)

MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE, THE—Columbia: John Howard is the high-minded hero who after escaping a murder charge by fleeing to California, learns that the man who sought his life is now himself accused of murdering Howard and treks all the way back to aid his enemy. It's all pretty boring. (May)

MAN WITH TWO LIVES—Monogram: Edward Norris, following an accident, awakens from a deathlike stupor to be possessed with the soul of a gangster who was executed at the time of Norris's lapse from consciousness, and takes over the gangster's activities and his girl, to the horror of everyone concerned. It's finally all explained as being a nightmare, but really, after all! (June)

MAYOR OF 44th STREET, THE—RKO-Radio: In order to aid former racketeer Richard Barthelmess, George Murphy takes him into his business as agent for dance bands. Anne Shirley looks lovely but she's not at home in her role as hoofer assistant to Mr. Murphy. (May)

✓✓ *MISTER V*—Edward Small-U.A.: Leslie Howard plays the modern *Pimpernel*, who liberates artists, scientists and great men held in Nazi power. The story has a tendency to lag in spots but it's an interesting and thrilling picture. Mr. Howard and Francis Sullivan, as head of the Gestapo, give brilliant performances. (May)

✓ *MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN*—Paramount: For sheer delightful novelty, this story of insect life takes the prize. There's *Hoppity*, the hero grasshopper, his girl friend, *Honey*, plus many other beautiful characters. (May)

✓✓ *MY FAVORITE BLONDE*—Paramount: The howl of the month is this riotous farce in which British agent Madeleine Carroll, who's pursued by Nazi agents, takes refuge with vaudevillian Bob Hope and accompanies him West. You never saw such a procession of mixups as these two get in and out of; it would take your breath away if you weren't using it for laughter. (June)

NIGHT BEFORE THE DIVORCE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Joseph Allen Jr. grows tired of his superior wife, Lynn Bari, so turns for comfort to blonde charmer Mary Beth Hughes. Then Nils Asther steps into the fray only to get killed. What a waste of a fine actor like Asther! (May)

✓ *NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH, THE*—Paramount: Secretary Ellen Drew is accused of murdering her boss, Nils Asther, until Robert Preston comes to her rescue. Well acted, directed and written, it's a good movie.

NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK—Paramount: Chester Morris is a private detective honeymooning with Jean Parker in Reno when the son of a wealthy rancher disappears, and Jean eggs Chester on to take the case. Halfway through, she wishes she hadn't been so persuasive, what with all the Renovated widows who clutter up the story. Dick Purcell, Astrid Allwyn and Rose Hobart round up the cast. (June)

NORTH OF THE KLONDIKE—Universal: Here is the best screen fight you've seen in many a day. It takes place between Brod Crawford, hero mining engineer who invades a community in Alaska, and Lon Chaney Jr., the villain of the place. Comedy honors are stolen by Willie Fung and Keye Luke. (April)

PACIFIC BLACKOUT—Paramount: Robert Preston, inventor of an aircraft rangefinder, is framed by secret Nazi official Philip Merivale and Eva Gabor and convicted on a murder charge. But he escapes and Martha O'Driscoll helps him locate saboteurs. Lots of get-up-and-go about it. (April)

PARDON MY STRIPES—Republic: Newspaper reporter Sheila Ryan so befuddles football player Bill Henry who is now working for gangster Harold Huber that he accidentally loses a bag of money out of a train window and it falls into a prison yard. When prosecuted, he goes to prison and tries to find the money.

✓✓ *REAP THE WILD WIND*—Paramount: Another Cecil B. DeMille thrill-packed, rip-snorting adventure story of ships and men and women of the 1840's. In Key West, Paulette Goddard meets John Wayne, captain of a wrecked vessel, and falls in love with him. In Charleston she meets Ray Milland, attorney for Wayne's shipping company. The rivalry between the two men results in a thrilling climax. (May)

✓ *REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE*—Paramount: William Holden is the small-town boy who fights the town's politicians. When his predicament becomes too involved, the ghost of his hero, Andrew Jackson, comes to his rescue and summons George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and other heroes to assist him. Ellen Drew is the girl who stands by Holden. (April)

(*Continued on page* 101)

(*Continued from page* 4) hit, Katie Hepburn got "Woman Of The Year" written just for her . . . she sold that to M-G-M at a terrific figure . . . scored another hit . . . and knew she'd discovered the right pattern for herself . . . so she got still another story written around her own talents . . . and this one she owns a quarter of . . . twenty-three percent to be exact . . . it's called "Without Love" . . . Katie has been cleaning up on the road with it . . . heading it, naturally, toward Broadway and then toward movies . . . and all the time, all her business shrewdness staying so completely glamorous and feminine that one Hollywood gentleman can barely eat his meals, troubled as he is with thoughts of love for her (and we don't mean Garson Kanin). . . .

Maureen O'Sullivan, with her lovely, gentle beauty, is a very different type . . . for Maureen is and has been ever since the first day she met John Farrow a woman in love . . . and you will probably remember that from the day that England entered the war, John Farrow has been in service until just a month or so ago when his ill health forced him to retire from active duty. . . .

During all this time Maureen was no "movie wife" . . . she did a few pictures because there wasn't enough income from Johnny's war salary to support all three of them, John and Maureen and their baby . . . but the moment she was free of a picture, she flew to Canada to spend whatever time she had with John. . . .

Then John, very ill, came back to Hollywood and Maureen went with him down to the desert to nurse him back to health . . . she never gave her career a glance during that interval . . . but today John is well enough to be directing "Wake Island" . . . so a happy Maureen goes beaming about Hollywood . . . Sol Lesser having bought the right to the "Tarzan" stories and intending to produce them with Johnny Weissmuller and little Johnny Sheffield in their usual roles wants Maureen, naturally, for *Jane* . . . so Maureen has signed for just those two pictures a year . . . enough income to protect herself and her baby if John gets strong enough to go back to service once more. . . .

Ah, there are so many stories of goofy Hollywood reactions to the war . . . swell stories like Metro's intending to call "Joe Smith, American," by a new title, "Highway To Freedom," when they sent it to Australia . . . but the Aussies cabled that they wanted the original title . . . because they love us and the American way down in Australia . . . .

So that's Hollywood in wartime, sometimes wilful, sometimes wacky, but always and forever wonderful.

THE END

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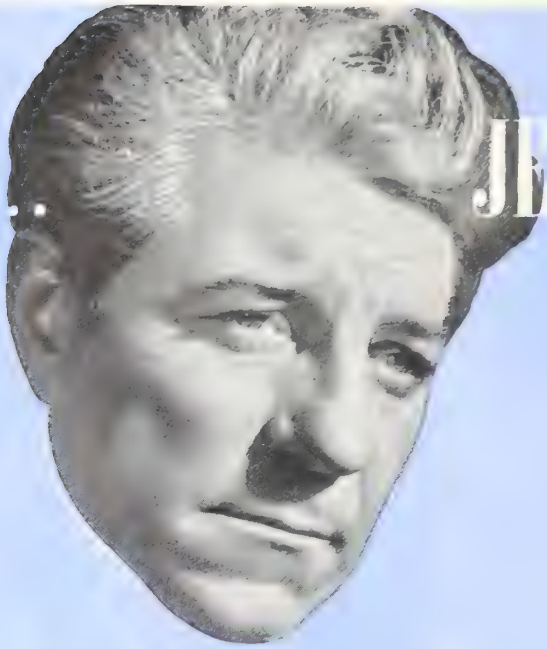

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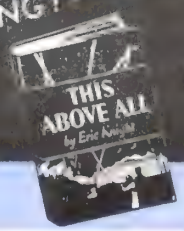

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By ERIC KNIGHT
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

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Your War

A TRUTH which is beginning to seep through into our consciousness has been recognized in England for more than a year as the revolution that it is. Women are shattering the last shackles which have bound them. In the winning of this war which is consuming all effort and all dreams women are stepping into a new world.

This becomes clear to anyone who listens to Anna Neagle, the golden bright star whose English film of Queen Victoria's life and whose American performances in "Nurse Edith Cavell," "Irene" and "Sunny" have given audiences many memorable moments. Miss Neagle had just touched American shores, after crossing the Atlantic on a troopship carrying hundreds of young men to Canada where they will be welded into an Empire scheme of training pilots. For eight months she had been in London and now she was in New York sitting in a penthouse flooded with late spring sunshine telling the story of women in war.

In England 3,000,000 women are now in the uniform of the armed services. They are flying Spitfires, ferrying bombers to distant landing fields, standing by with ground crews to rush repairs, to speed refueling, to grease and overhaul oil-spattered engines of planes returning from combat. They are donning the hip boots and rubber jackets of the fire fighters, steering ambulances around the bomb-scarred streets of small English villages to bring help to the wounded.

In millions of jobs there is no longer any distinction between men and women, except that in many factories, efficiency tests are revealing an amazing fact: women on production lines often produce more goods per hour than the men they have replaced.

In England, 3,000,000 women in uniform—in America, by the year's end, 6,000,000 women in war factories; 500,000 women on farms reaping harvests, sewing crops, tending herds.

Already you have seen telegraph company caps perched on the curls of girl messengers, elevators operated by women, buses run by feminine drivers, even taxicabs operated by women.

IN HOLLYWOOD producers begin to cast all-women films. Joan Crawford succeeds in persuading Metro to allow her an opportunity to direct a short and—if successful—a feature-length film, so that eventually her contract will have her working one-third as actress and two-thirds as director.

Soon you will see Lana Turner, Joan Bennett, Hedy Lamarr in parts calling for them to do men's jobs, so that gradually the idea of women's working on an equal footing with men will not seem so strange. For Hollywood is the great teacher, its blackboard a silver screen which seldom bores audiences that have paid for the privilege of being taught.

There will be no turning back. When the war is won—and there can be no alternative no matter what the agony—women must go on from this new position. They will bring forth the new generation, and will share equally in its destinies.

Ernest V. Heyn

She married Edward Judson for a powerful reason. It's the same one that's causing their divorce

Love AND RITA HAYWORTH

The Story of A Daring Fight for Freedom

BY SUSANAH PARKER

BACK in the lazy early Thirties, when you could still do such things, I went one afternoon to the Inn at Caliente for late lunch. You could sit there in the patio, basking in the hot Baja California sun, sipping red wine and watching the small grey desert doves hopping about after crumbs; also sometimes the entertainers who lived and worked at the hotel would come in for a drink, looking quite ordinary and not at all like the glittering figures they would be after dark. I did not even recognize the Cansinos that day—The Dancing Cansinos, Eduardo and his daughter Marguerita—until a man at the next table pointed them out to his companion.

"She's very young, but she has the figure already," he said. "You see, there by the fountain. Stay tonight and watch them. Someday she may be great, so the critics say. . . ."

Just a few days ago, when I read that Rita Hayworth was divorcing her graying, oil-man husband, Edward Judson, the picture of Rita as she was that afternoon at Caliente flashed into my mind; a dark, Spanish-looking, overdressed girl with black hair growing close over the temples, a mouth too wide for beauty. Not a pretty girl, but exciting somehow. She had sat with her father, listening when he spoke, nodding, sometimes answering. But her eyes, eager and a little wistful, were more interested in the people around her.

I remembered, too, the next time I had seen Marguerita Cansino, in 1940 when her new success had reached its first peak and everyone was saying, "Get a load of that Hayworth woman—she's out of this world." We were a group of photographers and writers, come to the Colonial house in Westwood that Eddie had just built for her. She was late, but Judson kept us amused until she came downstairs, finally.

The last visible trace of Marguerita Cansino, the Caliente entertainer, was gone. Here was a stunning girl, wearing one of those expensively simple black dresses that seem to hide, while subtly revealing, the body beneath. Her skin, almost swarthy that other time, was golden now; her hair was auburn and it no longer grew over her temples—the line of her forehead was widened, changing the entire structure of her face.

She went directly to Judson, like a child presenting herself for inspection. "All right?" she asked.

He considered her for a moment, from head to foot. Then, smiling, he pointed at the jeweled clasp she had pinned at the low V of the dress. "That belongs over there," he told her, indicating where. She changed it immediately. "Now you are perfect," he added. "We can begin."

The photographers reached for their equipment, and we began.

WHEN Rita Hayworth said good-by to Ed Judson a few weeks ago she was taking, at long last, the final step on her pathway to freedom, a road she chose long ago. Eduardo Cansino, a Latin and a good Catholic, had reared his daughter in the oldest of Spanish traditions. He had provided her with a duenna so that she might never go about unaccompanied, unwatched. He had refused her permission, when she was through with childhood, to accept invitations from or make engagements with men, even boys of her own age. He had decided that she would be a dancer, had taught her to dance, and there it was.

She married Ed Judson when she was seventeen, because she believed she loved him but also because, although he was more than twice as old as she, he offered a means of escape,

a key to the freedom she must have. But she wanted more than freedom. She wanted stardom in Hollywood for herself. Eddie was rich, indulgent and shrewd. He made her a star.

In the process he lost her. There may be some men who can essay to be husband, lover, business manager and adviser to a young, passionately individualistic girl and succeed in each undertaking, but Judson did not. He grew, perhaps, to think of Rita in terms of a property, to be improved

Cameras click on sight of Rita Hayworth, who in Fox's "My Gal Sal" has everything Hollywood wants

and guarded constantly; but that, in a sense, had been Eduardo Cansino's attitude toward his daughter, too. This is not to say that Eddie forgot to love his wife.

The important thing is that she has made her escape from what she has always believed was domination, but which has been called by another name, "guidance," if you like. She believes she is ready to try it on her own, now after all the years of obeying first one man, then a second; of not being able to choose her own clothes or the location of her evening's entertainment, or decide how she would work, or for whom, or for how much.

Is she ready for such a responsibility, after all?

But then you must know her story, of course, before you can consider the problem that is hers and her studio's today.

HER mother was an English stage actress, born in Washington, D. C., but her father was the third generation of Cansinos and this distinction meant much to him. Had his daughter bloomed in old Seville she could not have been better protected from contact with the things every girl should know, particularly about men.

Edward Judson, in his forties, was a man who had seen much of the world, lived more than his share in the years of his time. In that time he had been the husband of Hazel Forbes, who was a Follies beauty of enormous sophistication and rare experience. Now he wanted fresh, unspoiled beauty, the eager arms and lips of a girl who had given her arms and lips to no one else, ever.

He had seen what most women make of themselves. He wanted a wife he could mold, secure in a pattern of his own choosing.

In return he offered security, affection, a fine home with servants, the jewels and furs and luxuries that money can buy.

To Rita, this seemed what she wanted most of all. Here was the Great Adventure, the chance to break away and be a real, grown-up married lady, with a home of her own and her own man to love and protect her. With all this, she could have what she had been taught was utterly necessary: sanctified respectability.

If freedom she must have—and she wanted it desperately—then she must marry to get it.

In her seventeen-year-old way she loved Edward Judson. He held glamour for her. He had been about the world, he treated her with suave, worldly courtesy and restraint.

And for all her enforced seclusion little Rita had a certain, if theoretical, knowledge of romance by the time she was introduced to him, since she had come with her parents to Hollywood, had done some extra work and had even been considered for the title role in "Ramona." Darryl Zanuck took over Twentieth Century-Fox just then and chose Loretta Young instead, whereupon Rita, gathering her courage around her, changed her name to Hayworth and contracted to do leads in quickies. Each one took three days to make and paid her $150 apiece, but the experience they gave her was a greater remittance.

She was able to recognize in Eddie, you see, the qualities she knew were important to an ambitious youngster so ill-prepared for the Hollywood challenge as herself. He was wise and shrewd, and not busy with a career of his own. He had taste, and a knowledge of showmanship, a critical sense about women's clothes. He was rich enough to give her what she wanted, so that during the years necessary to get where she was going she need not worry about food or rent. And finally, he understood about her great desire to become an actress, approved of it, wanted to help. "I've done everything I wanted to do," he told her during one of their evening drives that first month of their courtship, "and I'd be selfish to insist that you give up your career when you may amount to something."

They knew they were in love, by then. He had waited a week after their first date before asking her dancing again, but because he was who he was, and what he was, Rita's father made no objection when the engagements grew more frequent. Eddie showed Rita things she had never seen before —the fights, the tennis matches, the smart clubs; and he took her to concerts, to art exhibits, to museums.

In him she recognized a different kind of love from the self-centered, egotistic passion a boy of her own age would have offered. He was sensible primarily of her emotions and feelings, thoughtful of her whims and moods; he was lover and counselor and teacher, all in one. He saw her as she could one day be, a lovely, accomplished, distinguished creature. She needed confidence in herself, a guiding hand to give her a sense of authority.

THESE things he could do for her. There was, of course, another matter to consider. He was middle-aged, she was still the embodiment of youth, as sparkling and fresh as a first spring morning.

She did not care. She had lived always in adult company, and she had never had another beau with whom to compare Eddie. She knew nothing of the sharp high beauty or stormy impulse intrinsic in the love of youth with youth.

So, one day when she drove him to the station to catch a train for New York, he asked her to marry him; and as he swung aboard she shouted after him, "Yes!" She told her family that night, refuting all their protests and arguments with a simple statement that she knew what she was about, that her mind was made up; and on the day he returned she drove by his house, sounded her horn, and, when he came (*Continued on page* 76)

The true story behind

THE STRANGE CASE OF LEW AYRES

These facts might never have been revealed; but you, our readers, have asked for the challenging truth

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Every year in Lew Ayres's past had been an unconscious preparation for what happened to him in "All Quiet On The Western Front"

LEW AYRES refused to fight for his country.

He went to the Oregon camp for Conchies (conscientious objectors) where he will clear brush and fell trees and cut fire tracks until the end of the war—unless he's transferred to the Medical Corps.

Doing this Lew risked many things. He risked the smiles of the pretty girls which he loves well, the respect of his friends and coworkers, his motion-picture stardom and the fortune it represents to him.

These aren't things anyone risks lightly.

Quietly, Lew explained his stand.

"No one really wants war . . ." he said. "And it's my opinion we never will stop wars until we individually cease fighting them and that's what I propose to do. I propose we proclaim a moratorium on all presumed debts of evil done us, that we start afresh by wiping the slate clean and continuing to wipe it clean . . .

"I believe in nonresistance to evil . . .

"I believe we cannot live in Utopia without first becoming Utopian . . ."

Ten years ago or more it might have been understandable for Lew to think in such terms, but not today. For ten years and more we of the democracies practiced nonresistance to evil. Unwilling to turn the earth and the sky and the sea into a battlefield, we gave the Axis powers their aggressive way. They murdered, individually and (*Continued on page* 81)

"You alone . . ."

. . . can make the final decision: How you stack up as a person against the little girl who knew what was wrong and a bigger girl who didn't —but found out just in time

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY JR.

ONE new and shining quarter. No more and no less.

Betty glared at it, her face screwed up until she looked like a belligerent kitten. Which was all very well, but had no effect upon the quarter. It remained the only one of its kind on the premises, it was all there was, there wasn't any more.

A three-cent stamp for her letter to Johnny. Ten cents each way on the bus to the studio. Even if she had got seventy in algebra, Betty knew that made twenty-three cents.

The phone call from the studio had been pretty unexpected and there was always the fact that if she hadn't played hooky she wouldn't have been there to answer the phone. But school got so dumb and as long as she had been home, she ought to go. They were very nice at the studio because Dad used to work there. They gave Mom and Betty extra work whenever they thought about it, but they were pretty busy. When they saw you, it reminded them. Mom wouldn't ever amount to anything, she hated it, but Betty was pretty sure she had a future if she could just hurry up and develop so she could wear a sweater and look grown-up. There had been chipped beef again for dinner last night and the rent guy had been around twice, so Betty figured it was time to remind them over at the studio again. The phone call made it easy. Except the twenty cents bus fare.

Because there was this business about a Defense Stamp. Tomorrow was the last day and all the girls in her class had agreed they'd start a little book of them and bring them to class to show Miss Ames. Miss Ames, who wasn't too awful for a teacher, had started something when, very quietly, she had read them an editorial from a newspaper—just as if they were grownups. It had been called "On Me Alone" and it began with a quotation from the diary of Martin Treptow, who fell at Chateau Thierry in 1918:

"America must win this war. Therefore I will work; I will save; I will sacrifice; I will endure; I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost, as if the whole struggle depended on me alone. . . ."

After she had finished, the classroom had been very still. Then Miss Ames had said just five words: "This means—on you alone."

When school was over for the day, the girls had got together and decided on their plan for a class Defense Stamp book. Miss Ames said it was a great idea and she knew they'd measure up a hundred percent. Naturally, if you were the one who spoiled that, you'd stand out like a sore thumb all right. Miss Ames said if they had to make some sacrifice, if they could earn the quarter themselves, so much the better. . . .

Of course the studio only wanted her for a still picture. She'd had three days' work weeks ago playing a couple of scenes where she was supposed to be Myrna Loy before Myrna grew up. Mom had had to take all of that except the quarter. Of course if she mentioned it at the studio now, someone there would probably give her another quarter. But Mom might find out and she'd throw a fit, the way she did that time when she borrowed a dollar off Mickey Rooney. Mom had funny ideas; she said they mustn't ever let people in Hollywood know how broke they were since Daddy died, they must keep up a front. As though Rooney would tell! He was a good guy for an actor. So asking for a quarter back for expenses was out. Mom cried enough as it was.

She did want to send her letter to Johnny.

So you were supposed to buy a Defense Stamp. So what?

BETTY sat on the rickety steps and regarded the ocean with a jaundiced eye while she tried to make up her mind. The ocean looked swell again today. After the long rainy winter, when the mud sluiced down from the palisades and made the waves yellow against the sand, after weeks when the gray clouds hung so low the sea mirrored that same color, it was grand to find it a deep, friendly blue again.

It meant that summer wasn't so very far away now. And summer from Santa (*Continued on page* 32)

Dorsey had a theory about women and he was trying it out on Janice now. "Hi, Beautiful," he said. "How's your love life?"

A warm number, thought Betty, eyeing the girl in the car. You could tell because she wore so much lipstick and that sweater—the Hays Office would have something to say if she ever wore it in a picture

Monica to Santa Barbara was heaven for kids—summer at Las Tunas was one hundred percent heaven for Betty. Wearing your bathing suit or your shorts all day long, swimming three or four times a day, tramping up in the hills after rabbits, lying on the sand in the hot sun and getting a swell tan, going up to Malibu with the other kids to play tennis, and she was getting pretty good, too, for fourteen. Even Johnny said so, and Johnny was super.

They had all made a pact at the end of last summer. They would all come back, honest-to-goodness. Johnny's mother had carted him off to New York, and Bitsy's father was a doctor and he was always squawking about it was too far for a busy doctor, and Ted and Matthew's folks talked about sending them to a dude ranch for the summer, and Sally's folks had moved to San Diego because her father had a job in an airplane factory. . . .

But that was all winter stuff. It wasn't too important. Parents, after all, ought to think about their children and what was good for them, and they usually did if you kept at it long enough and hard enough and often enough. So they had all agreed to make their folks come back to Malibu no matter what.

Of course Betty stayed there in the winter too and went to Santa Monica to school. Not exactly at Malibu. Malibu was beautiful and exclusive and filled with movie stars and directors and writers who got big salaries. But Las Tunas was only a little way on your bike and Johnny was swell, too, about getting her in his mother's station wagon and bringing her home when they stayed late and cooked hot dogs on the beach.

When they said good-by, they all hollered, "See you next summer for sure," and that was really the pact.

Johnny had made his mother promise all right and Johnny said his mother was a little screwy, being a writer, but she had never broken a promise. And Johnny sent Betty a picture of himself in his New York Military Academy uniform, which was super, too. His last letter, even, said, "I will be seeing you this summer at good old Malibu. I like it here a lot. I am on the rifle team which is okay, but I will sure be glad to see good old Malibu, you bet, love, Johnny."

Now everything was changed. Everything was awful.

The quarter in her hand felt sticky, she was clutching it so hard.

Right out there in that ocean where they had been swimming every summer since they were little kids, where they took their kayaks and went paddling clear out to the fishing barge, were submarines. Last summer, if you saw a stick coming out of the water with a flag on it, you knew it had drifted down from the "Yank In The R.A.F." location at Point Doane, and everybody raced through the water to get it first. This summer—that was just around the corner—if you saw anything sticking up out of the water, it might be a submarine with some horrible, mean old Japs, who wanted to kill people and were spoiling everything.

Last summer, when everything was simply super, they used to watch airplanes all the time, Johnny and the other kids got so they could identify them all and even Betty could tell the P-38 because it sort of had two tails, and once the B-19 flew over. A ferry pilot was stuck on Arline's big sister, who was a sort of a dope but pretty, and he used to buzz back and forth on test flights and they all got to speak to (*Continued on page* 74)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Laraine Day: Appearing in M-G-M's "Fingers At The Window" . . *page 33*

Tyrone Power: Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "This Above All" . . *page 36*

Victor Mature: Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Footlight Serenade" *page 36*

John Wayne: Appearing in Republic's "In Old California" . . . *page 37*

Cesar Romero: Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Orchestra Wife" . . *page 37*

Irene Dunne: Appearing in Universal's "Lady In A Jam" . . . . . *page 40*

Laraine Day

Should a man marry

Ensign Wayne Morris: He married on a Navy salary

So you have your answer ready! Wait a minute—what these six stars say may change your wedding picture!

SHOULD we marry before he goes to war?" That is the question Hollywood sweethearts, as well as sweethearts everywhere, are asking. With long separations, unpredictable futures—even the inevitable possibility of tragedy stretching ahead—what is young love in Hollywood doing about marriage?

The emotional urgency of war is great, the need of security, of a love to cling to, almost overwhelming. Can you be sure what is the best thing to do?

Not until Jeffrey Lynn was making preparations to leave for Army duty would he talk freely about his ideas on marriage. One of Hollywood's few eligible bachelors, he has kept his friends, his studio and his public guessing about the status of his romances. At luncheon, while finishing "The Body Disappears," his last picture before leaving for Fort Moffet, he explained for the first time why he had never married and exactly how he felt about marrying now before he went into the Army.

"I would be afraid to marry now," he said. "I am the kind of fellow who loves a home. For a long time I have wanted to get married. I was afraid to get married while I was working in motion pictures. I would be even more afraid now.

"To me marriage is the most important step I could make. I would do everything within my power to make my marriage a success. My wife, my home would always come first. Everything else would be secondary.

Jeffrey Lynn, just entering the Army, has a "chin out" viewpoint

Richard Travis, a "most likely to be called" Hollywoodian, has his marriage mind all made up, wouldn't hesitate

before going to war?

BY

RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

Priscilla Lane, courted by two beaux, knows what she'd do if and when . . .

"I have a one-track mind. I had to give everything I had to my career. I didn't dare risk jeopardizing my work by worrying how my wife might react to the way I did certain love scenes or see her put the wrong interpretation on publicity stories over which I had no control. If anything I did hurt her, I would have to stop it. Until I had financial security, I did not dare interfere with my work.

"By the same token, I know I would not make as good a soldier married as I will single. If I had a wife, I would count the days until I could return to her. I wouldn't be as ready to plunge into anything that came up. I would be inclined to spare myself. I wouldn't like the idea of leaving my wife for an unknown destination.

"Ever since I was a boy working on the farm, and later when I worked my way through college, I have dreamed of going on a big adventure. I felt I could never settle down until I had had it. Perhaps war is to be that big adventure.

"At any rate I have a job to do that will take everything I have to give. So again marriage must wait.

"No, I would not marry before going to war."

ENSIGN WAYNE MORRIS had served six months on the Navy Cadet Selection Board when he married a nonprofessional—nineteen-year-old Patricia O'Rourke from Georgia—and set up housekeeping in Long Beach, California.

Easygoing and good- (*Continued on page* 68)

Linda Darnel on the unattached list gives a wartime wedding theory with bells o

The ideas of French Michele Morgan, who knows what war can mean, may make American girls stop and think

Ty Power

Victor J. Mature

John Wayne

Cesar Romero

The Skelton

He's rattling around here getting everybody rattled.

Red and Edna in their Brentwood back yard. They moved in because the house had a secret panel Red adored. Canine complements are Spats and Fella—there was always a dog, or maybe a duck, or maybe a bear or two

THERE can be no story of Red Skelton without Edna. Red and Edna are as inseparable as cake and ice cream, mustard and hot dogs. They grew up together from the time they were mere kids of fifteen and seventeen as man and wife. Edna's mother, Mrs. Stillwell, had finally said, "I can't stand that redheaded brat mooning around here any more! I give in," and had gone with them from Kansas City to St. Louis to give her consent to the ceremony. Red had no money. Edna loaned him the necessary three dollars and in the ten years they've been married Red has made two payments of one dollar each on the loan. If she ever gets the last buck it will be a miracle, for Red is completely *un*money-conscious. He doesn't know anything about it and cares less. Edna

in Hollywood's Closet

But then, everybody loves Red, his dimples, his Edna, this story about him

always has had to take care of all business deals when there were any deals to take care of.

He keeps bringing clowns home to lunch. "Who's this?" Edna will ask. "Honey," Red will explain,"he's that funny clown that rolled the people in the sawdust last night at Hagenbeck and Wallace's Circus. Remember how Cary Grant went into hysterics over him?"

And Edna will welcome the clown and he will come in and sit there, the saddest, most forlorn little man in the world.

"Clowns," Red says, "aren't funny. They're very sad."

Red should know. He was a clown himself with a top circus for two years when he was a ripe old fourteen or so. His father, who died before Red was born, had been a clown all his life with Hagenbeck and Wallace's Circus.

Today, Red is the clown of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which you know if you saw "Whistling In The Dark" and "Ship Ahoy," among a number of others. Rowdy, noisy, genuine, he makes the Hollywood glamour boys look a little—well, honestly the word is ridiculous. He doesn't mean to. He doesn't know he does, as a matter of fact. But you see Red and Edna are what people are like when you peel off the veneer and get down to rock-bottom humanity. Red knows from nothing about Ciro's, or giving ultra parties (Red and Edna tried just once to give a dinner party, and boy, did it smell!), or jewelry, or monogrammed chichis, or the froufrou that makes up so much of Hollywood's social life.

He carries a coin purse. It's brown and opens at the top and rattles inside with dimes and things and Red loves it. Everything the carrying of a coin purse by a man represents—meekness, respectability, timidity, elders' meetings at the church, membership on the new fire hose committee—is a part of Red's character, which is wonderful, only you'd hardly expect to find it in a former circus clown, burlesque comedian and vaudeville actor. That's what's so confusing about it.

Why, so help us, that goon is so hill-billyish he will have absolutely nothing to do with that newfangled invention called the telephone.

"It clicks and makes noises," he explains (*Continued on page* 70)

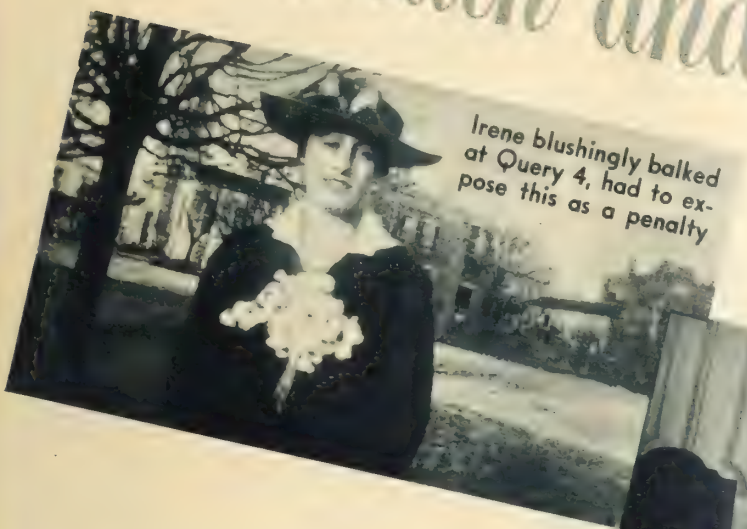
BY SALLY JEFFERSON

Red clowns to net a laugh. Near left, opposite page: A Skelton spread-eagle to the tune of "Keep your eye on ball and you'll never hit it"

Left: He has an argument, splits the difference, wins palms up. Below: Good groundwork by Skelton, but he's a fall guy for anyone!

Irene Dunne

PLAY Truth and Consequences WITH IRENE DUNNE



Irene blushingly balked at Query 4, had to expose this as a penalty

This was the picture Irene killed: "too dictatorial"

Get into the game! All you have to do is look and listen while one of Hollywood's most reticent stars takes an "all in fun" beating

GAME CONDUCTOR—KAY PROCTOR

1. (Q) What personal achievement is the source of greatest satisfaction to you?

(A) My memory game. If you write down thirty nouns, numerically listed, I can repeat the entire list after studying it for a few seconds. I also can tell you what noun was number seven, ten, twenty-one, etc.

2. (Q) What point of grooming do you consider most important in a woman?

(A) Her shoes, because they have an important effect on her carriage and posture. They also are the making or breaking of the rest of her costume.

3. (Q) What is your first reaction when fans do not recognize you?

(A) If I'm very busy, frankly it is a relief. If I've got myself all done up and am stepping out when it happens, I must confess I am a little taken aback. You'd be surprised how often the latter happens.

4. (Q) Who was your first beau?

(Irene took the consequences. Show us how you looked when you were trying to get a job as a schoolteacher.)

5. (Q) What act of the past would you undo if you could?

(A) The pinch I gave a little playmate in Madison, Indiana. It turned her arm so black I was sure I had half-killed her and was scared to death. To this day I've never pinched anyone again.

6. (Q) Do you have a quick temper?

(A) Yes, and I suffer with it because instead of flying off the handle and getting things out of my system, I try to run away from the scene. It leaves me boiling inside for hours.

7. (Q) Is it true you have a secret staircase in your house?

(A) Yes. It goes from the living room to my bedroom, but I won't tell you why. However, it is *not* true I have "secret telephones in every room," as the driver of the sightseeing bus informs his customers. I still haven't figured that one out.

8. (Q) Where and how did you meet your husband, Dr. Griffin?

(A) On top of the Biltmore Hotel in New York City where we were guests at the same party.

9. (Q) Has any one fear ever haunted you?

(A) I'm still afraid of traveling on water and do it under protest. That's a big help when Doctor is mad about boats! I think psychologically the fear came from my father, who was supervising general (*Continued on page* 84)

A "never seen before" pose of Irene at an awkward-era party, taken from her own collection

Highroad to Hollywood

Everything in this story is real. You yourself could be Julie Burns, the girl who goes to Hollywood for a career. For you would find there the actual people she meets; would experience her hopes, her heartbreaks and her happiness

BY DIXIE WILLSON

Dixie Willson, popular magazine contributor, knows movie studios from sound stage to prop department. She has written her latest book, "Hollywood Starlet," in response to overwhelming requests for factual information about opportunities in motion pictures. Published by Dodd, Mead and Company, it is the newest in their career book series. Now Photoplay-Movie Mirror brings you this vivid condensation giving the actual steps you would have to take in a conquest of Hollywood.

AT twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock on the night of February twelfth, an astonishing thing happened to little Gladstone, Ohio. The preceding November, New York City's weekly "Top Topics" radio program had begun a national contest to discover the most beautiful and typical American girl. The winner was to receive the singularly exciting reward of a trip to Hollywood, there to be paid a real Hollywood salary for enacting the role of *Miss America* in a Warner Brothers feature picture to be called "Proud Pageant." Since the cast called for a *Miss America,* and since the studio wished the role actually to be taken by America's most beautiful and typical young lady, they had taken this means of finding her.

Eighty thousand contenders had sent photographs to the "Top Topics" New York City offices, the contest scheduled to close on February the twelfth. One of the eighty thousand had been Julia Burns of Gladstone, Ohio, who ushered in the Crystal Theater, whose plump, bald-headed dad owned the corner grocery and whose twin brother Johnny drove the grocery store delivery truck.

Julia wore a dark, shoulder-length bob. Her eyes were a teasing blue-green and she had an enchanting little way of smiling when you least expected it; *definitely* enchanting to six-foot Tod Jenkins, the sandy-haired chap who worked in the lumber yard. He had picked Julia Burns for his girl as long ago as high-school days.

The Burns family lived in the good-looking house on High Street; the house with the old-fashioned veranda and the cupola.

There was always work for Julia around the theater in the morning; changing the advertising frames for the lobby, or writing up the show for the Gladstone *Clarion.* At noon Tod would stop by, in his brown suede work jacket, and walk down High Street with her, delivering her home for lunch. He didn't say much to anybody about what he thought of her, but the way he had devoted himself to Julia, exclusive of anyone else, said enough about his hopes for the future.

On the night of February twelfth, the Crystal was packed to its doors. The "Top Topics" program was to be broadcast from the stage, although neither the town nor Julia Burns seriously thought she had a chance to win.

But by twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock, the amazed audience, along with four million other radio listeners, coast to coast, knew that the young lady about to journey to Hollywood, was Miss Julia Burns of Gladstone, Ohio!

Sixty seconds later, half the town was crowding about the bewildered little usher, in her gold-trimmed, white broadcloth uniform, as flash bulbs surrounded her with spasmodic bursts of light. In those first breathless moments, trying to believe it, she found herself searching the little sea of people for just one; for Tod Jenkins. She found herself thinking, even more than about what it would mean to *her,* what it would mean (*Continued on page* 44)

"I want to know when you'll pose for some stills for me, Missy," Curt greeted Julie. "You've certainly got what it takes!"

As the train began to move, faces blurred together — Dad's, Mother's, Johnny's. But it was Tod's face that Julia saw last of all

to *him,* that she would be leaving Gladstone . . . for Hollywood.

She finally spotted him and he acknowledged her smile with the little salute he reserved just for her; the second finger of his left hand briefly touching his left eyebrow, but she had no chance to be with him, not even afterward, for the Mayor and a dozen other town dignitaries followed the Burnses right along home.

Her first chance to talk to him was the next morning when he stopped at the Burns's house on his way to work. Telegrams and telephone calls had been pouring in since six a. m. It was eight o'clock when Tod rang the doorbell. The February wind ruffled his hair, for he never wore a hat. Miss America herself responded.

"Howdy, Beautiful," he said, and followed her into the parlor where Mrs. Burns was busy trying to make eight vases do for three times too many flowers. "No, I can't stay," he said, as Julia dislodged the cat from Tod's favorite chair. "I just wanted to know if I still have a date to shove you across town tomorrow night to the Vagabond Club shindig. I thought I'd better ask in case you're operating on a new schedule."

"No cancellations on *my* calendar for tomorrow," Julia replied, her eyes looking squarely into his. "A new schedule for everything else, maybe . . . but not for my affections."

AMONG the rush of morning wires, one had heralded the arrival, on the noon train, of Miss Bettina Proctor, the Warner Studios official representative, who had flown from Hollywood to Chicago by night plane.

Mrs. Burns, a maturer edition of her daughter, wore morning linen, her unbobbed dark hair done high in a figure eight. She was as slim as Julia and very nearly as pretty; as whimsical as Johnny, as young as either of them and quite used to the unexpected maneuvers of both of them. But even Selinda Burns had to admit that, in the whirlwind morning just gone, she had lost claim to the reputation of being ready for anything!

The family luncheon had been delayed, pending Miss Proctor's arrival. In the dining room, with its mahogany sideboard, the table was set with the best doilies; Carrie, the hired girl, nervously hoping that cheese souffle, timbales of peas and peach dumplings would be good enough for somebody from Hollywood.

As noon neared, Dad and Johnny came home from the store to put on their good clothes preparatory to meeting the distinguished guest at the depot. Julia, growing more nervous by the second, was to remain at home.

The Miss Proctor she expected, was a devastating creature swathed in furs. The Miss Proctor whom the family sedan brought home, was a slim, laughing young person in a boyishly tailored coat and hat, who made herself at home with the Burnses in less than five minutes, leaving Julia to wonder if it could be possible that Hollywood people were just people like other people!

Along with Bettina Proctor had come an enormous corrugated box. After luncheon its contents were divulged. It was a wardrobe for Julia from the studio! A suit, an afternoon dress and an evening gown designed for her by Orry-Kelly who, for three weeks, had known that it was she who would be named Miss America, and from information upon the contest blank, had known her exact coloring and size.

From between countless layers of tissue paper, a thrilled Julia Burns unpacked a black wool suit with a casual matching hat, a blouse of russet which, as she held it beneath her chin, filled her eyes with little golden lights she had never known were there. The afternoon gown was black wool crepe in slim straight lines, "informal" length, the skirt softly draped, a "V" neck outlined in starched white eyelet embroidery.

But with her first sight of the white chiffon evening gown delicately trimmed in gold, all the pent-up joy and thrill of the last twelve hours suddenly overflowed. Little Julia Burns, making a dive for her dad's shirt front, buried her face therein.

"Now comes the advantage of having a twin," remarked Johnny, as Dad gently patted Julia's shoulder. "If Sis can't take it, I'll do a female impersonation and go in her place."

"Probably what disturbs her," offered Mother, "is saying good-by to a certain young man named Jenkins."

Nor was Mother far from wrong. All day Julia had found herself wondering how Tod really felt about it.

PERHAPS her thoughts winged across town to the lumber yard, or perhaps Tod's thoughts had wings of their own today. At any rate, the Burns telephone tinkled at three o'clock with Tod at the other end of the wire, inquiring if Julia would be interested in cooking breakfast tomorrow in Picnic Park.

"I have a pretty important question to ask you," he added.

Julia replied that she'd love breakfast in Picnic Park and instantly began to think what her answer was going to be, for of course she was perfectly sure what the question was. A week ago she wouldn't have had to consider. Now there was a new world to reckon with!

But the next morning, over bacon, toasted buns, scrambled eggs, and coffee, in the Pavillion where they had cooked more breakfasts than either of them could remember, the lovely Miss Burns found out that she had been counting chickens which hadn't yet hatched!

"About that question I wanted to ask you," Tod said, serving Julia to strawberry jam, "I want to know if you'll do me a favor when you get to Hollywood. In the lumber business, I'm always fixing up deals for other people to make money, so I've decided to do a little contracting on my own. As soon as (*Continued on page* 90)

Kit Stuff

Little girl with big business on hand is Joan Carroll, pet of the RKO lot, pet of the "Obliging Young Lady" cast, practitioner here of the finer art of First Aid in the Hollywood hair ribbon set. She equips herself with an identification tag marked with her name, address and social security number, then learns how to stowaway with ease in a First Aid kit. Below: Teacher Harold Minniear comes to the aid of a first aider, while Joan squares things up with a square knot. The Carroll lady's motto: No kidding about kit stuff in our America today

Tag me

Doing my kit

The tie that binds

An eighteen-year-old who caught Orson Welles's eye: Anne Baxter of "The Magnificent Ambersons"

He's a guy's guy—a blond and a bachelor: Van Heflin, new hero in "Tulip Time"

ROUND-UP

Some pointers on the people Hollywood is now pointing to with pride

BY SARA HAMILTON

PHOTOPLAY *combined with* MOVIE MIRROR

Ayars: Her pretty caused M-G-M ty of trouble

Dana Andrews: He did some fast gangster work in "Ball Of Fire"

OF PACE SETTERS

SAILOR—Beware, Girls!

Van Heflin, young M-G-M-er who is jarring fans to attention with his work in "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," "Johnny Eager" and "Grand Central Murder" is the upside-down cake on Hollywood's star pastry shelf. Van doesn't look like an actor or think like an actor; in fact, he hates acting with a man-sized loathing and yet is such a darn good craftsman there's nothing left to be done about it except—to act.

He's just as good a sailor as actor, what's more, having sailed from one end of the world to the other as a hard-working crew member. He got the yearning for going bye-bye on boats when his family moved to Long Beach, California, from Oklahoma, where Van was born. At the end of his first year at Long Beach Poly High (Laraine Day's alma mater) Van succumbed to the urge and shipped on a fishing schooner bound for Mexico. One more year of school and Van was off for Hawaii; the next summer he was South America bound; and, after his graduation, European ports found our hero prowling around for dear life.

After a year at the University of Oklahoma, the sea claimed him for two full years in which time Van raised a lot of Cain and stuff up the rivers of South America (get him to tell you about his nightmare haircut sometime) scaring natives into fits.

In New York at last, he decided to call on sedate relatives and arrived unannounced, his sailor's kit flung over one shoulder, to discover a cocktail party of smart people going full blast. It's like a movie, really, this Van Heflin story. There he was a young kid about nineteen, raw and trusting, being kidded by a lot of snobbish hams who egged him on to singing his Oklahoma ditties. When one actor guest announced his decision to turn down a part in the play "Mr. Money Penny" and suggested Van try for the part, the Oklahoma Kid thought he meant it, which nearly killed the actor. It practically finished the actor, though, when Van actually got the part. But there was the sea calling, and once again Van set out on his roamings.

His parents (his father is a dentist) finally persuaded their offspring to return to college. Van once again enrolled at the University of Oklahoma. After graduation he took a year of drama at Yale and hasn't been back to sea since except as a guest on Errol Flynn's yacht, which isn't a bit like the engine-room crew's hangout.

Radio, stage, even movies at RKO followed, with Van playing with Katharine Hepburn in the movie "Woman Rebels." Later he played again with Hepburn in the stage production of "The Philadelphia Story," in the role that won Jimmy Stewart the Academy Award. A part in Warners' "Santa Fe Trail" finally convinced him Hollywood and not the stage or the sea was his place. M-G-M decided the same thing and signed him to a long-term contract.

One day as Van walked on the lot an actor (*Continued on page* 87)

Danger—

"I HOPE her next picture will be a flop!" This was forthright Ann Sothern, star of M-G-M's famous *Maisie* series, speaking about a Hollywood starlet who had zoomed abruptly to stunning success. Everyone was awfully shocked. "Why, Annie!" voices gasped. "Aren't you ashamed! I thought you were her friend! The very idea!"

"I *am* her friend. I'm terribly fond of her and that's why I hope it," Ann affirmed stoutly. "I mean, I want her to have her discipline, get her perspective, learn how to handle all this before it goes too far and before she is really hurt. I ought to know. I've seen plenty of that sort of thing!

"Look! She's had a break. All of a sudden and without doing much, really, to earn it, she's famous. She's knee-deep in fan mail and her phone never stops ringing. The postman gets bowlegs carrying invi-

Heroine of the saga of the jade earrings is Ann Sothern. The earrings made her pretty; they didn't make her popular, which all goes to prove her point about how silly a gal can be

Instigator of a new idea to decorate your bedroom —and incidentally your date book—is Rosemary Lane. She's the one who started talking to herself—which shows how smart she is

Popularity Ahead!

How to make your date garden grow —with not a raspberry in sight!

tations to her door. If she doesn't find out what it's all about now and learn how to handle it—then she's going to be terribly hurt later on. That goes for girls in school, in show business, in offices . . . everywhere.

"Popularity is a grand thing and everybody wants it. But it can be dynamite if you don't learn how to handle it! Whenever I see a girl getting too popular too fast, I want to wave a red flag at her and yell, 'Danger! Popularity ahead!' If she'd stop and look and listen it would save a lot of heartbreaks.

"I went through a phase when I was in high school," Ann went on, "when I took myself so big. I thought I was so good. Oh, dear! I hate to think about it." But she was laughing.

"It appears that I had some musical talent and first thing (*Continued on page* 89)

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

So you think you're popular! Maybe you're merely "prominent"—which means, per Ruth Hussey, that you do things better than others and they don't like it. Listen to her and you can still play first fiddle — but to a popular tune

Maureen O'Hara was determined the next time she was noticed she'd stay noticed! Hint to interested observers: She managed it; you can ditto her

Ladies to gentlemen: Please look at us like this! George Raft, star of Universal's "Broadway"

ıtlemen to ladies: Request
ıted, if you look like
Linda Darnell of "The
es Of Edgar Allan Poe"

BORN in Tokio, Japan, the second daughter of a very British lawyer, who was also a gentleman and a scholar, and of a bright, laughing woman who had been an opera singer, Joan Fontaine was a dreaming child, given to reading and illness.

Olivia, her two-year-older sister, was always the more beautiful, the more popular, the more daring, even in the little town of Saratoga, California, to which their mother moved with them after her divorce. When she remarried there, Joan took her stepfather's name but she could not bear his discipline with the stout courage Olivia showed against it. Thus, at sixteen, she went back to the Orient to visit her father whom she had not seen since she was two. There she encountered, not her first romance, but her first five romances, for she got simultaneously engaged to five men.

So snarled did she become in her engagements that she had to leave Tokio and, arriving home, she found Olivia already a movie star. She decided that she, too, wanted to be a star, so she joined Olivia in Hollywood but found only heartbreak and failure where Livvie had found such quick success. After making some dozen "quickies" under three different names, she finally bagged an RKO contract, only to be let out of that on the very night that Livvie was signed to play *Melanie* in "Gone With The Wind."

Moreover, Livvie's romantic life was just as vivid as Joan's was drab. Liv had dozens of boy friends while Joan had only one, Conrad Nagel, whom she did not love. Nineteen, faced with professional and emotional failure, Joan felt the only way out for her was suicide.

JUST as no love is ever so intense as one's first, unreasoning love, so no frustration is ever so devastating as the first, emotional one. Joan Fontaine was both ambitious and romantic and neither side of her nature was finding any expression in Hollywood. She longed to die.

Personal Conquest

Joan Fontaine dreamed about getting many things — among them, Brian Aherne. This is how she went about it

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Joan always has fun with husband Brian Aherne, but when it comes to...

. . . sister Livvie (with Burgess Meredith) it was sometimes a different story

Olivia departed for some gay party, dark, laughing Olivia, wrapped in furs, in orchids and excitement, and, after she had gone, Joan walked from room to room in the small, exquisite house she shared with her sister and abandoned herself to her sorrow. She plotted ways to kill herself, ways that would make her quite dead and yet leave her very pale, touching and beautiful when her fragile body would be discovered. There was no sound in the house to disturb her, no person present to wipe away her tears. She sobbed and choked, beating her clenched hands against her aristocratic blonde head. She visioned herself looking like (*Continued on page* 71)

Mrs. Miniver

A best seller becomes a "film of the year"—the story of a woman who dared to love something more than the husband she adored

"No," said Mrs. Miniver helplessly. "I didn't mean that, Clem. I—I'm all mixed up."

Fiction version by MADELINE THOMPSON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Copyright 1942 by Loew's Inc. Screen play by Arthur Wimperis, George Froeschel, James Hilton and Claudine West. Based on the book by Jan Struther. Directed by Wm. Wyler. Produced by Sidney Franklin.

MRS. MINIVER kissed her husband lightly on the temple, just where his dark hair was turning a bit grey.

"All right," Clem smiled, "now take off that fool hat and get to bed."

Mrs. Miniver laughed. It was a fool hat. Now, it looked even sillier, topping off nothing but a nightgown. Back into its tissue paper nest went the hat and Mrs. Miniver got into her bed.

"It's been a nice day," Mrs. Miniver sighed contentedly. She turned out the light. "We're very lucky people, aren't we, Clem?" she asked softly.

"Why, Kay?" Clem chuckled. "Because of a new hat and a new car?"

"Oh, much more than that," Mrs. Miniver said. "I mean because of Vin and Toby and Judy—and each other—"

Clem grunted sleepily and Mrs. Miniver knew it was no use talking to him any more.

It *had* been a lovely day. There had been the trip to London, London with all its bustle and the rows of shops. And the hat! How she had fought against that temptation! But, all day, it had haunted her so she just had to go back for it, although it meant missing her train.

Even that had had its compensations. For, when she had finally got into a carriage, she had found the Vicar there.

They'd had a fine laugh at their weaknesses, she with her irresistible hat and he with the cigars he couldn't afford. It had been very pleasant.

True, Lady Beldon had burst into the carriage, denouncing everything and everyone, merely because they were so hopelessly middle-class. Poor old Lady Beldon, Mrs. Miniver thought. She was so used to ruling Belham like a little kingdom that it must be difficult for her to accept the changes that were taking place in England.

In England? Mrs. Miniver smiled, wondering what Lady Beldon would say when Ballard entered his rose in the Flower Show. It was as traditional for Lady Beldon's roses to win unchallenged as it was for the Beldon family to have authority.

Ballard was a strange man for a station master, Mrs. Miniver thought. He was much more interested in his

The windows were smashed, the wall almost gone, but Mrs. Miniver was happy. Her children were safe and she had Clem and Vin, Judy, Toby, and now, Carol

THE CAST

Mrs. Miniver. . Greer Garson
Clem. . . . . Walter Pidgeon
Carol Beldon Teresa Wright
Lady Beldon Dame May Whitty
Mr. Ballard. . Henry Travers
Vin Miniver: . . Richard Ney
The Vicar. . Henry Wilcoxon
Toby. . . . Christopher Severn
Judy Miniver. Claire Sanders
German. . . Helmuth Dantine

The Nazi's face was drawn with pain, but his gun was steady on her. "Alone?" he demanded

flowers than in trains. His pride in the rose he had shown her had been touching. But it was his asking her to allow him to call it the "Mrs. Miniver" that had really moved her—almost to tears.

Such a nice day! She had had a rose named after her. And, when Clem had finally confessed his own extravagance in buying a new car, it had been so easy to tell him about a little thing like a hat.

Lovingly, Mrs. Miniver bade farewell to the ended day and turned to the coming one. It was going to be another rich, full day. For Vin was coming down from Oxford.

As always, thinking of her eldest son filled her with a strange sense of wonder. She loved Judy and Toby, but it never (*Continued on page* 93)

The truth about

Two top-notchers start work together.

Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden met in "Virginia" as co-workers, fell in love as co-stars in "Bahama Passage," ended up in an intriguing dilemma

"I WON'T take it," firmly said Mr. McCrea.

Paramount had offered the lead to Joel McCrea in "I Married A Witch," co-starring Veronica Lake. The big idea was to make a really truly starring team of McCrea and Lake, who had co-starred in "Sullivan's Travels," like Loy and Powell or Turner and Gable. But what Paramount had neglected to find out was how the team of McCrea and Lake felt about each other.

"We will put you on suspension unless you play the role," thundered the Paramount officials, meaning no dough on the line for Joel for a fixed period of weeks.

Mr. McCrea drew himself up to his complete six feet three and started walking out. "Money is not that important to me," said he, with deep dignity, but meaning it.

Thus it's Fredric March who is holding Veronica Lake in his arms these hot afternoons in Hollywood, but even agreeable Freddie is reported to consider it work and then some.

Because, you see, little Miss One-Eye is very, very difficult. She has her ideas, does Veronica, and she likes to have a production revolve around her. For lads who have knocked around studios as long as Freddie and Joel this murders them. You see they, too, the silly things, feel they have a certain importance.

The truth about co-stardom is that there are personalities who get along together like peas in a pod—both male and female teams and co-stars of the same sex—and there are also personalities who are as palsy as a boy three sheets in the wind meeting a W.C.T.U. convention.

When you get together those two beautiful hunks of people, Grable and Mature, you see on-screen heat and off-screen refrigeration. "I may have to make love to her in pictures," said Mr. Mature between his beautiful gritted teeth, "but I don't have to speak to her once the camera stops grinding."

Mr. Mature's feeling of frost for Betty goes into icebergs with Carole Landis and Alice Faye as regards Mr. Raft's little chum.

Carole Landis is a swell guy, who ordinarily gets along famously with people, and, as for Alice, her male co-stars adore her. When Alice plays opposite Don Ameche the set rings with constant laughter. When she works with Ty Power, you see those two in eternal huddles of conversation about everything under the arc lights. There is in Alice a simple, sensitive pathos that touches all men. She is almost humbly co-operative. She honestly doesn't consider herself much of an actress and is willing to give ground in any dramatic scene.

Not so with Grable. Now that she is on top of the heap, she is paying off Hollywood for the bitter years it kicked her around and doesn't hesitate to lay down the law to the studio, the

Co-Stars—

'hat happens? Maybe a chilling cold shoulder—and maybe a blazing romance!

BY "FEARLESS"

Joel McCrea was to hold Veronica Lake in his co-starring arms in Paramount's "I Married A Witch" The gentleman said no; he'd had an inside hint on Miss Lake

set and any co-star, male or female. That technique is poison to the boys and girls in the close-ups.

The exact opposite technique may be the secret of Cary Grant's success in playing with such varied personalities as Irene Dunne and Rosalind Russell. After one picture with Cary the girls cry for him, mainly because he makes each one feel that she, not he, is the real star of the picture. There is nothing meek or fawning about Cary. He doesn't flirt with his leading ladies. He is a fine actor and is always in there punching his lines for all they are worth and more. Nevertheless he makes his co-stars feel more important and beautiful and besides he makes the girls laugh every moment.

"I can come on a set feeling low or nervous," Irene Dunne told Fearless, "and suddenly, just because Cary is around, I feel life is wonderful again. He's thought of a gag, or he tells a story, or he (*Continued on page* 80)

Victor Mature and Betty Grable love each other, oh so very much, on screen. Off screen, it's icebergs, with Mature talking plainly between gritted teeth

SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

You're going to a party!

When? Right now.
Where? Right here.
Why? Because you're going to win all the prizes, learn how to play some new and natty games, go home with money in your pocket and bright ideas under your hat!

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

Pin Game

This is pinning you down in a clever way. Open your jewelry box, take out any simple lapel pin. Then take two pieces of ribbon in any color scheme you fancy, cut one a little longer than the other, thread them through the back of the pin. What have you? A setup that one big professional model thought up all by herself—a standout because the ribbon touch makes it different.

Decorations

Time for dancing! The decorations at any dance aren't the wallflowers, but the decorations of the light fantastic, which means that all eyes will be on shoes and all shoes will have the top-notch touch of ribbon. Resurrect those plain pumps you've been wearing with your suit, take some ribbon, make two pretty bows, sew them on—and we bet your conga will get more applause than a Broadway chorus.

Refreshments

Now's the time not to look jilted or you will be jilted. Take out that jacket dress that looks so tired from having seen you through last summer, bind it with contrasting ribbon, wear it for wartime fun and you'll look like all the models in a big fashion show who were wearing the newest fashion flair—ribbon-trimmed suits.

DRAWINGS BY ZABETH LIGHTNER

Parlor Trick

This is more fun than pulling a dozen rabbits out of a hat. The trick to this is that you pull a hat out of nothing! This game is played with a little snood—that one that's hanging in your closet will do. You take some ribbon, fasten the snood with it, dress it up with two perky ribbon bows in front—and presto, you have the smart hat Pat Morison is wearing on page 59.

Prize Surprise

Ladies and gentlemen (they're interested, too), here comes the big event of the party. This is a prize donated by the designer of Joan Crawford's hats. If you want something special to top things off, just do what he does—take horsehair, mold it into a becoming shape, weave over the horsehair with ribbon, tuck some ribbon beau-catchers in strategic places—and you have a hat á la Crawford.

Hope you had a wonderful time! Now you can go home happy with more pennies in your pocket to buy more Defense Stamps and with a fashion flair from that top-notch ribbon touch—and we're not ribbin' you either!

Date-Raters

IN SUMMER STYLE

July fashion trophy goes to red and white under a blue summer sky. July skyrockets are set off by Edith Head, who designed this electrifying beach outfit for Patricia Morison to show off in Paramount's "Mr. And Mrs. Cugat." Wide red and white stripes make a midriff jersey sweater; elasticized white short shorts are topped off by a red and white jersey belt. On this clever basis, Pat proceeds to wear a tie-on circular skirt of heavy white linen that can, in two seconds, beach time, turn into a shoulder cape. The high wooden clogs are trimmed with straps of red elastic held in place with gold nailheads. A bright red crocheted snood with ribbon bows completes a setup that will set you off on a lifeguard-snagging summer

Any girl knows the effect of white against a summer brown; but when the dress is an Edith Head model of suede crepe with a plunging neckline, cleverly pleated shoulders, a full skirt with two slit pockets and a big silver buckle as a flashing finish—well, just wear it and then watch out. It will turn you into as cute a trick as it does Pat Morison in the "Mr. And Mrs. Cugat" business

You'll be poised, everyone else will be thrown off balance, if you wear aqua and watermelon pink as a starlight starrer. Patricia Morison's dinner dress of soft crepe catches every man's eye who comes along; is a wide-awake fashion with a dolman-sleeved jacket buttoned up to the neckline and aqua crepe insets that put a lady right into the kind of limelight every lady wants

You can look as smart

Something new! Something exciting! Something daring! Introducing our novel new Fashion Clinic which, each month, will take one of our readers from real life and, under the guidance of expert Evelyn Kaye, change her into a Cinderella who will prove that you can be as smart as a Hollywood star. Meet our Girl of the Month

"This is Gladys Olson"

• Gladys does stenography and typing for E. I. Dupont de Nemours (in the Empire State Building). Gladys wore this to work, just as pictured above. Analysis: Gladys's eyebrows are plucked too thin. Hair-do is frowsy, conceals her well-shaped head and face. She mistakenly wears loose-fitting clothes because she thinks she "hasn't enough curves above and too much hip below" to wear more striking current fashions. See pictures of Gladys as she looks today after a session with Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Fashion Clinic

"This is the same girl"

• Eyebrows heavier but well-groomed, a pancake make-up film, light touch of mascara bring out Miss Olson's features. Sculptured curls, upswept sides and halo of curls at the back give Gladys sleek lines but a soft look. "Easy lines" and no cling to the hips flatter her figure. The career-girl suit in butcher-linen is for business and little dates in town. In navy, flag-red, cadet-blue, jade or saddle-brown. $12.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York

as a star!

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S NEW FASHION CLINIC

FASHION COUNSELOR • EVELYN KAYE

• For Sunday in The Park, dating with a bluejacket. Gladys has on a cool seersucker plaid in flag's colors, red-white-and-blue. Crisp fabrics with body (no cling to reveal hippy line!) is smart choice for Gladys's figure. At McCreery's, New York, $6.98! Red straw muffin smack-on-the-curls, $3.98, and the black patent shoulder-bag $2.98, also at McCreery's

For two more miracle-working costumes, see next page

"And so is this"

• Anywhere under the sun this summer, Gladys will wear her two-piece chambray playdress. Buckles make the waistline self-adjusting. It's crisp as popcorn. Obligingly pops into the soapsuds and under the iron between fun-dates. It's the "no fuss" tailored shirt tucked in the gently concealing skirt that gives her "figger" a break! Franklin Simon in New York has it for $6.98! Green, blue, brown or red with white

• Good haul is Gladys's Jantzen swim suit. In these days a Jantzen is a long-term investment. Superb body fit and it's made of elasticized wool (if you know what we mean) so you'll wear it with pride for more than one season! "V-cut" top flatteringly foreshortens the bosom-line. Flared skirt covers an otherwise stark line of the hips. In slick-as-a-seal's-back black with white piqué borders or in various colors with white. $8.95 at McCreery's, New York

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You can buy all fashions shown in "You Can Look As Smart As A Star" right now! Just write, phone or go to the stores listed

Good-by to Marriage, Hello to Romance

Ann's separation from Roger (above) left her saddened and downcast

Ann's meeting with young Bob brought her inimitable wit back to life, gave a new note to her beauty

It's headline news why Ann Sothern separated from Roger Pryor; it's new, exciting whispers about her friendship with Bob Sterling

BY JOHN BURTON

IN Hollywood they're saying, "What's happened to Ann Sothern?"

A few months back she was doleful and downcast. No damsel in distress could have looked more depressed. Days were spent in ruthless reflection. Ominous hours isolated her from familiar scenes. Then suddenly she emerged from a chrysalis of gloom. Her beauty took on a new note. Her inimitable wit came back to life. A radiance too obvious to disguise could only mean one thing (so everyone *thinks*). Ann must be in love!

To get Ann to talk about it, or even *admit* it, is about as simple as getting Greta Garbo on a bicycle built for two. The Sothern style of doing things doesn't include those intimate peeps into a movie star's heart. Ann has never been one to indulge in emotional whims. To unburden herself promiscuously. Even the true story of David Hobbs, a little boy who was taken from her life when she loved him most, has never been discussed by her.

Early one morning Ann was called to the phone by Louella Parsons. Was it true that Ann and Roger Pryor were having trouble in their home? Louella waited for indignant denials. The usual outburst of rage. Tears and hurt feelings. Trouble, *indeed!*

"Yes, it's true," answered Ann, who *won't* lie—but would have preferred not answering at all. "But we're trying our best to work it out. Please don't say we're splitting up. If it doesn't work out, then I'll give you the story."

That was nearly two years ago. On September first of last year, heartsick and weary, Ann released her statement. It was dignified, brief, unrevealing. "Due to our divergent activities, problems have arisen which make it impossible for us to continue," was the way she put it. There was no mudslinging. No bitterness. Just hurt on both sides.

After eight years of friendship, five years of marriage, admission of failure was not a nice reward. Ann couldn't talk about it. She *wouldn't* talk about it. And she never has. She and Roger see each other occasionally. Often talk on the phone. A fondness for him and a (*Continued on page* 86)

Dietrich, favorite of Gabin because she's worldly, feminine, with the mind of a man and the heart of a woman

THE LOVE DILEMMA OF JEAN GABIN

He had to choose between Marlene Dietrich and Ginger Rogers. That wasn't so easy, even for a man like Gabin

BY LEON SURMELIAN

WHEN Gabin, the gamin, came to Hollywood a year ago via Spain and Portugal, he had all the earmarks of a man who had lived and loved. He had gone through the Battle of France as a common sailor on a minesweeper, an experience that turned his wild shock of hair a tawny gray. He looks older than he really is—thirty-seven. Though born in a suburb of Paris, he had the earthy elemental qualities of a peasant in a naturalistic story by de Maupassant or Zola. Physical, lusty, powerful—possessor, the women who saw him averred, of more sex appeal than any other male in the profession. He fairly vibrated with sheer animal magnetism.

He had a keen experienced eye for feminine charms. He told us in a tense, expectant tone, a roguish twinkle in his pale-green eyes:

"I am looking for my Lady Eve, haven't found her yet. You want to know what I think of American women? I know none of them well enough to pass a competent judgment on American women, but, of course, even though I have observed them only from a distance, I have not been blind to their attractions. For American women are surely the most beautiful in the world." He whistled and glanced skyward. "And the best dressed. Definitely. It is strange that American women aren't aware of that fact. Here you can't tell an heiress from a stenographer—and for all I know the stenographer herself might be an heiress! Yes, they are very chic. And devilishly healthy! The way they walk—that freedom and grace of movement, that confidence in themselves—it's splendid! I feel as if here in America a new, better race of women has been developed. Although I am afraid American women are a bit cold, don't have the feminine warmth and emotional maturity of French women—at least the sophisticated ones. However, I may be wrong. I'll tell you in a year if I am! After I find my Lady Eve."

He spoke in French—not the French of the Academicians, but of the rough, hearty proletarians of the Paris streets. We in America think of Parisians as suave folk of the Boyer brand. "You know the *real* Parisian?" Gabin said. "I know all the faults and all the virtues of my people, and especially of Parisians. The common people of Paris—men like me—talk a lot, yell a lot, but they are good fellows, (*Continued on page* 77)

Rogers, favorite, too, because she's simple, direct, gay, a woman of the people

(*Continued from page* 35) natured, big Wayne Morris gave up his Valley ranch, his spacious farmhouse with the specially built oversized stuffed furniture and extra-length beds, his two servants and two cars, for a cramped, sparsely furnished three-room apartment and liked it.

"I have never been so happy in my life," says Wayne with a broad smile. "At night, when I come home (while serving on the Selection Board, Wayne is permitted to live at home), instead of grumbling that there is nothing to do except sit at a night club and kill the evening to the tune of fifty bucks or more, we call up one of our Navy friends and his wife and ask them over to dinner. It is an unwritten law that guests bring part of the food. We all pitch in and get dinner together. It's fun!

"We don't have to put up a front for anyone. Big homes, showy dinners and expensive clothes are no longer important. We never think of apologizing if we can't afford to buy this or do that. We are all in the same boat."

Wayne admitted there was plenty of adjusting and scaling down before he could get married last January. Keeping up with Hollywood had left him little of his movie salary. There was considerable difference between his Hollywood monthly check of $3,000 and the $183 Uncle Sam pays him.

"Pat and I knew we could live on my pay check, because hundreds of other Navy ensigns and their wives were doing it," said Wayne.

Like the sensible, levelheaded young couple that they are, they sat down and figured out their assets and liabilities. Money from the sale of one of the cars and other unnecessary possessions was added to Wayne's saving account. He paid the mortgage on the ranch and cleared all outstanding debts. The rent from the ranch helps to support his small son by his former marriage to Bubbles Schinasi.

"We worked out a budget that covers everything from food to clothes," explained Wayne. "Each month it is a challenge to make my check cover our expenses.

"When Pat and I were married I had only a day's leave. So our motor trip to Pensacola, Florida, where I soon start three months' flying training, is really our honeymoon.

"Pat and I refuse to worry or make plans. Plans, we have both found, seem to have a way of falling through. All the worrying in the world will not postpone the time when I will have to leave for active service.

"So each day we try to get everything out of life. Tomorrow never actually gets here. It's today that counts."

"IF I were married when I went into the Army, I would be the fightingest son-of-a-gun in the world!" Blonde, tall Richard Travis's blue eyes took on a flinty glint as he spoke.

"The priceless knowledge that my wife was back home loving me, waiting for me, would make war seem like a personal job. I would pitch in and fight like hades.

"I wouldn't hesitate to get married, even though I were going to the front the next day."

Although Richard Travis has not yet been called into service, from actual experience he knows what it means to work with U. S. armed forces.

The two Warner Brothers Army shorts in which he worked recently, "The Tanks Are Coming" and "Here Comes The Cavalry," were made with trained soldiers, under Government supervision.

"Since making these pictures I have more respect than ever for our armed forces," said Dick. "I was very proud to work with them."

Although he did not mention any particular girl, Jean Cagney, cute redheaded sister of Jimmy, is the girl young Mr. Travis is lunching with these days at the Warner Brothers studio.

"One thing is certain," smiled Mr. Travis. "When the right girl says 'yes,' it won't take me long to find a preacher."

WHAT do Hollywood actresses think about marrying a man soon to be in the front-line trenches? How do they look upon war marriages?

Let's hear Priscilla Lane's side of the argument.

Gossip columns have recently been predicting that Pat was once more altar-bound, this time with Lieutenant Joe Howard. Despite the pleasantly intriguing reports that she has also been seeing her ex-fiance John Barry, newspaper editor of Victorville, Pat's eminently qualified to speak. For she is a girl facing the important decision: Would I marry a man who is going away to war?

It was this same decision which entered into her betrothal to young Barry.

• • •

HEDDA HOPPER

uncovers twenty burning questions Hollywood insiders would like to hush-hush

NEXT MONTH!

• • •

"I can't set a wedding date until John knows where he stands in the draft," Pat said the day her engagement to Mr. Barry was announced. The fact that that engagement was broken a few months later has not changed her ideas that it is better to wait than to marry a man who is going to war.

Priscilla's latest romance report started when, tired out after making two pictures in a row, "Arsenic And Old Lace" and "Saboteur," she hurried down to her favorite desert vacation resort, Yucca Loma. When she found that her friend and hostess, Gwyn Baer, had turned the playroom into U. S. O. headquarters open to soldiers quartered near by, it was only natural that Pat should agree to help with their entertainment.

It wasn't long before it was obvious that Lieutenant Howard was receiving most of Pat's attention. When she and the good-looking lieutenant were seen swinging through square dances at the Saturday night country grange and taking long drives into the desert, gossip had it that Pat and the Lieutenant were that way about each other.

Pat, who has just returned from her vacation to start work on her new picture at Paramount, has nothing new to add to her views on not marrying a man in our armed forces. She holds to the conclusions arrived at, after thoughtful consideration, at the time of her engagement to John Barry.

"An actress is different from other girls," said Pat at that time. "Gossip columns and Hollywood rumor continually link her name with this man and that. It's hard enough for an actress to make a go of marriage in Hollywood when both husband and wife are in pictures and living together. With the husband away in the Army or Navy, especially if he weren't in pictures, their marriage wouldn't have a chance. Seeing his wife's name in print, reading accounts of her appearance here and there, he might think the little woman wasn't giving much thought to him. Misunderstanding would follow. It's hard to separate publicity from the real thing.

"Separations are no good. The next time I get married I am going to have a real wedding and settle down with my husband in a home of our own."

"YES, definitely, I would marry a man about to go into our armed forces, if I were in love with him," said Linda Darnell. In her portable dressing room, between scenes of "The Loves Of Edgar Allan Poe," which she is making at Twentieth Century-Fox, Linda sat before her mirror combing her hair.

"If I didn't marry him and he went away, I would be keeping myself for him forever after. I would feel that no other man could ever take his place. I would think, 'Wasn't I a fool not to take love when I had it.'

"If it were possible for me to live near him, while he was in training, I certainly would be there, even though it meant giving up my career. If I loved him enough to marry him, I would love him enough to give everything up for him.

"Of course, I would hate having the time come when he would have to leave me. However, if I married a soldier in wartime, I would know that day would eventually arrive. And if the man I loved didn't join some branch of our armed forces, I couldn't respect him."

When Miss Darnell was asked whether there was any particular man in her life, she answered, "No. I wish there were. There is not even one soldier."

MICHELE MORGAN, with her entire family in France and the memory of the heartache and tragedy war brings less than a year behind her, has this to say about marrying a man before he joins the armed forces.

"If I loved him, 'Yes.' But I would want to be very sure it was love and not just a high emotional pitch of the moment.

"He's going to come back from war with his whole perspective of life changed. We learned that in France.

"I would try to think ahead. 'Do I love him enough to help him build a new life when he returns? Will I have the patience and understanding he will need?

"It is so easy for a girl to fall in love when she meets a man about to go into the Army. She thinks, "He has only a few days. It's our right to marry and take what happiness we can.'"

To the credit of all these girls money was not mentioned. Although they have money now, what if their husbands left them with expectant motherhood facing them and they were unable to go on with their career? The main issue, rather, seemed to be the effect indefinite separation would have upon their future.

Hollywood sweethearts, like sweethearts from coast to coast, have one thought uppermost in their minds—a wish to do the best for all concerned.

The End.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Helene Cartwright, graphologist, unties the knotty marital problem of Ty and Annabella in the stroke of a pen

PSYCHOLOGISTS are always speculating as to whether like drawn to like or opposite drawn to opposite is best suited. The graphologist knows that like to like and opposite to opposite can produce the ideal love pair.

Tyrone Power and Annabella are at opposite poles of thought and feeling. He is forthright and downright, aggressive and sure of himself. Look at those dynamic capitals, the speed with which he writes, the long, aggressive "y" in his first name. Here is a person who does not care for the subtleties and who has marked out his path in life with few ifs, ands and buts.

Even people who do not notice writing very much must see that, as a writer, Annabella is something special. Her script is written with a hand which disdains the exact, readable letter form. She runs the pen hastily through each letter—notice that "Anna" would be something at which to shoot a guess if you did not know the name and "bella" is little better.

The script gesture is that of a gay indifference as to whether you can read the name or not. Annabella is not concerned with what the world thinks of her; whether she is making an impression or not, or whether she is dynamic or forceful. She is just herself and you take her or leave her!

Tyrone does care whether you take him or leave him. He wants to have you understand him; he wants to make an impression; he throws himself into his roles with the determination to make them effective.

Annabella goes through her roles with her own conception of them paramount; she plays herself and lifts a dainty shoulder at the world and its opinion of her as an actress.

These two have had a good deal of adjustment to make and yet each remains a distinct and different character. In such a union there is that strange attraction of opposites, in which two people do not agree but agree to disagree and are passionately in love just the same.

No more subtle character is on the screen today than Annabella; no more forthright and dynamic character than Tyrone Power. *What* a combination! *What* difference! And, maybe, *what* happiness!

THE END

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The Skelton in Hollywood's Closet

(*Continued from page* 39) to Edna.

"You're just afraid of it and you know it," she says. "What's a little click, for heaven's sake?"

Anyway, he'll sit in a room and let the thing ring and ring and ring until Edna runs upstairs or downstairs or wherever to answer it. "The only time in his life he did answer it," Edna says, "he got us into a Philadelphia theater a week too soon." She gives Red a look and he shamefacedly pretends to be absorbed in his macaroni and cheese, which he ordered because Edna did.

IF all marriages, the Hollywood kind or any kind anywhere, were based on the same solid foundation of need of each other as Red's and Edna's, what a field day it would be at the happy home festival. Edna writes his sketches and Red acts them. When a theater manager once suggested a girl for his act, Red insisted on Edna.

"I won't do it," she said. "I've never been on the stage in my life."

So they tried out a girl violinist and Red just acted awful. While she played Red refused to carry the signs behind her that read, "Anyone that wants a free beer, applaud." The new acrobatic dancer met the same ghastly fate. If she thought Red was going to picket her, while she twisted her sacroiliac into unladylike positions, with posters that read, "Hiss if you're a monkey," she was a mistaken woman. Red wanted Edna.

It was the proffered new taffeta dress and not Red that finally won Edna over. She and Red had been so poor that any kind of a dress was a triumph of matter over mind. So, reluctantly, Edna consented, forgot the words of the song halfway through, ran off the stage, was hauled back by Red and finally had to be propped up between Red and the orchestra leader until the finish.

For the four hundredth time she packed her suitcase to leave him. This time, she was through and all the people in Kansas City, where she lived, had been absolutely right when they said no good would come of Edna Stillwell's marrying a burlesque banana. Only, of course, she didn't leave. Red had cured her of that the first year of marriage.

They were children, remember, fifteen and seventeen, still used to using whatever weapons were at hand, so when on the third day of the honeymoon the usual fight got under way, they tussled like two kids, with Edna accidentally biting Red such a lulu he promptly came down with blood poison. For a while the doctor thought he might have hydrophobia and Red was frantic for fear they'd cut off Edna's head for an analytical examination.

She left him, took a bus, went home, and was gone nine months. She ignored Red's letters that said, in turn, "Please come back," and "All right, stay there." He was a lonely kid of seventeen, who'd been out in the world since he was ten, and, doggone it, he needed Edna. After nine months the great reunion took place. Three days later they staged a battle that put Gettysburg in the show money. "All right, go home," Red yelled before Edna had a chance to utter her threat. So just for that she stayed.

Things, of course, quieted down when Red and Edna grew into adulthood, which is a pity. But if the urge does come upon them now to argue things out, no matter where they are or who's around, Red will say, "No, I'm going to have it out right now while I'm mad." And so he does. He never stays mad longer than two consecutive minutes and can't understand other people who keep on being mad when he isn't.

They are simply wonderful. They kiss when they meet and when they leave each other, if it's twenty times a day, or if it's in the M-G-M commissary with a hundred beauties looking on. Edna is plain. But Edna is one of the main reasons Red can be in the M-G-M commissary today. He knows it.

RED is a new kind of comedian in Hollywood. He's what they call out here a situation comedian. Unlike Bob Hope, he does not depend on smart lines or gags. The only really funny thing we ever heard Red say was that he was so much a wolf that every time a pretty girl went by he said, "Hallooooo," and he sounded exactly like a wolf calling his mate. Even Edna laughed. He never

drinks and yet, as he himself says, he can look more plastered than a California bungalow. He sees the ridiculous in everything, everyone, every situation, everydayish and commonplace. Or rather, Edna does, and Red embroiders it in green and blue daffodils and with fringe, yet.

He talked so much and so constantly when he was a kid in Vincennes, Indiana, where he was born, that his employer for the summer, a grocery-store owner, finally went to the owner of a traveling medicine show encamped within the town and said wearily, "Look, take him away, I beg of you."

So Red, who was ten at the time and had to work to eat, talked it over with his widowed mother and she agreed he should try it for the summer. The other three boys, who were older, could keep the home fires at least smoking.

The next summer he "toured" again, and after that he joined the John Lawrence Stock Company, and later Clarence Stout's Minstrels and at fourteen he left his old Vincennes home for good, and was that town happy! A season on the "Cotton Blossom" Showboat floating up and down the Ohio River gave way to his clowning for the circus. At sixteen he was the youngest burlesque comedian in existence, and the following year he was married.

HE met Edna when the frantic manager of the Kansas City Pantages Theater up the street tore into the burlesque house where Red was playing and said, "Quick, I've got to have someone at once. The stooge for one of my acts hasn't shown up." For some reason, everyone looked at Red. "Hey, wait a minute . . ." he began. But the next thing he knew a Pantages usherette named Edna Stillman was lighting his way to an upper box where Red was scheduled to imitate a bored man at the theater. "The act was no good," Edna informed him as she lighted his way out.

The next week he filled in again and this time Edna grudgingly admitted he was funny in one or two spots. Overcome, Red asked to take her home and thereupon embarked on what he claims was a streetcar ride that went from Kansas City to somewhere near the Ohio State Line. That trek on wheels cooled the budding romance like ice down the neck. But Red kept filling in night after night and Edna's comments became more and more sensible and finally there they were—in love, two kids who were lonely at heart, who had to work to survive and who needed each other.

They plunged immediately into Walkathons, the fad that was then sweeping the country. They traveled from city to city, walkathoning and walkathoning.

From Walkathons the Skeltons, with the aid of Uncle Jim Harkin, now with the Fred Allen radio show, entered vaudeville. They got out of it more times than they were in it, too. They accepted the fact that they were poor and very hungry. Everyone else they knew was, too.

Once when they were thrown out of their apartment they took a dirty, miserable room and set to, with a borrowed scrub bucket, to clean. They sacrificed to buy enough paint at the ten-cent store to cover the walls and miserable furniture. They scraped and tidied and cleaned until even the Chinese, who had a cubbyhole next door, could hardly bear it. Red even built a pair of steps from the window to the courtyard for the dog. There was always a dog, no matter what, and once there had even been a duck and a small polar bear. When all was finished, the landlady raised the rent beyond their means. Red was wild. He began throwing things into their trunk, preparatory to carrying it downstairs and saving thereby on the hauling charge.

"Are you sure you can carry it down on your back?" Edna asked.

"Of course I'm sure," Red stormed and proceeded to the stairs where he instantly tripped, dropping the trunk, which promptly chased him all the way downstairs, with Red screaming, and the trunk gaining at every step, and the dog yowling bloody murder, and the Chinese bowing like a madman to everyone in sight.

RED'S first big chance came in a club in Montreal. He borrowed a dress suit, went on and was a miserable failure.

"Ah, those gags are old," a customer chided aloud in disgust.

"Don't like old things?" Red asked.

"Naw," sneered the customer.

"Then what are you doing with that face?" came back Red.

That turned the tide. The Skeltons were then on their way.

"Look," Edna said one night after a successful vaudeville tour, "I don't like our routines. I could write better ones."

"Why don't you?" Red asked. She did and has been doing it ever since.

The famous doughnut routine, introduced by Red in "Having Wonderful Time," had its birth when the pair was playing Montreal and the manager demanded something new. The two sat in a coffee shop an hour before show time, blue and sunk. Finally Edna said, "Look at that fellow over there. The way he's dunking that doughnut. It gives me an idea."

For three years the Skeltons toured the big time with their doughnut act. Red ate twelve doughnuts during his half-hour act or thirty-six sinkers a day. His mouth was covered with blisters, he added thirty-five pounds of weight and finally ended up in a hospital.

"Having Wonderful Time" didn't do much for Red. His vaudeville career seemed to nose-dive, too. And just then came a year's radio show in Chicago and, on its heels, his M-G-M contract.

"I can make you independent in three years," their manager said to Edna.

"No, make it five years and let Red have a little fun. He deserves it," she said.

THEY moved into a cottage-type Brentwood house solely because it had a secret panel which Red adored. The panel leads into Red's own den, which is, ladies and gentlemen, beyond description. Red himself furnished it with a red leather chair from a secondhand store and a three-dollar organ which sounds ghastly and which Red painted a vivid red to unmatch the chair. Hitler and Churchill couldn't clash worse.

Red Skelton brings a new link between Hollywood and you fans out there. He is you on the wrong side of the fence. He'll join fans that crowd the sidewalks to see the famous.

"What's all this keeping away from the people who keep you going? I don't get it," he says a bit bewildered.

No, and he never will, either.

"Oh, say," we said on leaving, "what's your real name? You weren't born 'Red,' were you?"

He looked puzzled a moment, glanced imploringly at Edna. Then suddenly the two dimples went into action in those cheeks, the brown eyes twinkled, the red hair gleamed.

"It's Richard," he beamed. "Gee, you nearly had me there for a minute!"

The End.

Personal Conquest

(*Continued from page* 53) the *Lily Maid of Astolat*, or the young *Juliet*. That is, she pictured herself that way until she began to get angry.

That anger was her cure and the reason she got angry was due to the very quality that today distinguishes her acting.

The trick was that she began to think. The actress in her let her sob and dramatize herself, but the intellectual in her, which is more powerful, made her realize, after a bit, that she was also giving a great performance without a soul to watch it. Moreover, she knew that some of her tragedy was due to not having told Olivia the whole truth.

For when Olivia had told her that she was cast for *Melanie*, Joan had retorted that she had tested for *Scarlett O'Hara*, had tested and lost out. That was true, but, what was also true, was that Joan could have tested for *Melanie*. In fact, Selznick had begged her to do so, but she had refused. She had refused because she thought *Melanie* a role not her type.

So here she was, in the middle of the night, in the middle of an empty house, being a poor, pitiful pawn of fate.

"I won't be like that," said Joan aloud to herself. "I refuse. I'll cook something." And there again, she began expressing another side of her complex, sensitive nature.

That is her ideal not of being a great siren or a femme fatale but of being a perfect wife. She had always visioned herself in that role and she firmly believed that the quickest way to a man's heart was through the dinner table.

So on her near-suicide night, Joan sought out the kitchen, whipped up a concoction of rum and bananas, ate it appreciatively and crawled into bed. Naturally, with such a feast inside her, she didn't feel in the least sleepy, so she tore the wrapping off a new book and settled down to read. Then she forgot her sadness, Olivia, the future, everything. The book completely fascinated her. Its title was "Rebecca."

THE next morning she felt she could, somehow, conquer life and when George Cukor, the director, called through, asking her for dinner that night, she regarded it as a good omen.

She arrived at dinner, feeling very shy amid the brilliance of Cukor's house and guests, and discovered her dinner partner to be David Selznick. Searching for conversation she told him, "I read the most wonderful book last night. 'Rebecca.'"

"I bought it today," said Selznick. "Would you test for that role?"

That began it. She tested for six solid months. Cukor did get her a bit to play in "The Women" meanwhile, but nothing happened but more tests. She knew scores of other young actresses were trying to be *Rebecca*, too.

She was back in her old cycle again, just as Liv was in her cycle of success,

adoration, flirtation and romance.

So Joan did the other thing she always does when she feels low. She got herself engaged again. Today Joan would rather not reveal his name and her reason is very good since the unlucky-in-love gentleman was no less than the person who first took her to Brian Aherne's home.

Joan had met Brian at a Palm Springs hotel when he had heard her voice in the game room and, thinking it was Olivia, whom he knew, had come bounding into the room to find, instead—his future wife.

But the first time Joan and Brian really got together was when Joan's intended (or so *he* thought!) took Joan with him to a garden party of Brian's. It was a big party, complete with a fortuneteller, and Joan, not knowing many people, decided to retreat from the crowd by having her future read to her. "You are going to marry your host," said the mystic.

Joan laughed, jumped up and left the fortuneteller's tent, and then her heart stood still. For standing outside that tent were Brian and her fiance.

Her fiance rushed over to her. "Oh, Joan," he said, "I want you to come talk to Brian Aherne."

Joan supposes now that her fiance was called away at that moment, but she isn't sure. She only knows that she and Brian began to talk, that she said to him breathlessly, "Mr. Aherne, I've just been told I'm going to marry you," that he replied, his eyes twinkling, "We shall have to do something about that. How about a date Wednesday or Thursday to talk it over?" and that she said, instantly, "Both!"

Before Wednesday arrived, she had learned all about his romances. "They were all such glamorous women," she says now. She knew he was a persistent bachelor—and there she was resolved to marry him!

BUT on Wednesday evening she forgot all of that because she was fascinated talking to him. Their talk ranged from Shakespeare to Selznick, from metaphysics to make-up. She discovered he loved food as much as she did, loved books as much as she did, loved music and dogs and flying and walks in the country and being just with one person and being formal about informal things and informal about stuffy ones. Midnight came and went, and one o'clock and two. Finally he said "Good-by, until tomorrow."

She didn't sleep a wink. She lay tossing, thinking abjectly, "I was so stupid. I wasn't a bit glamorous. I just talked."

The next night he said, "Are you really engaged?"

"Yes," she said.

"We must do something about that," he said.

"But I'm practically married to the man," she said.

"Well, you certainly couldn't marry him if you were married to me," he said.

Joan looked at him, hardly daring to breathe. She saw Brian's eyes widen, saw his rare, sensitive smile illuminating his worldly face. "I've proposed to you," he gasped.

"Oh, yes," sighed Joan, "and I accept."

So there she was engaged again, only this time she meant it. She took Brian up to meet her mother in Saratoga and her mother said, "Why, Joan darling, he's nice, which means you'll be divinely happy." Joan said merely, "Yes, Mummy," because she was being meek as a lamb those days about everything and saying yes to everything because she already was divinely happy and Brian was giving all the orders. He said they were to be married in not more than two weeks. He said they were to be married at St. John's Chapel in Del Monte. He said she was adorable, beautiful, feminine, exquisite and he was so glad she wasn't going to be an actress.

So the day before the wedding David Selznick called up. "Report to the studio at once," he ordered. "You are *Rebecca*."

"But I can't," Joan gasped. "I'm being married tomorrow."

"Oh, that," said Selznick. "Put it off. We start shooting tomorrow. At nine."

"No," said Joan. "I'm being married tomorrow."

"Well, okay. Be here the day after tomorrow, then."

"No," said Joan. "Brian wants a honeymoon. We're going to Santa Barbara and Oregon."

"You are an ungrateful girl," said Selznick (only he didn't say girl). "Two weeks then and not one hour more."

EVERYTHING was wonderful and terrible about the wedding. Liv kept her awake half the night before it, calling from Hollywood to tell her about some new romance. Her mother held up the wedding by being half an hour late for it. Brian never noticed the traveling dress, which she had bought so carefully, and which she changed into right after the ceremony. But not one bit of it mattered. She knew that she had really found her love and all her future life.

Selznick called her every day of her honeymoon, asked ten thousand questions. When the honeymoon weeks had passed, she came back to Hollywood because Brian had to go to work as well—in "Vigil In The Night" and "My Son, My Son!" with no lapse in between. She came back to Brian's very bachelor house, and groaned inwardly. It had that dark, ponderous gloom that always characterizes very masculine men's houses and Brian thought it absolutely perfect.

She went to work, next day (Brian had said since she'd be all alone in a strange house, he'd be willing for her to play "Rebecca"—and then no more screen work) with the double burden on her of being at once a star and a new wife. Hitchcock is an exacting director, Selznick an exacting producer, but no matter how tired she was, she saw to it that Brian's house was beautifully ordered, that his meals were perfectly prepared and served, that she herself was always dressed for dinner. Surreptitiously, too, she began changing the house's decorations, a chair here, a pair of draperies there.

The moment "Rebecca" was released, of course, Joan was a star of major magnitude. At once the pressure was put upon her. Selznick wanted to put her immediately in other pictures. Every studio wanted to borrow her. Role after role was offered her. She turned them down, one after the other, until she came to "Suspicion" and after that she turned them down one after another until she came to "The Constant Nymph."

"You are an ungrateful girl," snorted Selznick, only he didn't say girl, and that word got repeated and that was how the legend of her being difficult arose.

She didn't want to do "This Above All," but Selznick wanted her to and said, he holding her contract, that either she did that for him or he wouldn't permit her to do "The Constant Nymph." So she has done both and the praise of her in both roles is whispered everywhere in Hollywood.

She is trying to adapt herself to the thought that if her holding to her artistic ideals makes her be called difficult, she will give up the easy camaraderie of Hollywood to maintain the ideals. She was bitterly hurt by the completely untrue, malicious stories that were circulated about her, after she received this year's Academy Award, stories that said she had gone high-hat and artificial.

"I don't want to get where I'm not hurt by such things," she says, with a worried little frown on that lovely sensitive face of hers. "If you get so you are not hurt, it means you are getting so you don't feel, and feeling things deeply, knowing things deeply, are the things that count. If to go on with my career means losing that sensitivity, I'll give up the career."

"WHAT about giving up Brian?" I asked.

She looked at me aghast. "Why, I'd give up my career in a second," she said. "I love acting. Brian knows that. But he comes so far ahead of my work that I can barely glimpse it from where I stand beside him. I want to have children, at least two. I want to be a perfect wife first, then a perfect mother, and, if there's still time enough after I've done that, then an actress. It was the most thrilling thing, getting that Academy Award, but it was more wonderful, returning home that night and having Brian put his arms around me and say, 'Ah, darling, how good to be home alone, together. I want us to go on like that forever.'

"We live on Brian's salary which is more than sufficient for our simple needs. This means my salary, which isn't very high, is just 'plus' and I, lucky creature that I am, may really pick and choose my roles. I simply would not work if it endangered my home life.

"We don't go out very much, Brian and I, but whenever we do, we suddenly discover, in the midst of a party, that we've circulated around the room, and come back together, and there we are, talking away furiously. If I sacrificed everything to stay like that I'd still be way ahead, still be one of the luckiest women in the world."

We walked out through the house that had once been dark and which is now all beauty and sunshine. Joan looked at me, grinning, "He likes it now," she said. We came out into the sunshine, where her small dog was romping and the flowers were nodding. "Isn't it all beautiful?" she said. "Isn't it all wonderful?"

I saw she was dreaming again, this girl who had been so lonely for so long. And I went away, dreaming, too, knowing I had seen that rarest of Hollywood sights yet one of the loveliest sights in the world, the sight of a woman of courage, ambition and beauty who is above all that completely a wife in love.

THE END

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(*Continued from page* 32) him. Now he was way over in Australia, Arline said. And this summer—the planes would all be different, they'd be ready to fight—to protect everybody from the Japs.

I wish I had a Jap right here, I'd cut his head right off, Betty thought. I should think even their own children would want to cut their heads right off, spoiling everything and starting wars.

So you were supposed to buy a defense stamp. "On you alone. . . ."

It was so silly.

Still, she couldn't cut any Jap heads off, and the point was to get rid of them so this summer maybe would be like they had planned—or anyway the summer after that.

It's a drop in the bucket, Betty thought, but I got to do something or I'll bust.

HER bike had a flat tire and she couldn't get another one, even if Mom had the cash, which she didn't.

Of course she had walked farther, maybe, but that had been for fun and with the gang. Now, she trudged along the Roosevelt Highway, and she was getting a fine big blister on her heel that hurt. The wind from the ocean had turned cold—like it always did about three o'clock, and she felt lonesome.

Every quarter counts—one-two—one-two—my feet feel like boils and that's what they'll be if these blisters keep up. I hope my quarter buys a piece of a bomb that hits a Jap right in the head.

Tires screamed and breaks squeaked and a roadster skidded to a stop beside her. Betty looked up with her mouth open to say no, because if there was one thing Mom was practically a nut about it was Betty accepting a hitch or getting in a car with a stranger. But when she saw the girl at the wheel, Betty closed her mouth again.

"Want a lift?" the girl said, and Betty figured even Mom couldn't throw a fit about this, because she had seen the girl around the studio, so it wasn't likely she'd want to stuff Betty's body down a drain.

"What is this?" the girl said, "an initiation or are you a girl Scout?"

She was a very pretty girl, not as pretty as Myrna Loy, of course, because nobody was. But this girl was sort of cute. A warm number, probably, the way she wore so much lipstick and that sweater—the Hays Office would have something to say about that, if she wore it in a picture. The top was down on the convertible and the wind blew her hair around and it was naturally curly—Betty could tell a permanent—and she even thought the blonde hair might be on the beam, too.

"My name's Janice Faulkner," the girl said. "Where can I drop you?"

"Well," said Betty, "I got to get to the studio in Culver City, but if—"

Janice turned to look at her. "You mean you were going to walk all that way? Why, child, it's miles."

So Betty said, "If you got to, you got to. You're driving, and you look a little peaked." She did, too, Betty noticed, like Mom when she was worried about paying the rent. But of course a girl as pretty as Janice wouldn't be worrying about the rent.

Still, Janice looked sort of nice and before she knew it she had told her about the Defense Stamp and everything.

"You mean," Janice looked at her in a very funny way indeed, "you mean you were going to walk all that way over and back to buy a—good heavens."

"I don't see any two ways to it," Betty said. "Mom says I can talk my way out of anything, but I had quite a gab with myself and I couldn't talk myself out of this. I hope what they buy with it blows some Jap to smithereens and besides my boy friend's in—in uniform—as you might say—and they got to have guns, don't they?"

"My—goodness," said Janice. "Here—I'll give you a quarter and you can mail your letter and—"

"Thanks," said Betty, "but that wouldn't do. You buy yourself one, though. . . ."

Two buddies, Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette, come to the foreground to do some A-1 American background work for Gene's yodeling of the hit song, "Any Bonds Today" in "Home In Wyomin'"

"He'll see you now, Miss Faulkner," the receptionist said.

Dorsey, who held the best producer-director contract on the lot, said, "Hello Beautiful. How's your love life?"

"I—it's something you'll never find out about," said Janice Faulkner, the red mantling her cheeks. "Look, Dorsey, I can't go. I might as well quit kidding you and myself—if I ever was. You're—a nice guy, but—not for me. I wouldn't mean it. With Art away—in uniform, as somebody I met this morning would say—"

"I've seen better looking uniforms than Private Arthur McCullah's," said Dorsey.

"At least, he volunteered,"said Janice. "He's doing a job the way he sees it. And if I were you I wouldn't go around making cracks about guys in uniforms."

So there, she thought, went her last chance for that part, if she'd had any left after turning him down for the week-end trip.

To her surprise, he laughed. "Spitfire, huh? You really stuck on that soldier?"

"It's none of your business," said Janice. "Take it easy. 'Bye now."

ON her way out she stopped to use the telephone. If she wasn't going to Arrowhead for the week end, she wouldn't need all those new clothes. As that little imp had said, how could you tell—Art might need a gun.

Dorsey hesitated when he saw her at the window of the studio post office. But Janice was intent upon buying a Defense Bond, so he went on down the corridor, whistling low between his teeth.

And he'd thought he knew something about women. As a matter of fact, he thought he knew everything about women.

He might as well get this thing settled with T. J. right now. T. J.'s office was twice as big as Dorsey's and twice as elegant. As a rule, T. J. had an air of command that fitted its regality, but today he looked tired. He looked as though his great frame had sagged in spots. His eyes, when they met Dorsey's, were harassed and sort of bewildered, as though he had too much on his mind.

He said, going right on with a conversation he'd been having in his own mind, which was a trick of his, "It spoils everything—this war. Just when I had such great plans—why did this have to happen to us? If we could only *do* something—quick."

Dorsey said, "You do a lot, Boss. You're always trying. We've got to do our bit keeping their morale up, keeping people happy. Look how even in England they keep on going to the movies. Look—I've changed my mind about one thing that'll give you a break maybe, though I don't know what you got in your mind."

T. J. raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"That big part in my new picture—the one I said I had to have Gilda Ramsey for?"

"I know," said T. J. "First you are going to find me a new girl, make me a new star the part is so good. Then you got to have Gilda Ramsey, who is our best box-office draw. So—you get Gilda Ramsey."

"That's what I changed my mind about," said Dorsey. "I'm going to use a new kid named Janice Faulkner."

T. J. stared at him. "Yesterday you said you wouldn't have Janice at any price. Yesterday you got to have high-priced Ramsey and Janice is no good. Like a fish you flip-flop."

"Yesterday," said Dorsey, "as far as

I was concerned this Janice was just another pretty pushover. Today—well, I find out the kid's got guts. She's got some capacity to be in love and maybe to be loyal even when she's tempted by ambition." He made the immortal gesture. "She's got it *here*."

T. J. looked at him and his eyes began to twinkle. "So—she said no to you, huh?" No kidding, they could say what they liked about T. J., but he was a wise old bird.

"Well, you wanted Ramsey bad for something else, didn't you?" Dorsey said.

BACK in his office, Dorsey sent for his business manager. When the man came—Dorsey hated him like poison—he said, "How many of those Bonds did we buy — those Defense Bonds — Offense Bonds—V for Victory Bonds or whatever they call them? Anyway, how many did we buy to keep 'em flying and all that chump bait stuff?"

"Not any," said his business manager coldly, "you told me that with this new income tax you were already working for the Government anyhow and—"

"All right, all right," the great Dorsey yelped at him, "but no little Hollywood firecracker is going to get ahead of *me*. Get me whatever I should get—you got a boy in the Army, haven't you—well, you ought to know—and get 'em quick. Let me tell you one thing. I can't direct any dame unless I got the upper hand of her somehow—even if it's only to have more Bonds than she's got."

INTO his interoffice phone, T. J. said, "Merritt? Dorsey's changed his mind. He says now he can use a new gal, Janice Faulkner. So we got Ramsey all right—now she can do that radio show to sell Bonds and make a tour of the Army camps to amuse the boys like you wanted her to.

"Sure—Gilda Ramsey's the most popular one with the boys, so I guess they'll be pleased all right—I always wanted to do it, see, only if she had to do the Dorsey picture, with all the money I got tied up in it, I couldn't manage it. So now you tell 'em it's all set—she can get started any time now—that's our part we can do for now, Merritt!" . . . .

Betty climbed back into the roadster. "It was swell of you to wait and take me back," she said politely. "Lookit." She showed Janice the book, with the Defense Stamp in it all ready to take to school the next day.

"You're a good American, pal," Janice said.

Betty was staring straight ahead through the windshield. Maybe this summer wouldn't be quite up to par like summers had been, but, anyway, there would be lots and lots more summers and none of them would be so very much older—it was like the song, "There'll always be an England."

They'd pitch in and clean up on the enemy no matter how hard it was, so there'd always be a beach and an ocean where kids could play and be happy—and free. . . .

She could send Johnny a penny post card. She'd swiped one off the photographer's desk.

Then she realized Miss Faulkner had spoken to her. "I'm sorry," she said, "I got to thinking—what'd you say?"

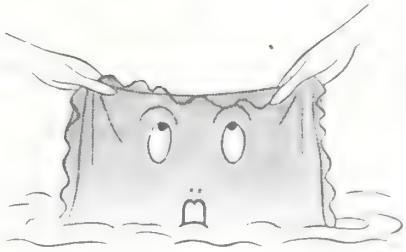
"I said it was fine you bought your Defense Stamp and—made a sacrifice to do it," Janice said.

The back of Betty's neck got red. "Y'see it's like it was on you alone," she muttered.

"You never can tell," said Janice.

The End

If at first...



If you have a dainty hanky
And it's soiled and stained
and gray—And you
wash your little hanky
in the or-di-nary way...

you don't succeed...

If you soak it and you
rinse it, and you give it
quite a rub—Yet that ghostly
shadow tints it when you
lift it from the tub...

try Fels-Naptha Soap!

Don't be peevish, cross or
cranky—Just remember, *there*
is Hope! For you'll have
a clean white hanky if you
use FELS-NAPTHA SOAP.

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Bet this'll catch your ear!

YOU MAY BE DEAF to what *we* tell you about softness in sanitary napkins. After all, we make Modess. You may think we're prejudiced. But what 14,000 women say should make you sit up and cock an ear!

YOU'LL HEAR 14,000 VOICES! They belong to girls like you—who compared their usual napkin with Modess*—in a nationwide test. And 3 out of every 4 found Modess softer! Listen to that!

ACT QUICK! Do try Modess. If you don't agree with millions that it's the softest, most comfortable napkin you've ever used, mail us the package insert with a note stating your objections. We'll refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

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Modess softer

The "56" package will cost you much less. It's the thriftiest way you can purchase Modess.

Love—and Rita Hayworth

(*Continued from page* 28) up to the car, said, "This is the day." They were married that night in Las Vegas.

Then began the exciting, wonderful years in which she came of age, in every sense of the phrase; and they were years of progress, of a quiet kind of beauty contrasted with rigorous discipline and drudging work. It was great fun, being Mrs. Eddie Judson, at first. They couldn't make up their minds about the way they wanted to furnish their living room so for the first year they simply kept an electric train set up on the bare floor, to play with when Rita was bored. It was somehow symbolic; just as he made the train go round for the delight of his young wife, so he made a plaything of her career and showed her how to make it go.

Publicity was the fuel that set everything in motion. They went to all the right clubs, where the photographers were; and the photographers took her pictures because, invariably, she was the smartest woman in the place. Proudly, Eddie watched the clippings in her press book fill and overflow the many pages; read over and over the captions which called Rita Hayworth the "best-dressed woman in Hollywood," the paragraphs in columns like Fidler's and Parsons which told of her new popularity.

She was taking Ann Sheridan's place at Warner Brothers, fulfilling her own contract at Columbia—and, at Twentieth Century-Fox, $150,000 was being spent to give her the best coat of glamour Hollywood could produce. She had been chosen from among thirty-eight actresses for the role of *Doña Sol*, the vamp of "Blood And Sand" who lured Tyrone Power to his death.

Every day, on the set, lovely little Rita put away her shyness and let her eyelids grow heavy over sultry eyes; moved her slim body in the inviting fashion of sirens from time immemorial; drew her smiling mouth a little awry.

Every day, at six o'clock, she slipped into slacks and drove over to the Westwood house, wiped off the heavy make-up and removed her languorous false eyelashes. Then she settled down to being just Mrs. Edward Judson.

BUT as the tide of her rising success swept on there came, too, the inevitable changes that develop in people at two such critical ages. For Rita, teen-age innocence became the experienced, aware perception of womanhood. For Eddie, each precious year was harder to relinquish—or forgive.

Then it was that Rita, in a measure, grew independent of everything Eddie had to offer her excepting his love alone. Her career was assured. Under his tutelage she had discovered poise and learned how to use it; she had developed herself as a personality and as an actress to the point where it was no longer necessary to ask his advice on every subject—and now, as a star, she was given the best directors, the most expert coaches and designers and make-up artists and press agents to guide her.

Money was no longer a consideration, either. She was beginning to make really respectable salaries on her own account.

And, now that she was grown up and wiser in the ways of Hollywood, his original glamour for her must have begun to gray a little. You will remember that she had never had a love affair before she met and married Eddie—and that during their life together she had been too good a wife, as well as too busy, to have more than a nodding or working acquaintance with another man.

But any woman, especially one as beautiful as Rita, would be inhuman if she did not discover that she was attractive to all men, young and old, handsome or not.

There are some things a woman can't gainsay, some emotions she cannot make still, be she ever so pale a personality, ever so spiritless a human animal. And if you have ever known Rita Hayworth in the gorgeous flesh you understand that vivid color, voluptuous vitality, eager spirit are her adjectives, adventure and change her synonyms.

So that in the end, when she had decided that she was ready and that she had not even the old love for Eddie to hold her back, she freed herself with one swift stroke. Then, almost immediately, there was foreshadowed the possible effect on Rita's future and career of her decision—for, acting for the first time in her life without the guidance of her father or Eddie, she started her divorce proceedings in the wrong direction. In the belief that the court would keep secret the charges she was making against Eddie, she accused him of treating her as an investment, demanding a large sum of money in return for the time and funds he had spent on her. The court refused her plea of secrecy, published the case and the resulting publicity revealed that what had been announced as an amicable parting of the ways was in reality a battle royal.

THAT was bad enough, from the standpoint of her career. But then something happened—something between Rita and Eddie, in conference—and she withdrew the charges. But she did not go back to him, or hint of a reconciliation. . . .

Ah, what a field day that was for the gossips! What, they asked darkly, did Ed Judson know about his wife that empowered him to force her withdrawal of those charges? The gossips answered their own question, complete with details. None of the stories was the same, of course—they never are—and by the same token, none was pleasant.

There is another question, of far greater significance, which Rita Hayworth's studio bosses and perhaps even Rita herself are asking now. Can she make her way alone, using her own undeveloped judgment, without experience and without counsel?

Will she know how to protect her famous, valuable name against the ever-present threat of scandal that dogs every film star? Will she wear the right clothes at the right places with the right people? Has she learned enough, during her five years with Eddie, to round out and finish the personality he created around her?

Or will she use the freedom for which she planned and fought so daringly to destroy herself?

Will her heart, careless and young and yearning for the romance she has never known, betray her finally?

All the answers lie, of course, with Rita herself. One thing is true; Ed Judson could not have made her the star she is, if she had not had what it takes. She still has that, will always have it.

Whatever happens, you can be sure that the story of Rita Hayworth's next five years will be full of color and glitter and excitement; and she will live—and love—every minute of them.

The End

The Love Dilemma of Jean Gabin

(*Continued from page* 67) real pals."

The great feminine influence in Gabin's romantic harum-scarum life has been Doryane, the Venus of French musical comedies. She was the toast of the old Paris and Gabin was nobody when they married and, as he says with his characteristic modesty and frankness, she made him what he is. Doryane had surpassing beauty, wit, charm, worldly wisdom and a business acumen which he sorely lacks, having no money sense. Gabin was the envy of a million men. She was two years older than he, tall, with the carriage of a princess, given to making dramatic entrances, taking applause and adulation for granted.

But their personalities clashed, both being of strong character. In making Gabin over, this stately brunette siren of effervescent French revues assumed a dominating position—and he is one of those men who can't be dominated by women. He acknowledged her superior abilities but he rebelled. Their repeated quarrels led to a final separation two years ago, which, no matter how much he tries to hide it, left an unhealed wound in his stormy heart. In contrast, his life has been too easy in Hollywood, and he misses those arguments and reconciliations with his wife; it seems to him as though the tang of life is gone, for if you dig into his heart deep enough, you'll find there this beautiful woman's image enshrined in unforgettable memories. He may not want to admit it, but their separation was like a psychic surgical operation for him. He still loves her and will probably love her forever.

IT was in that emotional state of a wrecked marriage, with all its sorrow, bitterness and pain, that he arrived in Hollywood as the highest salaried star on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, with the right to choose his stories, directors, feminine leads—a privilege enjoyed by no other player at this studio. Mr. Zanuck signed him on his European reputation as the greatest actor of modern France—and already, by his very first picture, in spite of the serious handicap of language, he has smashed his way to a compelling position on the American screen. "Moontide" is a hit, another personal triumph for him. And in one year he has learned to express himself in fluent and colloquial English—surprising all his friends, who thought he couldn't do it, for Gabin isn't the studious, scholarly type. Most surprised of all must be Charles Boyer! He was skeptical of his rival's ability to learn a new language at thirty-seven. For Boyer, learning English has been a herculean task. What's even more remarkable, Gabin hardly has a trace of foreign accent. Strangely enough he never had it. We remarked this on first meeting him, to his vast pleasure, when he knew perhaps fifteen words of English.

In no time at all Gabin made romantic history in Hollywood by letting himself be discovered first by Marlene Dietrich, then by Ginger Rogers, causing a sensational competition between these two connoisseurs of men. But before we go into the details of this intriguing triangle, let's see what kind of man Gabin really is—minus all the publicity and star-trappings. What makes him tick with women and what type of woman can tame him would be evident from the following complete self-revelation he recently made to us on the set of "Moontide." Never before has he talked so

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
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5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

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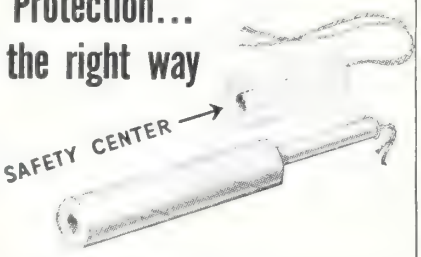

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Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Get Meds—the *right* tampon—for protection, comfort, and value!

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The Modess Tampon

frankly and earnestly about himself.

"I have had the most wonderful life in the world," he said, lighting a cigarette, as he sat in a canvas chair and stretched out his legs. "I don't think anybody has lived as full a life as I have. Nobody. I have really lived."

"And loved," we interposed.

"And loved," with an emphatic nod of his tigerish head. "And *suffered*. If you don't suffer in this world you don't appreciate the wonderful things of life. I suffered for everything—for love, career, everything. But I am happy. Yes, I am. Life is wonderful." He paused, began to whistle a tune, a far-off dreamy look in his burning eyes. "I could be killed in the war, but I am alive. I am a lucky guy. For myself, I can say I am happy. But I have a nephew in a German prison camp. I raised him myself, we were very close, pals. I used to send him food parcels, but now I can't do even that. I have also two sisters in France. That is my only worry. Otherwise, I have no complaints. I am a lucky guy," he repeated thoughtfully.

"And you have no regrets?"

"No. If I could live my life over again, I would do the same thing. Absolutely. Even if I tried to do the opposite I know I would do the same thing. You may call me a fatalist. We are what we are. We can't help ourselves. The important thing in life is to realize that you are happy, because alive. To be conscious of your good luck. Then life becomes wonderful. I have wonderful souvenirs." He sighed, his eyes narrowed. "Even my deceptions are wonderful souvenirs. Yes, especially my deceptions."

Sucking his cigarette greedily, he continued: "Now life just begins for me, and I have lived before. I don't know what will happen to me from now on, I make no plans. But I am not afraid. Life is an adventure and I can't complain. Millions of people would like to be in my place. That I realize."

He whistled again, and sang under his breath.

MARCEL his stand-in brought us coffee. "Millions like to be in my place," Gabin repeated. "The world is in flames, because men are crazy. You don't know why, but they are crazy. People forget that they are just temporary guests on this earth, they forget that they will end up in a little box, and then all will be finished. If people will realize that, then they will really live. And you don't know the day, the hour or the minute when that will happen. But I don't forget that, never—and I live. You hurt people, you hurt yourself, you busy yourself with little things—and everything ends in that box. *Always*. That's the only thing you are absolutely sure in this world.

"I tell you something—" he leaned forward, the sorrows of the world in his eyes. "I can die tomorrow, I am still quite young, but it wouldn't matter. Because I have lived. I started life broke. I enjoyed life just as much when I was broke, but in another way. I worked. I worked hard for everything I have, and luck helped me. That's the difference between what is called success, and what is called failure—when you get a chance, you take it." Suddenly he checked himself and relapsed into French. "*Mais c'est une dissertation philosophique.*"

"Jean, that's all very interesting. But your American fans would like to know more about your love life, for you're being hailed by women as the hottest lover that ever hit Hollywood."

"Who, me?" He rubbed his chin, twisted his mouth, grinning. "But I have no romances," he said—tongue in cheek.

"Don't you intend to marry again?"

He shook his head. "No, I do not think so."

"Don't be too sure—these love bandits of Beverly Hills might wrap you around their little fingers—and you'll go the way of all men before you know what's happened."

He smiled a little sadly, his eyes clouding. It was evident the whole drama of his marriage with Doryane came before his eyes. "I have my head on my shoulders," he answered. "Believe me. I know women!"

THIS led to a discussion of the qualities that make women attractive to him. A woman, he asserted, must first of all be feminine. No matter what she does she must stay feminine. And real femininity is primarily kindness and pity for the sufferings of others; a woman who lacks this sympathetic attitude and this sensibility cannot be truly feminine. As there is great love for suffering mankind in Gabin's heart, as his fundamental characteristic is a brooding, not to say raging, pity for his fellow men, a woman must understand this side of his nature and fully share it herself to appeal to him. He cannot tolerate callousness and cruelty in women and is disturbed when he sees a woman screaming with delight at a boxing match or a bull fight. On the other hand, tennis, swimming, skiing and such sports add to a girl's feminine charms, by making her healthier and more graceful in her movements.

Intelligence is definitely an asset for a woman and he cannot imagine true beauty without intelligence, for it's the inner glow, it's the spice of life, the salt of love. There can be no keen sensitivity without a high degree of intelligence. Moreover, he is invariably attracted to women who are essentially serious, though they have their gay moments. Constant frivolity and lightheartedness indicate emotional immaturity.

Gabin likes spunk, willingness to gamble, to live and love dangerously; he likes to have a woman fight with him for the things he values, and who like him doesn't forget that we are caged, doomed creatures and everything will end in that box. So, he says, let's live while we're still alive, and of course there can be no real living without loving. To sum up his requirements for his favorite feminine type: She must have the mind of a man with the heart and body of a woman.

THIS explains Marlene Dietrich's hold on him. That in many ways she reminds him of Doryane goes without saying. She is older, intelligent, well read, worldly, feminine, has the mind of a man and the body of a woman. She is essentially serious and as she herself told us once she is one of those women who enjoys being miserable, who is gay in her sadness. When he first came to Hollywood she claimed him promptly—the elemental and eternal woman instantly recognizing her counterpart in Gabin. She took him around, showed him the ropes. Her expert knowledge of French helped. He didn't have to thumb a dictionary with her.

But Gabin hadn't forgotten the times he had sat in a Paris movie theater and watched with the mind of an artist and the heart of a man every Ginger Rogers picture that was shown in France. She played chorus girls, dancers, white collar girls. She was simple and direct and of the people. He understood what it was to be of the people. So when

he was asked on his arrival in New York what Hollywood star he would most prefer to meet his answer was brief and to the point: "Ginger Rogers."

Ginger, for her part, had studied breathlessly every film of Gabin's that had come to this country. Thus when fate placed these two strangers with a great mutual admiration for each other on the same studio lot, Gabin was not the man to bite the hand of opportunity. He sent her flowers. And Ginger was not the girl to pass up a gracious acknowledgment. With a vocabulary of "Hello," "steak" and "demitasse," he invited her to dinner. She accepted and they beamed and beamed at each other—and that was all. That is, until Gabin learned English. Then he laid siege to Ginger's social calendar. He stormed the Rogers citadel with flowers. They went on long drives together, bicycled together, dined and danced at the favorite nocturnal salons of the town's night life. And Ginger, of the nimble feet, found that Gabin was no slouch as a dancer, with years of professional dancing behind him.

When Gabin had to go to New York for the premiere of his sensational picture, "Moontide," Ginger miraculously appeared in town. They were seen everywhere together, rapt and enraptured.

WHAT did Marlene do? How did she react to Ginger's seeming triumph over her, the queen of glamour, the godness of them all? This was the greatest challenge she had received in her hectic male-conquering life. She is, or can be, a darling, but there's no denying she still believes—not without reason—in the metaphysical picture of herself created by the doctors of movie mythology some eight or nine years ago.

Well, a bird has told us the great Marlene went to Gabin's house, after his return from the East, put up an eloquent battle for her place in the Gabin sun, as only Marlene could. And so Gabin left Ginger—or she left him—and resumed his romance with Marlene, which is now stronger than ever, and there's no possibility of Ginger's ever coming back into the picture, according to all indications.

It's interesting, however, to note, that while he sent flowers to Miss Rogers during that interlude, he doesn't send any to Marlene. It's La Dietrich who sends the flowers—every day. What a man, what a man! Gabin is wise enough to let the women do the chasing. But he isn't spoiled. He considers himself just a lucky guy, and remembers that box.

To be sure, he asserts he is happy just to be alive, but when you talk with him you can't fail to notice the emotional tension—the dilemma—he is in. He isn't really gay about his romance with Marlene—he wasn't gay during his brief romance with Ginger. In the background there's Doryane's image, always; the woman he married, who made him suffer, but whom he still loves. Gabin is like a man who doesn't know which way to turn; there is the pain of perplexity in his eyes. He sings, whistles, yells lustily, but somehow there's always a note of pain in his voice.

Is Marlene Dietrich his Lady Eve? We doubt if he himself knows the answer. When we asked him, reminding him of his promise a year ago, he pleaded:

"Give me another six months and I will tell you everything. Right now . . ." he shrugged his big shoulders, looked dreamily away, then smiling, like a young boy in a daze, "I don't know." And he began to whistle again a sentimental tune.

THE END

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JOHN WAYNE

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7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 317, Hollywood, Calif.

The Truth about Co-Stars

(*Continued from page* 57) does a devastating imitation, but whatever it is you are suddenly giggling, and loving him for it."

As for Roz Russell, you know how she feels about Cary when you remember that she had him as best man at her wedding. What's more, Cary is never happier than when playing with one or the other of them.

Nevertheless, Roz, the rational, the witty, did not get along with her co-star Clark Gable when they played together for the first and, if Mr. G. has anything to do with it, most certainly the last time in "They Met In Bombay." The air on that set was so cold that ear muffs were in order, a striking change from the usual Gable set where the leading lady generally glows like a cast-iron stove just because Public He-Man Number One is within eye range. Even Claudette Colbert, to whom a leading man is just a leading man and nothing more, is always aware that Clark Gable is Clark Gable. Lana Turner, never chilly at best, found Mr. Gable something very cozy with which to share star billing. Whatever it was that annoyed Russell with Gable and vice versa they two never revealed, but their antagonism to one another was about as secret as a nationwide hookup.

Life is just a bowl of nettles between Shearer and Taylor, too. While Taylor doesn't necessarily raise his leading ladies' temperatures as Gable does, he is extremely popular with them. But he and Shearer would shoot at sight if they thought they could get away with it.

Joan Crawford, who always gets along with the boys, doesn't seem to blossom when feminine co-stars are about. When she and Greer Garson were making "When Ladies Meet," it is told that Herbert Marshall walked on the set one morning and, sensing the social temperature, turned up his coat collar and remarked to the set in general, "I fancy we shall have snow before lunchtime."

THERE is a crowd in Hollywood which insists that Judy Garland was once very much in love with Mickey Rooney. Whether or not that was true I don't know, but certain it is that Mickey never loved Judy. However, he always has admired Judy terrifically. He thinks she is just about the world's finest singer and doesn't hesitate to say so. He happily will give her the center of attention in any scene. This produces great warmth and charm for their productions and their close friendship looks set to go on forever.

The same is true of Loy and Powell. Never romantic about one another, they are really pals. Bill feels very protective toward "little Myrna" as he calls her. Myrna makes Bill her great confidant. Their mutual fondness is reflected on the screen, too. This close friendliness goes for MacDonald and Eddy, also, though, as much as their public wished them to be, they were never in love.

But when you come to a pair of buddies, everything pales beside Crosby and Hope. Two men couldn't be more unlike. Bob is all boundless, restless energy, Bing all casual sleepiness. Bob works like a truck horse. Bing works, but like a Crosby horse, which means he moves as slowly as can be. But together they are something that drives the entire Paramount studio nuts. It isn't that they don't get along; it isn't that they don't agree on everything. The trouble is that they do. They like the same golf links; they like the same jokes. They laugh at the same wisecracks.

They both share the general Hollywood opinion that Dotty Lamour is the tops in swell people, but nothing makes their day like teasing her into the screaming meemies.

"I think the links are calling, Robert," Bing will say in the middle of a scene.

"What are we waiting for?" Hope asks and if they are not absolutely tied down with hawsers away they will glide, while Lamour swoons.

No one ever knows how a Crosby-Hope picture will go, how long the scenes will run or whether one scene or two dozen will be finished in a given day. The front office goes gray and would revolt completely if it weren't for that all-important fact of those Crosby-Hope-Lamour gate receipts.

THE tough thing about all this is that where co-stars are compatible, it means dollars at the box office. The public senses when actors are having a good time together and it is positively psychic about knowing when two stars are in love.

One of the elements that made "Dark Victory" sufficiently memorable to keep it in circulation for the past four years was the flame of sympathy that leaped to life between Bette Davis and George Brent and subsequently blazed into a romance. Similarly Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston, during the filming of "Typhoon," were on the threshold of a love affair that promised a run on the box office which never materialized due to the untimely end of their interest in each other.

Recently two pictures in particular have had love scenes which sizzled so much that the films were box-office riots, but neither romance lasted beyond the shooting schedule since in each case one partner in the acting pair was extremely married.

But the romance which has lasted far beyond two shooting schedules is the flourishing case of Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden. They met on location for the film "Virginia." It was Stirling's first bout with a camera and this strapping young son of the sea was pretty thoroughly bewildered. To his rescue came Madeleine, adroit artisan of the screen and charming, sophisticated lady. A highly sentimental rescue it proved to be.

Sensing a new team, Paramount broke up the long-standing combination of Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll to throw Stirling opposite Madeleine in her next picture, "Bahama Passage."

The romance bloomed hot and heavy until it struck the impasse of Stirling's feeling about play-acting when there was a war going on and Madeleine's hesitancy about marriage.

The Hayden lad promptly departed for service on the high seas and Madeleine went through the motions of continuing her career. Then came the announcement that Miss Carroll was taking a year's leave of absence. Just tired, was the official report. But it is about as secret as the attack on Pearl Harbor that Madeleine is hovering in the East to be near the ports that sailor Stirling may hit.

And for such co-starred romance the public will pay and pay and for that reason the producers will go on creating co-starring films, always fondly hoping for the one that will lead to love rather than to larceny.

THE END

The Strange Case of Lew Ayres

(*Continued from page* 29) collectively, all who opposed them. We closed our eyes to their treacheries and our ears to the cries of their dying. Then on December 7, 1941, the Axis powers, grown mighty through their persecutions and plundering, made undeclared war upon us.

We fight now for survival. There is no sacrifice too great. This above all, freedom must not perish from the earth!

What manner of man is Lew Ayres that he dares stand aside and put his personal ideologies before the world's tortured realities?

He's a strange man, very strange. But he's sincere, too. Often it's his extreme sincerity that makes him strange.

His refusal to bear arms isn't born of any newly acquired philosophy with which he hopes to save his skin. For years he's loathed killing of any kind and eaten nothing that is killed. He stands ready to serve in any noncombatant branch of the service, provided only he's not required to swear he will bear arms when he takes his oath of allegiance.

Intensely interested in the preservation of life, he's made a serious study of First Aid and of medicine. He hopes, therefore, that he will be assigned to the Medical Corps. Proving again that he isn't a coward. For in the Medical Corps he might very well be under fire.

ALWAYS Lew's been too sensitive and impressionable for his own good. He began overreacting to things and collecting hurts when he was very young. His parents had little money. The house in which they lived was small. Whenever Mr. Ayres, a cellist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, was home, Lew waited for the chords of Wagner or Beethoven to crash against his ears. While he waited he trembled. He knew how his mother's face would tighten, how her voice would sharpen. And he would hold himself tense, listening for the first loud words of another nervous, overwrought quarrel.

He was only four when his parents separated. Their unhappiness would have been forgotten soon enough by most children. Lew never forgot it. Long after he came to Hollywood he was still remembering. "I want money," he always said, "because it buys personal freedom and personal freedom is essential to happiness. I'll go to my grave believing if we had had more money my mother and father still would be living together. Our house was too small to permit Dad his music and Mother her quiet."

At seventeen Lew had an experience that left its mark upon him.

He was playing a banjo in a jazz band. In Mexico, at Nogales and Tia Juana, the band was a tremendous success and he was an even greater success. The cafe women adored him. They called him Baby Face. They tried to kiss him and they stroked his arm. He pitied them with their dreamless eyes. But he was sickened by their slack faces. Finally, unwilling to endure it any longer, he quit the band and the seventy-five dollars a week it paid him and prospected, in the mountains of the southwest, for gold.

This was his first retreat from reality. It also was the beginning of what was to become his personal pattern and turn him into a recluse on a Hollywood hilltop.

At twenty, entrusted with the role of *Paul Baumer* in "All Quiet On The Western Front," Lew was sure the turning point in his life had come.

The Memory Lingers On

This was it . . . the real thing . . . the night you dreamed about ever since freckles and pigtails.

And now you re-live every precious minute . . .

That look in his eyes when you floated down the staircase.

The way he held you close as you danced. And how he sulked, when the stag line caught up with you!

Then like the climax to a great play . . . he suggested a stroll in the moonlight. You felt like a leading lady, walking with him on the terrace . . .

And to think you almost didn't go tonight . . . almost called it off!

If it hadn't been for Jane, you'd have let trying days of the month rule your life! But remember how she laughed at your worries . . . made you promise to switch to Kotex sanitary napkins?

As she put it—it's comfort you want most, and most everyone knows Kotex is *more comfortable!*

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Then, too, Kotex has flat, pressed ends that do away with bumps and bulges. And a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" for *added* protection. No wonder your lingering doubts and fears vanished completely!

So you've decided that from now on Kotex is "a must". Now you know why it's more popular than all other brands of pads *put together!*

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree

—with Kotex*!

'TAIN'T IN TEXT BOOKS! Where's a girl to learn all about her "problem"? The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all. Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-7, Chicago, and get copy postpaid and FREE. (★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Many a girl has ruined her chances for romance by not guarding against scalp odor. Remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin. Oily hair, particularly, collects unpleasant odors. To be sure, yourself, check up on your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow.

There's a simple way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar—works wonders with scalp odor and oily hair. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Don't take a chance. Get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo today at any drug, department or ten-cent store. It will leave your hair soft and lustrous—your scalp clean and fresh.

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You see more of San Francisco when you stop at the "Mark"
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RATES $5.00 AND UP
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General Manager

It had, in more ways than one. He was a nobody when he played *Paul*, but the most finished actor in Hollywood couldn't have approached his performance. Every sensitive, impressionable year he had lived had been training for this role. He made the scene where *Paul*, the soldier, releases a butterfly from the wire of the trench something immortal. And it made him famous. His name was on everyone's lips. In popularity contests he was voted King of the Movies. They raised his salary from two hundred and fifty dollars a week to seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. He should have been gloriously happy. Instead he was bewildered and heartsick and miserable.

Six months "All Quiet On The Western Front" was in production. For Lew they hadn't been six months of make-believe. They had been six months of war. He had believed the whine of the bursting shells and the screams of hate and the moans of the dying.

He began talking against war, against killing. He began brooding over man's inhumanity to man. He began retreating from reality. He bought a telescope and he peered, hours on end, at the stars from the Observatory at Mount Wilson.

"I can't seem to snap out of it," he told a friend. "People call me up and say, 'Let's do so and so!' And I can't. The things they propose seem so futile, so silly!"

At last, in a frantic effort to shake off the depression into which the "six months of war" had plunged him, he began going out again. He met Lola Lane. They fell in love and they were married.

Poor Lew! Poor Lola! They didn't have a chance. It wasn't fair that two young things who were spiritually and mentally strangers should love each other so wildly.

Lola was proud of Lew's career. She tried to help him.

"Let's go dancing," she used to propose. "Let's give a party!" "Let's go to that shindig Mr. Blatz is giving next Sunday. We don't have to stay long!"

She knew Hollywood. She knew the importance of being seen at the right places with the right people. She didn't underestimate Lew's performance as *Paul Baumer*. But she knew the more he was out of sight the more he would be out of mind.

The few times they went places and did things Lola wasn't fooled by Hollywood's insincerity. But she didn't let it worry her too much. She dressed up and looked beautiful and had fun. Lew, on the contrary, was miserable. He practically flinched at every compliment and overture he thought insincere. And finally he refused to go out any more. Lola protested. And, holding himself tense, Lew buried his nose in a book by another philosopher he had discovered and tried not to hear the angry things Lola was saying to him.

At last she divorced him. No one blamed her; Lew least of all.

Then came a week end Lew never will forget. With friends he hunted wild boar at Catalina. Before they were out an hour he saw a sow shot and heard her scream like a woman. And when her screams brought her five baby pigs running they were shot, too, and they, too, screamed like humans.

It was more than Lew could take. He quit the long argument he had been having with himself. He knew, for him, killing was unforgivable, not only the killing of men but also the killing of animals. He put his guns away. He told his houseman that nothing that was killed was ever again to appear on his table.

THE best thing that ever happened to Lew was Ginger Rogers. If they had met before Lew became quite so fixed in his habit of silence and retreat they might have been happy together. They had much in common. They modeled in clay. They sat up half the night listening to phonograph recordings of the symphonies. Over and over they played Tschaikowsky and Stravinsky. But at other times Ginger couldn't reach Lew. At other times he would read all night and sleep all day or spend hours peering through his telescope or charting storms and air waves on his weather map. If Ginger spoke he wouldn't hear. At least he wouldn't answer. More than once she ordered a new dress for a particular party and he refused, absolutely, to go.

Her career was rising. His, inevitably, was ebbing.

They parted, of course. But they parted as friends and they're friends still. They had dinner together a few nights before Lew left for that camp in Oregon. When he told Ginger of the stand he was about to take she may have reminded him, softly, of all it would cost him. But after that you may be sure she only kissed

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE STARS SAY THIS FOR LEW AYRES

BY MATILDA TROTTER

Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Remarkable Astrologist

LEW AYRES has one of the most unusual charts ever drawn up. The stars foretell conflict, loneliness and despair to the point of desperation, which seem to reach a culmination during the last week of May, 1942. At that time Lew Ayres will go through one of the most critical periods of his life. He will be in grave mental and physical danger.

If he comes through this crucial time, July 13 marks a turning point for the better. There is a breaking up of the conditions and ideas which have bound him. A new light dawns to open up a fresh vista, with a chance to prove his true worth, and around the last of August or early September he may leave this country on a secret mission, for the stars indicate favor for Lew in work of a confidential nature.

The month of October will be vital for the whole world and it brings Lew Ayres the opportunity to return to public favor by an act of courage and daring. October 10 should be a very important date for him.

The turbulent year of 1942 ends by bringing to the name of Lew Ayres honor and distinction from friends and superiors.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

him and hoped he would find things tolerable, at least, along his way.

Ginger knows what Hollywood has been slow to learn—that Lew's as he is and nobody is going to change him.

Often he appears selfish and unreasonable. He's frequently moody. But he's completely faithful to his personal standards. In his own fashion he's even rallied to this war.

He gave generously to the Red Cross and refused to have his donations publicized. He has conducted three different classes in First Aid, teaching every night in the week but Sunday. And now he's ready and willing to serve in the Medical Corps or any other noncombatant branch of the service. He refuses only to shoulder arms.

I remember a luncheon I had with Lew a few years ago, when Metro signed him to a contract and his career was beginning all over again. He was supposed to give me an interview about his years of failure. But he wouldn't. The years he didn't work, the years he sat alone on his hilltop seeing practically nobody but Ken Murray and Billy Bakewell, his two close friends, the years he spent reading the philosophers, studying the stars and playing his organ, he doesn't count as failure.

"I don't think a fall from eminence is failure," he said that day, "unless you turn it into that by neglecting to use the time it gives you for your personal advantage.

"It's only looking back that we ever know what helped and what hindered us. Often enough detours from things as we would have wished them are what advance us.

"I rather believe those years I didn't work are the most important years of my life. They didn't advance me as an actor, true. But they advanced me as a human being. And much as I value my career I can't believe my standing as an actor is as important as my standing as a man."

THAT undoubtedly describes Lew's attitude today. It isn't an attitude we share. It isn't an attitude we readily understand. But that it is a sincere attitude is indicated again by everything that Lester F. Miles, Ph.D., an eminent New York psychologist, has to say.

"To make any professional statement regarding the action of Lew Ayres since I have never met him is a delicate task," Doctor Miles writes. "However, the personal observations of those who have been close to him show in his life a series of *systematized delusions*.

"His delusions or beliefs—if you would call them beliefs—are not self-centered, related to his own body. Otherwise he would not be willing to expose himself to danger as a medical corps worker. His delusions or beliefs pertain, instead, to the objective world. He disagrees with the greedy aggression that is a world trend today. He also disagrees with our democratic desire to halt that aggression and to do it with force because we've found force to be the only argument the aggressors understand.

"Many of Lew Ayres's personality traits and behaviorisms are typical of the paranoid temperament. The principle characteristic of this temperament is a highly stubborn adherence to fixed ideas—ideas which are self-formed from early environment and result in a contempt for opinions of others if they do not conform.

"In all probability Mr. Ayres's complete aversion to force does not spring from witnessing the killing of animals. This probably was only one instance which served to remind him of his childhood and the quarrels between his father and mother—since it is squarely upon his childhood that the burden of his present beliefs and actions rests. Likely, too, there were many other instances in his life, about which we know nothing, which kept the unhappy memories of his childhood fresh in his mind.

"Actually Mr. Ayres's early environment wounded his sensitive mind as deeply and seriously as a physical accident might have wounded his body. Following this his education and learning, via the school of hard knocks, had a different effect upon him than it would have had upon most people.

"Because we're unable to see mental differences in people it is difficult for us to appreciate these differences and allow for them. Lew Ayres should not be condemned because he won't fight. He should have the same consideration he would receive if it were a physical disability sustained long ago that made it impossible for him to shoulder a gun.

"ACTUALLY the case of Lew Ayres shows what erroneous opinions and beliefs we may form if we run away from our problems instead of standing up to them.

"Lew Ayres's quest for happiness chased him into a self-centered solitude. He never faced the realities of the world with any desire to overcome them or their unpleasantness. It would be difficult for him to change now. Now his problems have licked him.

"Fortunately Lew Ayres is only one case in many hundreds of thousands. Fortunately our country—individually and en masse—stands up to its problems and licks them."

THE END

More pleasure in a game of golf...

THEN—
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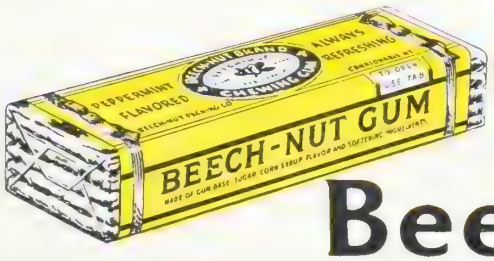

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The yellow package . . . with the red oval

Margaret Hayes in Paramount's "The Glass Key"

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Play Truth and Consequences with Irene Dunne

(*Continued from page* 41) of a steamship line. As a child I was thoroughly schooled in the use of life belts, fire exits on boats, etc., and thus unconsciously associated danger with the water.

10. (Q) When were you born?

A. (Irene took the consequences. Give us a picture of yourself that you would not release for publication and tell us why.) *The picture Irene had refused to release is shown on page 41. She is giving her cook instructions on the occasion of Missy's birthday party.*

11. (Q) What one decision radically changed your life?

A: I was on my way to teach school in East Chicago when I decided to enter a voice contest at the Chicago Musical College. I made a pact with myself: if I lost, I would be content to teach school; if I won, there was a chance I might ultimately win real recognition and therefore would continue to try. I won the contest.

12. (Q) Do you prefer Cary Grant or Charles Boyer as a leading man?

A. (Irene took the consequences. Give us a picture of yourself in the awkward era from your private collection.)

13. (Q) Why does your intimate circle of friends include so few movie people?

A: Because I am married to a man who is not in the theatrical profession and he is more comfortable in friendships formed outside of it. Also, such friendships are more permanent because the people are more permanently located here.

14. (Q) Why have you always been ultrareticent about your private life?

A: I didn't realize I was, but, if so, it must be because I consider it so simple I don't see how it can interest anyone.

15. (Q) What would be your reaction to discover another woman at a party wearing a duplicate of your dress?

A: I had just that happen with a blue and white print dinner dress, and was I heartsick! It was a new dress for an important affair—my first evening at Monte Carlo in New York. I was embarrassed, but I couldn't be angry because Mr. X, who sold it to me in Hollywood, had warned me that there was one duplicate which had been sold to a Los Angeles society woman. And darned if, of all the women in the United States, that charming lady wasn't seated at the next table, wearing her dress like mine!

16. (Q) Have you ever been played for a sucker?

A: Heavens, yes! It is happening constantly. The last time was on a trip to New York and, while it was a trivial matter, it really irked me. I was buying an eyebrow pencil which I knew cost twenty-five cents because the woman just ahead of me purchased one just like it for that price. When the clerk recognized me, she said, "Fifty cents!" I paid it because I was on the spot; if I objected it might cause a scene and unpleasantness which anyone in the limelight cannot afford. But I'll never step foot in that store again.

17. (Q) Who is Hollywood's best off-screen dancer?

A: My choice is George Murphy, because he doesn't take his dancing as a professionally serious matter.

18. (Q) What is the most controversial subject in your household?

A: The education of children. Doctor is inclined to be strict about study and scholastic progress, and favors private schools for our Missy. I feel there are other phases of development as important as scholastic perfection and believe the activities and environment of public schools and colleges are essential to a well-rounded education.

19. (Q) What were the high spots in your life between the years one to ten; ten to twenty; and twenty to thirty?

A: One to ten: A Fourth of July celebration in Louisville when a skyrocket went through the straw hat of the man next door and burned his bald head. Such excitement! Ten to twenty: When a chap in Madison, Indiana, came home from Virginia Military Institute and gave me his blue sweater with the letters VMI on it. What a heart throb! Twenty to thirty: When Flo Ziegfeld sat in the second row of "Showboat" and sent back a personal note saying I was wonderful!

20. (Q) Who is Hollywood's best dressed woman in your opinion?

A. (Irene took the consequences. Let us photograph some of your most cherished keepsakes.)

21. (Q) Do you smoke in private life?

A: Did you hear I did? No, I've never developed a taste for it.

22. (Q) Do you plan to adopt more children?

A: I'd like to have five or six if they would fit into the harmony of our home. No immediate plans.

23. (Q) Of what personal habit are you ashamed?

A: Leaning on my elbows at the table. I know it's wrong but I keep on doing it!

24. (Q) Why do you think people consider you standoffish?

A: Because I do not tell naughty stories.

25. (Q) What physical feature have you tried to change?

A: My eyebrows. I try to give them a higher arch than nature effected.

26. (Q) What do you consider your best quality as a wife?

A: The consideration I try to have for others.

27. (Q) And the worst quality as a wife?

A: My lack of punctuality at mealtime.

The End

Irene pays off for not answering Question 20 by releasing a picture of her most cherished keepsakes. They are (above) a music box given her by a director, a fan, the gift of a great actress to whom Irene has always looked for inspiration, and a rosary, given her by a very close woman friend whom she knew long ago and whose courage has always been a stirring memory to her

(*Continued from page* 19) "Hold Back The Dawn": A mist of human tears rises on a glorious new day.

"How Green Was My Valley": Nostalgia for lost youth re-creates a beautiful scene.

"Shanghai Gesture": Ham, and stale ham at that.

"Dumbo": Animals are certainly nicer than people and Walt Disney knows it.

"Sergeant York": Spirit of '76 grown up into long-legged Gary Cooper.

"Bahama Passage": Would make a beautiful magazine cover, period.

MRS. SYLVIA S. PITKIN,
Montpelier, Vt.

$1.00 PRIZE

Dream Stuff

SINCE cinematically feasting upon "Song Of The Islands," my song has been of Grable!

To express in twenty or thirty dozen words what she does with one sweep of her lashes; to be as enchanting in one of Adrian's super-duper models as she is in a handful of straw; to be as captivating in a lifetime as she is with a mere half-smile!

"Blue Shadows and White Gardenias!" If these attainments could be mine, I'd *wade* the South Seas, *weave* a grass skirt and smile enigmatically while Victor Mature whispered softly, "Sing Me A Song Of The Islands"!

Well, gee, I can dream, can't I?

Sincerely,
RUBYE M. CHAPMAN,
Birmingham, Ala.

$1.00 PRIZE

Breaking the Rules

MAYBE it is because women are First Aid conscious as never before with thousands of them studying in Red Cross First Aid classes. Anyway, the movies better pay attention to the simple "must" and "must not" rules of First Aid.

Barbara Stanwyck in "You Belong To Me" disobeyed all the first rules—and she was supposed to be a doctor with three years' experience! When Henry Fonda landed upside down in a snowbank, Dr. Barbara yanked him violently enough to cause considerable damage to possible fractures—Rule 1: Do not cause further injury to the victim. She jackknifed him off the ground—Rule 2: Keep patient lying down. She propped his head and shoulders up against her on the sled—very pleasant, no doubt, but what about Rule 3: Move only in lying position.

And her hair-do. Shades of sanitation! It was neither appropriate for a doctor's office nor becoming to an otherwise attractive woman.

Your feminine public is awake, Mr. Movie-Maker, so watch your (First Aid) steps.

LILLIAN MORSE,
Kansas City, Mo.

HONORABLE MENTION

WHEN the name of Jack Benny is mentioned, most people think of his famous radio program. Few think of him as a great screen star, which he really is. His performances in his two most recent pictures, "Charley's Aunt" and "To Be Or Not To Be" were really something to rival the works of such celebrated actors as Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, and others.

FRANK DUFFEY,
Milwaukee, Wis.

I PREDICT—yes, I realize that this world is full of people making predictions—but I still take it upon myself to predict that before long the top man in movies is going to be—Humphrey Bogart.

I fervently hope that the Hollywood powers don't try to rush him into a lot of inferior films, and that they do not, for fear of typing him as a tough guy, start casting him as a social secretary or a ballet dancer. I like Bogart and I like him bad!

EDITH ZITTLER,
Chicago, Ill.

I'VE had a very enjoyable experience—the experience of seeing a new and refreshing "star." That word might be rushing it a bit, but I think his brilliant acting will shine forth and make him a star in Hollywood's heaven.

I'm speaking of Paul Hernried; the movie I saw was "Joan Of Paris"—a most unusual yet enjoyable picture.

So let's be hospitable to our foreign actor and treat him to another fine part, and thereafter I'll leave Charles Boyer for the rest of you.

MARJORIE BEARD,
Salt Lake City, Utah

IN "Kings Row" Ann Sheridan was as real as the girl next door. Why not keep her in this type of role instead of giving her glamour parts?

RUTH SHOLTZ,
Norwood, O.

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Good-by to Marriage, Hello to Romance

(*Continued from page* 65) complete concern for his welfare will always remain in Ann's heart.

There followed days and months of despair. Finally, Ann decided to spend a few days with Hedy Lamarr. Originally they met at a party given by Fred and Lily MacMurray. It was a sincere friendship right from the start. Hedy knew what Ann was going through. She had recently gone through the same thing herself.

Hedy was good for Ann. She was warm, understanding and considerate. At the time, Hedy was working in a picture. Ann spent her days playing with Jamsie, Hedy's small adopted son, taking long walks. One day she was just returning to the house. As she turned up the driveway, someone across the street called her name. Ann turned. Robert Sterling came running toward her. It was the first time they had met face to face since Bob had played opposite her in "Ringside Maisie." They shook hands. There was nothing eventful in the meeting. Hedy came along just then. She hadn't known that she and Bob were neighbors. They all went for a swim in Hedy's pool. Bob stayed on for supper.

Next day Ann moved back to her own home again. That evening, after dinner, she was sitting alone in front of her fireplace. Robert, the butler, came in and said that Bob Sterling was at the front door. The luxury of someone to talk to suddenly seemed so important. Ann fixed Bob a drink and they started to talk. Bob was amusing, optimistic, filled with the rosy glow of life and living. He poked fun at himself. He spoke seriously of himself. Ann remained a thoroughly appreciative and understanding audience.

THE next day Bob sent flowers. Could he have a date? Ann explained that crowds suddenly seemed to panic her. Would he dine at her house? After dinner they went for a drive. Bob suggested an out of the way eating spot near Pasadena. Just the place for a midnight sandwich. No, there wouldn't be more than a half a dozen people in the place.

Once they got inside, it was too late to turn back. The place was literally crawling with jitterbugs. Bob knew this and had purposely deceived Ann to help bring her out of herself. Before long they were out jitterbugging with the mob. Ann laughed until she cried. All evening long something nice had been creeping into Bob's eyes. He was respectful, thoughtful, courteous. So different from those tired Hollywood bachelors, Ann thought to herself.

This was the beginning. Bob begged to see Ann as often as possible. Being one of Hollywood's most eligible men, he was constantly in demand. To all invitations he said thank you very much. And took Ann to the movies. Neither liked night clubs, so they attended only on rare occasions. They'd double date with the Ray Millands. Recently with George Montgomery and Hedy Lamarr. Ann plays tennis. Bob likes golf. Each took up the other's game.

If Bob has serious intentions, certainly no one knows them but himself. Judging by the way he constantly looks at Ann, the devoted attentions he pays her, he is a man in love. To intimate friends he has admitted that Ann is the most feminine girl he has ever known. "She always looks so scrubbed and cleaned," he once expressed it.

Another quality that appeals to Bob is Ann's complete lack of brittleness. He loathes hard-boiled women, the superficial ones and the insincere.

Bob likes to kid Ann because she can take it. And give it right back to him. Once someone asked him if he thought Ann was pretty. He winced and called her a "Funny Face." The story got back to Ann and she loved it. Bob has never ceased telling her how beautiful she is, ever since.

Ann has never given any indication to Bob, or anyone else, that their friendship will end at the altar. In the first place she isn't legally free. Just recently she got her first divorce papers. Many strange and unpredictable things can happen between now and the year she must wait for her final decree. Marriage is a serious proposition to Ann. It involves mutual sharing and above everything else—companionship. During her years of marriage to Roger Pryor, a great deal of her time was spent alone. Often when she needed Roger, he was out on tour with his band. Naturally, this wasn't to his liking, either, but he had to make a living.

Absence does strange things to people who were once in love. They learn *not* to depend on each other. By the time they get back together again, they've lost the momentum of marriage. They have little or nothing in common. Nice people like Ann and Roger struggle valiantly to save it. Usually the results are hopeless.

THOUGH there may never be a marriage, Ann will always appreciate Bob's friendship. The loyalty that is such a strong part of her nature recognizes the great part he played in restoring her faith and confidence. She found his humor contagious; his curiosity about life and people refreshing; his enthusiastic participation in State Guard drills and First Aid activities inspiring. She respected his intelligent acting ability—she'd admired his work before in "The Penalty," "Two-Faced Woman" and "Johnny Eager."

That Ann and Bob would make their marriage a success, there is little doubt. They share the same mutual friendships. Both love good music. Both are fond of children, home life, sports.

At the inception of their friendship, Ann and Bob had an understanding. Each was to go out when and with whom he pleased. So don't be surprised if, on occasion, you see either being the other half of a new twosome.

In the meantime the ensuing year will tell the tale. Ann's career is as bright and shiny as a new dollar. Mr. Mayer himself predicts that Ann, together with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, is a white hope on the M-G-M lot.

Bob is on the way up. With every picture his work improves. Everyone has a good word to say for him. Even Clark Gable, trying to bear up under his recent sorrow, went out of his way to help Bob, when they worked together in "Somewhere I'll Find You."

But there's still a war to be fought. No young man today, not even one with mother, father and two sisters dependent on him, as are Bob's, can know what moment he may be called. It would be sheer folly for Ann and Bob even to think of planning ahead for a year.

Will Ann Sothern eventually marry Bob Sterling? Personally, we think the evidence is against them.

Our case rests.

The End.

Round-Up of Pace Setters

(*Continued from page* 47) approached and said, "My name's Taylor. Bob Taylor. There's a good part in my next picture you should play." Van thanked him, read the script of "Johnny Eager" and set right out to cinch the part, going from one producer to another as he was directed. For days Van made the rounds, haunting offices, giving forth with arguments, talking his head off, only to discover it was all a rib—he'd been set for the part from the first.

The storms of Hollywood affect Van little—except to feed fuel to his capacity for worry. He's a natural-born worrier and thrives on it. He's a honey, too, and a bachelor, though the latest rumor hints of a surprise marriage to Frances Neal.

He's a guy's guy and one everyone likes. What's more, he's a star in the making. So write down the name "Van Heflin" and watch it grow on every theater marquee in the land.

HOW Smart Is Anne?

Anne Baxter always wanted to be an actress, except, of course, when, at the age of ten, her fickle fancy—which was very fickle, indeed—strayed off into temporary yearning ambitions for the ballet.

So at thirteen she began her studies, enrolling in the Theodora Irvine school of drama in New York. At one of their plays Anne was seen by a director who chose her for a role with Frankie Thomas in the stage play "Dear Brutus." At thirteen she was on the way.

A year's study with Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya followed, with Anne also taking in the fine old points of geography, algebra and geometry at the exclusive Brearley School. Then came summer stock with Karen Morley in "Susan And God" and, in the fall (this was 1938), a role with Eva Le Gallienne in "Madame Capet."

Katherine Brown of the David Selznick organization, who had known Anne for some time, suggested the budding star take a test for movies. The test was so good Anne almost landed the Joan Fontaine role in "Rebecca." Only her extreme youth prevented.

But M-G-M saw the test and into "Twenty Mule Team" went little Anne, and then over to Fox, the studio that put her under contract. A role as one of the shy heroines in "Charley's Aunt" was followed by the lead opposite Dana Andrews in "Swamp Water," playing Walter Brennan's daughter.

About this time Orson the Welles heard of the little eighteen-year-old wonder and grabbed her off for the romantic lead in his own production, "The Magnificent Ambersons."

Born in Michigan City, Indiana, Anne and her parents moved to Rye, New York, when she was just seven. Anne claims she didn't inherit one iota of the talent of her famous architect uncle, Frank Lloyd Wright. She can't even draw a decent picture of a house. But she can scramble eggs à la heavenly. In fact, those extremely small hands of Anne's are right perky in the culinary field. But, alas, Anne herself is a bit on the pleasingly rounded side and must needs watch her P's (for pastry) and Q's (for quarts of ice cream).

She wears her brown hair in a sleek, smooth and rather high pompadour. (She wears a rat inside the pomp.)

She lives with her mother in Westwood, while her father, who is sales manager of Frankfort Distilleries, holds down the fort in the East.

No great romance clutters up little Anne's life nor does she intend one shall

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See page 62!

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for many a day. "I play the field," she says and means it. But when The One does come along, he must have a sense of humor, dance well, talk intelligently, listen well, and possess a straightforward honesty.

How's about it, lads? Could Anne mean y-o-u, do you think?

SHE Got What She Wanted:
Battling the California school system singlehanded is a good deal—like a one-man revolution against a turned-over beehive. Even if you got anywhere, you'd be too stung to care.

But Ann Ayars succeeded. The fact that she was a native daughter born in Beverly Hills may have been a factor in her favor, but, anyway, she took her stand freshman year. She wanted French and drama right away and four good years of it.

She went after every available bit of drama she could get. In English she demanded to read lives of dramatists and their plays. She struggled, argued and talked herself hoarse and *she got what she wanted,* for when Ann graduated from Beverly Hills High School she could speak French fluently and perform as well as any pupil in a school of drama.

Her first three years of grade school were spent in Italy where her father, a voice coach, and her mother, a teacher of piano, had taken her for several years' stay. Her father, Quirino Pellicciotti, does not believe a voice should be trained until maturity, so after high school Ann and her father went to work on her voice. In less than three years Ann was giving concerts; in fact was spotted by Irving Kumin, associate casting director of Warners, and was given a test. Her performance was superb, but her face, delicate and sensitively fashioned with diametrically opposed features, looked awful. Warners let her go, but Irving Kumin was so sure Ann was a find he telephoned Billy Grady of M-G-M who sent for Ann. They experimented with make-up for her and at every opportunity Billy had her make production tests, which means reading Norma Shearer's or Joan Crawford's or Roz Russell's lines opposite the male star for testing purposes. The experience was invaluable. When Hal Roach telephoned Grady one day for a girl who could both act and sing for a short called "Fiesta," Ann got the job.

While she was testing opposite Lew Ayres for a *Kildare* picture, "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Director Van Dyke became so sold on her she stayed in the film as the society girl.

Soft clouds of dark hair frame her olive, oval-shaped face. She's small, only five feet three inches, still sure of what she wants, which isn't to become a singing star who acts, but an actress who sings.

She's an only child, gets thin and irritable when not working and completely happy and healthy when she is. Her two Siamese cats, Nanki Poo and Pitti-Sing, are her loves. Boy friends enter her life only on week ends, the rest of the time being given to work.

She should succeed; Hollywood's favorite birthday sign of Leo is hers.

And, oh yes, she's changing the Japanese names of her cats to Bud and Buddy!

TWO Feet In Heaven:
Reverend Andrews was on the move again, his little flock—consisting of wife, seven sons and one daughter—tagging along to a new church and a new congregation. At Uvalde, Texas, the band of pilgrims paused long enough for son Dana to attend grade school and high school in near-by Huntsville. Dana even managed a diploma from Sam Houston College and then decided he'd like to be a singer.

If you saw Dana in "Swamp Water" and as the gangster bully in "Ball Of Fire" you know he didn't end up a singer. What he eventually became was an actor and a mighty fine one but, friends and Romans, the water that passed under the bridge 'ere that came to pass!

After college Dana managed to save one thousand whole dollars in two years' hard work at odd jobs. He decided to take New York by storm. The storm turned out to be a mere drizzle, with Dana spending his entire roll in two weeks and landing back in Texas, broke.

Two years later, leaving behind him a good job as chief accountant for Tobin's, Incorporated, in Austin, Dana struck out for Hollywood, the foot-and-thumb way. He was going to be a singer. He ended up a gas-station attendant in Van Nuys, a suburban town out in the Valley.

And then came Fate. Mr. Fate in the genial form of Mr. Stanley Toomey, a citizen of Van Nuys, offered to aid Dana in his singing aspirations if Dana would forget his operatic ambitions and get down to modern warbling. Dana hesitated and then gave in. Mr. Toomey staked Dana to fifty dollars a week and a car—with free gas and oil—while Dana practiced his head off.

It wasn't good enough. An agent promptly advised Mr. Toomey and Dana that singing without acting ability was the bunk. All right, then, Mr. Toomey said, Dana should act. So over to the Pasadena Community Theater trekked our brown-haired (wavy), hazel-eyed, six-foot hero to study dramatics while Mr. Toomey paid. Instead of Dana's begging his benefactor not to grow impatient, it was the other way around.

"Stick to it," Mr. Toomey urged for three long years. When small bits were offered his protégé in movies, Mr. Toomey was the first to say "nay." "Hold out for a good contract," he advised and finally it came—in double doses—for no sooner had Samuel Goldwyn signed Dana than Twentieth Century-Fox bought half his contract. The latter studio thrust him into "Belle Starr" as *Major Crail,* then "The Cisco Kid," next made him the young land agent in "Tobacco Road" and currently is counting on him to shine in "Thunder Birds."

While attending the Pasadena Community Theater Dana met and fell in love with Mary Todd of Santa Monica. They were married quietly among a few puzzled, bewildered friends who couldn't understand why Mary would marry a man with a beard. The beard was an order from the studio for "Swamp Water."

"A honeymoon with a beard isn't so hot," Dana says thoughtfully.

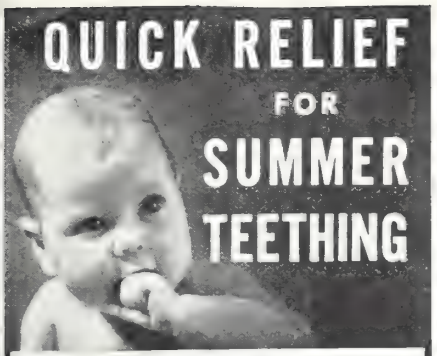
Of course, it wouldn't be Hollywood if they didn't order the beard shaved off after the honeymoon was over and even before the picture started. That's what makes actors so fruit-cakey, if you know what we mean.

Dana Andrews is quiet and home-loving, still living in Van Nuys, far from Hollywood's hurly-burly. He wants to grow slowly on the screen. His bride and Dana's seven-year-old son by the wife that died several years ago get along beautifully.

He can pay back his benefactor now with interest and we, the Dana Andrews fans, can pay him back by shouting our appreciation for the product of a man's faith and judgment.

The End.

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

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Danger—Popularity Ahead!

(*Continued from page* 49) I knew, I'd won a scholarship or two. Gracious! I really felt set apart! So what did I do but provide myself with some scenery! I got some Russian blouses, gaudily embellished with 'peasant embroidery' in the brightest colors.

They looked pretty funny among the middy blouses the other girls wore. But I thought my status required something special.

"I'm not quite clear in my mind, even yet, about what I thought people were thinking of me. But I'm sure that I imagined that they thought I was very interesting and superior. I thought I'd be sought-after and popular because . . . well, because I was 'different.' I remember that I thought long jade earrings would help, too!

"Anyhow, to make it short, I was wounded to the quick one day when a group picture of girls in my class turned up in the local paper. (I lived in Minneapolis.) There were my classmates, all looking gay and wholesome in their middy blouses. And I hadn't even been notified, let alone photographed. One of the girls, sensing my hurt, maybe, told me rather timidly, 'We didn't like to ask you to come, too. You're so—so different these days." Then, in a burst of honesty, she said, 'We thought you'd make us feel silly, too!'

"Well, that's what *I* got for trying to be aloof and 'different.' I found that I didn't want to be left out of things, that I wanted to be part of the group. If I stood out from a group I wanted it to be because I had done something to deserve it and not because I'd got a funny blouse or had taken on a silly pose."

MAUREEN O'HARA had to cope with a false prominence and popularity which were not of her own making. Maureen steps very carefully, even now, after she has come into Hollywood's front ranks by her work in "How Green Was My Valley" and "To The Shores Of Tripoli." But Maureen learned something when she first arrived in America. She had distinguished herself in British pictures and she came to Hollywood as the protégée of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton . . . whose opinions are important. This is what she says about it:

"I was bewildered and excited to be invited to so many parties! People I hadn't met sent me flowers and invited me to dinner. I didn't understand all this, but I was terribly excited by it. I began to think I was a real celebrity and I began to act like one!

"Then one day a very tiny thing happened. So tiny that I shan't even bother to tell all about it. But it made me think and it made me see something.

"I realized suddenly that I was having all this attention really because I was a novelty. People were making a fuss over me because of something *I hadn't yet done*, something they just thought I might do. How awful, I thought, if my first picture here—or my second or my third or my fourth—should disappoint them! I'd be dropped. They'd stop noticing me. My vanity would suffer. My feelings would be hurt.

"I decided that I'd better discipline my own vanity before other people started doing it for me. I'd better earn all this attention before I started to depend on it. You see, I wanted it all to be real."

Well, Maureen is as determined as she is clearheaded. What she did about all this is still a phenomenon which surprises Hollywood. She stopped accepting wholesale invitations. She even stopped go-

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ing (except at rare intervals) to the gay, gay night clubs. "People wondered for a little time," she says. "But they forgot very soon. I was determined that the next time I was noticed, I should stay noticed!"

Not that she became a recluse. She clung eagerly to the few people whom she could call friends, people to whom she thought it might not matter very much whether her pictures flopped or clicked.

"I may be disappointed in myself if I turn in a bad performance," she says. "But I shan't be hurt and puzzled at the reaction of a lot of strangers whose interest in me was mostly curiosity and very halfhearted curiosity, at that!

"False fame—false popularity—those things are dangerous and can hurt you *so* deeply!"

BUT Ruth Hussey—she who's making fast film time in M-G-M's "Pierre Of The Plains"—had a word to put in just here. "It depends on what *kind* of popularity it is!" she insisted. "And you've got to distinguish between popularity—which just means that people like you—and prominence, which probably means that you do something better than the other ones do. Or maybe you only seem to. Take the 'teacher's pet' type. You get 'em in offices and in school and on the set at the studio. You get 'em among the car hops at the drive-ins and on the junior committees in women's clubs. The girl who does her job better than the rest of us . . . the one who gets the praise from the teacher or the boss or the director or the chairman.

"The others aren't going to like her much. If she's in competition with men, they'll hate her. Well, if she has a grain of sense she'll make a tremendous effort to *make* the others like her—if only for purposes of self-preservation! Help the dumb ones with their lessons or their tasks. Confide in the shy ones. Make friends with the cocky ones.

If her own innate generosity isn't sufficient to make her do these things, then her plain common sense should make her see that it's good business, anyhow."

Ruth paused and then went on, "You know the old saying—everybody who's ever been to school knows it, I guess—that it's awfully bad luck to be president of your freshman class! Well, it isn't true. It hasn't anything to do with luck but it has a lot to do with exactly what we're talking about. It's the *kind* of popularity that counts.

"The president of the freshman class is nearly always good-looking. He has a nice, easy way of making friends quickly. He likes everybody. He smiles and smiles until you'd think his face would crack. He remembers everybody's name. And you'll discover that that's about all there is to it. He's not very good in class or in athletics. After he learns your name, he never learns anything else about you. It was easy, shallow popularity and he hasn't anything to follow through. He usually drops out of school completely or just drops back to the rear ranks before your senior year.

"And that drab little chap, the shy one whom you scarcely noticed your first week at school—well, he's tops when you come to graduate. Probably the head of everything. You're proud of him and you don't begrudge him one inch of it.

"You see, popularity is something you earn. You don't just inherit it like a nice complexion or red hair or something. Maybe it comes easily to you at first—as singing or cooking comes to someone else. But you've got to work at it to keep it. You've got to deserve it!"

ROSEMARY LANE says she started learning some pointers on popularity when she was a sophomore in high school, way back in Iowa. A new girl moved to town that year and entered high school. She was pretty and she had lots of smart clothes and a devastating Southern accent. First thing anyone knew, she had the whole school by the ears, boys and girls alike. She was terrific.

"The funny thing was," Rosemary recalls, "I think she was just as surprised as anyone else at first. She probably hadn't been such great shakes in the town where she had lived before—people had been used to her. But she was a novelty in our town. It wasn't very astonishing, then, that she began to take herself pretty big.

"The next thing we knew she was sorting us out into layers of people she wanted to know and those she didn't, according to some funny little rules she made up out of her own head. Right after that, of course, some people began to resent her and others began to think she was odd.

"She began to be left out of things. I'm sure she knew people were laughing at her and I'm sure she was awfully puzzled. I can be sorry for her now, but I'm afraid I wasn't then. Nobody is any crueler than a bunch of high-school people when they start disciplining someone their own age. You see, *that girl hadn't figured out what was happening.* She'd taken it all seriously and that simply won't do.

"It's exactly like that in pictures—only it's the public, instead of your classmates, who builds you up and tears you down.

"Then there was another girl who always got the highest marks in the class—but she was nice to everybody. I could sing so I used to get the lead parts in school plays and, besides, my sister Lola was already a Hollywood star. I finally said to myself, 'Look here, R. Mullican! If a girl can sing better than someone else or attract more boys or get a better mark in algebra or even just have a famous sister, she'd better make a point of being nice to everybody! She can't afford not to!'"

These girls who know, who have learned it the hard way, who have been bruised and pushed around and have seen other girls gasping under unexpected blows from unexpected quarters, agree that there is sense in the slogan: Danger! Popularity Ahead!

Walk slowly. Walk softly. Walk carefully. If you use your head you can make capital of all this. If you're silly, you may be woefully hurt.

Danger . . . .

THE END

Highroad to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 44) the ground thaws, I'm going to start building me a house. And I want one like they have in Hollywood. I want to know if you'll send me some Hollywood ideas for it."

Julia didn't know whether she was more surprised by the fact that he hadn't said what she expected, or by the thing he said.

"I bought a lot last week," he went on. "Bronson's Corner. Paid for in cash. Deed's in the bank."

"You don't mean that you bought the corner with the big elm tree on it," Julia exclaimed. "Not the tree Johnny and I call *our* tree?"

"That's it," Tod answered.

Julia made no further comment for some minutes, then she said: "Johnny and I have thought of that tree as ours ever since we've been kids. We still go back there when we have personal things to talk about. We've always said we would buy it someday. Now that I'll be making money by the bucketful, will you forget about building a house and sell the place back to me?"

Tod's eyes held hers for a very long moment. "I'll think it over, Beautiful," was all he said. "Suppose I give you an answer at the party tonight?"

But as things turned out, Julia *wasn't* given her answer at the Vagabond party, For at home was a wire from the studio requesting Bettina and Julia to leave for Hollywood on the five o'clock train!

Suddenly the world was in a tailspin! At five o'clock, Miss America stood upon the train platform waving good-by to the accompaniment of the town band.

Tod relinquished her bags only at the very last moment. "So long, Beautiful," he said. "It's going to be mighty lonesome until you get back."

"I'll miss you, too," she told him. And she knew she meant it as, with the train beginning to move, people blurring together, Dad, Mother, Johnny, it was Tod whom she saw last of all; that little salute above his half-serious smile . . . the wind ruffling his sandy hair.

FROM a seat in the Pullman, Miss Scott Hendricks, of Troy watched the excitement in the Gladstone station.

Of course, she had seen Miss America's picture in yesterday's papers; a brunette, the story had said, five feet and five inches tall and twenty-one years old. Oddly enough Scott was also five feet, five, twenty-one years old, and also going to Hollywood, one hundred dollars folded away in her diary, representing the chance she would have to break into pictures.

Her father a young and struggling artist in Paris and her mother having died when Scott was but five, the little girl had been sent to school in Switzerland, where she had learned to handle toboggans and skis like a veteran. Returning to America in her twelfth year, she had begun dreaming of Hollywood. Now she had brought along a trunk containing everything she possessed, her skis strapped alongside.

She looked up and smiled as Bettina and Julia took the Pullman space across the aisle, and before long the three were chatting like old friends. Soon Scott was begging Bettina to tell her what Hollywood was like. Were studios and stars all up and down Main Street? Did you see pictures being made wherever you went?

"Making pictures," she smiled, "is so little a part of Hollywood that you almost never see a picture star or a scene being taken. As for the studios, have you any idea what one looks like?"

"I've always imagined sound stages like enormous barns," ventured Julia.

"Which is a very fair description," agreed Bettina. "A studio's front entrance is usually its main office building. Going through into the lot, you find a pattern of streets, sidewalks and buildings quite like a little town.

"Columbia is only two blocks from Hollywood Boulevard. Three blocks farther south, you'll find Paramount and RKO. But Twentieth Century-Fox is

ten miles away in Beverly Hills, M-G-M is in Culver City, six miles southwest. And in exactly the opposite direction, four miles takes you to Warners, six to Universal, and eight to Republic."

"Do you know where, in Hollywood, I'm to live?" asked Julia.

"While you're playing *Miss America*," Bettina told her, "you'll have an apartment as the studio's guest. A car will call for you every morning and take you home at night."

"Of course, it sounds like nothing but a fantastic dream," declared Julia. "I'm perfectly sure I'll wake up any minute! But what I am wondering is this: May I ask Scott to share my address until she finds one of her own?"

"You certainly may," Bettina assured her.

"Would you like it, Scott?" Julia asked impulsively.

Scott's eyes running over with thrilled surprise were answer enough, and thus the plan remained, when, at midnight, these two, fated to unravel the mysteries of Hollywood together, bade each other good-by in Chicago's Union Station.

MISS JULIA BURNS of Gladstone, Ohio, thought herself more than ever in a dream on the following Tuesday morning when a studio limousine conveyed her luxuriously along Hollywood's Cahuenga Pass to the Warner Brothers lot where she was to report, officially, as their *Miss America*.

The sky was California's bluest blue. Flowers were everywhere, white boulevards winding into the hills, leading to houses whose roofs of turquoise, Chinese red, and jade were like bright bowknots against the dark canyons.

Miss America's first sight of the studio in its setting of green valley, was a far more impressive one than she had imagined; gray domes of sound stages against the distant lavender peaks of the Sierra Madres, above stucco walls, white pennants bearing the bright blue letters "W. B." rippling in the breeze.

The car traveled past the rear gate, on past a flower-lined crescent drive, and past a block-long office building in Spanish design (which the driver pointed out as the studio's main entrance). Half a block beyond, they stopped at a much less imposing doorway labeled Press Department. Julia had been told to report here to Director of Publicity Alex Holland, the genial young man who had met her at the train with reporters and photographers.

She found him in an office with knotty-pine walls, sage green carpet, and rattan chairs upholstered in white. And here she heard the day's first piece of news. Her name was to be changed from Julia Burns to Julie Burnette.

"There are already a couple of good actors named Burns," Mr. Holland explained, "and we've shortened the name of Julia by one syllable . . . I hope you like the new one."

"I *do*," she agreed instantly. "I like it very much."

A moment later Mr. Holland looked up to greet good-looking Jay Chapman who would introduced Julie to Casting Director Steve Trilling, to Dramatic Coach Sophie Rosenstein, Orry-Kelly and Perc Westmore in Make-Up.

But their *first* call was at the office of Fashion Editor Bettina. They found that young lady too busy for more than a brief "Good morning." She did, however, take time to impart the news that, at the request of the front office, Julie was to attend a premiere at the Chinese Theater tonight.

"I've telephoned the maid at Castle Argyle to have your evening gown pressed," Bettina added, "and we've sent a white fox cape from Wardrobe. I might also remark," she smiled, "that any girl on the lot would give a month's salary to be out with the gentleman who's taking you. He's calling for you in time to have dinner at Ciro's. I'll expect to hear all about it tomorrow."

The white evening gown! White fox fur! A premiere! Dinner at Ciro's! . . . And with *whom*, Julie wondered, as she accompanied Jay Chapman along what seemed at least a mile of hallways. But with his announcement that they were about to meet Casting Director Steve Trilling, Julie's thrilled contemplation of the evening turned to fright! Much to her surprise, however, the dreaded gentleman proved to be not only wholly unostentatious, but decidedly pleasant, as he informed her that the first step for every girl on the lot was an interview test and that for her this would take place tomorrow morning on Stage 19.

"Nothing alarming," he hastened to assure her. "You will only be asked half a dozen simple questions; such as how tall you are and how much you weigh."

He made it sound very simple, Julie quite overlooking the fact that this camera record, however brief, would serve as the studio's first sample of her voice, poise, and photogenic possibilties.

"Mr. Trilling," Julie said impulsively, "after the *Miss America* role I want very much to go on with pictures. Do you think I can?"

"I'll be able to discuss that more intelligently in a week or two," he answered with a friendly smile. "Our doors are wide open at all times to anyone who really has something to offer, for pictures cannot exist without new screen per-

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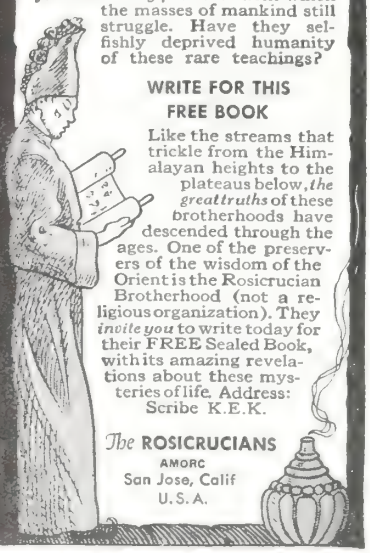

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sonalities. But don't build hope upon the fact that you were selected to play the role of *Miss America*. Had we required an actress for that part, we would never have dared cast it by long-distance and we have long since found out," he added, "that while talent without beauty can go all the way, beauty without talent hasn't a chance."

But all in all, meeting a casting director hadn't been half as bad as she had expected, said Julie to herself, as Jay Chapman led the way out of the main building and into the lot proper. And so she made up her mind to forget all about tomorrow and let the rest of this day be completely thrilling.

GOING through the turnstile entrance to the thirty-eight miles of paved streets, walks, gardens, and stucco buildings which comprised the lot, Julie could not even *begin* to imagine what she was to see! She and Jay Chapman wandered about looking in at every department they passed; the busy Crafts Shop, the Transportation Department with its eighty-five sedans for studio use, passenger busses for carrying extras to and from location, special cars such as a stock from Paris and London as well as cars of twenty and thirty years ago and cheap buys to use for smash-ups. They stopped in at the amazing building which houses twenty-one thousand props; everything from a prehistoric cooking pot to yesterday's circus bill . . . then noon found them in the studio restaurant called The Green Room.

But here Julie left even eggs Benedictine, and Nesselrode pudding untouched, what with Bette Davis, James Cagney, Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck and Charles Boyer all within range of one upward glance! Her mind was not sidetracked, however, from a growing curiosity about the gentleman with whom she was to spend this evening. She had anticipated that an introduction to him would come along with luncheon . . . but it didn't, and at two o'clock she and the amiable Mr. Chapman resumed their tour of the lot.

"I won't take you around to the projection rooms," he decided, "for you'll visit one of those, when you see your test. I'm sure the Experimental Science and Sound Recording Labs, and the draftsmen making blueprints of sets would bore you, and we'll skip the writers' and readers' building where you'd only see a lot of people sitting in big chairs in little offices. We'll skip the wardrobe and make-up departments, for you'll see both of those tomorrow. We'll skip the Studio Theater and the dramatic coach, because from tomorrow on that's where you'll spend practically all your time. . . .

"But it just occurs to me that we'd better be making tracks toward the portrait gallery. In fact I promised the top still man he could have a look at you early this morning. From what I can gather you're his idea of a dream walking."

Julie's impression, as they entered the portrait gallery, was of stepping upon a theater stage. Baby spotlights bordered the ceiling. One side of the room was a painted vista of summer clouds and a spray of synthetic apple blossoms, a second wall was padded in chartreuse satin, a third represented a stately old parlor with a spinet and crystal candlesticks. But bringing it all down to earth, a photographer's camera and tripod occupied center front, and at a business-like desk, sat a young man whom Julie summed up as possessing that Varsity something or other, which you expect of all young men in stories, but seldom find in those you meet.

Looking up to see who had opened his door, he scraped his chair away from the desk and came forward, saying to Julie, without waiting for introductions, "Hi, Miss America. I'm Curt Melbourne. Just call me Curt. It has certainly taken long enough for this guy Chapman to bring you around here. To be perfectly frank, I'm pretty much inclined to take him apart and hang his skin over the back fence . . . I want to know when you'll pose for some stills for me, Missy? You've certainly got what it takes. I mean you're here to stay! One of these days they're going to be writing your name on the marquees."

Julie scarcely knew how to respond, but this spontaneous young man didn't give her time to be embarrassed. Launching into genuinely interested questions about her home town and the fun it must have been to win the "Top Topics" contest, he made an hour and a half go before she knew it, and Jay Chapman was telephoning Transportation for a car to take her home.

TRAVELING back along the Pass, returning to Castle Argyle, Julie probably had more to think about than ever in her life before.

She not only had the studio and all its glamorous details to picture in her mind, but Scott. Scott, somewhere on the highroad in a bus. And there were Mother and Dad and Johnny to wonder about . . . and Tod. In Gladstone it was already evening, Tod probably working late as usual, weighing out nails or figuring the footage of two-by-fours . . . She thought of how he had said good-by: "So long, Beautiful. It's going to be mighty lonesome until you get back," these words of Tod drifting into what Curt Melbourne had said this afternoon: "You've got what it takes. I mean you're here to stay!"

Could all this be real for Julie Burnette! Tomorrow she would face the cameras on a Hollywood sound stage, realizing a hope which had also been the hope of eighty thousand other girls, and only for her had come true . . . Julie Burnette rolling home in California's eternal summertime to Castle Argyle and an apartment of six luxurious rooms! Julie Burnette about to don an evening dress and white fox fur, for dinner and a premiere. But with *whom*? What gentleman was to materialize as the personality of Bettina's intriguing description!

In her apartment she found a late afternoon breeze stirring the curtains at the French windows, filling her room with a faint fragrance of orange blossoms. On her bed was the white fox cape!

Eager to experience the feeling of sliding into it, she had just gathered it up in her arms when the doorbell rang: Chris, the elevator boy, with a transparent box containing a corsage of pink camellias; the loveliest flowers Julie had ever seen! Surely there would be a note . . . yes, there was! Hastily she tore it open.

"Half-past six o'clock," she read, in a gentleman's scrawl. Just "Half-past six o'clock" . . . nothing more.

Who will Julie's escort be—this man with whom any girl on the lot, big star or bit player, would give a month's salary to be out with? Close your eyes, put yourself in Julie's place—and find yourself, in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, *starting out on your first glamour evening in Hollywood!*

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JULY ISSUE—ON SALE

RADIO MIRROR

Mrs. Miniver

(*Continued from page* 55) seemed odd that they were her children. But she couldn't get used to the idea that this tall, dark-haired young man was her son. She wondered, idly, how Vin would look, whether he had changed at all.

And then, Vin was there, having tea on the terrace, his handsome face warmed by the glow of the late afternoon sun. In the background, the children could be heard chattering in the nursery. Suddenly, she heard what Vin was saying.

"—and I think I've developed a social consciousness."

"What's that?" Clem asked, smiling.

"The recognition of my fellow man," Vin said. He went on earnestly and Mrs. Miniver realized that he was feeling this very deeply. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Gladys, the housemaid, coming toward them.

"I tell you, Father, when I think of the class system that exists in this country, I—" Vin broke off impatiently. "What is it, Gladys?"

Gladys announced that Miss Beldon was calling.

"Show her out here, please," Mrs. Miniver said.

She was surprised. She knew Carol Beldon only by sight. She had watched her grow up, turn into the traditional Beldon woman with her soft brown hair and pointed chin and proud carriage.

"Don't look so puzzled, Mother," Vin said. "She's probably bringing her illustrious grandmother's latest ultimatum."

Carol Beldon was standing in the door, smiling hesitantly.

"Grandmother doesn't know I've come," she said biting her lip. "I'm afraid I'm not very good at breaking things gently, so I'll get right to the point. It's about Mr. Ballard's rose—the 'Mrs. Miniver.' I've just heard he's going to enter it in the Flower Show." She looked embarrassed. "I know it's an awful thing to ask, but I thought you might—as a favor—Mrs. Miniver, persuade Mr. Ballard to withdraw it from the competition. It's such a beautiful rose—it might easily win — and — well — Grandmother's roses mean so much to her—"

Mrs. Miniver was about to speak, when Vin broke in. He was furious. Shocked by his behavior, Mrs. Miniver tried to get the situation under control. But Carol Beldon needed no help. She merely waited until Vin's breath had run out and then asked him, calmly, what he was doing about injustice and equality, besides talking about it.

Clem chuckled. From that point, things went Carol's way, until Vin was forced to escape, trailing what dignity he had left.

"I'm sorry, Miss Beldon," Mrs. Miniver began.

"Oh, no, please," Carol smiled. "Really, you know, he's quite right. Besides," her smile widened, "he's rather nice, isn't he?"

MRS. MINIVER was deeply disturbed. No doubt, Vin thought himself very noble for championing Ballard's cause, but he had been so rude. As it happened, she need not have worried at all. That evening, Vin and Carol met again at the Sailing Club Dance and danced together almost all evening.

The next day, the Beldons went to Scotland. It was a little amusing and yet a little painful, too, to see how lost Vin was then.

It wasn't so happy a summer as Mrs. Miniver had hoped it would be. The threat of war hung like a cloud over the

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brightest days. Yet Belham was so ordinary, so as it had been for centuries, it was impossible to conceive of anything's changing it.

They were in church when the news came. Vin had just whispered delightedly, "She's back!" and nodded to Carol, helping her grandmother into their pew, when the verger hurried out of the chancel and whispered to the Vicar.

The Vicar climbed into the pulpit and looked down into their faces. "It has just been announced over the air by the Prime Minister," he said seriously, "that our country is at war."

Mrs. Miniver felt Clem's hand on hers and looked up into his troubled face. There was no service that Sunday. The people crowded out of the church, buzzing with the news.

WHEN the Minivers reached home, Starlings was in a turmoil. Gladys was hysterical, because her young man was leaving for his regiment at once. Somehow, they managed to calm her. By the time her Horace came to say good-by, she was smiling and they all drank a farewell sherry together.

Horace offered a toast. "May we all meet in the front lines!" he said.

"Not me, Horace," Vin laughed. "The R.A.F. for me."

Mrs. Miniver went cold inside. She was hardly aware of shaking hands with Horace, when he and Gladys left.

"Mother—Dad—" Vin said then, "I'd like to run up and see Carol."

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Miniver said. Vin kissed her quickly and ran out. "Isn't he very young—" she murmured, "even for the Air Force?"

"Yes," Clem said gently, "he's young—" He put his arm about her. "Kay, darling," he said tenderly, "I know it's tough—having to go through all this again."

Tears welled in her eyes and she turned on him angrily. "Oh, you men! What a mess you've made of the world! Meddling and muddling. Why can't we leave other people alone?"

"Lie down and let them walk over us?" Clem asked.

"No," Mrs. Miniver said helplessly. "I didn't mean that. I—I'm all mixed up, thinking of Vin."

"Darling," Clem said, "there's only one thing we can do—not just you and I, but all the decent men and women in the world. We can make sure this thing doesn't come twice in one generation to our children, as it has come to us."

Suddenly, a shrill, high, penetrating siren shrieked in the air. For a moment, they stood still, not understanding, not believing.

"Already!" Clem said. "Get the children into the cellar, Kay. Hurry!"

In a short while, they were all quietly, apprehensively, settled. It wasn't long before the "all clear" sounded. Toby looked disappointed.

"Is the war over, Mummie?" he asked with a frown.

"No, darling," Mrs. Miniver said. "This is only the first day."

IN THE next months, they were to grow accustomed to this. Only later, there were bombs and the maddening scream of the dive bombers. Mrs. Miniver was to grow accustomed to many things, to Vin's being in the Air Force, to Clem's being in the River Patrol, to the terror that fell all about, when the German planes tried to hit the airfield nearby.

All one day, Clem and others were out looking for a Nazi flyer who had been shot down the night before. It was evening now, and foggy, the house was quiet, the children upstairs, getting ready for bed. Mrs. Miniver hoped the searchers would find the Nazi soon so Clem could come home for dinner.

The telephone rang and Mrs. Miniver's heart stood still. She was always afraid of the telephone now.

"Mother!" It was Vin. "Good news, darling. I've got my wings. And I'm stationed at Belham Airfield. I've a week's leave. See you soon—no use talking now." He hung up.

Mrs. Miniver's first thought was that he would be going into active combat—danger—now. She put the thought resolutely out of her mind. She thought, instead, of some way to celebrate Vin's homecoming.

She knew she had done the right thing as soon as Vin stepped into the hallway and saw Carol standing beside her. Clem, returning from the unsuccessful search for the flyer, threw her a look of approval.

Mrs. Miniver suspected Vin was in love with Carol, but she had not been sure how the girl felt. Now, she knew that, too. For, when Vin made as if to shake hands with her, Carol kissed him naturally, easily.

"Make's a good-looking pilot, doesn't he?" Clem said.

"Oh, Vin, already?" Carol whispered.

Vin grinned proudly. "Not bad, eh? And what a bit of luck, being transferred to an airfield so near home. Fellow I knew at the last place had his people near by and whenever he flew over them he'd cut his motor, so they'd know who he was. You know—like this—" and he imitated the sound of a plane's motor racing and missing. "I say," Vin looked around. "Where are the kids?"

"In bed, I hope," Mrs. Miniver said.

"You wouldn't weaken and let them stay up for dinner?" Vin wheedled. Mrs. Miniver had to give in to him.

Once the children were allowed to get up, they were irrepressible. Toby, his eyes aglow with worship, stared at his big brother and chattered incessantly.

Finally Toby asked "Vin, are you going to marry Carol?"

There was a shocked silence, from which Carol recovered first.

"Toby," she smiled, "why don't you ask me if I'm going to marry Vin?"

Mrs. Miniver knew she had done the right thing when she saw how Vin and Carol met each other at the door

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"Well, are you?" Toby asked.

"If he asks me—" Carol said.

Toby pursed his lips scornfully. "He's afraid."

Vin jumped to his feet. "I'm not going to stand for that," he said. "Carol—ye gods! This is the dardnest proposal! Will you marry me, Carol?"

"Yes," Carol said softly.

There was a shout from Toby and everyone stood up and Mrs. Miniver wasn't quite sure she wasn't going to cry from happiness. Vaguely, she heard the telephone ringing, but she couldn't tear herself away.

Gladys summoned Vin to the phone. When he came back, all the joy was gone from his face. All leaves were cancelled. He was ordered back at once.

Mrs. Miniver's heart shriveled and she looked at Carol. The girl was very pale. Vin kissed them hurriedly and ran after Clem, who had gone to get the car to drive him to the field.

MRS. MINIVER had no idea how long she had been asleep, when the phone's ringing awakened her. Only half-awake, she heard Clem answer it. The next moment, Clem was groping for his clothes.

"What is it?" she cried. "Vin!"

"No—the River Patrol," Clem said.

"But you were out all day, looking for that flyer. I won't let you go!" she cried. Yet, the moment after she said it, she sighed, "I'll get you some sandwiches."

Down at the boat landing, Mrs. Miniver clung to him for a long moment and she knew from the way he kissed her that this was serious. And, for the second time that night, she watched someone she loved vanish into the darkness.

It wasn't very long before she knew what it was all about. First, there was the terrible, steady rumbling of guns, distant, but endlessly booming. Then, the wireless announced that every available boat on the coast was commandeered to evacuate the British troops trapped on the beach at Dunkirk. That's where Clem was! She felt faint with fear, thinking of his small river boat beaten about in the Channel, a target for enemy planes and shells. And when she realized that Vin must be there, too, she almost gave way to panic.

Somehow, she didn't give way. Her men had to fight and she, like all the other women, had to match their courage and daring. She hung on to this and it helped her through the days. But the nights were horrible. She slept only fitfully and, even in her sleep, she seemed to be listening for those guns to stop booming. Four days passed in this way, four endlessly long days.

On the fourth night, Mrs. Miniver found she couldn't sleep at all. Dawn was streaking the sky as she got dressed and went out into the cold chill of the waking day. The guns roared distantly. In her neat garden, it was breathlessly still and that faraway rumbling was like some agony deep in the earth. Mrs. Miniver walked about aimlessly. Suddenly, she stopped.

She stepped closer to the hedge. It *was* a boot. And now she could see the Nazi uniform and the bloodstained torn sleeve and the thin, young face blank in exhausted sleep. She must do something, call someone. Without care, she ran up the gravel path.

"Stehen bleiben! Oder ich schiesse!"

She didn't understand, but she stopped and turned. He was coming toward her, a gun in his left hand, his right arm limp at his side. His face was drawn with pain, but, somehow, hard and controlled.

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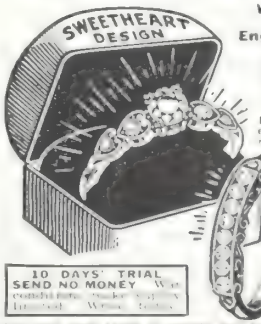

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"Alone?" he asked.

She nodded. He waved her inside with the gun and demanded food and drink. The gun pointed at her steadily, she got some ham and bread and a bottle of milk. He snatched these and stuffed them awkwardly into his tunic pocket.

"Coat—!" he ordered. She knew he wanted a disguise. She was going to deny she had one, but he nodded toward the coat rack in the hall. She moved toward Clem's trench coat. The coat rack hid the hall phone from the kitchen. Her back to the flyer, she reached for the phone.

"Nein!" he whispered fiercely. She looked around. He was watching, the gun steady on her. She knew he would not hesitate to shoot her. She took Clem's coat to him.

She watched, fascinated, as he tried to put it on. Her mind searched frantically for some way to keep him there—get help. Suddenly, he gasped and she saw the spurt of fresh blood soaking his sleeve. The next moment, he tumbled to the floor.

Quickly, she picked the gun out of his nerveless fingers and hid it. Then, she called the police and a doctor. She went back to the kitchen. He was conscious again, desperately trying to get up, his eyes narrow with pain and fear.

She felt sorry for him. He was so young—like Vin. "Really," she said kindly, "it's better. You'll be looked after—you'll be safe—the war won't last forever."

"No," he said savagely, "soon we finish! I am finish—but others come like me—thousands. You will see! We shall bomb your cities—we shall—"

Mrs. Miniver raised her head. A plane was going by, its pilot cutting and racing the motor. "That's my son," she smiled. "He's signaling me that he's safely back. Do you signal your mother when you get back?" The young Nazi sneered contemptuously and she thought of all the stories she'd heard about the distorted minds of German youth. "I thought not," she said softly.

A CAR drew up outside and, a few minutes later, her prisoner was taken away. Only then did Mrs. Miniver realize she had been face to face with the enemy—and had not been found wanting. She leaned weakly against the table.

"Mummie!" Toby cried from the doorway. "Mummie, what was that?"

From the river came the sharp, explosive put-puts of the launch. "It's Daddy!" Mrs. Miniver cried.

The sun was breaking through the morning mist, as she ran toward the boat landing, clutching Toby's small fist in her own. Clem was just getting out of the launch. He looked haggard and his clothes were dirty and torn. There were bullet holes in the side of the boat.

Mrs. Miniver caught Clem close. "Darling," she whispered tensely. "You're back—safe—"

"You're awful dirty," Toby objected as his father kissed him.

Clem laughed. "And tired, too—"

Mrs. Miniver forgot herself. Supporting him, she got him to the house and upstairs. Almost before she'd pulled off his shoes, he was asleep. He slept for ten hours without stirring. Then, he awoke, ravenously hungry, and demanded ham and eggs.

"You can't have ham, dear," Mrs. Miniver said. "I gave it to the Nazi flyer." Clem stared at her and went pale. "It's all right," she laughed and told him about it. Just as she finished Cook announced that Lady Beldon wished to see her.

"Oh dear," Mrs. Miniver gasped. "I suppose Vin's asked her about marrying Carol."

Clem laughed. "If I didn't know you'd taken that fellow singlehanded I'd say you were scared."

"I am" Mrs. Miniver confessed.

But she found it surprisingly easy to overcome Lady Beldon's objections, mainly because she didn't have any valid ones. The flimsy excuse that Carol was too young didn't hold up, at all, when Mrs. Miniver remembered that Lady Beldon herself had eloped at sixteen. Lady Beldon gave in. She did more than that; she agreed to let Carol and Vin marry at once.

They were married the next morning. All through the simple ceremony, Mrs. Miniver kept thinking of her own wedding in this same church, during the last war, just before Clem left for the front. She prayed silently that everything would turn out well for her son and his bride, as it had done for her.

VIN and Carol went to Scotland for two weeks and, in that time, Mrs. Miniver redecorated Vin's room for them. She had barely moved in the twin beds and hung fresh curtains, when a raid of unprecedented ferocity began. And this time, Starlings was hit. Mrs. Miniver came out of the shelter to find all the windows smashed and the dining room wall almost gone.

She and Clem did the best they could to clear away the debris. Somehow, Mrs. Miniver found she wasn't nearly so unhappy as she had thought she would be. Her lovely things had been destroyed—yes—but the children were safe and she had Clem and Vin—and now Carol.

The honeymooners came home, looking healthy and radiantly happy, just in time for the Flower Show. Lady Beldon had insisted on holding it. And, when Mrs. Miniver saw the gay canopies and the crowded, wide lawns of Beldon Hall, she saw that Lady Beldon had been wise. It was good to forget the war, even for a little.

Mrs. Miniver was touched to see how delighted Lady Beldon really was with Vin. It was amusing to watch her severe old face trying to maintain its hauteur, while Vin twitted her about her roses and her airs, and to see how fondly her old eyes followed him as he moved about.

It was late afternoon and time for Lady Beldon to make the awards. The old woman moved regally from table to table, reading aloud the decisions. And then, only the roses remained.

Lady Beldon looked at the roses—hers and Ballard's rose, the "Mrs. Miniver." She picked up the slip of paper on which the judges had written their choice. Mrs. Miniver saw a gleam of triumph come into the old eyes.

Then, Lady Beldon looked at Vin and Mrs. Miniver saw her son shake his head chidingly. Lady Beldon flushed and crumpled the paper in her palm.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," she said firmly, "it is my pleasure to award the Silver Challenge Cup to Mr. Ballard, for his magnificent rose—the best rose grown in the village in the past year." She looked defiantly at Vin.

There was a burst of cheering and Mrs. Miniver just had time to see Ballard's amazed, delighted smile, before Foley, the air-raid warden, came running from the Hall and Lady Beldon announced that people should either go home, or down into her cellars, because raiders were on the way from the coast

Mrs. Miniver thought of Judy and Toby alone at home and looked frantically about for Clem. In a moment.

her family was at her side. Vin had to go to the airfield and Clem had to drive him there. They kissed one another as they ran toward the crowded driveway.

Dusk was falling. Now, the drone of planes was audible. Mrs. Miniver stepped on the throttle, willing speed into the motor. Suddenly, planes were directly overhead, guns barking. Mrs. Miniver pulled up at the side of the road and turned off her lights. It was senseless making a target of themselves.

She looked at Carol. The girl's eyes were wide with terror and, as she stared off into the gathering darkness, a burst of flame was reflected on her face. Mrs. Miniver looked around. A burning plane was spiraling to the earth.

"It could be Vin!" Carol cried.

"No, no," Mrs. Miniver said. "There hasn't been time, yet."

"Of course," Carol tried to reassure herself, but her eyes were still full of horror.

A PLANE roared out of the gloom, heading right for them. Mrs. Miniver screamed to Carol to look out and crouched down. She heard the machine gun bullets spraying the car. Then, the din receded and Mrs. Miniver raised her head.

Up ahead, the village lay outlined against the sky in a dull red glow.

"Carol!" she cried. "It's burning. We've got to get there. They'll need help—" she stopped, aware of a terrible silence beside her.

Carol's face was buried in the seat. Mrs. Miniver touched her shoulder gently and the girl slid slowly, stiffly, toward her. For a moment, Mrs. Miniver's mind refused to accept what her eyes told her. She can't be dead, her heart cried, she can't be! But it was so.

Blindly, Mrs. Miniver started the car. She had no idea how she got home, or how she managed to carry Carol inside. The phone was ringing and she answered it automatically.

"Yes, dear," she heard herself saying to Vin, "we're all right—safe. Don't worry, dear. You're going up, now?" She had to grit her teeth. "Good luck, darling."

She made sure the children were safe in the shelter and then took up her vigil beside Carol's body. At first, it surprised her that she could not cry. Then, she knew this was not the time for tears or fear. Terrible things were happening and only strength and courage would end them. She had only one fear—that this blow would crush Vin.

But, when he returned, she knew at once that neither pain, nor sorrow, could ever defeat him. He was pale and terribly, grimly, calm. "It's all right, Mother," he said softly. "I know. Where is she?"

Mrs. Miniver couldn't speak. She nodded up the stairs. Through the tears that came, now, at last, she watched her son walk quietly to take his last farewell from the love that had been his for so little a time.

BELHAM was badly hit in that raid, but the spirit of the people was not broken. Mrs. Miniver knew this, even before she walked into the church that Sunday morning. There was a new seriousness about everyone, even the children, but not fear.

Vin was beside her, but when Lady Beldon walked slowly—and alone—down the aisle he went over and took his place at the old woman's side. Mrs. Miniver's eyes filled with tears and she took Clem's hand and held it tightly.

The Vicar stood in the propped-up pulpit, looking down at them for a long moment, his white head haloed in a brilliant shaft of sunlight.

"We, in this quiet little corner of England," he began softly, "have suffered the loss of friends very dear to us—close to this church, close to our affections. James Ballard, our station master and bell ringer—the proud winner, only an hour before his death, of the Beldon cup for his beautiful rose. And our hearts go out to the two families who share the cruel loss of a young and lovely girl who was married at this altar only two weeks ago. The homes of many have been destroyed, the lives of young and old have been taken. Well, we have buried our dead and we shall not forget them.

"These cruel blows will not weaken us. Rather, they will inspire us with unbreakable determination to free ourselves and those who come after us from the tyranny and terror that threaten to strike us down. For this is a war not only of soldiers in uniform, of trenches and gun positions and battlefields. It is a war of the people—of all the people—and it is fought in the heart and in the home of every man and woman and child who loves freedom. We will fight it, then—and may God defend the right!"

The full, vibrant tones of the organ swelled through the church and all stood to sing. Mrs. Miniver found her eyes traveling along the shaft of sunlight, upward, upward to the large, jagged hole in the roof of the church and through it, upward to the sky, where she could see planes, glittering and silvery, flying in V formation, winging eastward and upward.

And it seemed to her that this was symbolic of man's spirit, man's spirit striving ever upward, upward. And she knew nothing could ever conquer this.

The End.

★ ★

Linda Darnell Tells Why She Left Home!

THE MOST HUMAN story a Hollywood star ever told about herself is in Stardom this month! Linda Darnell says in her own words: "I have left home, and for good. I shall never go back. I have broken the Silver Cord which binds every child to its parents, and which, if it binds too long, strangles it . . . It is unfortunate that we have to take our adult lives, as we take our lives at birth, at the pain of our parents—but life is like that." Read this real-life revelation in Stardom!

FACTS See Ann Sheridan's "Army Diary," explaining all her experiences in a tour of the camps! Read how Hedy Lamarr looks forward to marriage after her earlier failures. Let our quiz prove, "Have You a Hollywood Personality?"

FICTION The complete fiction version of Gene Tierney's new film, "Thunder Birds!" Also "Remember Pearl Harbor," the picture every producer wanted to make, in story form! Rita Hayworth collaborates on a short story!

PHOTOS Gorgeous color portraits of Deanna Durbin, Hedy Lamarr, Ginger Rogers! Photo stories on Bob Hope and Bing Crosby; Hollywood's loveliest extras; "Tales of Manhattan," Hollywood's new-type movie!

STARDOM

July Stardom On Sale At All Stands June 17!

Sh Sh! Subjects

Fixed up for fun on the beach: Ann Miller

Talking out loud about some things girls don't usually discuss—and should!

BY GLORIA MACK

Listen, Siren, in the Sun:

Your chances on the beach—or anywhere else—are as good as Ann Miller's. She has brains, youth, ability and ambition. So have you—and you probably know how to use them. But there may be one beach pointer you've skipped. You can buy yourself a pretty bathing suit, use some waterproof make-up and look just as enticing as Ann does, but you still may leave the beach without an evening date unless you do a little thinking on this one sh-sh subject. That's using deodorants as faithfully for bathing-suit business as you would for any other activity.

Now, more than ever, what with the shortage of stockings and shields, deodorants and depilatories are "musts." Your legs must be pretty and smooth on the beach; you must be sure you're absolutely as fresh as you look; and that bronzed-beauty look you're going to acquire must never never be marred by a little dark mustache over your lip—which is something a lot of girls never think about and should! So arm yourself with the two "d's" and you'll still be as much of a siren after a day of sunning as you were when you started out.

Miss Miller's thoughts on the subject? They're short and to the point: "Nice features and a well-proportioned figure just can't be had by everybody, but everybody can work on the other angles of beauty and they count just as much—as, for instance, being fresh at all times and not letting superfluous hair get out of control. You know yourself how you feel around somebody who isn't careful about them!"

Use Your Head—

And realize there's a footage problem, come summer. Walks in the sun are fun, but they can do a lot of damage to your grooming technique, because walks mean the "hot foot," which can ruin your shoes—and your social chances. Take care of that point by rubbing your little feet with some cream deodorant and then make double-sure by sprinkling powder deodorant in your shoes.

Now Hold Your Hands Up

—and find out whether you're a well-groomed lady. Nail polish makes the upper part of your hands look beauteous, but it doesn't take care of the *inside* of your nails. So regardless of how much a cover-up the nail polish gives you, don't forget to clean the inside of the nails. If you don't, you'll get a black mark if anyone gets an inside look at your hands!

Lend an Ear:

So you have a pretty brushed-up pompadour hair-do. That will make other people look at you—and it should make you look carefully to your ears. Be sure, oh lady, that they're spic and span and in pretty shape to have soft nothings whispered into them. Also—another sh-sh subject—don't think you're ready for a kiss close-up unless you've used little manicure scissors on the inside of your nose.

Hint:

Be Katy-in-the-kitchen for an onion-sandwich party after the movies but be sure you have a pretty apron and that the onions don't linger on your lily-white hands. How to manage that? Just a bit of deodorant cream rubbed over your fingers—and you'll never cry any tears after you've finished the paring process!

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 7*)

✓ In This Our Life (Warners)

It's About: *A horribly selfish woman who brings sorrow to herself and family.*

THIS isn't Bette Davis's best picture or best performance by a long shot. In fact, it seemed to this reviewer that the character Bette played was completely false. There is just no rhyme or reason for anyone's being so downright ornery unless she is mentally ill and where, then, is the entertainment value in watching a warped mind at work?

Olivia de Havilland is very good as Bette's sister; good but not sound or solid because once again the character is weakly drawn. Dennis Morgan as the man Bette drives to suicide and George Brent as the man fortunate enough to escape her psycopathic lasso are fair. Charles Coburn is Bette's selfish uncle and Billie Burke her weak mother. A Negro lad, Ernest Anderson, framed on a murder charge by Bette, is a fine, sincere actor.

Your Reviewer Says: Too abnormally unpleasant for enjoyment.

Juke Girl (Warners)

It's About: *Two friends whose paths are separated by a cause and a girl.*

FRANKLY, this is so much vegetable salad with tomatoes and string beans flooding the story of the trials of farmers and workers under the dominance of racketeering produce magnate Gene Lockhart.

Appalled by conditions, Ronald Reagan sides with a Greek farmer, George Tobias, a victim of Lockhart's greed. Reagan is backed up in his ideals by Ann Sheridan, travelling juke girl, who feels herself unworthy of his offer of marriage and, although she really loves him, leaves him.

Richard Whorf, Reagan's friend, decides to throw in his lot on the side of the money changers until Reagan and Ann find themselves accused of murder. It's then Whorf proves his worth.

You'll be pretty much bored with all of this soy bean drama.

Your Reviewer Says: It should be plowed under.

✓ I Married An Angel (M-G-M)

It's About: *A playboy who marries a dream angel.*

MUCH below the standard of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's singing stars Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald is this bit of trivia taken from the paper-thin stage play of several seasons ago. Neither star is given songs that come even near meeting his vocal ability.

Nelson is a Budapest playboy who falls in love with an innocent and unsophisticated little clerk in his bank. One night he dreams she's an angel whose honesty and forthrightness throw everyone into a dither. He awakes to find her not an angel but the girl he loves.

Because this pair is your favorite and you approve them in anything, we give this our one-check blessing and hope for better things next time.

Your Reviewer Says: Two artists in search of a good story.

✓ The Spoilers (Universal)

It's About: *Gold, love and unlawfulness in Alaska.*

IF YOU are too young to remember the terrific fight scene in the silent version of Jack London's gusty tale of Alaska in the gold-rush days, you can content yourself that the battle royal between John Wayne and Randy Scott in this version is just as exciting.

John, beloved of Marlene Dietrich, owner of a gambling saloon, discovers Randy Scott is a crook attempting to steal the mine Wayne owns jointly with Harry Carey. That's where the fight comes in.

Dietrich is beautiful to see and adds quite a bit of color to her role. Margaret Lindsay and her uncle Samuel Hinds are accomplices of Scott's. Richard Barthelmess is an odd character, in love with Dietrich. Wayne gives a strong performance, a real standout. It's the fight scene, however, that steals the picture and wins our one-check approval.

Your Reviewer Says: Entertainment black and strong with no cream or sugar.

Mokey (M-G-M)

It's About: *A misunderstood boy who gets into serious trouble.*

DONNA REED, M-G-M's young hopeful, is handed the thankless role of a young stepmother who refuses to understand her husband's son *Mokey*. The fact that *Mokey* appeals to the sympathies makes it all the tougher for Donna.

Bobby Blake as *Mokey* is very good—too good, really. Dan Dailey Jr., as his father, is not given enough footage.

Your Reviewer Says: Tears for one and all.

✓ Saboteur (Universal)

It's About: *A defense plant worker who uncovers a group of saboteurs.*

IN typical Alfred Hitchcock manner this story holds the interest, stirs the emotions and grips the imagination although Director Hitchcock takes little pains to tie together loose ends of the story.

But excusing these glaring discrepancies you really have a fine piece of fright-wig shenanigans here that begins when Robert Cummings, a defense plant worker, is accused of setting fire to the plant and killing his friend by placing gasoline in the fire extinguisher. Cummings escapes the police, meets Priscilla Lane and eventually runs into the real saboteurs.

Priscilla Lane is fair, Cummings thoroughly convincing, Otto Kruger, Alma Kruger, Alan Baxter and Norman Lloyd excellent as enemies of our country. The circus group is especially good.

Your Reviewer Says: Baffling, bewildering, bewitching.

Twin Beds (Small-U.A.)

It's About: *Too many husbands in one bedroom.*

WELL, it beats us! Maybe it's just that the sight of Mischa Auer and Ernest Truex without their trousers, skidding in and out of Joan Bennett's bedroom, failed

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to amuse us as it should. Even husband George Brent, who kept missing the interlopers by a hairsbreadth, seemed ill at ease and as thoroughly unamused as we were.

Una Merkel and Glenda Farrell added little for our money. If you howl at this and really get a kick out of it, decide it's this reviewer's bad digestion that's at fault and let it go at that.

Your Reviewer Says: What's all the giggling about, anyway?

Sing For Your Supper (Columbia)

It's About: *Rich girl meets band leader.*

JINX FALKENBURG, the girl who became famous as a model, swings from modeling to movie acting in a little thing about a rich girl who owns the property on which an obscure band leader is trying to make good in a dime-a-dance hall. To her amazement, Jinx is mistaken for a taxi dancer and ends up a singer with the band. Gossip and chatter columnists reveal the truth to the smitten band leader; he goes his way; and Jinx goes his way.

Bert Gordon, the mad "Roosian" of radio fame, makes people laugh.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, a girl has to take what's given her, doesn't she?

Rings On Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A boy who wanted a boat and a girl who wanted rings on her fingers.*

HERE'S Gene Tierney looking the way all the boys want to see her —which means she wears modern clothes—and acting in a finished fashion that does credit to her Hollywood tutors. Here's Henry Fonda, running around slightly out of place and not showing to too much advantage, as a poor wage slave who's been saving his pennies—and we do mean pennies—to buy himself a boat.

Henry finds the boat the same place he finds Gene—at a millionaire's resort where he's come to meet ship owners. Gene's there with her pseudo-mama, Spring Byington, really just a racketeer at heart who's plucked Gene out of a department store job and is using her as a front to lure on bait for her and Laird Cregar's shady swindling activities. Henry thinks he's found an heiress and Gene thinks she's found a millionaire, but they're really in love, anyway, so off they go together.

Before they can get married and live happily ever after, however, lots of little things have to be fixed up. That's where John Shepperd comes in, doing his bit as a wealthy suitor of Gene's.

It's all amusing and makes for a good evening's entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: A good "no check" picture.

The Wife Takes A Flyer (Columbia)

It's About: *Love troubles under Nazi dominance.*

THIS is laid in Holland under the Hitler regime with Allyn Joslyn, a Nazi major, polluted with dishonorable intentions toward Joan Bennett who is about to divorce her absent husband.

Determined to get Miss Bennett, Joslyn moves into her home. In the home Franchot Tone, an R.A.F. flyer, is passed off as the absent husband who, to his amusement and Joan's bewilderment, must be divorced next day by Joan so as to keep Nazi Joslyn from getting suspicious.

To boil it down they make a monkey out of the major. That part we loved.

Your Reviewer Says: Not hotter than Dutch love, we assure you.

Whispering Ghosts (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A smart-aleck radio detective who runs into real trouble.*

MILTON BERLE goes on the air each week and unravels mysteries given up by the police. But when Milton attempts to solve the murder of an old sea dog he goes to his abandoned boat, runs into two ham actors hired to frame Berle into a nervous collapse, Brenda Joyce, niece of the murdered man in search of hidden jewels, and several other uninvited guests.

John Carradine is precious as one of the ham actors, Willie Best funny as Berle's colored valet, and Berle himself sharp as a tack.

Your Reviewer Says: Quite a sassy little number.

The Man Who Wouldn't Die (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A corpse that commits murders.*

THEY buried the dead man in the forest, but that night when Marjorie Weaver is shot at, they hurry to the grave to discover that the corpse is missing.

Frightened silly, Miss Weaver pretends Lloyd Nolan (who is really *Michael Shayne*, a detective) is her new husband in order that he may solve the mystery. When Henry Wilcoxon, family physician, proves to be the next victim, Nolan quickly grabs the murderer.

Your Reviewer Says: Too farfetched.

Suicide Squadron (Republic)

It's About: *The romance between a Polish flyer and an American reporter.*

ANTON WALBROOK gives another sterling performance as a Polish piano virtuoso on a concert tour through the States. Here he meets and marries Sally Gray, an American girl, who tries to keep him by her side.

But the musician-flyer is anxious and determined to get back to Europe to fight for his native Poland and so he leaves his bride and goes to the front. The actual fight scenes, filmed from R.A.F. Spitfires, are exceedingly impressive for their authenticity and thrilling details.

Derrick De Marney, Irish pal of Walbrook's, gives a bang-up performance.

Your Reviewer Says: If you aren't weary of war fare.

The Corpse Vanishes (Monogram)

It's About: *A modern Bluebeard.*

IMAGINE, if you can, brides mysteriously disappearing right and left to be seen no more. A gal reporter, Luana Walters, finally can endure it no longer (bravo) and sets out to investigate. Through a clue of poisoned orchids she traces the missing brides to the fright-wig lair of Bela Lugosi, a screwy scientist, where perfectly dreadful doings have been done.

We have one suggestion to make. Send this to the land of the rising scum and if it doesn't scare the Japs out of their wits, they'll die from laughter. It can't miss either way.

Your Reviewer Says: Corpses, get thee hence!

The Mystery Of Marie Roget (Universal)

It's About: *An actress who disappears twice.*

THEY find the body of Maria Montez, a missing actress, in the river—her face clawed beyond recognition. But alas, when the police, with clever Patric Knowles in charge, are about to close the case the actress herself walks in. She has been erroneously identified.

Then it turns out the actress planned to murder her sister *Camille*, but before she can carry out her fearful purpose she is really murdered.

Over Paris rooftops and down lanes go the pursuers after the murderer, lending quite a bit of action to the gruesome proceedings. Eddie Norris is the so-called villain.

Why must people always be murdered in movies, we rise up to ask.

Your Reviewer Says: We sit right down again. No one knows.

True To The Army (Paramount)

It's About: *A refugee from racketeers who hides in an Army camp.*

JUDY CANOVA, a tightrope walker of all things, sees a murder committed which makes her a dangerous woman to have around. So Judy flees the murderers and lands in an Army camp where she is disguised as a soldier by her beau Jerry Colonna and stage star Allan Jones, a private in the Army.

Of course, Judy gets a chance to sing and monkey-doodle around when Jones puts on shows to keep up the soldiers' morale. They got ours down to below sea level.

We like Ann Miller's snappy tapping and William Demarest's befuddlement as the top sergeant, though.

Your Reviewer Says: So *this* is what goes on in Army camps!

Mississippi Gambler (Universal)

It's About: *A reporter who traces down a race-track murderer.*

YOU can go out for a smoke while this one is on, for we warn you sitting through it isn't worth the effort.

If you care at all, it's about a reporter (Kent Taylor) who never forgets a face. Witnessing the murder of a jockey as he's about to cross the finish line, Taylor grabs a cab and starts a thousand-mile chase that ends up in the discovery of the murderer, disguised through plastic surgery. But he didn't fool us, Bub, did he?

Frances Langford sings. There's no reason for singing, that we promise you.

Your Reviewer Says: Prittle-prattle.

Murder In The Big House (Warners)

It's About: *A young reporter who discovers the reason for an electrocution that occurs too soon.*

A CONVICT was electrocuted one hour before the set time. A young reporter Van Johnson sets out to find why. With the aid of Faye Emerson, the editor's secretary, and George Meeker, a seasoned reporter, he uncovers a political frame-up that almost leads to another murder.

None of this is terribly important or even halfway so, for our money.

Your Reviewer Says: Minor league stuff.

I Was Framed (Warners)

It's About: *A reporter framed on a murder charge.*

POLITICAL crooks frame their enemy, a newspaper photographer, by slugging him into unconsciousness, sprinkling his clothes with liquor and placing him behind the wheel of a car that runs down three people.

The reporter, Michael Ames, breaks jail, flees with his wife Julie Bishop, about to have a baby, to another town, becomes a newspaper editor, is blackmailed and finally discovers he's been cleared of the former charge.

If there is one amongst us who cares a hoot about all this, let him speak now or forever hold his peace.

Your Reviewer Says: We've all been framed.

Scattergood Rides High (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A small-town philosopher helps a lad to find his place in the world.*

GUY KIBBEE grows more and more into an actual replica of Clarence Buddington Kelland's famous *Scattergood Baines.* In this episode he aids Kenneth Howell, whose father died in a sulky race, in getting back his father's favorite horses by outwitting a small-town snob with a henpecked husband.

Jed Prouty is very good as the trampled-upon husband. The race scenes are most interesting. There's a warm homey coziness about these stories that's most endearing because it is so very typical of an American way of life.

Your Reviewer Says: A family affair.

Affairs Of Jimmy Valentine (Republic)

It's About: *A radio publicity stunt that leads to murder.*

IS there a *Jimmy Valentine* in the town? A man who once cracked safes and who now cracks only jokes? Well, there's a reward of $10,000 posted for his identity and that's where the monkey business starts to develop in this picture. Dennis O'Keefe is the brash young radio publicity man who thinks up this gag of locating a *Jimmy Valentine* to revive a drooping radio serial. He finds his *Valentine* all right, but it leads only to murder—two murders, in fact.

Gloria Dickson, who loves O'Keefe and who loses him, is very good. Little Ruth Terry as the daughter is dynamite in a small bundle.

The murderer? Save your breath, we're not telling.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 22*)

✓ *RIDE 'EM COWBOY*—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, peanut venders from a New York rodeo, land on a dude ranch out West at the same time as would-be Western hero Dick Foran and meet Anne Gwynne. There are several hilarious moments. (May)

RIGHT TO THE HEART—20th Century-Fox: The mixture of life at a fighters' training camp with romance provides good entertainment in this little picture, with Joseph Allen Jr. as a wealthy playboy. Brenda Joyce is the owner's daughter, and Cobina Wright Jr. the socialite. It's human and amusing.

✓ *RIO RITA*—M-G-M: This isn't the old "Rio Rita," but it has Abbott and Costello, which makes up for an incredibly confused job of story writing. The pair have never been funnier as they blunder into a sabotage plot laid by Nazis in a Texas resort. Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll provide the singing and romance and Pat Dane, Tom Conway and Peter Whitney are spies. (June)

ROAD TO HAPPINESS—Monogram: John Boles is back again, handsomer than ever, in this heart-warming story that has John returning from Europe to find his wife, Mona Barrie, has divorced him. He takes son Billy Lee out of school and brings him home to a furnished room. Mr. Boles sings delightfully and Billy does a fine job. (April)

✓ *ROXIE HART*—20th Century-Fox: Ginger Rogers plays the brazen, tawdry *Roxie* who agrees to take a murder rap for the resultant publicity. Adolphe Menjou, the theatrical defense attorney; George Montgomery, reporter; William Frawley and Lynne Overman add up to a strong cast. (April)

SALUTE TO COURAGE—M-G-M: Conrad Veidt expertly handles a dual role in this melodrama, that of twin brothers, one a loyal American and the other a Nazi. Ann Ayars is very good as the spy caught in the intrigue, but it's Veidt's picture. (April)

SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN—20th Century-Fox: British agent Lynn Bari calls for a mysterious letter at the Shanghai night club run by Preston Foster. Foster, who thinks she's employed by the Japs, gets into the fray, and finally discovers the head man of the Japs. Noel Madison, Sen Yung, Miss Bari and Mr. Foster are swell, and the story's quite exciting. (June)

SHUT MY BIG MOUTH—Columbia: Joe E. Brown gives you plenty of laughs as the wealthy horticulturist who goes out West with his valet, Fritz Feld, to beautify the desert. (May)

SOMEBODY'S [illegible]—Republic: A [illegible] about three hotel chefs, Billy Gilbert, Fritz Feld, and Jay Novello, who help Judy Canova impersonate a night-club singer so she can win a contest to sing with Skinnay Ennis's band, but Harold Huber, gangster promoter of the real singer, Ruth Terry, kind of messes up the plans. (June)

SNUFFY SMITH, YARD BIRD—Monogram: *Snuffy Smith*, played by Bud Duncan, a moonshiner who escapes revenuers, finds himself in an Army camp, Snuffy has to pull some tricks before the Army will let him stay. (April)

✓ *SON OF FURY*—20th Century-Fox: A ripsnorter movie, with George Sanders as the cruel baronet who abuses his nephew, Tyrone Power, until Tyrone assaults him and must flee England. With John Carradine, he goes to a tropical island where he finds a fortune in pearls and lovely Gene Tierney, and then returns to England. Roddy McDowall is the young Tyrone. (April)

✓ *SONG OF THE ISLANDS*—20th Century-Fox: We can hand this story very little, but the picture has sex, music, comedy, Betty Grable in a grass skirt, Victor Mature in a sarong, Technicolor scenery, the clowning of Jack Oakie and Hilo Hattie and grand performances by Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier. What else would you want? (May)

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—M-G-M: Ann Rutherford and Robert Sterling find their first year of marriage pretty shaky going. It doesn't help any when Sterling goes to work for his father-in-law, Guy Kibbee. It's a nice little film. (May)

✓✓ *TO BE OR NOT TO BE*—Korda-U.A.: Carole Lombard's last picture remains a fitting tribute to her beauty and personality. She plays the wife of Jack Benny, both stars, who along with their troupe are caught in Poland by the Nazi invasion but manage to upset the Gestapo. (May)

✓✓ *TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI*—20th Century-Fox: A whooper-dooper service picture that is bound to stir the patriotism of all Americans, proud of their Marines. The story is the familiar one of the smart-aleck, John Payne, who antagonizes his fellows, and later proves himself a hero. Randolph Scott, Maureen O'Hara as the Army nurse who loves Payne, Nancy Kelly and William Tracy are all very good. (June)

TORPEDO BOAT—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Phil Terry conceive a device for projecting both planes into the air and torpedo boats into the water from the same carrier in this timely and exciting picture. Jean Parker and Cecelia Parker are very good. (May)

TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT, A—Republic: A too-anaemic *Thin Man* is this mystery story about a radio detective, John Howard, who, with his wife Margaret Lindsay, moves into an apartment vacated by Miles Mander and Mona Barrie and run smack into a little murder mystery. (May)

TREAT 'EM ROUGH—Universal: Smartly paced yarn about a prize fighter, Eddie Albert, who, with Peggy Moran, helps clear his father, whose books show a shortage. (April)

✓ *TUTTLES OF TAHITI, THE*—RKO-Radio: A novel and refreshingly different story of the improvident clan of *Tuttles* who dislike work and have a whale of a good time. Charles Laughton is at his best as the lackadaisical head of the enormous family, and Jon Hall is his sailor son who returns home and falls in love with neighbor Peggy Drake. It's quaint and amusing and so well done. (June)

TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD—Columbia: Racketeers Pat O'Brian and Brian Donlevy join the army and keep up all their old enmity and constant bedlamming, even falling in love with the same girl, Janet Blair, night-club singer. Sergeant Donald MacBride does his best to put the crimp on the boy's activities, which makes for a lot of laughs. It's gusty and rowdy. (June)

✓ *VALLEY OF THE SUN*—RKO-Radio: Picturesque and romantic is this light-hearted Western, with James Craig preventing the marriage of Lucille Ball to Dean Jagger, a crooked Indian agent. Craig's fight for Jagger's life with the Indian, *Geronimo*, played by Tom Tyler, is terrifically suspenseful. An escapist piece. (April)

✓ *WE WERE DANCING*—M-G-M: Melvyn Douglas, a Viennese baron, and Norma Shearer, a Polish countess, elope on the eve of Norma's wedding to wealthy Lee Bowman, and the penniless pair make a profession of being house guests of the rich, which works splendidly until Melvyn meets Gail Patrick. It's all too, too gay. (April)

WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER?—20th Century-Fox: Five women are suspected of being a secret political ringleader and spiritualist using the name of Hope Schuyler and wanted as witness in a bribery trial. Is she Mary Howard, Sheila Ryan, Janis Carter, Rose Hobart or Joan Valerie? You'll find out when almost everyone has been killed. With John Payne, Joseph Allen Jr., and Ricardo Cortez. (June)

WILD BILL HICKOK RIDES—Warners: This is the same Western you've seen before, only this time Constance Bennett is the shady-lady heroine and Bruce Cabot is the noble hero, and Warren William is the villainous bad man. (May)

✓✓ *WOMAN OF THE YEAR*—M-G-M: Katharine Hepburn plays a famous columnist who falls in love with and marries sports writer Spencer Tracy but is so wrapped up in her career that her marriage takes second place, which doesn't suit Tracy at all. It's gay, smart, funny. (April)

YANK ON THE BURMA ROAD, A—M-G-M: Barry Nelson is a taxicab hero who is offered the job of piloting trucks over the Burma Road. There he meets Laraine Day. Timely. (April)

YOKEL BOY—Republic: Alan Mowbray, head of a Hollywood studio, brings on the Nation's Number One Movie Fan, Eddie Foy Jr., to advise on stories, but the result is that Public Enemy Number One takes over and eventually saves the studio from ruin. Albert Dekker as the gangster and Joan Davis, his warbling sister, are quite good, but it's corn. (June)

YOUNG AMERICA—20th Century-Fox: If you're a Jane Withers loyalist, then see this last picture of hers for 20th Century-Fox. After a story like this, no wonder she wants to leave. It's all about how Jane, a snooty city girl, gets herself straightened out by the ideals of the 4-H Clubs. (May)

✓ *YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW*—Warners: Packed with gags is this comedy of two vacuum cleaner salesmen, Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers, who find themselves in the Army. Donald MacBride is the colonel, and Jane Wyman his daughter, who shares the romantic interest with Regis Toomey

Casts of Current Pictures

"AFFAIRS OF JIMMY VALENTINE"—Republic: *Mike Jason,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Bonnie Forbes,* Ruth Terry; *Cleo Arden,* Gloria Dickson; *Tom Forbes,* Roman Bohnen; *Mousey,* George E. Stone; *Cheevers Snow,* Spencer Charters; *Cyrus Bullard,* William B. Davidson; *Mickey Forbes,* Bobby Larson; *Ed Stanley,* Joe Cunningham; *Chief Dan Kady,* Roscoe Ates.

"CORPSE VANISHES, THE"—Monogram: *Doctor Lorenz,* Bela Lugosi; *Patricia Hunter,* Luana Walters; *Doctor Foster,* Tristram Coffin; *Countess,* Elizabeth Russell; *Mrs. Fagah,* Minerva Urecal; *Mike,* George Eldridge; *Angel,* Frank Moran; *Keenan,* Kenneth Harlan; *Sandy,* Vince Barnett; *Peggy,* Gwen Kenyon; *Phyllis,* Gladys Faye; *Alice,* Joan Barclay; *Toby,* Angelo Rossi.

"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"—M-G-M: *Anna* and *Briggitta,* Jeanette MacDonald; *Count Palaffi,* Nelson Eddy; *Peter,* Edward Everett Horton; *Peggy,* Binnie Barnes; *"Whiskers,"* Reginald Owen; *Baron Szigethy,* Douglass Dumbrille; *Marika,* Mona Maris; *Sufi,* Janis Carter; *Iren,* Inez Cooper; *Zinski,* Leonid Kinskey; *Polly,* Anne Jeffreys; *Dolly,* Marion Rosamond.

"I WAS FRAMED"—Warners: *Ken Marshall,* Michael Ames; *Ruth Marshall,* Julie Bishop; *Bob Leeds,* Regis Toomey; *Penny Marshall,* Patty Hale; *Clubby Blake,* John Harmon; *Dr. Phillip Black,* Aldrich Bowker; *Gordon Locke,* Roland Drew; *Cal Beamish,* Oscar O'Shea; *Ben Belden,* Wade Boteler; *Stuart Gaines,* Howard Hickman; *Paul Brenner,* Norman Willis; *D. L. Wallace,* Hobart Bosworth; *Police Chief Taylor,* Guy Usher; *Kit Carson,* Sam McDaniel.

"IN THIS OUR LIFE"—Warners: *Stanley Timberlake,* Bette Davis; *Roy Timberlake,* Olivia de Havilland; *Craig Fleming,* George Brent; *Peter Kingsmill,* Dennis Morgan; *William Fitzroy,* Charles Coburn; *Asa Timberlake,* Frank Craven; *Lavinia Timberlake,* Billie Burke; *Minerva Clay,* Hattie McDaniel; *Betty Wilmoth,* Lee Patrick; *Charlotte Fitzroy,* Mary Servoss; *Parry Clay,* Ernest Anderson; *Jim Purdy,* William B. Davidson; *Dr. Buchanan,* Edward Fielding; *Inspector,* John Hamilton; *Forrest Ranger,* William Forest.

"JUKE GIRL"—Warners: *Lola Mears,* Ann Sheridan; *Steve Talbot,* Ronald Reagan; *Danny Frazier,* Richard Whorf; *Nick Garcos,* George Tobias; *Yippee,* Alan Hale; *Henry Madden,* Gene Lockhart; *Skeeter,* Betty Brewer; *Cully,* Howard da Silva; *"Muckeye" John,* Donald MacBride; *Mister Just,* Willard Robertson; *Violet Murphy,* Faye Emerson; *Jo-Mo,* Willie Best; *Ike Harper,* Fuzzy Knight; *Keeno,* Spencer Charters; *Paley,* William B. Davidson; *Truck Driver,* Frank Wilcox; *Watchman,* William Haade.

"MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE"—20th Century-Fox: *Michael Shayne,* Lloyd Nolan; *Catherine Wolff,* Marjorie Weaver; *Anne Wolff,* Helene Reynolds; *Doctor Haggard,* Henry Wilcoxon; *Roger Blake,* Richard Derr; *Dudley Wolff,* Paul Harvey; *Phillips,* Billy Bevan; *Chief Meek,* Olin Howland; *Alfred Dunning,* Robert Emmett Keane; *Zorah Bey,* LeRoy Mason; *Coroner Larsen,* Jeff Corey; *Caretaker,* Francis Ford.

"MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER"—Universal: *Johnny Forbes,* Kent Taylor; *Beth Cornell,* Frances Langford; *Francis Carvel,* John Litel; *Gladys La Verne,* Claire Dodd; *Milton Davis,* Shemp Howard; *Chet Mathews,* Douglas Fowley; *Brandon,* Wade Boteler; *Inspector Dexter,* Eddie Dunn; *Jud Higgins,* Aldrich Bowker; *Sheriff Calkins,* Harry Hayden.

"MOKEY"—M-G-M: *Herbert Delano,* Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Anthea Delano,* Donna Reed; *Mokey Delano,* Bobby Blake; *Booker T. Cumby,* Cordell Hickman; *Brother Cumby,* William "Buckwheat" Thomas; *Cindy Molishus,* Etta McDaniel; *Begonia Cumby,* Marcella Moreland; *Pat Esel,* George Lloyd; *Mr. Pennington,* Matt Moore; *Aunt Deedy,* Cleo Desmond; *Mr. Graham,* Cliff Clark; *Mrs. Graham,* Mary Field; *Brickley Autry,* Bobby Stebbins; *Uncle Ben,* Sam McDaniel.

"MOONTIDE"—20th Century-Fox: *Bobo,* Jean Gabin; *Anna,* Ida Lupino; *Tiny,* Thomas Mitchell; *Nutsy,* Claude Rains; *Dr. Brothers,* Jerome Cowan; *Woman on Boat,* Helene Reynolds; *Reverend Price,* Ralph Byrd; *Bartender,* William Halligan; *Takeo,* Sen Yung; *Hirota,* Chester Gan; *Mildred,* Robin Raymond; *Pop Kelly,* Arthur Aylesworth; *Hotel Clerk,* Arthur Hohl; *Mac,* John Kelly; *Policeman,* Ralph Dunn; *Mr. Simpson,* Tully Marshall; *First Waiter,* Tom Dugan.

"MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE"—Warners: *Gladys Wayne,* Faye Emerson; *Bert Bell,* Van Johnson; *Scoop Conner,* George Meeker; *Randall,* Frank Wilcox; *Dapper Dan Malloy,* Michael Ames; *Mile-Away Gordon,* Roland Drew; *Mrs. Gordon,* Ruth Ford; *Jim Ainslee,* Joseph Crehan; *Warden John Bevins,* William Gould; *Bill Burgen,* Douglas Wood; *Prison Doctor,* John Maxwell; *Chief Electrician,* Pat McVeigh; *Guard,* Dick Rich; *Keeper,* Fred Kelsey; *Mike,* Bill Phillips; *Ramstead,* Jack Mower; *Ritter,* Creighton Hale; *Chaplain,* Henry Hall.

"MY GAL SAL"—20th Century-Fox: *Sally Elliott,* Rita Hayworth; *Paul Dresser,* Victor Mature; *Fred Haviland,* John Sutton; *Mae Collins,* Carole Landis; *Pat Howley,* James Gleason; *Wiley,* Phil Silvers; *Colonel Truckee,* Walter Catlett; *Countess Rossini,* Mona Maris; *McGuiness,* Frank Orth; *Mr. Dreiser,* Stanley Andrews; *Mrs. Dreiser,* Margaret Moffat; *Ida,* Libby Taylor; *John L. Sullivan,* John Kelly; *De Rochemont,* Curt Bois; *Dancing Partner,* Hermes Pan; *Monsieur Garnier,* Gregory Gaye; *Corbin,* Andrew Tombes; *Henri,* Albert Conti; *Tailor,* Charles Arnt.

"MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, THE"—Universal: *Dupin,* Patric Knowles; *Marie,* Maria Montez; *Mme. Roget,* Maria Ouspenskaya; *Beauvais,* John Litel; *Marcel,* Edward Norris; *Gobelin,* Lloyd Corrigan; *Camille,* Nell O'Day; *Magistrate,* Frank Reicher; *Mons. De Luc,* Clyde Fillmore; *Gardener,* Paul Burns; *Madame De Luc,* Norma Drury; *Detective,* John Maxwell; *Detective,* Paul Bryar; *Curator,* Charles Middleton; *Detective,* Bill Ruhl; *Naval Officer,* Reed Hadley.

"RINGS ON HER FINGERS"—20th Century-Fox: *John Wheeler,* Henry Fonda; *Susan Miller (Linda Worthington),* Gene Tierney; *Warren,* Laird Cregar; *Ted Fenwick,* John Shepperd; *Colonel,* Henry Stephenson; *Mrs. Maybelle Worthington,* Spring Byington; *Mrs. Fenwick,* Marjorie Gateson; *Fenwick, Sr.,* George Lessey; *Kellogg,* Frank Orth; *Charles,* Clive Morgan; *Peggy,* Iris Adrian; *Captain Beasley,* Thurston Hall; *Mrs. Beasley,* Clara Blandick; *Captain Hurley,* Charles Wilson; *Paul,* Edgar Morton; *Chick,* George Lloyd; *Mrs. Clancy,* Sarah Edwards; *Miss Cahanan,* Gwendolyn Logan; *Miss Alderney,* Evelyn Mulhall; *Landlady,* Kathryn Sheldon.

"SABOTEUR"—Universal: *Pat,* Priscilla Lane; *Barry Kane,* Robert Cummings; *Fry,* Norman Lloyd; *Tobin,* Otto Kruger; *Mr. Miller,* Vaughan Glaser; *Truck Driver,* Murray Alper; *Mrs. Mason,* Dorothy Peterson; *Mrs. Sutton,* Alma Kruger.

"SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH"—RKO-Radio: *Scattergood Baines,* Guy Kibbee; *Mr. Van Pelt,* Jed Prouty; *Helen Van Pelt,* Dorothy Moore; *Dan Knox,* Charles Lind; *Philip Dane,* Kenneth Howell; *Mrs. Van Pelt,* Regina Wallace; *Mrs. Dane,* Frances Carson; *Cromwell,* Arthur Aylesworth; *Hipp,* Paul White; *Toby,* Phillip Hurlic; *Martin Knox,* Walter S. Baldwin, Jr.; *Trainer,* Lee Phelps.

"SING FOR YOUR SUPPER"—Columbia: *Evelyn Palmer,* Jinx Falkenburg; *Larry Hays,* Charles Buddy Rogers; *"The Mad Russian,"* Bert Gordon; *Barbara Stevens,* Eve Arden; *Wing Boley,* Don Beddoe; *Kay Martin,* Bernadene Hayes; *Myron T. Hayworth,* Henry Kolker; *William,* Benny Baker; *Bonzo,* Dewey Robinson.

"SPOILERS, THE"—Universal: *Cherry Malotte,* Marlene Dietrich; *Alexander McNamara,* Randolph Scott; *Roy Glennister,* John Wayne; *Helen Chester,* Margaret Lindsay; *Judge Stillman,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Dextry,* Harry Carey; *Bronco Kid,* Richard Barthelmess; *Wheaton,* William Farnum; *Idabelle,* Marietta Canty; *Robert Service,* Himself.

"SUICIDE SQUADRON"—Republic: *Stefan Radetzky,* Anton Walbrook; *Carol Peters,* Sally Gray; *Mike Carroll,* Derrick De Marney; *Specialist,* Cecil Parker; *Bill Peters,* Percy Parsons; *De Guise,* Kenneth Kent; *Resident Physician,* J. H. Roberts; *Shorty,* Guy Middleton; *British Commander,* John Laurie; *Polish Bomber Commander,* Frederick Valk.

"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING"—Paramount: *A. M. MacGregor,* Rosalind Russell; *Tom Verney,* Fred MacMurray; *Jonathan Caldwell,* Macdonald Carey; *Ethel Caldwell,* Constance Moore; *G. B. Atwater,* Robert Benchley; *Fud Newton,* Charles Arnt; *Uncle George,* Cecil Kellaway; *Aunt Minnie,* Kathleen Howard; *Aunt Judy,* Margaret Seddon; *Moses,* Dooley Wilson; *Sam,* George H. Reed; *Sally,* Margaret Hayes; *Mickey Dowling,* Sonny Boy Williams; *Secretary,* John Holland.

"TORTILLA FLAT"—M-G-M: *Pilon,* Spencer Tracy; *Dolores "Sweets" Ramirez,* Hedy Lamarr; *Danny,* John Garfield; *The Pirate,* Frank Morgan; *Pablo,* Akim Tamiroff; *Tito Ralph,* Sheldon Leonard; *Jose Maria Corcoran,* John Qualen; *Paul D. Cummings,* Donald Meek; *Mrs. Torrelli,* Connie Gilchrist; *Portagee Joe,* Allen Jenkins; *Father Ramon,* Henry O'Neill; *Mrs. Marellis,* Mercedes Ruffino; *Senora Tercsina,* Nina Campana; *Mr. Brown,* Arthur Space; *Cesca,* Betty Wells; *Torrelli,* Harry Burns.

"TRUE TO THE ARMY"—Paramount: *Daisy Hawkins,* Judy Canova; *Private Stephen Chandler,* Allan Jones; *Vicky Marlowe,* Ann Miller; *Private J. Wethersby Fothergill, "Pinky,"* Jerry Colonna.

"TWIN BEDS"—Small-U. A.: *Mike Abbott,* George Brent; *Julie Abbott,* Joan Bennett; *Nicolai Cherupin,* Mischa Auer; *Lydia,* Una Merkel; *Sonya,* Glenda Farrell; *Larky,* Ernest Truex; *Norah,* Margaret Hamilton; *Butler,* Charles Coleman; *Manager,* Charles Arnt.

"WHISPERING GHOSTS"—20th Century Fox: *E. H. Van Buren,* Milton Berle; *Elizabeth Woods,* Brenda Joyce; *David Courtland,* John Shelton; *Norbert (Long Jack),* John Carradine; *Euclid White,* Willie Best; *Gilpin,* Edmund MacDonald; *Inspector Norris,* Arthur Hohl; *Jonathan Flack,* Grady Sutton; *Doctor Bascomb,* Milton Parsons; *Mac Wolf,* Abner Bibberman; *Meg,* Rene Riano; *Gruber,* Charles Halton; *Conroy,* Harry Hayden.

"WIFE TAKES A FLYER, THE"—Columbia: *Anita Woverman,* Joan Bennett; *Christopher Reynolds,* Franchot Tone; *Major Zellfrits,* Allyn Joslyn; *Countess Oldenburg,* Cecil Cunningham; *Keith,* Roger Clark; *Thomas Woverman,* Lloyd Corrigan; *Muller,* Lyle Latell; *Mrs. Woverman,* Georgia Caine; *Maria Woverman,* Barbara Brown; *Jan,* Erskine Sanford; *Adolph Bietjelboer,* Chester Clute; *Hans* [illegible] Hans Conried; [illegible] Romaine Callender; *Chief Justice,* Aubrey Mather; *Gustav,* William Edmunds; *Mrs. Brandt,* Curtis Railing; *Miss Updike,* Nora Cecil; *Capt. Schmutnick,* Kurt Katch; *The Twins,* Margaret Seddon; Kate MacKenna; *Major Wilson,* Gordon Richards.

A decorated Bob Hope decorates Photoplay-Movie Mirror. The Hope's seen with his medals—and Claudette Colbert—at the rehearsal of Hollywood's big Victory Caravan (see page 8)

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- 6 to 8 tender pastry tart shells
- 1 jar Signet Cherries (Bing or Royal Anne)
- 1 pkg. cherry flavored gelatine

Drain juice from jar of Signet Cherries. Add [illegible] from heat. Add gelatine; stir until dissolved. Chill until jelly begins to thicken. Fill the pastry shells with well drained cherries. Over the cherries, pour the thickened jelly. Chill until jelly is firm. Top with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 6 to 8.

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cool and satisfying . . .

- 1 jar Signet Bartlett Pears
- 1 pkg. orange or strawberry flavored gelatine
- 3 or 4 vanilla wafers

Drain juice from jar of Signet Bartlett Pears. Add water to make 2 cups liquid. Heat to boiling. Remove from heat; add gelatine. Dissolve. Pour layer of jelly into shallow baking pan or individual molds. Chill slightly. Place pears in jelly, hollow centers up. Chill until firm. Fill hollows of pears with vanilla wafers, crumbled. Chill remaining gelatine until thickened. Pour into mold (carefully). Chill until set. Garnish with mint or other greens for individual molds. Cut portions from large mold and serve on lettuce [illegible]

FROZEN CHEESE AND FRUIT SALAD

for a very special occasion

- 1 jar Signet Fruit Salad
- 1 pkg. cream cheese (3 oz.)
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ cup evaporated milk, whipped (or whipping cream, if preferred)
- 1 tablespoon gelatine (unflavored)

Drain juice from Signet Fruit Salad. Soften gelatine in ½ cup of fruit juice. Heat gently over low flame until gelatine is dissolved. Cool. Add cheese, mayonnaise, lemon juice. Mix. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Whip evaporated milk or whipping cream until quite stiff and add to mixture. Add 1 cup of fruit from Signet Fruit Salad. Turn into ring mold and chill until firm. Turn mold onto serving platter. Garnish with greens. Fill center with the remaining fruit. Serves 7 to 8.

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How to buy a share in VICTORY . . .

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Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

a radiant smile turns heads, wins hearts!

Let your smile open doors to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HEADS UP, plain girl, and smile! Beauty isn't the only talisman to success. You can take the spotlight—you can win phone calls and dates—romance can be yours if *your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Not a timid smile, self-conscious and shy—but a big heart-warming smile that brightens your face like sunshine.

If you want a winning smile like that—sparkling teeth you're proud to show—remember this important fact: *your gums should retain their healthy firmness.*

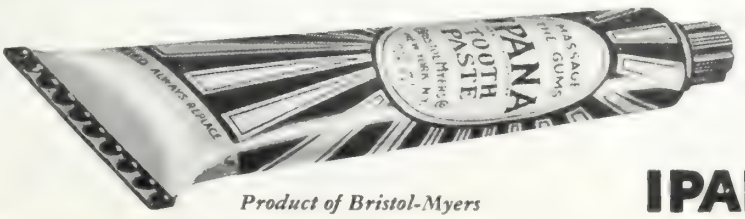
"Pink Tooth Brush"— a Warning Signal

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!*

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and spongy, robbed of natural exercise, by our modern, creamy foods. And if, like thousands of other modern dentists, he suggests the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—be guided by his advice!

For Ipana not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help the health of your gums. Just massage a little Ipana on your gums each time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Start today the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage. With Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*



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The word "crossroads" throws us into a paragraph or two about Jack Conway. "Crossroads" is this sure-fire director's latest film.

It stars WILLIAM POWELL

and HEDY LAMARR no less.

But more about them anon.

Meanwhile back to JACK CONWAY

Possessing the charm of a music-box and the gallantry of a Walter Raleigh, our hero Conway has worked side by side with this leonine columnist for many years.

★ ★ ★ ★

He has been an M-G-M standby, having directed "Honky Tonk", "Boom Town", "A Yank at Oxford", "Viva Villa" and a whole card-index of hits.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Crossroads" is his latest. And his most different. But it is the same in one sense. It is a hit. ★ ★ ★ ★

William Powell gives a dramatic performance that provides a complete change of pace from his equally brilliant comedy-ness. It is something to see.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hedy Lamarr is something to see, too. We don't know about you, but Hedy gets *us*. And if she doesn't get you, there are a lot more like us than like you. ★ ★ ★ ★

"Crossroads" is ably abetted by Claire Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret Wycherly. John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers wrote the original story; Guy Trosper, the screen play. Edwin Knopf produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

An incident to the drama is a song by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, entitled "Till You Return". It's hum but not drum.

—*Leo*

AUGUST 1942 VOL. 21, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

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EDMUND DAVENPORT, Art Director

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DOES THIS MAN BEAR THE MARK OF MURDER?
WHY IS HE KNOWN AS "THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE?"
WILLIAM
POWELL
in his first dramatic role in years
HEDY
LAMARR
fascinating beauty who fights the shadows that haunt their love!
in
CROSSROADS
"where women wait to seal your fate"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with
CLAIRE TREVOR • BASIL RATHBONE • MARGARET WYCHERLY
Screen Play by Guy Trosper
Original Story by John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by EDWIN KNOPF
Featuring the new Dietz-Schwartz song hit: "Til You Return"

CLOSE UPS
AND LONG SHOTS

The Victory Caravan showed up Miss Colbert (rehearsing here with Frank McHugh and writer Matt Brooks) for what she really was

The way Brenda Marshall saw husband Bill Holden off to camp is something for the books

BY RUTH WATERBURY

TO BE or not to be a dependent . . . that is the Hollywood question . . . Consider, for instance, the pain of this . . . there is a lad in our town and he was wondrous wise . . . as he began climbing the fame ladder, he decided he could go further as a bachelor . . . so he shrugged off the wife of his bosom, together with his child . . . and went on alone. . . .

Everything was dandy . . . he had a good friend, also an actor, who had admired his wife and child . . . in fact, the friend admired them so much that after the divorce finals were staged, he married the wife . . . there were no bruised feelings anywhere . . . the first husband kept on climbing and the second husband went along on an even professional keel until that subject of the war and dependents was brought up. . . .

Then came the draft and the pay-off . . . the first gent has gone to war because his board ruled him very 1A . . . the second hasn't . . . he's 3A because of his dependents—the wife and child his erstwhile pal discarded. . . .

There is also the hob that the Axis is raising with the "ex" dependents . . . it's that Axis that made Washington consider limiting top salaries to a skinny old $25,000 a year after Federal and State taxes are paid . . . barely enough to keep a good Hollywood yacht on . . . and what is an actor with three or four alimony wives or a girl with too many ex-husbands to do then, poor things. . . .

I know one Hollywood gentleman, for example, whose taxes on his estate alone . . . not his government or state income tax, you understand, but merely his real estate tax on his simple Beverly Hills shack . . . run to a tidy $18,000 a year . . . you know, merely twenty-eight rooms and twenty-six baths but they call it home. . . well, what's a star to do then when he's also got relatives by the score. . . .

The pain of decision enters here, too . . . relatives are not something like candy that you can give up if you only have sufficient will power . . . there is, for instance, the sad, sad plight of the star who is now living dramatically with his fourth wife . . it's the wife who is dramatic . . so much so, in fact, that when the actor married her and was asked if she had been a working girl when he wed her, and if so, at what, he said, very simply, "Love". . . .

This actor isn't too happy even with wife number four but since his alimony to the three wives preceding eats up much more than $25,000 yearly —he'll just have to stick, and possibly starve. . . .

I don't mean to infer that this crazy village which is my favorite spot on earth is all like this in wartime . . . there are lots of good, sensible economies going around and genuine, deeply sincere patriotic sacrifices being made . . . but the things I've told you above are for the laughs . . . and the things I'll tell you now have some laughs in them, too, though some of them are touching things. . . .

FOR that, to me, is one of the deep delights of Hollywood . . . no matter how serious the subject, Hollywood will always try to take it with amusement . . . take it that way since actors and actresses are really the best sports on earth. . . .

The day Brenda Marshall suddenly got word that Bill Holden was leaving his induction center and entraining for some distant camp was one of those very serious, yet a laugh-with-a-tear-in-it things. . . .

Brenda was working at the studio when she suddenly got the word that Bill was entraining . . . she rushed off the set like a mad thing and hurled herself through the heavy traffic that clutters all roads between Burbank and Los Angeles . . . but these days, everyone in Hollywood drives at the pace of a half-dead snail and Brenda kept getting entangled with drivers going in pairs, so that there was no passing them, at a sturdy twenty miles an hour . . . finally, frantically, she made the station, only to discover it an absolute sea of men in uniform. . . .

"There I'd always thought Bill the most distinctive-looking man in the world," wails Brenda. "There I'd always boasted (*Continued on page* 94)

A MITCHELL
LEISEN
PRODUCTION

CECIL KELLAWAY • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screen Play by Claude Binyon

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The dog-gone cute picture all Hollywood's talking about: Jack Benny and his bewhiskered friend give a simultaneous yawn to beauteous Ann Sheridan

TIDBIT DEPARTMENT: Young Ray MacDonald, one of the best golfers in Hollywood (to say nothing of his hoofing) is engaged to cute little Betty Asher of the M-G-M publicity department. . . .

George Sanders' announcement that he built his new house in a poor neighborhood in order to save taxes brought the whole neighborhood down on his head in a lump. Georgie is almost afraid to poke his nose out his new door these days. . . .

Bette Davis, who is padded and made homely as well as fat for her role in "Now Voyageur," makes one statement to all visiting soldiers. "Please promise to come back and see me when I grow better looking in this picture. Don't, please, carry about a mental picture of me like this."

Everyone cheerfully agrees to return. . . .

Paramount Studios firmly state that if Madeleine Carroll is married to Stirling Hayden they know nothing of it. There the matter rests as far as they're concerned.

Good-bye, Darling: On a shady avenue in Beverly Hills, directly across from each other, lived a man, an actor named Herbert Marshall, and a little girl, his child by a former marriage.

Each evening at a certain hour they met, the father and little girl, for a quiet stroll together. This hour, cherished by the little girl, became the dearest thing to her heart.

And then one evening the man had to tell his daughter he was moving away. A new baby was coming and a bigger house was needed; their evening walks would necessarily be interrupted but he would try to resume them as soon as he could.

And so they (*Continued on page* 8)

GARY COOPER AS "SERGEANT YORK"

As Long as there are Men Like Him there Will Always be a Free America!

A Story for Mothers
A Story for Sweethearts
A Story for the U. S. A.

WARNER BROS'. SUPREME SUCCESS

with WALTER BRENNAN
JOAN LESLIE
A HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N

GEORGE TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES

Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch & John Huston • Music by Max Steiner

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

You can't afford to miss it... you *can* afford to see it now!

FOR THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES

BUY BONDS! ☆ BUY STAMPS! ☆ AT YOUR THEATRE!

Returned by Demand after One Whole Year of Acclaim!

It's a
BIG PICTURE

COLORFUL—

The glory of America's most reckless era sweeps powerfully across the screen!

ROMANTIC—

With John Wayne and Binnie Barnes perfectly matched in a tempestuous drama of love and conflict!

EXCITING—

Thrills pile upon thrills in this most action-packed of frontier sagas!

JOHN WAYNE
BINNIE BARNES
ALBERT DEKKER

IN OLD CALIFORNIA

with
Helen Parrish
Patsy Kelly
Edgar Kennedy
Dick Purcell

There's no such thing as too many War Bonds or Stamps – keep on buying and keep 'em flying!

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Two gals chin; two guys listen in: Linda Darnell, Ann Sothern, Cesar Romero, Dick Derr at the Ice Capades

Michele Morgan, grinning to make a rare picture at the same event, freezes Bob Taplinger—for fun

(*Continued from page* 6)
kissed each other good-by one evening under an elm tree and the little girl walked slowly into her house and across the street the man slowly walked into his.

Cal's Alphabet News — A: Ann Harding, the beautiful, returns to the screen in the picture "Watch On The Rhine," which is good news.

B: Bambi, the little deer of Walt Disney's beautiful screen poem, is Hollywood's biggest rave since Dopey the dwarf.

C: Claudette Colbert, who was the hit of the Victory Caravan, commutes between California and Florida where her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, is stationed.

D: Donna Reed announces her real heart is Jack Nau, the boy she left behind, now a flying cadet for Uncle Sam.

E: Errol Flynn back from Johns Hopkins Hospital after a physical checkup.

F: Frances Langford sent her mother to keep her husband Jon Hall from being lonesome while she toured the camps with Bob Hope. Jon and his mother-in-law hit it off like two old pals.

G: George Holmes is the newest heartbeat among Hollywood subdebs —and debs, we might add.

H: Harriet Hilliard, who is so good as Red Skelton's radio partner, joins him in an M-G-M movie.

I: Irene Dunne whooping it up with the cowboys at Las Vegas, Nevada, where her dentist husband is backing a project for building defense workers' homes.

J: Jane Withers' soda fountain bar will remain open to service boys while Janie is making a personal appearance in the East.

K: Kay Francis announces the rumors linking her name with John Payne's are ridiculous and John denies them only with his eyes—when looking at Sheila Ryan.

L: Lana Turner, who had her M-G-M bosses walking the floor over her recent New York jaunt, has been placed on a strictly stay-at-home regime or else, by her studio.

M: Mary Martin claims she's happier in her new little cottage than she ever was in her swanky Brentwood home. Mary believes it's back to the simple life for everyone from now on.

N: Norma Shearer's friends are wondering at her reported engagement to her ski teacher, Martin Arrougé, who is so much younger.

O: Orson Welles, who set South

PITYROSPORUM OVALE, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" regarded by many authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

It may be Infectious Dandruff!

START TODAY WITH THE TESTED LISTERINE TREATMENT THAT HAS HELPED SO MANY

TELL-TALE flakes, itching scalp and inflammation—these "ugly customers" may be a warning that you have the infectious type of dandruff, the type in which germs are active on your scalp!

They may be a danger signal that millions of germs are at work on your scalp . . . including Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" recognized by many foremost authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't delay. Every day you wait, your condition may get worse, and before long you may have a stubborn infection.

*Use Medical Treatment**

Your common sense tells you that for a case of infection, in which germs are active, it's wise to use an antiseptic which quickly attacks large numbers of germs. So, for infectious dandruff, use Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of Pityrosporum ovale and other germs associated with infectious dandruff.

Those ugly, embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels fresher, healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

And here's impressive scientific evidence of Listerine's effectiveness in combating dandruff symptoms: Under the exacting, severe conditions of a series of clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms, within a month.

In addition to that, countless men and women all over America report joyously that this grand, simple treatment has brought them welcome relief from dandruff's distressing symptoms.

Start tonight with the easy, delightful home treatment—Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It has helped *so many* others, it may help *you*. Buy the large, economy-size bottle today and save money.

*THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.

DON'T DENY YOURSELF all the good things of life. Keep on using the new LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

SLACKS at the war plant, slacks at home, slacks indoors and out. A streamlined age calls for streamlined costumes—and a logical part of this streamlining is *Tampax*, sanitary protection worn internally. Being worn in this way, it cannot cause any bulk or bulge whatever. It simply *cannot!* Furthermore, you can wear Tampax undetected under a modern swim suit—on the beach, under a shower or while actually swimming.

Tampax is quick, dainty and modern. Perfected by a doctor. Worn by many nurses. Requires no belts, pins or sanitary deodorant. Causes no chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, and it comes to you in neat applicators, so that your hands need never touch the Tampax!

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (Super gives about 50% additional absorbency.) At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain Economy Package lasts 4 months average. Don't wait. Buy Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Listening to Mocambo music—Ann Miller and Edmond O'Brien. Below: Talking in Mocambo tune: Vic Mature and Carole Landis

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

America on its ear during his recent movie production, will be back in town unengaged and minus his former heart, Dolores Del Rio, according to his pals.

P: Paul Lukas returns to Hollywood for his stage role in the movie version of "Watch On The Rhine," which pleases his many fans.

Q: Questions as to the status of Bob Stack and Errol Flynn draft ratings are embarrassing the studios into a "no publicity" campaign on the boys.

R: Robert Taylor is using all his powers of persuasion to get into the Air Corps.

S: Sonja Henie and husband Dan Topping have been having her former beau, Ty Power, in to dinner while Annabella is away—proving the breach between Sonja and Ty has finally healed.

T: Tim Holt, Jack's handsome lad, signed with the Air Corps and discovered his first assignment was to make six Western films for morale purposes. And after he'd graduated into A's, too.

U: Una Merkel and her Southern accent keep the soldiers at the U.S.O. centers from down south from being too homesick.

V: Veronica Lake has Hollywood placing bets as to whether she'll skip her career and leave moviedom flat in order to join husband John Detlie, who's stationed at Seattle.

W: William Holden has requested his wife and friends to address his mail to Private W. F. Beedle Jr. The Army doesn't know him by his screen name.

X: Marks the spot on which Monty Woolley fell when he discovered he'd been exposed to mumps. Monty is afraid his beard will hide the symptoms.

Y: Yuma, the elopement spot for Hollywoodites, has a pastor whose cards read "Quiet weddings—free dressing rooms and showers."

Z: Zorina, who's in the running for the *Maria* role in "For Whom The Bell Tolls," is causing a bell to toll mournfully in a certain Hollywood heart.

Romance Lane: Leif Erickson, who is in Reno divorcing Frances Farmer, has met and fallen for pretty Margaret Hayes, who was Jeffrey Lynn's true love before he left for the Army . . . .

Freeman Gosden (Amos of the radio) and Gail Patrick are seeing

Irene Dunne and husband Dr. Griffin line up to look over the buffet line at the Beverly Hills Hotel

each other in quiet, cozy corners these days. . . .

Charlie Ruggles is all dimples (Charlie's are strictly masculine and very fetching) since his marriage to Marian La Barba, former wife of boxing champion Fidel La Barba. . . .

Friends were delighted but somewhat amazed to hear of the marriage in London of little Ruth Howard, daughter of Leslie Howard, to Captain Dale Harris. Ruth seemed only a youngster when the Howards left for London, but these teen-agers do grow up, don't they? . . . .

Anne Shirley has become quite the sought-after young lady since her divorce from John Payne. Anne's recent and most ardent suitor is Arthur Hornblow Jr., divorced husband of Myrna Loy.

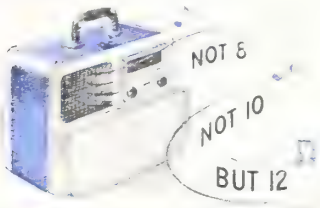
Private Affair: Bill Holden finally arrived at camp and was assigned his bunk. Imagine his mingled surprise and chagrin, however, when he beheld Brenda Marshall's picture on the wall over the bunk of his neighbor.

"That's a pretty girl," he said to his neighbor.

"Yeah, my favorite movie star," the private said. "I'm going to look her up when I get leave. Gee, she's sure

Which Tampon Can You Trust?

FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON— merits your confidence! Enables you to wear shorts, bathing suit, slacks or play suit any day you wish! Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pad or belt . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.



FULL DOZEN ONLY 20¢. Not 8 . . . not 10 . . . but 12 for 20c. When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion . . . for none is needed! Fibs are quilted . . . easy to insert without artificial means. The quilting provides added comfort, and safety, too. Yet Fibs cost less!

FIBS★—the Kotex★ Tampon

NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT 12 FOR 20¢

(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Wot a picture—and pardon any lapses! Rosalind Russell jitterbugs with a Canadian Navy sailor at the party . . .

. . . given by Basil and wife Ouida Rathbone for the Navy at the Beverly Hills Hotel

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

beautiful. Wish I could meet her sometime."

"Maybe you can," Bill said, omitting the fact that particular star was his wife. "Maybe someday we'll both meet her," Bill said, and added under his breath, "soon and again."

The Unsolved Puzzle: A fan writes in to say she agrees Van Heflin is the grandest young actor on the screen but—and here's where the puzzle comes in—how did his natural kinky hair suddenly straighten out into those gorgeous waves?

"Does the studio have some secret formula," she demands, "or did love do it?"

Frankly, we've mulled this one over ourselves, for Van's hair was most kinky last time we saw him. But, surely, his falling in love with and marrying cute Frances Neal wouldn't straighten it out. The studio? Oh, they assume that wide-eyed look of innocence when asked and pretend they don't know what we mean. If we ever do discover the secret, we'll let you all know.

Cal's Farewell to Ty: We sat in the sunshine together, Tyrone Power and Cal, outside the sound stage of "The Black Swan." "I love soaking up this sunshine," he said, "feel I can't get enough of it, somehow, before I go."

Tyrone leaves as soon as his picture is finished for a Navy air job in the East. "California right now reminds me somehow," he said, "of a woman that a man has made up his mind to leave, yet can't shake off. Its blue skies and bright colors are put on to please his eye. The sea beating along the coast is a begging whisper not to go. The beauty of its hills and mildness of its climate seem purposely donned to lure a man to stay. It's hard to say no."

We agreed. It would be hard to give up the beauty of his garden, especially in summer. Annabella will live in a New York apartment to be near Ty, who expects to be stationed near New York. Ty, who is eager to be of actual service, is one of the few really big-bracket stars to go. Fans and friends will miss him. But they'll be proud of him, too.

Ride 'Em Stars: The motorcycle brigade grows in Hollywood, with male stars renouncing their cars for the two-wheeled vehicle. Clark Gable drives his motorcycle in from his ranch to the studio every day and has even joined the motorcycle club out in the Valley.

Dick Powell spends his lunch hour at Paramount polishing up his machine.

Dick has more paraphernalia, goggles, helmets, boots and leather jackets than ten motorcyclists.

Bob Young is another actor who travels the twenty-five miles from his ranch to M-G-M Studios on his cycle. George Raft and Mack Grey whizzing along Sunset Boulevard as a team is a familiar sight these days. But the funniest sight of all was Bob Stack with his motorcycle piled into a taxi after a minor smash-up.

Yep, the motorcycle craze has hit Hollywood with a bang.

And the girls? Oh, they ride on the handle bars or in the sidecars and love it.

Round-Up of the News: Victor Mature has been switched from 3A to 1A in the draft rating and will march off in a few months to camp. Cal hopes it isn't to Fort MacArthur where the boys took a poll to determine the one lad they'd like to manhandle. You've guessed it—Hunk of Man won. . . .

Phil Harris and Alice Faye are sorry to disappoint the many fans who

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Sonja Henie matches up ring and earrings, matches up herself as a pretty Mocambo date for husband Topping

Picture of a Wallflower in the Making!

Men seldom dance twice with the girl who forgets that Mum guards charm!

LOVELY Amy and dashing Bob dance charmingly together. But when this waltz is over, who will blame him if he doesn't ask for an encore?

Prettiness and grace, a sparkling personality, *help* to make a girl popular. But they can't hold a man when underarms need Mum.

Amy would be horrified if you told her her fault. Didn't she bathe just this evening? But that refreshing bath only took away *past* perspiration . . . it can't prevent risk of future underarm odor. The more fun, the more exciting an evening is . . . the more a girl needs Mum.

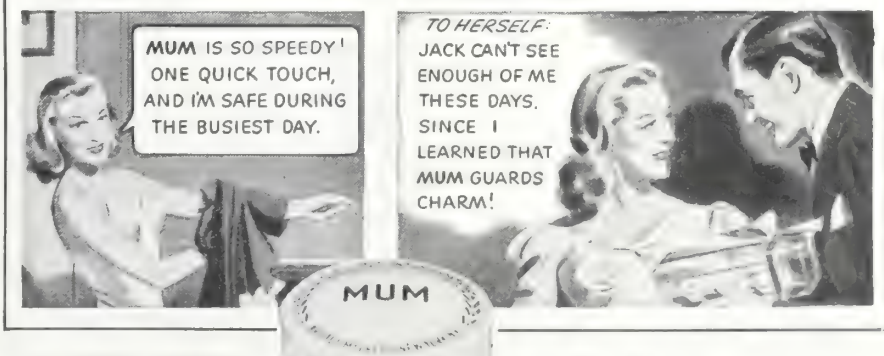
Mum safeguards your charm—keeps previous daintiness from fading. Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening! Make Mum a *daily* habit.

FOR INSTANT SPEED—Only thirty seconds to smooth on creamy, fragrant Mum.

FOR PEACE OF MIND—Mum won't hurt fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Mum won't irritate sensitive skin.

FOR LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps you safe from underarm odor, keeps you bath-sweet—helps you stay popular!

SAFEGUARD YOUR CHARM. MAKE MUM A DAILY RULE!



For Sanitary Napkins
Gentle, safe Mum is first choice with thousands of women for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SKIN-SAFE! FABRIC-SAFE!

NONSPI will PROTECT* your precious dresses and undies against underarm "perspiration rot"—the most common cause of damage and discoloration. (Fabrics of all kinds are getting scarce, you know.)

NONSPI will not injure your sensitive underarm skin pores (Nonspi's gentle astringent action is *safe*, effective).

NONSPI checks flow of perspiration 1 to 3 days (and once perspiration is checked . . . embarrassing perspiration odor is gone).

NONSPI is safe and convenient to use (a clean, clear liquid, Nonspi dries quickly).

*"Analysis of Nonspi and applied tests of its use has been completed by the Bureau. No damage can be done to the 'textile' if the user follows your instructions."

(Signed) E. D. Monroe
Director

BETTER FABRICS TESTING BUREAU INC.
OFFICIAL LABORATORY OF
NATIONAL RETAIL DRY GOODS ASSOCIATION

Buy Nonspi today at your favorite drug or department store

NONSPI

A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-SAFE DEODORANT AND ANTI-PERSPIRANT!

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The dress has one sleeve; umpteen diamond bracelets make up the other; and Lupe Velez wears it at the Mocambo with Mexico's Arturo De Cordova

insisted their new daughter be named Phil-lice, a combination of Phil's and Alice's name, but the little angel's (we quote Papa) golden hair and blue eyes decided them. It's Alice Faye Harris Junior, no less. . . . (See story on page 32.)

Friends heaved a sigh of relief when the Rita Hayworth-Ed Judson divorce came off without a breath of the much-threatened scandal. One of the two, we hear, made quite a settlement, but we're not saying who. . . .

Hedy Lamarr with darkened skin that brings out her green eyes and flashing teeth for her role in "White Cargo" is the most breathlessly lovely thing Hollywood has ever seen. And with a white silk jersey sarong yet!

Hello—Good-By: M-G-M has never quite forgiven John Shelton, whom they dropped from their contract list, for returning and carrying off as his wife their brightest hope, Kathryn Grayson. When John telephones his wife at the studio, the conversation goes on uninterruptedly for some minutes and then suddenly the connection is cut. Someone whispered to Cal the studio believes too much conversation makes Kathryn a bit nervous, which adds to the rumor that the little Grayson isn't looking too happy these days.

Sells Bonds and Grows Thin: Another record-breaking bond tour has just been completed by Dorothy Lamour, a wonder girl at the business of extracting dollars from pockets for Uncle Sam.

But Paramount, while pleased as punch with their star saleslady, had cause to grow concerned as the tour progressed and Dottie grew thinner and thinner. Finally, alarmed at her rapid loss of weight, the studio consulted a doctor who rushed the star a gain-weight diet. To those who may

Finger man Lee Bowman takes Mrs. Bowman out to dinner, pulls his act at The Players, star hangout

be suffering from painful thinness we give you this get-plump quickly diet. Every hour and a half during the day eat one crushed banana with cream and watch those angles turn to curves.

It's working with Dottie, anyway.

Read All About It: The night ball game was over, crowds were pouring out of the Hollywood Stadium and newsboys were screaming their wares. "Read all about it, lady," a newsie yelled. "Famous movie star gets divorced. Pictures and everything. It's hot news, sister."

The woman bought the paper and with fingers that shook just a little turned the pages of the paper.

So it was, with crowds pushing and shoving, Ann Sothern read the story of her divorce that day from Roger Pryor.

It's Corn and He Grows It: "Come on over and see my Victory Garden," Red Skelton said one recent afternoon and with nothing else to do, but strongly suspecting Red of kidding about the garden, we went.

Is our face red? Out on the slopes behind the tennis court that Red hopes to turn into an open-air theater for soldiers is Red's garden with that vegetable dearly beloved by all comedians—corn—growing like mad. What is more, Red himself tilled the soil, carried the rocks to keep his hillside garden from slipping and planted, according to his little blue book, everything in its proper place. We know he did this, for we saw the trousers he worked in—the worst pair of patched plaid pants this side of the Ozarks.

Red and Edna have given over their hearts and lives to entertaining soldiers in camps up and down the coast and far inland. The comedian's been adopted by a dozen or more outfits that have painted their own special emblems on Red's car.

"Honestly," Edna said, "Red won't ever let us fill the swimming pool in hopes some gun position will occupy it and he can give shows to the boys all day long."

When Red and Edna aren't at camps, the boys come to them. On a recent Sunday one soldier of a large group surveyed Red's lovely Brentwood home and said, "I can't understand it. A redheaded Irishman and not a broken window in his home."

With that Red picked up a rock and let fly through the living-room window. "Gee, I wondered what was wrong with the place myself," Red grinned. "I feel a lot more at home now, with a broken window."

Cal can tell you he hasn't spent a more enjoyable afternoon in a month of blue Sundays. For that perfectly natural and simple couple we nominate the Skeltons of Hollywood.

You can't beat that pair!

Don't just Dream of Loveliness—go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This lovely bride *is Mrs. James H. McClure, of Chicago, Ill., who says: "I'm really grateful for the way the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped my skin look so lovely!"*

Try this exciting beauty treatment—it's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

DON'T waste time idly envying the woman whose skin is lovely! With a little time—and the right care—you too, can garner compliments and envious glances! Now—tonight—put your complexion on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

This exciting idea in beauty care can arouse the sleeping beauty in your skin. For, like so many women, you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Set aside 30 days in which to give it a fair test. The very first treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and glowing. In the days to come, your mirror may reveal an enchanting, exciting new loveliness.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up.

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

A "best of the year" picture: Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Miniver"

Grim, with plenty of punch: Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd in "This Gun For Hire"

✓✓ Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)

It's About: *The march of events in the life of an English family during the war.*

BY far the best picture of the month and high among the best of the year is this charming and appealing story of an English family during this world war. England will never have finer timber than these, their *Minivers;* people who live bravely and courageously without any undue display of emotion or consciousness of heroism.

Greer Garson lends surpassing charm to the role of *Mrs. Miniver,* wife of architect Walter Pidgeon and mother of three children. Walter Pidgeon is ideal as the husband.

Teresa Wright, the girl who becomes the wife of the older *Miniver* son, is heart-stirringly real and lovely and Richard Ney as the son is about the most important thing that's happened to M-G-M since Robert Taylor. Here is an actor and a personality.

Helmut Dantine gives the best interpretation of a Nazi we have ever seen on the screen. Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen and Henry Travers are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for Hollywood to be proud of.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Mrs. Miniver

This Gun For Hire

This Above All

Best Performances

Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver"

Teresa Wright in "Mrs. Miniver"

Richard Ney in "Mrs. Miniver"

Tyrone Power in "This Above All"

Joan Fontaine in "This Above All"

Alan Ladd in "This Gun For Hire"

✓ This Gun For Hire (Paramount)

It's About: *A double-crossed gunman who seeks revenge.*

A FOUR-COLUMN news item is Alan Ladd, a newcomer who springs into big-time notoriety in the role of the killer in this suspenseful thrilling, chilling melodrama.

A chemical company, ruled by a crazy old man, is engaged in mysterious shipments. The blackmailer who gets wind of the shipments is bumped off by a hired killer who in turn is double-crossed by the man who hired him. Into the net of intrigue comes a night club entertainer who—but we're not telling.

Veronica Lake, as the lady who does magic tricks while she chants a sultry tune, has never been better. Hers is a sound performance that has nothing to do with hair-over-one-eye business.

Laird Cregar, as the fat and sleek murder stooge who hires "the gun" but can't bear the revolting details of the deeds he orders done, is terrific. Robert Preston, the police officer, is good though sunk in a throw-away part. But it's Ladd you'll notice and be held by, mark our words.

Your Reviewer Says: An edge-of-the-seat job you musn't miss.

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 102

The Shadow Stage

✓✓ This Above All (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The love story of a confused soldier and a girl who harmonizes his heart and mind.*

IN a month of outstanding pictures, "This Above All" shines brilliantly in its own particular niche and should rate high in the hearts of every fan.

Tyrone Power gives one of his best performances as the bewildered English soldier, veteran of Dunkirk, who deserts his regiment because he feels England's leaders are stupid and the cause clouded with unrighteousness. Love clears the mind and heart of this boy who comes to realize it's everlasting peace and not glory England is fighting for.

Joan Fontaine proves her Academy Award trophy to be no flash-in-the-pan award. Her performance as the girl of good English family who joins the W.A.A.F's and who meets and loves Power is imbued with mingled power and pathos. Miss Fontaine is indeed an important actress.

Eric Knight, who wrote the book, can have no complaint concerning its screen interpretation. Every character, including Thomas Mitchell as Tyrone's army pal, Nigel Bruce as the innkeeper, Philip Merivale as Joan's physician father, Gladys Cooper as the snobbish aunt, are expertly drawn. And somehow audiences feel more understandingly toward the English and their problems after seeing this telling and tremendous story.

Your Reviewer Says: We heartily recommend it.

✓ Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M)

It's About: *A bodyguard against love.*

QUITE a little number with love, lots and lots of love, oozing from its every pore. With Mr. Robert Taylor and Miss Norma Shearer and Mr. George Sanders giving old Cupid's by-product a whirl, you can imagine how very warm the story grows at times.

If this be Miss Shearer's movie swan song, as has been intimated, she leaves us with a very fine performance to remember her by. True, at times Miss Shearer spreads on the histrionics a bit thick, but the role is difficult and why shouldn't a love-frustrated woman be a bit hysterical at times? Anyway, we liked her and think you will too.

It's nice to see Bob Taylor in a straight romantic role again. Director Cukor permits Bob to get a bit

Is this a Honeymoon or a Rest Cure?

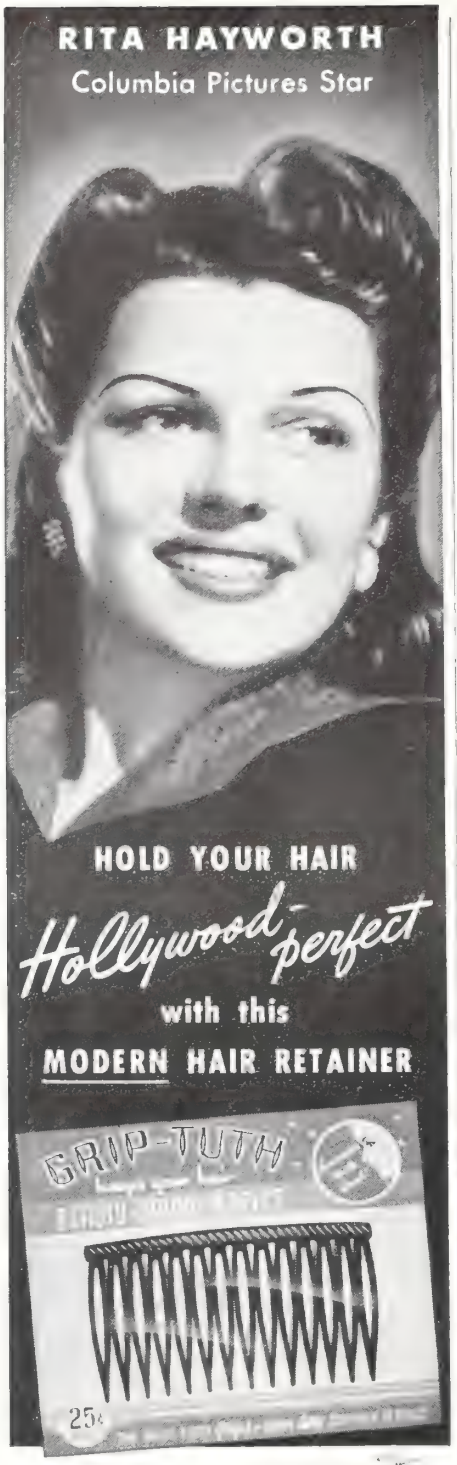
HONEYMOON HEARTBREAK? Too bad, sweet bride . . . but your love is doomed, unless you learn this feminine secret . . . there's a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you "double-protection" against body odor! Therefore you no longer have to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap! Before tonight, discover "double-protection" in your bath . . .

IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!

SMART GIRL! Now you've learned how Cashmere Bouquet's "double-protection" not only banishes body odor, but adorns your skin with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And remember, Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that can agree with even a *super*-sensitive skin! Better be real smart . . . and get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—*today*.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



Hollywood stars can't stop to fix their hair whenever they'd like to. That's why so many of them depend on Grip-Tuth. Grip-Tuth looks like a comb—but isn't. This non-metallic hair retainer slides into your hair in a jiffy—and stays there until *you* take it out! And that's especially important if you're working in the war effort, where you *must* keep your hair up, out of the way! Try one to hold your wave. Try one to keep your hair high on the sides. Try one to anchor bows or flowers just where you want them! Two on a card (or one extra length) only 25c. If notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 96

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sappy at times, but then he's a pretty lovesick boy, remember. Bob you know, is in love with Norma who hires him to protect her against George Sanders whom she really loves but who is bad medicine for any lady.

Sanders (what an actor!) hasn't as much to do as he should have but manages to heel up the place when allowed to. Frank McHugh also comes in for a nice bit or two.

Your Reviewer Says: Champagne cocktails with lots of bubbles.

Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)

It's About: *The unraveling of a mystery murder.*

MANY big-name stars have begun their motion-picture careers as screen detectives, and Van Heflin, destined for stellar rating, is no exception. To his role of the amateur detective who unravels the mystery of the murdered show girl, Heflin brings distinction and class.

Pat Dane, the ruthless little climber, who meets death in the Grand Central Station, is beautiful and strangely convincing. Virginia Grey as Heflin's wife, and Cecelia Parker, who lost her beau to the scheming Pat, are very good.

As to "who dunnit," have fun guessing—we're not telling.

Your Reviewer Says: Guess and guess again.

My Favorite Spy (Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An orchestra leader who becomes an F.B.I. agent.*

KAY KYSER steps farther away from his band in this amusing little cupcake to display his talents solo fashion. As a frustrated bridegroom who is yanked into the Army on his wedding day to be released as a secret member of the F.B.I., Kay is quite a lad. His bride, Ellen Drew, is unaware of his F.B.I. affiliation and believes the worst when her husband is jailed with beautiful Jane Wyman, another secret agent. The climax is quite a thing, with Kay and Ellen roughing it up with Nazi agents. Oh, sure, the band is heard and seen once or twice.

Your Reviewer Says: Inoffensively amusing.

Broadway (Universal)

It's About: *A movie star who looks back to other days.*

GANGSTERS, night-club entertainers, chorus girls and sugar daddies whirl around in a gay melee in this remake of the stage play "Broadway," told in flash-back fashion. George Raft plays himself, a motion-picture star, who returns to New York, steps into a newly constructed bowling alley and relates his experiences as a night-club hoofer to the night watchman. As George tells his story such characters as Janet Blair, his sweetheart, S. Z. Sakall, the proprietor of the club, his girl friend, Marjorie Rambeau, and gangster Broderick Crawford pass in review. In the chorus line-up are such cuties as Anne Gwynne, Marie Wilson, Iris Adrian, Elaine Morey and Dorothy Moore.

George's hoofing is the highlight of the story. The music of yesterday is nostalgic and appealing.

Your Reviewer Says: Rehash with poached egg.

Syncopation (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A lad who organizes his own band.*

THERE'S about as much sense to this little ditty as there is to a cross-question and silly answer contest. It wanders about aimlessly, getting nowhere, attempting to convey the uselessness of a musician's fighting against his inner urge to express his individuality in music.

Jackie Cooper is the boy who marries Bonita Granville, a belle from New Orleans, joins a symphony orchestra and leaves it to organize his own band.

The one and only redeeming feature is the aggregation of popular band leaders for a fade-out finale.

Adolphe Menjou looks uncomfortable in a bit role.

Your Reviewer Says: A great big discord.

Once Upon A Thursday (M-G-M)

It's About: *A housemaid who determines to tell all in book form.*

REALLY, it's not bad. For one thing, the acting of Marsha Hunt as the maid secretly married to employer Richard Carlson lifts it above the ordinary. The story amused us as well.

Carlson, returning from a trip to Eskimo land, becomes engaged to Frances Drake, believing maid Marsha has long since divorced him. When he and the assembled guests at the engagement dinner party learn Marsha is about to publish a book of—shall we say memories—blue blood turns pale pink from fright.

Marjorie Main as the cook, Virginia Weidler as Carlson's younger sister, and Allyn Joslyn are most amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: Gay as a gingham lunch cloth.

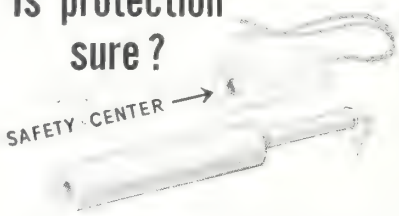
(*Continued on page 95*)

WATCH FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT THIS PICTURE FROM A LEADING THEATRE IN YOUR CITY!

I wish you'd ask me about Tampons!

As a nurse, I *know* tampons make sense. The freedom and comfort of *internal* protection are wonderful! But, there are tampons and tampons! Do you wonder which is the best—the *right* tampon for you? Let me give you some answers . . .

Is protection sure?



The secret of protection is quick, sure absorption! Meds absorb *faster* because of their exclusive "safety center" feature. Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

What about comfort?

For comfort a tampon must *fit!* Meds were scientifically designed to fit—by a woman's doctor. Meds eliminate bulges—chafing—pins—odor! Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator . . . so *easy* to use!

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The Modess Tampon

Speak FOR YOURSELF

Joan Davis of Republic's "Yokel Boy" kicks up her heels. She's just heard that twenty-four-gun salute that pays off to a California member of the khaki brotherhood for the letter on page 81

$10.00 PRIZE
Open Letter to Clark Gable

DEAR CLARK:

First of all, I want to extend to you my deepest sympathy. I can imagine, to some small degree, how much Carole meant to you; how you miss her cheery companionship, her contagious sportsmanship. We'll all miss her—so please feel that we are eager to share your sorrow.

But I want to ask you to think of us—the millions of your friends and hers—and beg you not to make that loss twofold. We can't bring Carole back, but we can try to persuade *you* not to leave us. Won't you please stand by? The papers said the other day that you wouldn't make any more pictures. Please don't do that to us.

I think Carole herself would be the first to urge you to be a good soldier and not desert us. We wait for your pictures; we see your broad grin and you make us forget our troubles with that wicked twinkle in your eye.

You can do more for morale by giving us laughs than by enlisting, as it is also rumored you may do—and I'm not discounting the fact that your services would be very valuable to Uncle Sam. But what I'm trying to say is, we need you here. Maybe, Clark, in helping us to forget, you'd be helping yourself, a little, too.

MRS. MARJORIE TRUITT,
Snowden, N. C.

See Gable's final decision on p. 34.

$5.00 PRIZE
They Made Up At the Movies

LAST night, my husband and I went to see Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in "Woman Of The Year." We were in a solemn mood because that afternoon we had discussed a solution for a problem in our marriage. We felt that life was indeed complicated for us. Before many minutes the antics of Katharine and Spencer convulsed us with laughter. Each hilarious scene reminded us that all married couples are confronted with difficult situations. By the time that Katharine added the yeast cake to the waffles and played "catch" with the toast, our shoulders felt lighter—our problem shrank to insignificance.

Please give us more pictures of this type. They keep up the morale of the audiences during this troublesome era.

MRS. PERRY WHITING,
Ponca City, Okla.

$1.00 PRIZE
George Sanders Started This!

SO Mr. Sanders likes women in their place! And who is Mr. Sanders to say what woman's place is! Ask the men at the battle fronts whom they prefer—a woman who can do nothing but sit whining at home or a woman who can hold down a job at Lockheed? Do you suppose, Mr. Sanders, the Western frontier would have ever

been pushed back if woman had not been willing to take her share of the hardships? No, Mr. Sanders, it wasn't your type of feminine women who helped put America on the map, nor will it be your type of women who will help win this war!

The writer is employed as pay-roll clerk for a large garment manufacturer engaged in making clothes just now for the U. S. Army. About ninety-five percent of the employees are women—feminine women, Mr. Sanders—who wear lipstick and bright finger-nail polish. Only they, unlike your type of feminine women, have a job to do and they know how to do it.

Wake up, Mr. Sanders. This is A.D., not B.C.

CLAUDIA CASE THAMES,
Brookhaven, Miss.

$1.00 PRIZE
And G. S. Started This, Too!

I HAVE just finished reading the article about George Sanders. I enjoyed it because he is my favorite actor. In this article, it says he never has visitors, vanishes after a day's work and it ends by saying he is a strange individual.

To me, this doesn't seem strange, because I do the same things myself. I believe George Sanders is just trying to lead a simple, wholesome life.

To me, he is the most brilliant actor today—as John Barrymore once said. I hope George Sanders' career lasts for a long time to come.

MARIE SOTHMAN,
Grand Island, Neb.

$1.00 PRIZE
Entertainment Plus!

THE movies are my chief source of entertainment. Primarily, that is my reason for going to see them, but I have still another: I like to learn from them.

(*Continued on page* 81)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

EVELYN KEYES
in "Flight Captain"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

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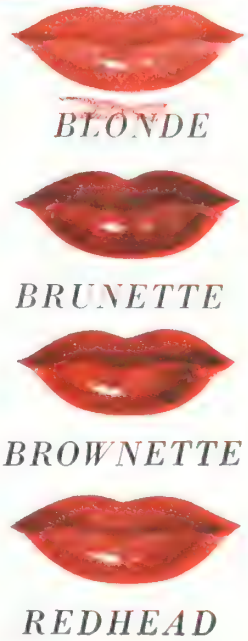
...give your lips an alluring color accent!

HERE are lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds... exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick... created in original lifelike shades of red based on a new, patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

Try Tru-Color Lipstick...designed to accent the individual beauty of your type...the color stays on through every lipstick test. Smooth in texture...non-drying, too...it will help keep your lips soft and lovely...one dollar.

*U.S. Patents No. 2157667, 2211465



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Yours . . . Practically as a Gift

Here it is mothers—the book you've always wanted—and it's yours practically as a gift. In this new book, *How to Raise Your Baby*, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe gives you the very help you've always wanted. This world-famous doctor answers the problems that face you daily. He discusses breast feeding—bottle feeding—first solid foods—toilet training—how fast your child should grow—new facts about sunshine and vitamins—summer complaints—sensible clothing—diarrhea—jaundice—infection—nervous children—skinny children. While they last you can get your copy of this big, new book entitled *How to Raise Your Baby* for only 25c—and we pay the postage. Mail order TODAY

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc., Dept. PM-8
205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York

Deep look for "Deep In The Heart Of Texas"; Robert Stack and Anne Gwynne

BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

√ *ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN, THE*—Columbia: An unpleasant tale with Glenn Ford as the seaman and Ian MacDonald the brutal ship's captain. Ford tries to become famous as an author so he can publish the ship's diary to expose the brutality of conditions aboard ship and thus free his friend Stuart Erwin. (May)

AFFAIRS OF JIMMY VALENTINE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe is a brash young radio publicity man who dreams up a gag of locating a *Jimmy Valentine* to revive a drooping radio serial. He finds his *Valentine* all right, but it leads to murder. Gloria Dickson and Ruth Terry are very good. (July)

ALMOST MARRIED—Universal: When Jane Frazee's baggage goes to Robert Paige's apartment and his to hers, it leads to romantic complications for them both. It's kind of cute. (June)

ALWAYS IN MY HEART—Warners: Kay Francis decides to marry wealthy Sidney Blackmer to improve the opportunities of her children, Gloria Warren and Frankie Thomas. After her husband, Walter Huston, is paroled from prison, he goes incognito to his family's small town and straightens out the children. It's warm and friendly and Gloria Warren has a beautiful voice. (June)

BASHFUL BACHELOR—RKO-Radio: *Lum* and *Abner* come to the screen in a movie that's in keeping with their radio roles. Chester Lauck (*Lum*) is sweet on Zasu Pitts and almost exterminates his pal, Norris Goff (*Abner*), trying to impress Zasu with his heroism. (June)

BLACK DRAGONS—Monogram: A ridiculous potpourri of nonsense, this, all about a Nazi-inspired plastic surgeon, Bela Lugosi, who makes over six Japanese to look like American industrialists so they can steal our plans like mad. It's silly. (June)

BULLET SCARS—Warners: Regis Toomey is a doctor called to treat a wounded gangster and he conceives a clever idea for being rescued from mob leader Howard daSylva who is detaining him because he knows too much. You never saw such shooting. You never saw such a picture, either. (June)

√ *BUTCH MINDS THE BABY*—Universal: Typical Damon Runyon, amusing and completely in character, is this comedy of a paroled convict. Broderick Crawford, who saves young widow Virginia Bruce from suicide and falls in love with her baby. Brod even gets Virginia a job in a night club run by crook Porter Hall and minds the baby while she's at work. With Dick Foran. (June)

√ *CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS*—Warners: This timely picture is about the training of Bush Country recruits to become R.C.A.F. flyers, and has many exciting moments. The story has Jimmy Cagney as an undisciplined sky-riding hijacker who earns the enmity of pilots Dennis Morgan, Reginald Gardiner and Alan Hale for his unethical conduct, but gets regenerated. With Brenda Marshall. (May)

CORPSE VANISHES, THE—Monogram: Brides mysteriously disappear all over the place until girl reporter Luana Walters sets out to investigate. She finally traces the missing brides to the lair of Bela Lugosi, a screwy scientist, where perfectly dreadful doings have been done. (July)

SHADOW STAGE

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

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This Above All 17
This Gun For Hire 16

✓ *COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE*—M-G-M: Another winner, packed with genial entertainment is this latest in the series, in which Mickey Rooney must take out poor little rich girl Donna Reed, though his heart still belongs to Ann Rutherford. (May)

DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE — Warners: Nancy Coleman is the British girl spy who lands in New York hospital where John Garfield is interning and with his aid brings about the downfall of a Nazi spy ring. Raymond Massey is the Nazi head and Moroni Olsen his chief henchman. (May)

FINGERS AT THE WINDOW—M-G-M: Basil Rathbone is the ruthless killer who hypnotizes psychopathics into killing his victims. Laraine Day is about to be his latest victim when along comes Lew Ayres. Rather interesting. (June)

FLY BY NIGHT—Paramount: Richard Carlson has to escape the law because he's accused of murder, so he forces artist Nancy Kelly to accompany him so she won't sketch his picture and reveal him to the police. The result is harrowing. (June)

FRISCO LIL—Universal: Irene Hervey goes to work for a gambling club in order to help her ol' gambling daddy, Minor Watson, but this alienates the family of her fiance, Kent Taylor. (May)

GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK, A—Small-U.A.: Gentleman crook Brian Donlevy surrenders to Preston Foster on condition that Foster adopt his baby. When the baby's mother, Miriam Hopkins, and her partner in crime, Philip Reed, attempt to ruin the girl's happiness, Donlevy breaks out of prison to stop them. It doesn't matter much. (June)

GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal: It seems the monster is still alive, this time played by Lon Chaney, so Sir Cedric Hardwicke decides to give him a nice, kind new brain, but after a double-cross, he gets the sly brain of Bela Lugosi, so things are just as bad as before. Ralph Bellamy and Evelyn Ankers are romantic. (June)

✓ *GOLD RUSH, THE*—Chaplin: A must for everyone is this re-issue of Chaplin's never-to-be-forgotten comedy. The narration takes the place of the subtitles; the adventures of the little tramp in the gold-mad Klondike are as appealing as ever. (June)

GREAT MAN'S LADY, THE—Paramount: Barbara Stanwyck does a wonderful job as the old lady who reveals to a young biographer the story of her part in the life history of a great senator, Joel McCrea. McCrea is very good as the weakling molded into a great man by a greater woman, and Brian Donlevy is the strong man in her life. (June)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—M-G-M: Much below the standard of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald is this bit of trivia taken from the stage play. Nelson is a Budapest playboy who falls in love with an unsophisticated little clerk in his bank. One night he dreams she's an angel. He awakes to find not an angel but the girl he loves. (July)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Warners: This unpleasant picture about a selfish woman isn't Bette Davis's best picture by a long shot. Olivia de Havilland plays Bette's good sister, Dennis Morgan is the man Bette drives to suicide, and George Brent the man fortunate enough to escape her. (July)

✓ *INVADERS, THE*—Columbia: An impressive masterpiece, this story of seven Nazis stranded on Canadian soil. The performances of Leslie Howard as a vacationing author, Laurence Olivier, as French-Canadian trapper, and Raymond Massey, as Canadian soldier, are outstanding. But equally fine are Niall MacGinnis, Eric Portman and Glynis Johns. (May)

I WAS FRAMED—Warners: Michael Ames is framed by political crooks, but he breaks jail and flies with his wife, Julie Bishop, to another town where he becomes a newspaper editor. But he's blackmailed before he finally discovers he's been cleared of the former charge. (July)

LIKE GIRL—Warners: Appalled by the conditions of farmers and workers under racketeering Gene Lockhart, Ronald Reagan sides with farmer George Tobias, although his friend Richard Whorf throws in his lot with Lockhart. Ann Sheridan, traveling like girl, falls in love with Reagan, and the two of them find themselves accused of murder. It's all pretty dull. (July)

✓ *JUNGLE BOOK*—Korda: A pageantry of sound and color and beauty, with Sabu as the boy raised by wolves who is forced by the tiger to take refuge in a small village. There he finds his real mother, Rosemary deCamp, but when the greedy men of the village learn he guards the secret of hidden treasures they force him back to the jungle. It's delightfully fantastic entertainment. (June)

KID GLOVE KILLER—M-G-M: Intelligent writing, acting and directing combine to make this a picture one to shout about. Van Heflin as the scientific crime detective, Lee Bowman his friend and a killer who places a bomb in the reform mayor's car, and Marsha Hunt as the girl who

(Continued on page 99)

The Handy Twins lead the parade with proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN US...performing as drum majorettes...at the Chicago Bears' football games...or other places. You know we really do look a lot alike. When we made the tooth powder test, Mother suggested that Shirley be the one to use Pepsodent. I chose another leading brand."

"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion...for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily *twice as bright!* Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

HANDY TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile...
use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year!

ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS STIRRING PICTURE IS COMING!

July 4, 1942

FOR the first time since Photoplay and Movie Mirror magazines began publication, a movie star is not being featured on the cover. Instead, Paul Hesse's stirring color photograph of our flag strikes a militant note. As you look at the newsstands of America this month you have the sense of one huge Stars and Stripes on display. That was the original purpose of the Magazine Publishers Association in the suggestion that every magazine on sale Independence Day of this year have a flag cover. In a field of intense circulation competition and bitter editorial rivalry, publishers, one by one, agreed to lay aside all personal motive in order to join this visible, outward display of publishing patriotism.

The flag on the cover of Photoplay-Movie Mirror dramatizes a fact that has not been greatly emphasized—the fact of Hollywood's refusal to accept draft deferment for its actors. Significant proof is the row of small photographs displayed on the cover beneath the flag. A few months ago, General Hershey, selective service director, announced that movies were necessary to maintain morale.

Therefore, it was said, men working in this essential industry should be eligible for possible deferment. It was not an announcement Hollywood either sought or relished. After the ruling had been made, Hollywood refused to accept it. Actors continued to be drafted and stars who still had 3-A classifications continued to join the armed services.

Hollywood was right. Your letters have told me so. You may recall that recently I asked you to write me your honest opinions on this highly important question. Letters poured in, each weighing the issue earnestly. And the results? Two to one, you voted that Hollywood actors should do their share of the fighting!

This they are already doing. Twelve well-known players are on the cover. But there are others, some of whom there was no room to include; others who since this cover was designed and engraved have enlisted or whose intention of doing so has been announced. There are Tony Martin, Victor Mature, Craig Reynolds, Robert Preston, MacDonald Carey, Eddie Albert, John Trent, Phil Terry, Stirling Hayden, Alan Ladd, Lew Ayres (now in the Medical Corps), Jackie Coogan, Dan Dailey Jr., Buddy Rogers, Herbert Anderson, John Beal, George Brent, Robert Sterling, Richard Barthelmess.

I do not believe I have included every name here, for some are joining without advance notice to studio or editor. And soon, as the intensity of war ignites this country's efforts into a roaring blaze, many more from Hollywood's ranks will be in uniform.

I HOPE this list of names somehow helps to bring home to you personally a realization of the proportions of the struggle we have ahead. Some may argue that it is not the place of a movie magazine to talk about such real facts. I don't agree. At a time when every citizen must join hands with every other citizen, there can be no staking out a small plot and posting a sign which reads: No Admittance To Anything Connected With War. If, through any words of mine, I can help to end the senseless and blind wave of optimism that has seized us all, I shall feel that this page has made a contribution.

I hope you are not one who has allowed wishful thinking to wash over and drown out sober truth. Or have you perhaps begun to think that before many more weeks or months, the blessing of peace will have touched us? Then, unconsciously, you have begun to injure our chances of victory. You have helped to spread an optimism that is dulling the edge of our war sword. There is, with overconfidence, a dangerous letting down, a demoralizing slackening of effort. Our enemies are many, their resources are treble what they had when we entered the war. Victory is there to be seen from the top of the highest peak. Let us scale those heights first and not falsely feast our eyes now on the mirage of an early and easy winning.

Ernest V. Heyn

Secret Romance

First meeting: The "Mrs. Miniver" crew watched that glance breathlessly

Sometimes a man can look once into a woman's eyes and find there something that will hold him forever. Hollywood's most exciting hidden love story—the romance of Greer Garson and Richard Ney

BY BETH EMERSON

RICHARD NEY, a Broadway actor about to make his Hollywood debut, walked onto the set of "Mrs. Miniver" to be presented to the star of the production, Greer Garson.

"Mrs. Miniver, may I present your son?" asked Director William Wyler, who was doing the honors.

Greer, laughing with correct politeness, looked up, prepared to see the usual young actor. Instead, she observed a tall, very slender fellow with a sensitive, studious face. He was dressed, not in the flashing tweeds of the West, but with quiet effectiveness.

Richard Ney looked down, undoubtedly expecting the Greer Garson American movies have portrayed, an almost poisonously understanding, tolerant young matron. What he saw was a pale, humorous face framed in an incredible nimbus of red-gold hair. He saw the Garson figure, as it is, which is something quite different from the screen Garson figure which has always been padded, for reasons of characterization, all out of its highly seductive proportions. His startled blue eyes flashed to her slender ankles, even as Greer's startled green eyes took heed of the width of his shoulders; and then their delighted glances met again, met and locked and held.

At that moment in armament plants, in steam laundries, in bread factories and such busy places, clock hands kept right on sedately moving around clock faces. But on the set of "Mrs. Miniver" time froze, while two pairs of glamorous eyes melted, while two gay hearts started thumping and while all the Metro-ites within watching distances got ice to the feet.

The Metro heads held three distinct thoughts; the Metro fear beat as one. The Metro-ites knew the bitter truth of Hollywood, the cruel fact that marriage hurts the popularity of any star, male more than female, but even female enough to make a depressing difference at the box office. There sat Greer Garson, one of the capital investments of a success-mad industry and there stood Richard Ney, who might or might not be a comer. And somewhere across the lot, undoubtedly busy as six beavers, there worked Benny Thau, an intelligent, quiet gentlemanly executive, who had been hopelessly in love with Greer Garson for four years.

The Metro-ites fear was set on fire by the visible flash in those two handsome pans as they gazed on one another. Those watchers knew the fatal flame when they saw it. Just suppose it were real? Suppose it worked itself up to love? Suppose, heaven forbid, that it ended in matrimony? What, oh what would happen then?

That is what all Hollywood is wondering today, some five months after their first romantic meeting. "Mrs. Miniver" is finished and previewed and promises not only to be both an artistic and box-office smash but to make Greer Garson one of the top stars of all Hollywood and Richard Ney very much among those present on the glory road.

And Richard Ney and Greer Garson

First date: Greer and Dick went dancing together, asked photographers not to snap them, became so interested in each other they forgot the clicking cameras

are dating almost nightly. Richard Ney tells everyone he encounters how completely, utterly and devastatingly he is in love. Greer says nothing, but her happiness is as luminous as a searchlight sweeping a blackout sky.

It is the very glow of that happiness that lets you know how lonely Greer has been until now, how much she has wanted this laughter and this gaiety and this youth that have been brought to her.

You know now, of course, that Greer Garson was married when she came to this country in 1938. Hollywood didn't know it then. Hollywood, in fact, knew little of Miss Garson and cared less. That she had been a terrific hit on the London stage, that she had had one great and tragic love in her life, that she had married another man but had stayed a wife to him for less than a month, and that she was brainy, sensitive and madly romantic never entered Hollywood's mind. Until her tremendous hit in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" they ignored her and let her, for eleven months, sit home, night after night, in a tiny house on the quietest of Beverly Hills streets, heartsick, defeated and consumed with the longing for laughter and for love.

Benny Thau, a gentleman and a student, had met her on her first day at the studio. He started calling on her almost at once. That is, he called whenever his work didn't get in the way. But his work got in the way nine nights out of ten. It does with any Hollywood executive. If you are married to a movie executive it is possible to stand that (*Continued on page* 94)

20 Questions I Dare

This is going to burn Hollywood up—because Hedda's hep to the answers herself!

First in the heart of Hollywood—and first on the Hopper mind—is the puzzling Lupino-Hayward angle

THERE'S a silly old game called "Twenty Questions" I used to play so long ago that I barely remember how it goes. But now everybody's playing it, so what's to hinder Hopper from having a go at it? Just to prove I'm no piker I'm going to pick the toughest opponent I know to play my game with—Hollywood.

It's a past master at riddles, this town where even the birds use double-talk. But at that you'll get more real information from the birds than you will from the poker-face bigwigs who sit behind the mahogany and play dumb. They're dumb—like the Quiz Kids!

Well, fools rush in, they say. So here are twenty questions I dare Hollywood to answer! I'll even talk out of turn and give a few answers myself, which shows what a long neck our granny has.

1. What's the angle on the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward situation?

Well, it's very different from the usual one. Here are two temperaments as unlike as day and night. Ida came over here, got off on the wrong foot, as far as her career was

Norma Shearer can't do that to us—or can she?

Ten-carat Goldwyn is Hopper's reply to the Teresa Wright question

Hollywood to Answer

BY HEDDA HOPPER

oncerned, was much younger than nybody had any idea of, was given he silliest, most asinine ingenues ever een on the screen, and all the time he knew she was an actress. Her rouble was—how to prove it? Well, rove it she did, by walking out of a ear's contract at $1750 a week. Just bout this time she fell in love with ouis Hayward, who had his training n the Noel Coward school. Everything must be charm—and more harm. I saw him first in one of Noel's esser plays called "Point Verlaine," n which he stole the show from Lynn 'ontanne and Alfred Lunt, which is o mean stealing. And when Director Eddie Goulding was looking for a oung man to play a certain role, I uggested Louis Hayward; it was on hat suggestion that they brought him ut, tested him and he got his start in ictures. He's serious, wrapped up n his career; and now that Ida has nade a great success as a dramatic, motional actress, I think she'd like ll the romance and adulation that go vith it. And I have a hunch she's not etting it. But whether they separate nd divorce is (*Continued on page* 80)

Don Ameche would know what to tell Hedda; maybe you would too

Question mark to Lana Turner; exclamation point to the answer

Hedda, Hedda, give us the answer, do—on Walt Disney and his "Bambi"

What About You?

These four people have fascinated a great star. You may know others like them. If you do, Bette Davis wants to hear about it. You'll want to tell her when you see the end of this story

By Bette Davis

I'M GOING to tell you a short story I heard the other day. It is not sentimental or romantic and the plot isn't very complicated—but its main character is a terrific person, to my way of thinking, and there is drama enough in what she has done. Her name is Mary. She is a medium-sized girl with a nice, earnest face, brown hair and strong, capable fingers. She lives in half of a small duplex on the outskirts of Hollywood, where rents are cheap, because her small salary must buy room enough for her mother and her aunt, besides herself.

Since she got out of high school three years ago, Mary has worked in a smart beauty parlor (called a Salon de Beauté by the woman who runs it), giving shampoos and finger waves. Good ones. Until recently, when war and taxes made the clients closer about money, her tips were enough to buy her an occasional new dress in the basement of a fairly good department store. She couldn't complain, as she sometimes said to the young insurance salesman named Henry who took her dancing Wednesday nights and to the movies on Saturday. She was doing all right. But the first time she had to rip up two old dresses to make a dirndl and blouse that Henry would think were new, she got a little peeved. It wasn't just the tips—Henry had been called up by the Army and was leaving in two weeks, for heaven knew where. There went their plans: The marriage next year, the separate apartment for the two of them, the baby they wanted later on.

It was just about this time, furthermore, that Mary discovered she couldn't turn on the radio or open a paper without being told she ought to dig down for war bonds. That was just fine, thought Mary. That and the price of fresh eggs and Henry's draft notice, she could do without.

She got up early the day Henry left and stood on the sidewalk with him until his bus came. He'd sold his car the week before, at a loss. "But I still have seven hundred dollars," he told her. "When I come back . . ."

"What bank's it in?" she asked, for something to say.

"I bought bonds."

She was suddenly angry. "You're not doing enough, I suppose, giving up everything, going out to fight—"

Those fabulous tresses of hers were her Hollywood fortune. But what woman wouldn't cut her hair for something like this?

Mary smiled suddenly to herself, the brush suspended in mid-air. Wouldn't Henry be surprised!

"I don't get you," he said. "It's a good investment. And what's safer than the Government?"

She walked on up to the shop later, with her lipstick smeared from his kiss, and that day she didn't talk much but worked steadily, and that evening she sat down with a book, but didn't read it. Finally she tossed it aside, rummaged through a closet until she found a clean square of cardboard, hunted up a red pencil and began to print.

Her mother watched her curiously. "What are you doing?"

Mary showed her the card. It said: Scalp Treatment and Finger Wave—Evenings. "It's for the front window," Mary explained.

Her mother looked doubtful. "But would it be fair to your employer to start up in competition?"

"There isn't any competition, Mom. The women in our neighborhood never go down to the fancy beauty shops in town."

"But you haven't got that kind of an operator's license!" her mother objected.

"This isn't professional work. It's just practice and the shop will be glad that I'll be getting extra experience. Whatever they pay me goes for war bonds. They can give me war stamps if they want to."

"But after you've worked all day!" her mother cried indignantly. "Giving up your evenings—you can't tell me the Government . . ."

"It'll be something to do." Mary went over and stuck the card in the window. "Henry will be surprised," she added, smiling suddenly.

THAT'S the story. Mary really lives in that duplex in Hollywood, and I've seen the sign. Her customers are mostly women who work during the day and are grateful for a chance to have their hair done after hours. At this writing, she's got almost a hundred dollars worth of bonds in her safe box, to add to Henry's when he gets home. I don't know, frankly, what she thought about the day he left or what changed (*Continued on page* 68)

Stork Scoop! Behind a plate-glass window Photoplay-Movie Mirror interviews Alice Faye Jr. when she is just three days old. P.S.: Mother and father doing well

BY ROSEMARY WEST

Family-tree pose: Parents Alice Faye and Phil Harris

They named the baby Junior

The personal history of Alice Faye Jr. is very short and sweet though she can write in her future book that she gave her first interview when she was three days old.

If it was a new experience for her, it was a new experience for us, too. There is a first time for everything, but this was certainly the first time a star had ever been interviewed through a plate-glass window. Furthermore, her manners were nothing to brag about, since she slept profoundly through the historic occasion, not giving out with so much as one bubble or one good yell, just lay there, a tiny hunk with a fluff of down atop her head, a small screwed-up face and the most ridiculous dot of a nose you ever saw.

Maybe she was bored, bored as befits a baby who came into this world with 350 pairs of hand-knit booties waiting for her to step into them, with handmade blankets piled high to the ceiling, with so many handmade dresses that her mother gave up counting them, with five fully equipped baby baths and with a bassinette with everything attached save a garage and a new car.

Talking to her mother wasn't much help either, though it was easy to find her. You merely followed your nose down the flower-bedecked hospital corridors to her room, while the nurses whispered how the flowers kept on arriving, how Alice looked at them all and treasured the cards but ordered the flowers given away again, first to all the new mothers and then to the wards. The flowers were so numerous that soon the whole hospital was loaded with them. They were in every ward and room and in the nurses' quarters and on all the meal trays, but still they kept on coming until they overflowed into the neighborhood homes.

It was easy to see that Alice Faye, the First, was still too tired to talk, though her big eyes shone like Santa Claus Lane on December twenty-fourth. She looked as only a completely happy girl can look after she has first known motherhood; and there are no words for that.

She whispered, in that warm, exciting voice of hers, "Go see Phil. He'll tell you everything," and then she smiled, and it tore the heart out of you, it was so beautiful.

Over at the Los Angeles Biltmore Bowl, Phil Harris was busy playing. He was waving his baton around and the piano, next to him, was littered white with cards that said Miss Mildred Subdeb and Mrs. George Nobody and Mrs. Oscar Smalltown were having birthdays today and Mr. and Mrs. Jack So-an-so were celebrating their wedding anniversary and Private Tinamambob was there celebrating his last night before he went into service.

Phil came over to the table to talk between the (*Continued on page* 98)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Gene Tierney: Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Thunder Birds" . . . *page 53*

Clark Gable: Appearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You" . . . *page 55*

Gary Cooper: Appearing in Goldwyn's "The Pride Of The Yankees" . . . . . *page 58*

Joan Crawford: Appearing in Columbia's "They All Kissed The Bride" . *page 40*

Gene Tierney

Clark with Carole in their happy ranch-time days

Lest you may believe those rumors of the past six months, we give you the thought-provoking truth about Gable today

BY RUTH WATERBURY

How Clark Gable is Conquering *Loneliness*

SIX months have now passed since that tragic January day when a plane bearing Carole Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Peters, Otto Winkler, Clark Gable's best friend and personal press agent, and fifteen young Army pilots crashed against the barren slopes of Table Mountain in Nevada, killing all on board.

These months since he lost Carole have been the blackest months Gable has ever experienced, even though none of his life, prior to his first movie success in 1931, was ever easy.

Many rumors have been circulated about him during this time. There were stories that he was going into the Army as a buck private, that he had enlisted in the Navy, that he had a commission in the Signal Corps, that he was selling the Encino ranch that had been his and Carole's honeymoon house, and that he was retiring from the screen.

None of these stories is true, though the fact that each was reliably printed and many of them believed is perfectly understandable since Clark did consider each of these ideas in turn, only to reject them all eventually.

This is the truth concerning Clark Gable today: He is not going into active military service. He is not selling the ranch. He is going on with pictures. But the reasons that have determined these decisions reveal the changed Gable, this strong and complex man who after his exquisite wife's death discovered through his tragic loneliness that he had loved her even more than he had ever realized.

You have doubtless read a score of times that to know Gable even slightly is to worship him. We repeat it here, only because the way he has risen over his sorrow is due to those qualities his friends have always known lay deep and secret within his personality. The dashing, debonaire, devil-may-care Gable you have seen so often on screen is definitely one side of his personality. But there is another side to him, the side which you will see more frequently in the future.

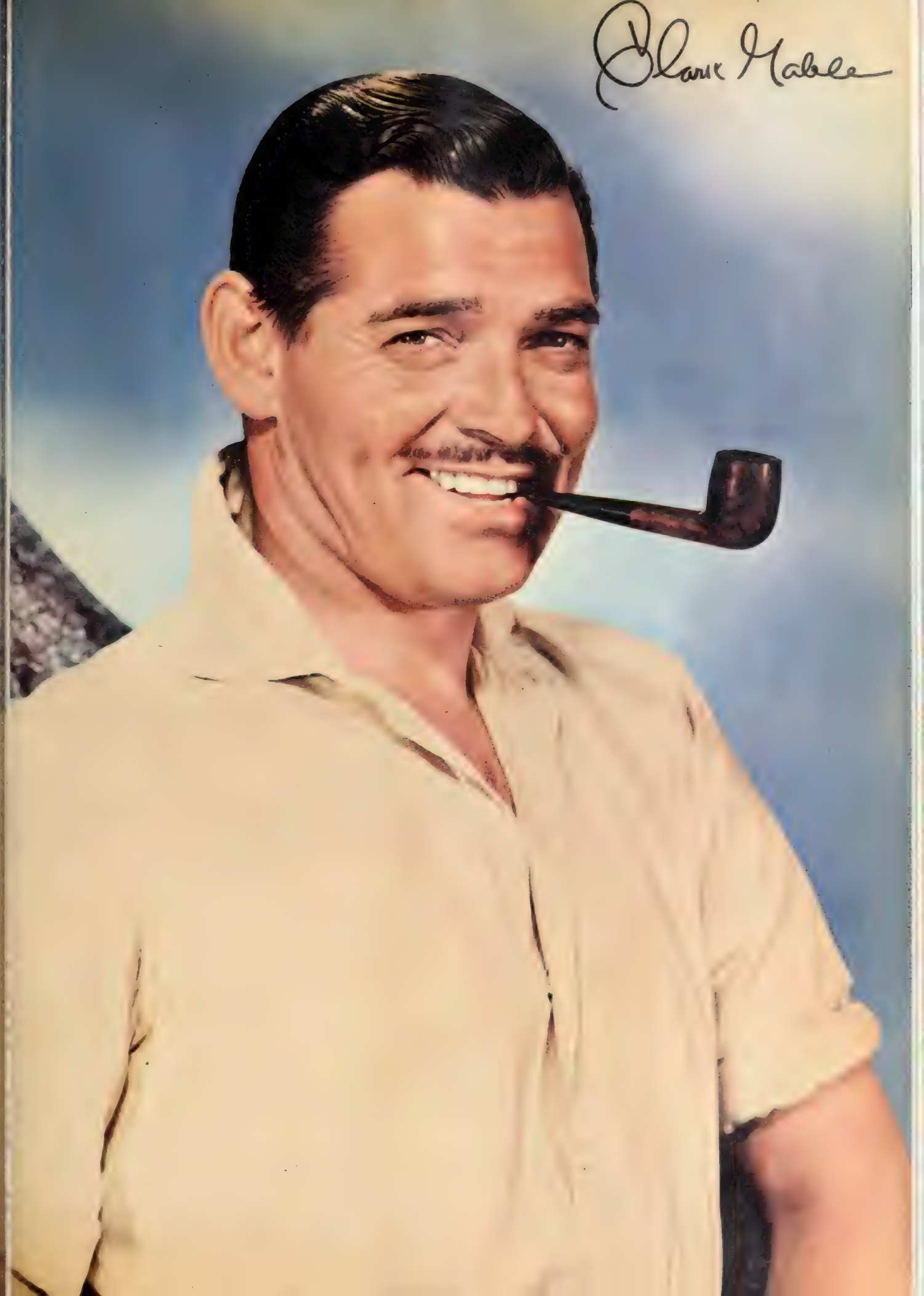
Six months of lonely nights and bitter days have left their mark on Clark, as you will observe when you see "Red Light." To take merely one slight example: Until now he has always had trouble keeping his weight down. Yet within one week after Carole's loss, he dropped twenty pounds and he hasn't yet been able to regain even half of that.

Another thing is that until this spring it was almost instinctive with Gable to do what he wanted to do when he wanted to do it. That nickname "King" wasn't tacked on him by mere accident.

Clark may always have been gay and kidding about his requests, yet he's always made them with the assured air of a guy who had the power to back up his requests and see to it that they were granted.

But these six months he has been up against the most brutal of realities. He had lost the person who was the most impor- (*Continued on page 74*)

Right: A picture of Clark posed before Carole's death, with the smile he lost but is fighting to regain


Clark Gable

Little Miss Dynamite

She's dumb like a fox, this new blonde bombshell, Veronica Lake. She knows how to handle Hollywood. She should, after what's happened to her in her twenty-three years

In Central Park with Mother, at the age of six

This time, she's three years older

Wintering in Florida, with her fathe

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

THE "I Wanted Wings" company had moved to a new set. The camera crew was setting up. The director and script writer were working on new dialogue. The company waited on the sidelines.

"No one go away," called the assistant director. "We'll be rehearsing any minute. No one go away. We're already behind schedule. We've got to step on it!"

Veronica Lake shook her hair out of her eye. She looked unhappy. An item she had read in a gossip column that morning concerned her. It was completely unimportant really. Most girls would have read it, thrown the paper aside and forgotten it entirely. But Veronica, new to Hollywood's limelight, had yet to accustom herself to columnists' personal remarks.

Bored with waiting, the men on the set began to kid Veronica about that item.

"What is it they're going to call you for advertising purposes?" someone asked. "The Blonde Bombshell, isn't it?"

She managed a small smile. She was just realizing, with horror, that the column in which that item appeared was syndicated; that John Detlie, her husband, on location with a Metro company outside Gallup, New Mexico, was probably being kidded about it too.

An older actor, wiser than the rest, saw the storm warning cloud Veronica's eyes. "Don't let them get you down, Miss Lake," he said protectively.

Tears spilled from Veronica's eyes. She pushed back her chair and ran from the stage. She stopped at her dressing room for a polo coat and went on to her car. She was on her way to John Detlie in New Mexico. She had to tell him how much she loved him and hear how much he loved her; even if columnists did make personal remarks about her. She had to assure John, once more, that he had only to say the word and she would give up her career, *gladly*.

She drove pell-mell through the valley and reached the mountains at night. There was a high fog. Only now and then could she see the stars. Towards morning it started to snow. Every few miles she had to get out and clear a little window on her windshield in order to see. She grew numb with cold. It became skiddy. Her car no longer held the road. On a steep downgrade she lost control. She shut off the ignition and let the car go. It tumbled over the side of the road, crashing over rocks and through underbrush. Then,. by a miracle, it came to a stop against a miniature boulder.

She crawled back up to the road. High overhead coyotes howled. Finally a ramshackle car came along. In it were a man and his wife and their baby on their way back to the Ozarks. They looked at her suspiciously. Her grease paint was smeared. She was streaked with blood.

"Where you aiming to go?" the woman asked.

"I'd like you to drop me off at Flagstaff," Veronica said. "I'll pay you well."

At Flagstaff she arranged for her car to be brought in for repairs and hired another to take her on to Gallup. It was noon when she got there. John was off on location. The production manager's wife got her to bed and sent for John and a doctor.

"You have two broken toes and you've cut yourself badly," the doctor told her. "You haven't suffered too much—so far—because the cold acted as an anesthesia."

John came back to the hotel as fast as he could.

"Maybe you should call Paramount," she whispered, safe in his arms. "They don't know where I am."

"Baby," (*Continued on page* 71)

Gary Cooper

Dick Arlen played with "Old Long Tack" in "Wings," was an eye witness to the pretzels incident

At the Academy dinner with Mrs. Cooper, Gary looked nicely nonchalant, fooled no one who was in the know

"Coop's" mother, Mrs. Charles Cooper, cover-up for one of Gary's secret Hollywood activities

What Hollywood Thinks of *Gary Cooper*

The victim is "Silent-Slim" Cooper; the subject, a "Things I Never Knew Before" exposé. The result? Eyebrow-raising!

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

WE STARTED our research in the matter of what people think of Gary Cooper by accepting the much publicized characterization of him as a very swell guy who positively won't talk. It was impressed upon us that compared to Gary the Sphinx is just another Bob Hope; that he falls asleep on the set every time the director's back is turned and that the big part of an assistant's job on his pictures is to wake him up in time for each take.

We were also advised that he has a five-thousand-word vocabulary—four thousand, nine hundred and ninety of which are yeahs, uh-huhs, yups and nopes.

Then we began to talk to the people who really know Gary.

Cecil B. DeMille, who has made about as many pictures with Gary as any of them, certainly doesn't think Cooper is asleep on his feet.

"The thing about Gary Cooper that has impressed me most," says DeMille, "is his amazing alertness. From the time we made our first picture I have realized that he never misses a thing that goes on before the camera.

"People who see Cooper lounging off camera," explains this veteran producer-director, "don't know what's going on behind those half-closed eyes. But I know he's developing the business and characterization that bring naturalness and humanness to his parts in my pictures.

"While Gary leans against a prop, chewing a match or a straw, he is checking every detail of setup and dialogue; noticing just how his stand-in is being lighted and almost invariably working out a suggestion to improve a camera angle or a bit of business.

"So don't let Cooper's stance fool you; he's on his toes all the time."

One of our very best columnists recently reported that Dick Arlen had said a producer tried to get Gary thrown off his picture for sleeping on the set all the time.

"That was a gross misquote," protests Dick. "There never was any such incident, and there isn't a producer in Hollywood who wouldn't do nip-ups to get Gary on a picture.

"I did say that Cooper had a marvelous knack of being able to go to sleep when he had to stay on the set while they were shooting something that had nothing to do with his part. But let's forget that. You said you wanted to know what I think of Gary; what about him impressed me most. That's easy. I think Cooper is the most agreeable guy in the world—but the last guy on earth you can push around. Old Long Tack just can't be crowded. The busy boys around the studios who try to make a showing by hustling people just bounce off him.

"That isn't something he has developed since he became a star. He always was that way. Golly," and Dick rubbed his chin with the back of his hand, and grinned, "I remember way back when he was a lanky newcomer with just a bit to do in 'Wings.'

"Gary had arrived in Tucson, Arizona, from Hollywood, and had been told to come to our hotel in the morning ready to (*Continued on page* 76)

Joan Crawford

"Put your right hand on my shoulder," Mike commanded softly

They all KISSED the Bride

"The Taming Of The Shrew" has nothing on the story of Margaret, a career girl who thought she could manage everyone until she met up with a certain young man named Mike

Fiction version by
MARTI SECREST

A Columbia picture, directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Edward Kaufman. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson. From a story by Gina Kaus and Andrew P. Solt.

"I'M not going through with it!" Vivian Drew declared flatly. The distant chatter of wedding guests, moving through the grounds of the lovely Drew Westchester estate, came faintly to the ears of the little group gathered in Vivian's bedroom.

"I'm not going through with it!" she repeated, hurling her wedding dress to the floor.

"See," Mrs. Drew turned helplessly to her older daughter Margaret. "She's not going through with it."

"She certainly can't go through with it, dressed like that." Margaret surveyed her half-clad sister calmly. This was not the first time she had had to deal with Vivian's sudden emotional vagaries. Ever since her father's death three years ago, Margaret had managed the family. She had also assumed control of her father's business, the Drew Transportation Company, and the executive responsibility had been heavy for a young woman. It had taken all her capable mental ability, plus the shrewdness and hardness she had forced herself to develop, but now she was regarded with respect among businessmen. Vivian's marriage today to Stephen Pettingill was the result of Margaret's planning, for Vivian was too irresponsible to be allowed to have her own way and Margaret knew she had chosen wisely for her sister.

"But I don't love Stephen," insisted Vivian tearfully. "I love Joe."

"Who's Joe?" asked Margaret, deftly sliding the wedding dress over Vivian's head.

"Joe Krim. He works in a filling station. Why, I wrote to him just last week. . . ."

"You wrote this Joe person letters!" interrupted Margaret, instantly aware of the possibility of blackmail.

"Only two or three," Vivian admitted plaintively. "Every time I saw him my head would swim and my knees would get weak."

"Biliousness!" Margaret replied briskly.

"That's nonsense, Margaret," Mrs. Drew defended Vivian spiritedly. "It's a family characteristic. All the Drew women had it. I know when I first met your father my knees. . . ."

"You know you've always suffered with your liver," Margaret pointed out, adjusting Vivian's veil. Her mind was ticking rapidly. This Joe person might conceivably try to break up the wedding. She must be prepared for anything that happened.

Impulsively she took Vivian in her arms and her voice softened with tenderness.

"Darling, I don't want to seem harsh. You'll see I'm right. Stephen is a fine boy." Vivian clung to her, tears welling in her eyes. Margaret kissed her soothingly. The crisis was past and Margaret knew it would be safe to leave her now.

As she started back downstairs her

"Maggie," Mike taunted across the desk, "You're afraid! You're afraid of men!"

"Every time I saw him my head would swim," Vivian said tearfully. "Biliousness!" Margaret replied briskly

THE CAST

Margaret J. Drew	Joan Crawford
Michael Holmes	Melvyn Douglas
Mrs. Drew	Billie Burke
Vivian Drew	Helen Parrish
Johnny Johnson	Allen Jenkins
Susie Johnson	Mary Treen
Stephen Pettingill	Roger Clark

mind shuttled from Joe Krim to a problem she had been unable to forget upon leaving her New York office. One Michael Holmes, an idealistic social reformer, had written a book attacking transportation companies and Margaret figured prominently in it. His references to "M.J.," as she was known in the business world, were far from flattering. She was used to being referred to as a harsh employer. If she had not severely schooled herself to forget sentiment in business, the Drew Transportation Company would not be what it was today. She had completely sacrificed herself as a person; she had given up all the gay, laughing moments that should be part of a girl's life and had concentrated on filling her father's shoes. But what this Holmes person had said about her was maliciously unfair! One look at the proofs of the book had convinced her of that.

Margaret smiled to herself at the thought of how she'd got an advance look at the Holmes opus. The publishing house to whom he'd submitted the book had a loan out against the Drew bank. Realizing at the last moment that publication might infuriate Margaret and thus mean the loan would not be renewed, the publisher had gingerly shown her proofs of the book and, when she hit the ceiling, promised that his house would never put it on the market.

But there were other publishing houses in New York—and the only way to be sure the book would never see the light of print was to thrash the matter out with Holmes himself. Margaret had given orders that he was to be found and brought to her office. Nevertheless, the thought of this man and his arrogance followed her home and nagged in a corner of her mind.

Her attention was suddenly distracted by a racket at a side gate and, signaling to the butler to accompany her, she went to investigate. Inside the side wall she found a young man, slim, personable and slightly breathless. She looked at him and, without warning, her knees were shaking; her head swimming.

The butler took her arm. "Aren't you well, miss?"

"I'm all right," she answered weakly. "It's just—my liver. . . ."

The banging outside continued. The young man, with the detached air of one merely doing his duty, opened the gate and a furious detective rushed in. The stranger caught him neatly on the chin with a swift blow which knocked him back outside. Then he locked the gate and turned to Margaret with a flourish.

"Is there anything else you wish, madam?"

"Don't call me 'madam'!"

"Sure," he agreed with a grin. "I'd much rather call you 'Baby'."

The peculiar sensation seized Margaret again, but the strains of the wedding march interrupted her reply and she hurried into the house. The young man shrugged his shoulders and wandered into the rumpus room.

"They're all in the foyer, sir," the bartender informed him. "The ceremony is about to start."

"I hate weddings," the stranger informed him moodily, pouring a stiff drink of brandy. It was very good brandy and he (*Continued on page* 82)

Want to play Gin Rummy?

Ilona Massey takes over Alan Curtis; wins by "knocking," i.e., by laying down all her cards in combinations or sequences

George Burns's card of a wife, Gracie Allen, smiles smugly, gives George a rummy run for his money

Mrs. Costello catches Lou pulling a boner. P.S.: He now plays à la Photoplay-Movie Mirror

What everyone has been asking for! A simple easy way to learn how to cut yourself in on the game that Hollywood — and the rest of the country — sits up all hours to play

GIN RUMMY is essentially a game for two persons, although there are several combinations by which more persons can play. The rules given here are for the two-person game.

The players cut for the deal and the one who turns up the higher card becomes the dealer. Each player receives ten cards; after the deal, the next card is turned face up and placed beside the rest of the pack, which is turned face down. If dealer's opponent doesn't want the first face-up card, dealer may take it; if both refuse, the opponent draws from the pack.

Each player in turn draws one card (no more than one) from either the stack or the face-up pile, as he chooses, and then discards on the face-up pile.

The object of Gin is to arrange your cards, by drawing and discarding, into *combinations* or *sequences,* but in Gin these are not laid down on the board (face up) until one of the players "knocks" and the game is over. *Combinations* are three or four cards of a kind, as three or four kings; *sequences* are three or more cards of a suit, as 6, 7, 8 of hearts. Aces are low; they can never be used as a high card following a king.

In order to knock, you must have in your hand enough cards arranged in seqences and (or) combinations so that the other unmatched cards still remaining in your hand add up to no more than 10 points *or less.* Kings, queens, jacks and tens count 10 points each, aces 1 point and all other cards their face value.

For example, you could knock (which means you would lay down, face up on the board, all your combinations and sequences) with a four, three and ace (which totals 8 points) still unmatched in your hand. But you could not knock with an ace and a jack still remaining in your hand, because these would total 11.

As soon as one player knocks, the other can lay out all the combinations and sequences in his hand and can also, where possible, play on the combinations and sequences of his opponent. He (*Continued on page* 70)

How to make yourself IMPORTANT

Actor Reagan: "In 'Kings Row' Parris was not for me, but Drake, I think, was."

A FINE and fancy storyteller holds his punch for the story's end, I'm sure. But as I'm a plain guy with a set of homespun features and no frills, I may as well write accordingly.

So, then, the whole deal on how to make yourself important is, as I see it, to (a) love what you are doing with all your heart and soul and (b) believe what you are doing is important, even if you are only grubbing for worms in the back yard.

I am enormously in earnest about this. In fact, I believe I may say, with some pride, that I think I have something here. I hold that all of this business about making yourself important by means of externals is no good. Clothes, being seen in the Right Places, show, swank—No! They may make you seem important; but that is not what I am talking about.

Nor do I believe that you have to be a standout from your fellow men in order to make your mark in the world. Average will do it. Certainly if I am to serve as my own guinea pig for this little homily, it will have to do it. For I'm no Flynn or Boyer and well I know it.

The studio publicity department had to sweat ink out of its veins to turn out a biography on me. Mr. Norm is my alias, or shouldn't I admit it?

I like to swim, hike and sleep (eight hours a night). I'm fairly good at every sport except tennis, which I just don't like. My favorite menu is steaks smothered with onions and strawberry shortcake. I play bridge adequately, collect guns, always carry a penny as a good-luck charm and knock wood when I make a boast or express a wish. I have a so-so convertible coupe which I drive myself. I'm interested in politics and governmental problems. My favorite books are "Turnabout," by Thorne Smith, "Babbitt," "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and the works of Pearl Buck, H. G. Wells, Damon Runyon and Erich Remarque. I'm a fan of Bing Crosby. My favorite actress is my wife. I like things colored green and my favorite flower is the Eastern

—and strangely enough, love has a lot to do with it, in a way you'd least suspect

BY RONALD REAGAN

(As Told To Gladys Hall)

lilac. I love my wife, baby and home. I've just built a new one—home, I mean. Nothing about me to make me stand out on the midway.

Lots of kids write and ask my advice about how to make their mark in an indifferent world. Seventy-five percent of them beef that they're not much to look at, haven't any dough, can't cut a dash. I could refer them to Lincoln, out of the backwoods, as plain as a calabash pipe. But they know all that.

I want to say, first, however, that I question my right or ability to advise anyone how to get along because, before I take any credit for any success that has come my way, I certainly must acknowledge the help of friends all along the way—people who were never too busy to give a young fellow a hand. Maybe that's my lead. I'm just trying to pass along some of the things I've learned from these same people.

So, what I'd like to tell 'em is this: Look, you *must* love what you are doing. You must think what you are doing is important because, if it's important to you, you can bet your last ducat that other people will think so, too. It may take time, but they'll get around to it. And one thing more, one really important thing: If, when you get a job, you don't believe you can get to the top in it, it's the wrong job.

NOW, of course, I don't mean that just believing you can get to the top will always get you there. But I do say that you'll never get there *unless* you believe that you can.

I'm not writing anything I don't believe myself, you know. Nor anything that doesn't come right out of my own experience. For me, the one job in the world I want to do is acting. Offer me ten times the money for something else, and I wouldn't do it. And right from the start, down there in "B" pictures where I began, through four years of "bit" parts (the "Poor Man's Errol Flynn," they called me), I was sure that I was in the right business for me. I knew I'd get to the top, if I kept on working and

Officer Reagan with Maureen Elizabeth and his "favorite actress," wife Jane Wym

Four grins add up to a nice good-by: Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny and Jane Wyman Reagan take a last-minute look at Officer Ronnie

learning. That's not brash self-confidence, either. Put me in any other job and I'd eat humble pies by the dozen. I'd lack self-confidence because I'd be in the wrong job.

Of course, doing what I wanted to do didn't put me always in a favorable light. For example, in college I majored in sociology and economics. Not because I liked the subjects, but because they gave me the most time for the things I really liked, namely, college dramatics, football and a dive into campus politics. But even there maybe I learned something, because in the subjects I got poor marks. Whereas, in dramatics, I copped off the lead in most of the plays. In football, I won three varsity sweaters. And in politics I managed to corral a job that netted me about $250.

Point being that success, for me, is where the heart is. And my heart was in dramatics, football and politics.

After college, I got a job as a sports announcer and eventually I worked up to broadcasting many of the biggest sports events. The job wasn't very important at first but before long I woke up to find myself broadcasting sports events for which the sponsors paid my station hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. This meant that folks were listening to me, lots of folks. And they listened to me, I know, not because I had any experience in broadcasting or any diction, but because I was so keen about those sports events myself that I felt it urgently important that other people know about them, too, and nearly got high blood pressure telling 'em about them.

But all of this doesn't mean, of course, that you can just sit back like a pink cupid with wings, indulge in some wishful thinking and, presto, you're important! It's never enough to love anything, is it, not even a girl?

When you propose to a girl, you've got to be pretty convincing, use your heart as a mouthpiece. You've got to work for the thing you love, you always do.

WHICH brings me to when I first came to Warner Brothers, to the movies. I was certainly a nobody in, and to, Hollywood. I certainly hadn't learned to act by being a sports announcer. I wasn't any collar ad to look at. All I had in this world was confidence that, with the proper material, I could entertain people. And the only basis I had for this confidence was that I *wanted* to entertain people more than I wanted anything else.

Well, they threw me to the "B's." I made twenty to twenty-five "B's" before I got the part of *Gipp* in "Knute Rockne—All American."

Thanks to some good advice from a guy named Pat O'Brien, I played those "B's" as if they were "A's." You see, the boss only goes by results. If I do a part carelessly because I doubt its importance, no one is going to write a subtitle explaining that Ronald Reagan didn't feel the part was important, therefore he didn't give it very much. All my boss knows is what he sees on the film and someday he may look at that particular picture to judge my qualifications for a real film job.

It wasn't until the part of the *Gipp* came up that I felt, *Here is a job I can do.*

It was the first time, during all those four years, that I ever asked for a part. Because you've got to be sure, awful sure, that you can do something better than the guys lined up ahead of you before you ask for anything.

Quite a few times, before "Knute Rockne," parts came up in pictures that I thought I'd like to play. In "Dark Victory," with Bette Davis, for example, they handed me a bit part. I stewed around for a bit, wishing I'd got the part Bogart played in that picture. Then I realized I couldn't top Bogey in that. It was his dish, not mine. In "Kings Row," *Parris* was not for me, but *Drake,* I think, was. In "Desperate Journey" Flynn's spot is his, not mine.

But I knew that I could deliver the *Gipp.* I knew it because, when I was a kid, George Gipp was my hero, Rockne was my candidate for A Man. There was that love of what I was doing figuring in again. In addition, I knew I could play football and they wouldn't have to use a double for me.

That part opened a door for me. A few people on the lot knew me by name. The fans started to write in. (Folks, you fixed me!)

WELL, then, believe it or not, love walked in again and gave me another boost. Love of a girl this time, love of the girl I married. One of my handicaps in this business had been that of looking too youthful, because of which I lost a lot of parts, I know. Well, folks don't think of a guy as completely a juvenile when he has a wife and child!

I've just been told, here at the studio, of two very important parts that were to be mine. They are in pretty big pictures, so I guess I can say my rules work. But I won't be doing those pictures. Uncle Sam has called me, a Reserve officer in the Cavalry, and I'm off to the war, still true to my two precepts: (a) to love what you are doing with all your heart and soul and (b) to believe what you are doing is important. I love the Cavalry or I would not have been with it for so long. And along with a few million other guys, I feel pretty strongly about my country. As for believing what you are doing is important—well, if fighting to preserve the United States and her Allies isn't important, you name it.

And who knows—maybe when I get back again, "when the world is free," there will be other good parts waiting for me and for my buddies.

So long!

The End

Mary Martin, a girl who can dress up a dress and pep up a picture, star of Paramount's "Happy Go Lucky"

TALES OF A TAIL COAT

In which a dress suit gets dressed up to play the hero in this amusing preview of Twentieth Century-Fox's amazing picture, "Tales Of Manhattan"

1 YOU may call me a tail coat—just a thing of broadcloth and satin, to be worn as full dress on special evenings of splendor. But you will never in your life know the romance, adventure—yes, and tragedy—that I have known in mine. For I have been close to some of the great men of our times.

2 There was Paul Orman (Charl Boyer), Broadway's popular matin idol. We looked well together, Pa the actor, and I, his tail coat, ar that's what Ethel (Rita Hayworth thought when she maneuvered hi into a tête-à-tête in her hunting lodg Her husband, Halloway (Thom Mitchell), caught us there. While toyed with a gun, it accidentally we off. Paul fell to the floor and Eth sought the arms of her husband. The Paul rose and absolved both as made a dramatic exit. Nice acting but there was a bullet hole in m shoulder, and Paul's, too. Whe Paul collapsed in the car, Luther, h chauffeur (Eugene Pallette), drove to a hospital.

3 Then the crooked Luther sold me to the valet of Harry Wilson (Cesar Romero) to wear at Harry's wedding that night. Harry was in a mess. His fiancee, Diane (Ginger Rogers), had discovered a love note from another sweetheart in the pocket of his tail coat. So Harry had his best pal, George (Henry Fonda), come over and claim the coat—and letter—as his, I to substitute for Harry's tail coat. George, to help a pal, proceeded to illustrate the romantic moments of the letter to Diane. Suddenly, they were in each other's arms—and liking it. Which left Harry without a bride and me being hustled off to a pawnshop because I was bad luck.

4 There I caught the eye of Mrs. Smith (Elsa Lanchester) whose husband (Charles Laughton) had been trying for years to get an audition with Bellini, the great conductor (Victor Francen). Bellini had finally consented to let Smith conduct his own symphony on Bellini's program. But Smith had no tail coat—that is, until Mrs. Smith saw me. We were a tight fit. Smith was too fat and I was too thin. But it was a great moment just the same. Smith waved his baton over the orchestra, a packed auditorium thrilling to his music. Then something awful happened. My shoulders began to rip—then split apart. The audience roared with laughter. Smith and I were heartsick. At that moment Bellini rose and removed his own coat. Others took the hint. Soon there wasn't a pair of black sleeves to be seen in the house. And what an ovation they gave Smith! Gratefully he donated me to a mission, saying I would bring good luck.

5 Good luck—me! Well, maybe. Because when Larry (Edward G. Robinson), who everybody thought was just a bum, received that invitation to attend his class reunion at the Waldorf Astoria, I was fixed up for him. He was getting away beautifully with his trumped-up story of having spent "years in China" when a wallet was reported missing. One of the drunks jokingly suggested everyone be searched. All agreed but Larry—who was too proud to reveal he was wearing only a dickie under his dress coat. Williams (George Sanders), who had never liked Larry, accused him of the theft. "Come on, Larry," I whispered. "Take me off and let 'em have it!" So Larry took me off, told them the truth about himself with challenging dignity and we left, just as it was announced the wallet had been found. But Larry was through with "society" and went back to being a bum. And me?

6 Well, I fell into the hands of a gunman (J. Carrol Naish) who had stolen fifty thousand dollars and was headed South in a plane. It was that stolen money in my pocket that really burned me up, not the gangster's cigarette that fell on me. Frantically he pitched me out of the plane, bills and all. Down . . . down . . . down . . . I went . . . and landed in a sharecropper's field worked by Luke (Paul Robeson) and his wife (Ethel Waters). When they found the bills they hurried me off to their preacher who said the money was in answer to their prayers and they'd divide it equally among all their people. You never heard such singing for joy. And I didn't even mind when they gave me to an old man who needed a scarecrow for his little field. Now for the first time I am really useful, protecting the old man's food crop. And I'm bad luck to nothing but the crows!

Highroad to Hollywood

You must get to know Julie Burns from Gladstone, Ohio. For she is you—and what is happening to her here would actually happen to you, too, should you go to Hollywood

BY DIXIE WILLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

What has happened so far:

AS a startling and unexpected honor, Julia Burns, of Gladstone, Ohio, wins first place in a national radio contest to discover America's most beautiful and typical girl, the prize being a trip to Hollywood to play the role of *Miss America* in a Warner Brothers picture. In a furor of home-town adulation, she prepares to leave Gladstone and her devoted admirer, the sandy-haired young contractor, Tod Jenkins. At the last moment Tod asks her an all-important question. Will she send him Hollywood ideas for his first building venture, a house to be erected upon a Gladstone corner which Julia particularly loves, because of a spreading elm beneath which her happiest play days were spent? Julia, who has been certain that Tod would propose before her leave-taking, feels distinctly let down.

On the train she meets Scott Hendricks, a young lady who intends trying to crash pictures with a capital of but one hundred dollars. The two girls agree that they would like to unravel the mysteries of Hollywood together. So Julia invites Scott to share her luxurious apartment at the Castle Argyle, where she is to be a guest of the studio.

Julia's first day at the Warner Brothers studio is a series of glamorous adventures beginning with the changing of her name to Julie Burnette and ending with an introduction to good-looking Curt Melbourne, the studio's ace still man. There Miss America is told the exciting news that tonight she is to make her first appearance as a Hollywood personality. She will dine at the Mocambo and attend a premiere, escorted by an unrevealed Prince Charming.

Hurrying back to Castle Argyle, she dons the beautiful white evening gown given her by the studio, her anticipation and curiosity reaching a fine climax with the arrival of a stunning corsage of pink camellias. It bears a card which reads: "Half-past six o'clock" . . . that, and no more.

The story continues:

IT was a radiantly lovely Julie who slid into the clinging Orry-Kelly evening gown, pinned camellias in her hair and donned the studio's white fox fur cape, to wait the ring of the house telephone which would announce a gentleman in the lobby. The surprise was as delightful as it was complete, when the moment finally came and the hitherto unidentified escort proved to be Mr. Curt Melbourne.

He was the first man she had ever beheld in tails and a topper. Moreover, he put her into his cream-colored car with an ease, a savoir-faire which she had never seen outside the "movies." All of which gave him no edge over Tod, her mind hastened to affirm, but it was a thrill, nevertheless, to have him fit so perfectly into the rest of this Cinderella evening.

Her eyes reflected the lights of the Boulevard as Curt nosed into the line of traffic. But after a few blocks he turned toward the near-by hills and presently they were climbing a twisting road straight to the top of a rugged, rocky ridge.

"Is the Mocambo in the mountains?" Julie wanted to know.

"No," Curt replied, "but we're going in the right direction. We're just taking the *high* road."

Suddenly he swung about and stopped upon a ledge with so superb a sight below that Julia fairly held her breath! There were the lights of Hollywood, like jewels spilled across black velvet; buildings with glowing towers, scarlet, blue and amber neons, and over it all, a moving, changing, crisscross design of oblique angles, the searchlights of the premiere.

Curt enjoyed the rapture of the girl beside him.

"Like it?" he inquired. "So do I. I think it is one of the most thrilling sights in the world. And this is only our conservative *wartime* view. Nowadays it is only one third as brilliant as usual and the searchlights must swing low instead of shooting straight up among the stars somewhere . . . Take one long look," he added, "and we'll tear ourselves away, for in just about ninety minutes they'll be looking for you down there in the midst of it, and we have dinner to put away in the meantime."

The road down proved to be a paved avenue bordered with estates, imposing ones, and small ones; houses built to fit the curves along which they lay. Then finally, as abruptly as they had left the Boulevard, they returned to it; came out, in fact, almost at the door of the ultrasmart Mocambo.

Julie could scarcely imagine what sort of magnificence to anticipate within the (*Continued on page* 52)

Based on "Hollywood Starlet" by Dixie Willson, the latest in Dodd Mead & Company's popular Career Book series

Curt was enjoying Julie's rapture. "Like it?" he inquired. "So do I. I think it is one of the most thrilling sights in this world!"

portals of this world-famous playground of the stars. But presently, from the table previously reserved for them, she found herself in just a quiet, softly lighted restaurant, not in the least ornate or pretentious, dinner patrons in smart street clothes as well as in evening dress, several of them screen celebrities.

Curt didn't dance as well as Tod, but was just tall enough to be protecting, his conversation so amusing, she didn't care whether they danced.

At a quarter to eight they left. It was a ten-minute drive back along Sunset to the premiere. But here at the Mocambo they "changed cars." The studio had sent a limousine and chauffeur to properly dignify Miss America. Curt left his own to pick up later.

At the theater Julie found bleachers built along the street for the evening's event were now packed with a crowd breaking into applause as its favorite stars arrived.

In a courtyard lovely with palms, giant ferns and fountains were the famous cement blocks recording footprints and autographs of the stars. And as Curt guided Julie across this exotic space someone on the sidelines called out: "There's Miss America!"

Heads instantly craned and there was a round of applause. Julie bowed . . . smiled . . . and waved her handkerchief.

Proceeding into the theater, she was certain she saw every screen personality she had ever heard of! At nine o'clock the picture began. What picture it was, she scarcely knew. She decided, afterward, that the trouble with a breath-taking evening like this one, was that you were in such a daze while it was happening, you couldn't realize what was going on. And by the same token, afterward you couldn't remember!

As the picture finished and the crowd began to move into the aisles, the occasion turned into an overcrowded reception for the stars of tonight's premiere, Julie introduced to persons whom she had never been able to imagine as real flesh and blood! After an hour's milling about through this brilliant kaleidoscope, they were outdoors again, the police still busy keeping space clear.

Over loud-speakers, which were for the benefit of parking lots a block distant, the curb attendant called names of persons now ready to leave.

"And so the thrills of this night are over," Julie thought as she and Curt joined the line waiting for cars.

But she had anticipated her return to a mundane world too soon. For now, exactly as though Cinderella's fairy godmother waved her wand over another golden pumpkin, Miss America heard the loud-speaker boom out (while it seemed that the world stood still to listen!): "Miss Julie Burnette's car . . . Miss Julie Burnette's car please come to the curb?"

WITH the ringing of her telephone at seven o'clock the next morning, Julie struggled into wakefulness. It was the call she had left last night, since that all-important interview test was scheduled for nine o'clock.

She managed to be dressed and fortified with a cup of coffee in time for the studio car at seven-thirty, and at eight o'clock found herself on the lot in one of the white leather chairs, in the make-up department.

Here Perc Westmore supplied her first comprehensive idea of this test, which Casting Director Steve Trilling had described as a five-minute camera and sound record.

"It doesn't call for much make-up," Mr. Westmore explained, "because its purpose is to give us an idea of you, yourself: We want to know if your face should look thinner or rounder, or if your hands need improving, or your voice or your manners."

As he told her about it, giving her a light application of grease paint and powder, actors passed the open door, an Indian chief, who startled you, Priscilla Lane as a dude rancher.

Julie herself, thirty minutes later, was taken to the Studio Theater to Sophie Rosenstein.

"Good morning," that young lady said cheerfully. "Shall we go right along to Stage 19? On the way over, I'll outline the questions you're to answer for the camera and the mike."

It was a simple routine indeed, questions which merely established her name, age, height, her home town, education and stage experience, but Julie's knees were quaking as she crossed the barn-like stage, past a dozen deserted sets, to one small area banked round with lights.

After due preliminaries of focus, distance, et cetera, it was Sophie who asked the questions, Sophie standing quietly, reassuringly on the sidelines. But lights, mike and camera, became fevered confusion for Ohio's most beautiful daughter as she answered!

Afterward, returning to the Studio Theater, which was the domain of the young contract players and Sophie, their coach, the little girl from Gladstone heard the news she had been waiting for; the story of the role she was to play as *Miss America*.

"As for lines," Sophie smiled, "you won't have much to worry about, for you have exactly twenty-one words to say. The picture begins in the summer of 1941 in Grand Central Station, where you, with your father, wait for an old family friend arriving from Chicago. When he comes, you make your first speech which is 'How do you do?' Your second is a week later at the Forest Hills Tennis matches. Your father's friend proves to be a famous artist who asks if you will pose for a portrait. You reply that you would consider it an honor.

"Then comes the really important thing you do," she went on, Julie an absorbed listener; "The portrait is painted in the dress worn by your great, great grandmother, who, as a young pioneer, was the heroine of a lost wagon train. The artist begins to unfold the story as he paints your portrait, his tale fading into the dramatic enactment of the episode, which of course, is the real meat of the picture. The role of the pioneer girl is played by Miss Davis, her heroism taking its proper place in history when the artist's painting of you, in her character, is an overnight inspiration to a war-torn world; the portrait called 'Miss America' in honor of the girl who forged across the prairie to give this country new land and new purpose. It is a role," she finished, "which any girl may be proud and thrilled to play."

Indeed, Julie felt shivers coursing down her spine with Sophie's description! And now, as *Miss America*, she was due in Wardrobe to fit the costumes she would wear; a smart suit in which she would meet the train, a sports outfit for the tennis matches, a dinner gown to be worn upon the occasion of the portrait's unveiling, and the pioneer dress duplicating the one in which Miss Davis would play the star role.

"Then if you'll meet me in the commissary at one," said Sophie, summing up Julie's schedule for the morning, "we'll (*Continued on page 78*)

DO YOU KNOW WHAT JOB YOU ARE REALLY FITTED FOR?

America is calling with jobs, jobs, jobs! It's important—to you, to the man you work for, to your country—to be the right person for the right job. Have you asked yourself in which one you could render your very best service?

You'll find the answer in Photoplay-Movie Mirror Next Month!

A dollar-marked Hollywood property, John Garfield, who cashes in currently in M-G-M's "Tortilla Flat"

Only old friends can play at this! Nelson and Jeanette spli

WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT Jeanette

Says NELSON EDDY

To Marian Rhea

THE trouble with Jeanette is (Nelson says), for one thing, the way she can sleep at any time—between scenes, during the lunch hour, whenever she has the opportunity—and wake up from her nap fresh as a daisy and ready to scintillate in her next "I Married An Angel" scene . . . while I sleep badly, even when I am home and in bed.

There is another thing about Jeanette which I find censorable, too. I mean the way she can—and does—eat anything she likes, at any time. Take cake. She can eat a hunk the size of a telephone book and never gain a pound. But me—if I eat so much as a square inch, my waistline suffers.

And the way she can read on the train when she goes out on her concert tours, and I can't. She comes back to Hollywood erudite as the deuce. I am convinced she does it largely so she can lord it over me, who find it impossible to concentrate on a printed page with the motion of the train making it jitter like an old-fashioned movie!

The trouble with Jeanette is, too, that I can never tell when she is going to give me the "dead pan" when I tell a story. I'll regale her with my very latest and best, but when I've finished she often just looks at me, poker-faced. Sure. She knows this lack of response gets my goat. That's the reason she does it.

And the way she gets make-up on my coat in our love scenes! Heck, if the picture we're making is modern, the men have to furnish their own wardrobes. Thanks to Miss MacDonald, my cleaning bill is terrific. I feel like tying on a bib and saying, "Lay your cheek *there,* Baby!"

The trouble with Jeanette, too, is that she likes to wear pink. I hate pink. Yes, I know it becomes her. Nevertheless. . . .

Another thing about Jeanette that I find most (*Continued on page* 88)

their differences and end up raving mad — about each other

WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT Nelson

Says JEANETTE MacDONALD

To Marian Rhea

NOW the trouble with Nelson is (Jeanette says), for instance, that devastating memory of his that never lets him forget a single faux pas you've ever made, but is always trotting it out at embarrassing moments to confound you. . . . Also the way he never has to keep a date book, but remembers everything he plans to do for weeks ahead. I mean, the Japanese can bomb Pearl Harbor and the United States can go to war, but he remembers that arrangement he made for a week from Tuesday at 4:30 p.m. to supervise the setting out of more lemon trees.

And those lemon trees he already has! I work my fingers to the bone trying to grow something—anything—that will equal those lemon trees of Nelson's and I never succeed. . . .

And how he is always "measuring" my nose and generally embarrassing me with his scrutiny, but will not (to date, at least) show me the bust he is sculpturing of me. "You won't like it at this point," he says, with a maddening air of masculine superiority. How does he *know* I won't like it?

The trouble with Nelson is, too, that no matter how hard I study, he always knows his lines as well as I do mine! Honestly, when I work as hard as I do to be letter-perfect, I think I should be rewarded by slips from him now and then. But I seldom am!

And it irks me, too, because he isn't a bit superstitious, when everyone knows *all* actors are superstitious! I admit it—I am! I have to wear that old plaid coat of mine on the day I start work in a new picture, because it brings me luck. And then Nelson smiles a superior smile and goes around knocking wood, crossing his fingers, looking over his left shoulder and clowning about superstitions in general until, if I weren't a perfect lady, I think I'd tweak his nose!

Another thing about Nelson that simply drives (*Continued on page* 88)

Hollywood's Secret HEARTBREAKER

Howard Hughes, who made more top stars love him than any other Hollywood man

A HOLLYWOOD wolf stalks the fair and easy prey of the film colony just so long. Then a girl with blue velvet eyes, a million dollars, or black silk hair comes along and there's a wedding with photographers or an elopement to Mexico or Arizona, with everybody saying, "I never thought he'd marry her!" Or vice versa.

One wolf alone defies this rule. Year in, year out—for the past ten years, ever since the love of his life went wrong—this wolf has gone his predatory way. Always the girls who fall in love with him insist upon believing his love for them is different. Always they surround his attentions with the secrecy he demands for all his activities, romantic and otherwise.

He has everything, this lone wolf.

He's thirty-six years old and he's six feet, three inches tall, with broad shoulders and lean hips.

He's rich as Croesus with achievements that are many and brilliant.

He has a soft voice, half Southern, half Western, shy eyes and an infectious grin.

He jams a crumpled old hat on his head and looks dashing.

He has an inferiority complex, probably born of his deafness, which adds to his charm instead of subtracting from it. For it compels him to campaign for hearts instead of feeling a girl is doing all right for herself when he's around.

He's Howard Robard Hughes.

There should be a law against him.

Current rumors in the film colony say that Rita Hayworth has first claim on the violent and volatile Hughes affections. Late spring found Rita and Howard at Palm Springs, a glorious place to be when love is young. Your horse takes you along mountain trails beside which the desert flowers grow and even while the sun is warm upon you the breeze is spiced with the snow that lies deep on the summits. You swim in private pools that lie like platters of turquoise and jade in sweet, tropical gardens. You sit in the dim Lua bar while the guitar boys strum your special song. You drive through the blackest, longest, quietest nights in all the world.

But these delights leave their glow upon you so, when you walk down the main street of this little desert town, you must be prepared—as Howard and Rita were not, apparently—for those you meet to read your secret.

Rita denies the romance. She says, in effect,

The names of his romances are startling. The details were kept secret—until now

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Hepburn: She sat by her radio, waiting for word

De Havilland: The Hughes days marked a new high for her

Ginger Rogers: His wish for secrecy was her law

Hedy Lamarr: Everyone hopes and believes it was she who called quits

"No, no, a thousand times no! I've trouble enough right now without taking on anything else. I'm marking time waiting for my final divorce decree." But her denials aren't so convincing as they would be if denials and mystery weren't always part of the build-up of a Hughes romance.

Before the Rita rumors there was Faith Dorn. Maybe there is still Faith Dorn. No one ever can be sure. During the past year photographs of a girl with young hair and soft curves have appeared in the papers. Captions have read "Faith Dorn, movie actress, and her mother are at Tucson, Arizona, guests of Howard Hughes, millionaire movie producer and air enthusiast. Hollywood is speculating whether Faith is scheduled to be Mrs. Hughes."

If Hedy Lamarr, Ginger Rogers, Olivia de Havilland, Katharine Hepburn and a dozen other girls said, "Oh yeah!" as they read these items they were only properly cynical. However, we'll bet a Dache bonnet there was a soft shine in their eyes. Women never forget the man who—for a year or a month or a day—made them feel like Juliet, Melisande, or Isolde.

"What is Howard's charm—please?" we asked a star who once loved him and who likes to talk about him still.

She said, "When a man who's quiet and reserved—even a little taciturn at times—goes overboard—well, a girl thinks, 'I caused this transformation!' She's twice in love then, of course. She's in love with the man and with her triumph."

"When, usually, does Howard start losing interest?" we asked.

"Whenever a girl begins to be possessive," she answered. "At such times he's quicksilver. He's gone even while the girl is sure she holds him."

BEFORE Rita Hayworth there was Faith Dorn and before Faith Dorn there was Hedy Lamarr.

For a month and more Howard and Hedy had nightly dates. He showered her with expensive gifts. He sent her crates of flowers. Everybody hopes—and believes—it was Hedy who called quits. Not for any man would she jeopardize her chances of adopting Jamsie, the little blue-eyed boy she loves so well. And it was when gossip began that this romance ended.

Hedy was playing a return engagement on the Hughes merry-go-round. He sought her first back in 1938, after her triumph in "Algiers."

Not so very long ago there was Faith Dorn (right). Maybe there still is Faith Dorn

Today they say: "Howard's still looking for the love he and Billie Dove knew"

However, then too, she managed, where most girls fail, to stand clear of heartbreak.

Austrian women, like Hedy, are adept at the game of love. Besides, once married to Fritz Mandl, the fabulously wealthy munitions tycoon, Hedy harbors no illusions about millionaires. In Hollywood it has been Reginald Gardiner, Gene Markey and George Montgomery who, in turn, have charmed her.

Ginger Rogers, whom Hedy might have supplanted in the Hughes kaleidoscope, didn't stand clear of heartbreak from all appearances. In spite of two marriages Ginger remains emotionally young. She's also Irish; which means she'll always go out all the way for any man who becomes important to her and believe every wonderful whisper.

Howard's wish for secrecy was Ginger's law. She wouldn't talk about him to anyone. She was happy to go dancing at little out-of-the-way places in the Valley. She and Howard were seen at a Hollywood spot just once, the Beverly Wilshire. She delighted in making it possible for him to visit her house, a hilltop fortress, without being seen.

"Ginger's most frequent escort in recent months has been Howard Hughes," a columnist finally reported. You can keep things quiet just so long. "It seems likely he will become her third husband."

Ginger then sued Lew Ayres, from whom she had been separated for five years, for divorce and appeared at the studio wearing Howard's emerald. Even in Hollywood, where star sapphires come as big as robins' eggs and diamond necklaces are as pyrotechnic as the Northern Lights, it didn't seem likely Howard, for all his millions, would invest in a ring like that if he were only fooling.

"There'll be an announcement around Christmas," those close to Ginger confided optimistically. But no announcement was forthcoming. Instead there were rumors it was all over.

No one who saw Ginger given the Motion Picture Academy Award doubted those rumors were right. While she stood clasping her Oscar to her tears rained down her face. It was in vain she tried to speak.

A knowing woman said, "It isn't over Oscar she weeps, poor child! But maybe Oscar will help her forget the other fellow."

Which brings us to a luncheon table at Lucey's. Lucey's is a restaurant with flagged stone floors, high-breasted fireplaces, lounge booths, excellent spaghetti and potent cocktails. At Lucey's, if you listen, you'll hear all about the horses that run at Santa Anita (when their stalls aren't occupied by alien Japanese) and all about the stars who work at the Paramount and RKO studios across the way.

There were three of us at table, a star and a publicity girl, both of whom must be nameless, and this writer.

On the lapel of the star's suit—which fit her as if she had been poured into it—was a handsome sapphire clip. Admiring this clip, which was new, the publicity girl said, "It must be *pleasant* being a movie star!"

"It is—sometimes," the star agreed. "That's the trouble. It's so darn pleasant sometimes that none of us is willing to give up, in spite of all the other times. Actually, you know, we have everything and nothing.

"Above everything else a girl needs a man—to love her and protect her and boss her around now and then. We miss that. Those of us who are single outnumber the available men in the film colony—even counting those who wear toupees—about twelve to one. Our incomes frighten away nice guys who don't have much money.

"Bored sitting alone, waiting for the phone to ring, we finally ask one of the boys who're always available if they don't have to pick up a check to take us out. Or we give in and go dancing with a paunchy executive who has more hair on his hands than on his head; and before the first rhumba is over we wish we were home with that good book everybody's always talking about.

"If," she concluded, "a young man who's attractive and has money appears it's a rat race!"

She was being amusing but she was in bitter earnest, too.

The publicity girl said, suddenly, "I hear Ginger Rogers is flirting with a breakdown, that she comes in late and leaves early. They're glad enough to fit her scenes in when she's around, of course. They know if she didn't have what it takes she wouldn't be working at all!"

There was a little silence. "It was Ginger I was thinking about especially, as you guessed," said the star.

It isn't only in Hollywood where there aren't enough men to go round that Howard Hughes is dynamite Gloria Baker, (*Continued on page* 89)

News in Print

Reporting for dinner-date duty: Dolores Del Rio of "Journey Into Fear" looking lovely by benefit of Irene in a soft pink Bianchini Ferier dinner dress with a diagonal print design that will go places fast this summer. The dress is simple; the long scarf panel sophisticated; the general effect guaranteed to make any lady see the world through rose-colored glasses

Trump Suit

Standing aces high in the fashion field is this shell pink silk and wool gabardine sport suit worn by Miss Del Rio. The coat laps over with horizontal buttoning, the pockets are slashed smartly in, the pleat is arrow-stitched for an adroit finish. The Del Rio choice in accessories—a white silk shirt, stitch-bordered, a crush-knit beanie and white and burgundy wedgies

Romance Trappings

Cocktail hour come-on is this Bianchini Ferier black and pink wheat print that looks smart, looks cool, looks spectacular. The best-dressed Del Rio wears with it a black straw beanie with an intriguing rickrack-bordered veil, black suede gloves, shoes and big pouch bag with a carved ivory ornament. She further proves she's a lady in the pink with an Irene surprise—a froufrou collar

You CAN LOO

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

This is Penny Salata, one of the fast-growing army of seriou minded young girls who are hard at work in the war plants America. She does hand-tapping in the Propeller Division at th Curtiss Wright plant in Caldwell, N. J., to "keep 'em flying Her denim work uniform is issued by the company. Fashio Stylist Kaye took Penny in hand, packed a suitcase full of clothe took her on a tour of sun and fun dates while cameras clicke

This first fashion find had Penny grinning with glee. It's a special setup for all the girls who keep 'em flying on a budget. First of all (far left), it's a heavy rayon rep suit, a smart one that takes in a baseball game, goes on a movie date or starts a trip with a mode-of-the-moment look. Then, presto...

●

. . . Penny and any other penny-wise girl can leave the jacket home and go off patriotically on a bicycle in the skirt. So far as fashion goes, they'll pass all the other cycling sisters on the road. The trick's in the new-type skirt buttoning: Flip the buttons one way to make it a tailored suit skirt; flip them the other and have a special trouser-skirt!

●

The skirt: In dark green and brown, $4.98. The shirt: In natural, $3.98. The jacket: In dark green and brown, $5.98. All these can be found at Stern's in New York

(See next page for Penny's glamour date)

AS SMART AS A STAR

READER GUIDE TO FASHIONS

Presenting our new Fashions For You! Each month Photoplay-Movie Mirror takes one of its readers from real life, chooses miracle-working clothes for her, transforms her into a smart young-set style leader. Under the expert guidance of stylist Evelyn Kaye, we have scouted the market to find the best buys in clever clothes for young pay checks. Just see what they do for our Girl of the Month!

All heads turned to look at Penny when she went on her dancing date at the famous Meadowbrook, haunt of the big-name bands. She made her entrance in sophisticated black lace on yards of "swooshing" organza. Don't let the picture in a locket fool you. It looks demure but it packs a fatal wallop in any man's language!

●

Below: Penny got the thrill of her life when she was introduced to famous band leader Kay Kyser. He autographed her Meadowbrook menu: "Kay Kyser likes pictures with Penny!"

The dress: Black lace on pink or white: $17.95

You can buy all these "Bright Beginner" fashions shown in "You Can Look As Smart As A Star" at Stern's in New York. Simply write, phone, or go there!

The truth about stars' pasts

You've read a lot of dreamed-up fiction about the stars' "backgrounds." Here are the plain—and sometimes humiliating—facts

BY "FEARLESS"

A tragic teen-age experience is never spoken of by Jean Arthur

Boyer won't easily forget one mortifying moment in Hollywood

THE past is like a pawnshop where the customers have hocked the present and can never go back to retrieve it. There the things that have been part of their lives—the funny things, the tragic things, the little human things—lie hidden away and forgotten on dusty shelves. But if those things had tongues they could tell revealing stories about their owners.

Let's look into the pawnshop of the stars.

Tucked away in a dark corner is a tragic memory in Jean Arthur's life that should soften her critics.

For as far back as Hollywood can recall, Jean has been inclined to be morose. Usually she remained by herself. Occasionally, when she would come out of her shell, it would be only to sit silently in front of a record machine. While other guests laughed and had fun, Jean drank in the music and stared into space.

When she was still in her teens, Jean had a tragic marriage. Julian was tall, curly-haired, restless, irresistible in his happy-go-lucky way. His romantic charm appealed to the young girl who was a terrific romanticist herself. Very little is known of that marriage. It was short-lived. Julian died on a boat while holidaying off the coast of Catalina. Jean Arthur retired deeper into a private world of her own choosing. Today she is happily married to Frank Ross, one of Hollywood's youngest and smartest producers. They live quietly and enjoy the companionship of a few close friends. But Jean will probably never be as completely emancipated as she has every right to be.

After the gallant way Clark Gable faced his recent tragedy, it's difficult to believe that a dress shirt could once have caused him so much unhappiness. It happened when Clark was struggling so desperately to get a break in pictures. Finally he got a job that required wearing a dinner jacket. In those days cameras hadn't progressed to the stage where they could photograph dead white. In order to appear white on the screen, dresses, shirts, sheets and pillow cases, curtains, tablecloths and napkins, all had

One act of Barbara Stanwyck's ended her Hollywood social career for years

Few people know of the black hour in Robert Taylor's past

to be dyed pale blue or pink.

Clark's face mirrored his unhappiness when he heard the cameraman's words: "You'll have to have that dress shirt dyed blue, Mr. Gable. It picks up too much light that way."

Clark pleaded, but in vain. It was the only dress shirt he had. In case he was invited out for an evening, he couldn't very well wear a blue shirt with his dinner jacket. He couldn't afford to go out and have another one made to order. Finally, Clark went to the director. It was okay with him, but the cameraman stood his ground. Clark's precious shirt came back from the wardrobe dyed a heavenly blue! Soon after that Clark got his big break. There have been many dress shirts since then, worn on red-letter occasions, but none of them does he remember so vividly as he recalls that baby blue dress shirt.

When stardom came to Dawn O'Day, she retained the name of the character she played—Anne Shirley. It had been a long, hard struggle. Anne and her mother, Mimi Shirley, breathed their gratefulness. The studio needed a home sitting to publicize "Anne Of Green Gables." Anne Shirley couldn't have been more delighted. The home address of the Shirleys proved to be a five and ten cent store. The studio was bewildered. Quick checking disclosed that Anne lived *above* the five and ten.

It was a tiny apartment scrubbed to shining perfection. The bed was hidden behind a door in the wall. Here and there were homey bits of decoration. Potted plants in tin cans lined the fire escape. The most beautiful thing in the room was the shining light in Anne Shirley's eyes. It was her home. She was proud of it. Today Anne could still live there and still feel just as proud. The only difference between sweet Dawn O'Day who became Anne Shirley and Anne Shirley who became the divorced wife of John Payne is—Anne was happier *then* than she is now!

Back in Charles Boyer's past there is a moment he'll never forget. The studios were then making foreign versions of American pictures. Boyer had been brought over to speak in his French mother tongue. He didn't know a soul. He couldn't speak the English language. Very little attention was paid to him on the M-G-M lot. He was a miserable man. When foreign versions were discontinued, they were stuck with Boyer! *Stuck* with the man they paid a reputed one hundred thousand dollars for one picture, just a few years later!

In order to get a little use out of him, Boyer was given the bit part of Jean Harlow's chauffeur in "Red Headed Woman." Boyer had to open the door and speak one line. That was all. The line was in English and it made him nervous. He fumbled with the doorknob. "Great scott," all but screamed director Jack Conway, "don't you even know how to open a door!" This—to a man who had starred on the French-speaking stage for fifteen years. Today Charles never gets a chance to open doors. They see him coming miles away and do it for him!

Those who remember Barbara Stanwyck in the past remember her as a most unpleasant and anti-social young lady. Barbara was new in Hollywood. Frank Fay was the main attraction in their family. Or so Frank felt and Barbara believed him. The first party they went to, Frank went into the other room and played poker with the boys. Barbara was left alone in a strange room filled with stranger producers' wives. She sat there in silence while they drooled over gossip. They tore their husbands' stars to bits and shreds. The next time Barbara was

invited, she took along a book. She sat and read the entire evening. Thus ended her career in Hollywood society for many years to come.

Very few people know of a certain black hour in Robert Taylor's past. Unprepared for the avalanche of popularity which had descended upon him, he was at a loss as to how to handle not only it, but the barrage of criticism that rode along with it. Things went from bad to worse. So did the roles he was handed to play.

Then one day a beaten Bob went out to the airport and bought a seat on the first plane leaving the ground. He didn't care where it went. He was through in pictures, so what difference did it make? When the door of the airliner was thrown open at Salt Lake City and all the passengers got out, it still didn't matter.

Bob walked the sprawling streets of the city in the valley of salt. Presently he came to the majestic Mormon Temple, then the statue commemorating the Miracle of the Sea Gulls which saved these hardy pioneers from the pestilence of the locusts. All about him were strength, simplicity—and faith. He began to feel his own strength and faith returning. You didn't run away just because you were licked.

Robert Taylor took the next plane back to Hollywood—and fought it out.

Since "Johnny Eager" Van Heflin's success has been sensational. But it wasn't this way the first time Van tried the movies as a contractee at RKO. He was King of the B's and disliked that studio almost as much as they disliked him. Van didn't have a close friend in Hollywood. Night after night he stayed at home, his only company a colored servant who drove out here with him from the East and who used to stay up with Van and play cards!

OUT of Ray Milland's past come stories that should warm the hearts of movie aspirants. At one time Ray was so broke he was kicked out of his apartment on Sunset Boulevard. Another time he slept for six months on a couch in a friend's living room. In the midst of this haphazard existence Ray fell in love. And when two nice people fall in love, they want to get married.

Jobs came here and there. Nothing permanent presented itself. Ray decided it wasn't fair to his wife. He'd have to find a steady job. So he applied to his father-in-law, then a successful Hollywood agent. Ray's first three days peddling flesh were about as inspiring as a trip on a merry-go-round. The fourth day a friend called him up. An actor had just arrived from New York. He didn't have an agent. Ray tore over to meet—Cesar Romero, today one of his best friends. Cesar agreed to give Ray a week's try at representing him. Bright and early Ray was up and heading for Paramount. Just as he was going out the door, RKO called. They had a part for him and no one else would do. Poor Ray! He did need the money. Man and agent fought it out. Man won.

Ray's part lasted a week. Luckily for Cesar, a part in a New York play called him back to Broadway. When Cesar eventually returned to Hollywood, the first thing he did was send Ray a wire. Ray received it on the set at Paramount where he is now a star. "If it's okay with you," wired Cesar, "I'm changing agents because I eat, too!"

THE END

The studio was embarrassed by what they saw in Anne Shirley's house

Cesar Romero is now a friend of Ray Milland's; he once was his employer

(*Continued from page* 31) her mind about those bonds. Perhaps the picture of his going to war with an unquestioning faith in his country and himself and his future did it; perhaps it was the notion that by helping, even a little, to pay for munitions and surgical instruments and planes she would be helping to make Henry's job easier. Her motives are not really important.

But Mary fascinates me. I'm excited by the strength she represents, the strength of all the people like her across America. She's not amazing just because she's buying war bonds; patriotism isn't anything odd, and there isn't much to shout about when someone with extra money invests it in his own war effort. That's something you just do because you're an American, because it makes sense.

MARY'S not the only one of her kind. There was that wonderful, angry, intense old man living in a California old folks' haven when war broke out. He'd turned his savings into the institution so he could spend the rest of his life there, but he did have one dollar left—or rather a check for one dollar from the United States Government. Seems he'd lent a pair of binoculars to the country during the first world war and the check was an honorarium he'd received when they sent back the binoculars. The glasses had long since been sold, but he figured he could at least spend the last dollar he had in the world to help the new fight. He had to take the check out of its frame, first, before he cashed it and bought four twenty-five-cent War Stamps. It had been just a curiosity until 1933; then it had become a treasure, because one of the signatures on it was that of Franklin Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Consider a certain contract player at one of the larger studios. She got her first break about a year ago, but her salary was only $75 a week and that didn't nearly cover her expenses in a town like Hollywood. One of the reasons they hired her, though, was that she owned a gorgeous crop of long, naturally red hair that fell to her waist and could be done in all sorts of exotic styles. Or it could be left free, when she was cast as a peasant girl.

She appeared one day wearing a bandanna over her head and the fabulous tresses were gone. The studio hairdresser clapped his hands over his eyes, howling in agony. "What on *earth* have you *done* to yourself?" he screamed.

She told him. She'd heard the make-up department was frantic about the wig situation because it couldn't buy human hair from Europe after the war began, so she'd sold them hers for a whopping price. The money had gone to fill her studio quota of bonds.

There's a nice Hollywood ending to this story. After the hairdresser had recovered enough to lift his comb, he accepted the challenge and designed a stunning coiffure for her; the studio couldn't use her in character parts any longer so she was given a romantic lead in one of the B productions. She was surprisingly good. Now the studio is talking a new contract.

One of my neighbors is a middle-aged schoolteacher, a spinster. She's always been lonely, even a bit sour about life; but she has managed to see herself through year after year of work because, by saving her money, going without luxuries—even desserts for dinner—she has been able to take a vacation trip each summer. This year, she planned to go to Mexico, and one day not long ago she deposited the final ten dollars that completed her fund. After she left the bank she stopped by a railroad agency, made reservations for the middle of June and then went to the home of an old school friend who is now the mother of four grown sons. Her visit was primarily one of sympathy, because three of her friend's sons were in the service and the fourth, the "baby," was about to be inducted.

Our schoolteacher had brought along an extra handkerchief, but instead of a weeping woman she found her friend fully rationalized and fiercely proud of the gift she was making to her country. It was a week before the schoolteacher could convince herself that she should make some sacrifice, even if she had no sons to send away; then she cut her proposed trip in half. And it was another two weeks before she gave up Mexico entirely, in favor of American victory.

The last I heard she'd joined a First-Aid class. She had discovered for the first time going to this class twice a week that she need be neither lonely nor unwanted. She gave up her vacation and gained a whole new life for herself.

I BELIEVE, and Photoplay-Movie Mirror agrees with me, that these are the kind of people who ought to be talked about today.

These are the stories to tell to remind us that we are invincible, that in our fantastic American way we will do not only the possible but the impossible too.

Such stories there are in your town, across your street or in your clubhouse. Not all of them considerately prove, as in the case of my red-haired friend, that virtue often provides more than its own reward. But the people who find a way to buy war bonds are shrewd, hard-headed, realistic people who know the worth of money and are satisfied with the bargain. The hearty, crisp-voiced old grandma who spiritedly gathers up the collection of gold trinkets and rings she has treasured for years, mutters, "Why am I keeping all this junk anyway?" and sells them in order to buy bonds, is paying, as she would a long-due bill, for the good life she has had. And she is making an installment on the same bill for her grandchildren. The housewife who, noticing the number of women being employed by the factory near her home, turns her back yard into a nursery and cares for the workers' babies for a nominal fee, is using her profits for bonds with the satisfied knowledge that she's securing her right to own a back yard and do with it as she pleases!

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Do you know stories like these?

Write to me and tell me about them. You'll probably be able to do this in about 250 words. Send your letters to me in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. The editors and I will choose the best one; it will be printed in this magazine and the writer will be awarded a $25 War Bond.

We may even send a complimentary copy of the winning story to Mr. Hitler, so he can see what he's up against.

Bette Davis

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SHE MARRIED A DOCTOR

1 **SHE:** Dear, you look so *threatening*—and we said we'd *never* quarrel!

2 **HE:** What's threatening is this lack of vitamin C. We need lots of it—and *every day,* because the body can't store it up.

SHE: But I *always* plan my meals for vitamins—

3 **HE:** My dear, you have to plan especially for vitamin C. A food can be rich in other vitamins and have no C at all. It's scarce.

SHE: And besides, I read that it's easily lost in open cooking. What shall I ever *do!*

4 **HE:** Give us eight-ounce glasses of orange juice every morning, and we'll have all the vitamin C we need for the best of health—*with* a good start on A, B_1 and G, and calcium!

SHE: And nothing in the world *tastes* so good! Dear, you're wonderful!

THESE SWEETS SAVE SUGAR! In salads and desserts, or simply peeled and eaten, oranges satisfy the sweet tooth *without added sugar.* At home or soda fountain, fresh orange juice provides a quick and healthful *lift.* Mail the coupon for the free booklet of over 100 recipes.

From Natural Color Photograph

GET YOUR VITAMINS THE NATURAL WAY

Oranges make it the delicious way, too! In these times, the protective foods (fruits, vegetables, dairy products, eggs, meats and certain cereals) are *more important than ever.* Oranges are your best practical source of vitamin C—and also give you valuable amounts of vitamins A, B_1 and G, calcium and other minerals.

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Want to Play Gin Rummy?

Olivia de Havilland and George Brent burn the candle for the gin-rummy cause, score themselves on an approved score card (right)

SELF	OPPONENT
16	
	7
45	
30	
	19
12	
103 100—game 80—4 boxes	26 40—2 boxes
283 winner's total —66 opponent's total 217—final score	66—opponent's total

(*Continued from page* 43) then figures the value of his remaining unmatched cards. Suppose this value is 14, and suppose his opponent had knocked with 8, then the opponent would win the hand with a score of 6 points, or the difference between 14 and 8.

If one player knocks and his opponent ends up with the same or smaller count, the opponent receives the difference between the two scores, if any, plus a 10-point bonus. If a player knocks without any remaining points at all, however (the way Ilona Massey did it in the picture on page 43), he is 100 percent safe; and in addition wins 20 points for "Gin," plus his opponent's score. Even if the opponent also ends up with zero, the other player still wins with 20 points exactly because he knocked first.

The winner of the hand deals the next, this continuing until one player reaches 100 points or more. At this point, the game is over and the total score is figured out. Here's the way to do it

a) Winner receives the difference in the totaled scores of the two players. (The player who first scores 100 points is given credit for any points he scores in excess of 100.)
b) Winner receives a bonus of 100 points for "game"; if opponent has not scored at all, this bonus is double.
c) Each player receives 20 points for each hand (or "box") he has won.

Little Miss Dynamite

(*Continued from page* 37) he said, "you shouldn't have come here. If you're going to be a star—and I have a hunch you are—we'll have to get used to the columnists."

"I never will," she blazed. "I don't want to. . . ."

TWENTY-FOUR hours Paramount had been searching for her. They had telephoned her house a hundred times. The private detectives they had put on her trail had just reported that her car had gone over a mountain side.

"You're holding up production," they said to her. "You've jeopardized an investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars because of a—*a whim!* We can't have people who do such things!"

"I'm not the girl for you then," she told them. "You'd better replace me with someone who doesn't care what happens to her private life as long as she gets ahead. I didn't ask to work for you, remember. You sent for me. I'll quit right away!"

That changed things. It was agreed Veronica would return as soon as she was able and, in the meantime, they would shoot the scenes in which she didn't appear.

And so it was settled—Veronica's way. All her life she's been a definite human being with her own ideas about what is and what isn't important and ready to protect the things she counts important at any cost.

She was born at Lake Placid, New York, on November 14, 1919, almost twenty-three years ago, and christened Constance Keane. Her father was a newspaper artist. Writers and artists, editors and reporters came home with her father for long week ends. Veronica was bred on these people's realistic and cosmopolitan point of view. Her parents, because of their extreme youth and their inclination, were, first of all, her friends. She was never treated as a child.

Ten years—between the ages of five and fifteen—she was a pupil at the Montreal Convent of the Order of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

"Life at the convent was more traditional than comfortable," she says. "We did everything the way it had been done here for two hundred years. The convent rooms were large and gloomy and a high cement wall topped with jagged glass surrounded the grounds. We children wore black shoes and black cotton stockings and dresses with long pleated skirts and high necks and long sleeves. In our rooms we had water basins and pitchers of cold water. Afternoons we walked out two by two, with nuns in attendance."

HOLIDAYS, though, were happy times. Veronica skiied over Placid's white hills and skated on the frosty lake. She went, too, with her mother and father to Miami. They had a house there. They were in residence when the 1929 hurricane tore at Florida as if it meant to pull the peninsula apart.

"It's been two weeks since we've had the hurricane warning," said Mr. Keane one morning. "I think I'll take down the hurricane shutters and unleash the car."

Veronica, nine, looked worried. "I wouldn't, Daddy!"

"Why not?" asked her father. "Why not?" asked her mother.

"Well," she said "the Indians are gone from the Everglades. That means they saw a bloom on the sol grass. And that's a sure sign."

"Scientists insist the sol grass never blooms," said Mr. Keane, picking up his tools. "They say the bloom on the sol grass is purely an Indian fancy."

Scarcely had the last shutter been stowed in the garage when the wind began to blow and the rain began to fall. They sat in the living room and listened to the wind scream around the chimney, tear the roof tiles away, rattle doors and windows. A cocoanut crashed through the window and sent glass splintering all over the floor. The ceiling began to sag and darken, but they didn't dare go outside to see how much of the roof had held. Then came a horrible grinding noise. . . .

They couldn't hear each other's voices for the howl of the wind and the downpour of the rain. At last there was a lull. "Run for it," Mr. Keane shouted. "Wrap your coats around you and make for the nearest house that's still standing. That grinding noise you heard a few minutes ago was this house leaving its mooring."

"I believe Indians more than I do scientists," Veronica said, gathering her coat around her.

"You may have something there," her father agreed.

THEY rebuilt their house and life for the next six years was pleasantly uneventful. Then came 1934 when their world crashed. The collapse of several insurance companies left Mr. Keane a poor man. It wasn't long before his health, threatened for years, collapsed too.

They weren't grim about it. They weren't a grim family. They had a theory that very often ill fortune handled constructively can be turned into good fortune.

"We'll go to Miami and lie in the sun until Dad grows strong again," Mrs. Keane said.

When a girl with smoky blue eyes, gray-smudged, and long golden hair, and curves that have warm restraint, and a low voice lies on a beach in the sun and turns a pale golden tan it's inevitable that young men will take to lying in the sun on that beach too. And when young men lie on the beach in the sun it's inevitable girls will come along and join them, ever so casually. Veronica, in no time at all, found herself with a gang.

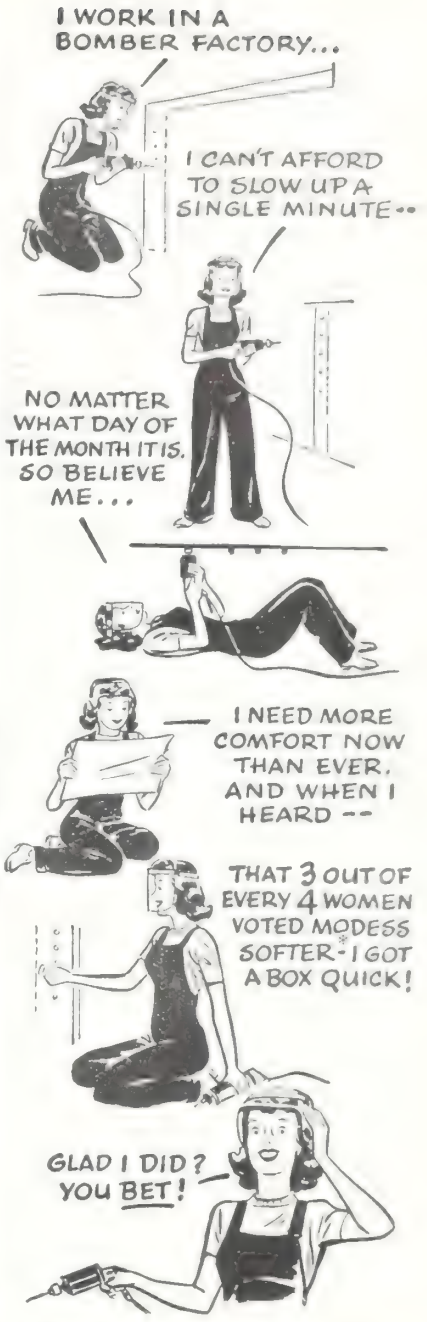
THEY were young and restless and apprehensive, the boys and girls in Veronica's gang. They had come out of school eager to get jobs and supplement diminishing family fortunes and had found there was no place in the world for them. Nights they drove out in their cars and tried to forget.

One evening a crowd, including Mr. and Mrs. Keane, had supper on the beach. They broiled steaks over a charcoal fire and roasted corn. Then cigarettes and coffee went the rounds.

"Mrs. Keane," said one of the boys, "on behalf of the crowd I'd like to ask you a personal question. What have you threatened to do with your daughter if she misbehaves. . . ."

Mrs. Keane laughed. "When she was small I did my best to teach her the difference between right and wrong. Now she's on her own. Now she's the one who'll be repaid or suffer for whatever she does or doesn't do."

Soon enough Steve Hannigan discovered Veronica. Steve Hannigan earns a small fortune every year for publicizing the Florida climate. He does this, largely, by placing photographs of pretty girls on Florida beaches in newspapers all



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over the country.

Veronica went to work posing.

"This would be a good time to drive to California," Mr. Keane said at breakfast one morning. "It wouldn't be too hot or cold crossing the prairie or the mountains or the desert."

"Daddy!" cried Veronica and Mrs. Keane.

In the same hour they were packing. The next morning they were on their way. Three weeks later they were living in a little studio apartment in Beverly Hills.

Mr. Keane's health improved in California; they decided to stay.

"I soon got bored," Veronica says, "walking around the streets, pretty as they were, and twiddling my thumbs. So one day I went to RKO with a girl I had met who worked as an extra."

At RKO she saw girls who were satisfied to play bits and dream of the day a director about to cast a big picture would look towards them and scream, "Where have you been all my life!" She was harder headed than these girls. She decided the thing to do was go to school or work in a stock company and prepare herself for acting.

It was with the Bliss Hayden Players that Veronica served her apprenticeship. She played weary women twice her age and giggling schoolgirls. She worked hard and long. She learned how to use her voice. She got her dramatic bearings. Then she went back to the studios.

HER Bliss Hayden training gave her a quality. She stood out. Soon she was playing small parts. Soon she was in the $66.50 a week class, but she really didn't get ahead too fast. Directors were forever insisting she curl her hair and then, seeing her with a modish coiffure, casting her in simpering ingenue roles.

One day she was chosen for a picture by Busby Berkeley. "I suppose," she told him, "that you want me to wear my hair up in curls too." She's not too gracious or politic when her patience runs low.

"Heck, no!" he said. "Curl your hair and you'll look like everybody else. I chose you because you look different."

Freddie Wilcox saw her on the Berkeley set, made a test of her, showed it to the William Morris office. They're big agents. They liked it. They thought, too, that Veronica had something and agreed to handle her.

John Detlie, a young set designer, was one of the men who turned to look at Veronica a second time as she walked briskly along the studio streets, her long taffy hair flying. But, together with the rest, he might have been part of the scenery for all the attention she gave him.

He got her address finally from casting and sent her flowers and a note saying he would telephone that evening.

"You take the call," Veronica said to her mother. Many times, while Veronica and her father had stuffed pillows into their mouths to stifle their hysterical laughter, Mrs. Keane had given some man she found too smooth or pressing such a freeze that he never had called again.

But John Detlie got no freeze.

"Hey there," called Mr. Keane, after listening to the opening of the phone conversation, "remember you're an old married woman!"

"You and I will never be grandparents," Mrs. Keane said, turning away from the phone, "if young men as charming as this John Detlie can't interest our daughter . . . I think that would be lovely," she spoke into the receiver again. "I should think my daughter would, too. Tuesday at one for luncheon. . . ."

Tuesday came and so did John Detlie. "She'll be out in a minute—unless she's completely crazy," Mrs. Keane told him as she opened the door. "Right now she's spying on you through the crack in that door down the hall. She wouldn't trust my judgment."

They went to luncheon at the Beverly Brown Derby. Mrs. Keane went too, on John's urgent invitation.

HOWEVER, Mrs. Keane didn't drive to Ocean Park with them practically every night that week and ride on the merry-go-round and consume big candy apples and then drive home over hills soft in the starlight. She didn't go swimming with them the Sunday following. She didn't swing with them in the public park, of all places.

She sat home with her husband and talked of the new warmth in Veronica's voice and Veronica's eyes and of all the fresh, clean things John Detlie's smile made you think about. "I always knew when Veronica cared she would care suddenly and tremendously—like this," she told her husband.

Pinned down for victory: Frances Gifford of Paramount's "American Empire," wears the emblem of the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee of America. Price $1. Write Committee at 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Saturday morning, a few weeks later, while Veronica was washing her hair for a date with Johnny, the phone rang. She answered it with a towel wrapped high about her head.

"Miss Keane," said a voice, "this is Arthur Hornblow's secretary at Paramount calling. How tall are you please?"

"Five feet, one inch," Veronica said.

"Thank you," said the voice. "Goodby."

Fifteen minutes later, while Veronica was still explaining to her parents that the movies were a madhouse, Arthur Hornblow himself telephoned.

"Will you come over, please, Miss Keane," he said, "as fast as you can?"

She wrapped a turban around her dripping hair and ran for her car.

The Hornblow office was jammed with all kinds of people and apparently they had gathered there to look her over.

"We've just seen the test they made of you over at Metro," Arthur Hornblow said.

"Oh, really," said Veronica.

"Yes," said Arthur Hornblow, "and we want you to take this script home and read it over the week end."

A girl thrust the script of "I Wanted Wings" into her hand.

"I wonder," she said to John that night, "how many girls in this town are reading scripts of 'I Wanted Wings' over this week end—and hoping?"

They were in John's car headed for a little restaurant where you dine on a terrace that overlooks the Pacific and the lights of the little towns along the crescent shore, where candles on the tables flutter in the soft breeze and the darkness is sweet with jasmine.

The next morning they went to the beach to lie all day in the sun and dive into the breakers and stop for an early dinner on the way home and talk and talk, always unaware there was any world beyond each other's eyes.

"What's the part like—now that you've read the script?" Johnny asked.

"It's *the* girl's part," she said incredulously. "If I get it they'll call me a Hollywood Cinderella. Nobody will remember all the pictures in which I played sweet ingenues—which is just as well! And all the work and study I've done and the training I had with the Bliss Hayden Theater will be forgotten. But of course I won't get it—it's ridiculous even to think about it."

"I'm glad you haven't gone overboard about it," he said gently. "You get your heart broken if you go overboard in this town."

She said, "You get your heart broken if you go overboard—period!"

"You won't. I promise," he said.

She didn't know what to say then. She didn't want to take him more seriously than he meant to be taken, perhaps; say, "I'd love to marry you Johnny. And I don't believe in long engagements."

So she said instead, "They never would have considered me for such a hard-boiled role if I'd made that test with my hair curled. I look so sweet and simple with my hair curled."

"You're terribly sweet," he said, "but no one could accuse you of being simple."

"Thanks, twice," she said.

She found a nurse and doctor and priest with her father when she got home.

"His lung collapsed," the doctor explained. "It's pressing against his heart, unfortunately, and he's in great pain. Your mother's hysterical from the shock of the attack. We've put her to bed in the other room. I'm glad you've come. He's been asking for you. And above everything else we must keep him happy and quiet."

All night Veronica worked with the nurse. Her father's bed had to be changed again and again. He had to have glucose and morphine injections and he was too weak to bend his arm. He had to be reassured. So did her mother.

She tried to give her mother some of her strength and some of her courage. "Daddy's going to get well," she said. "You must believe that, you just must. . . ."

Five o'clock in the morning her father fell asleep.

"You lie down too," the nurse told her. "I'll call you when he wakes."

She called her at seven. At ten Paramount telephoned.

"You're due here for a wardrobe fitting—right now!" said the voice. "We're testing you for 'I Wanted Wings' early this afternoon."

Phenomenal is the word for what's about to happen to Veronica Lake. Watch for the sensational conclusion of her life story in September PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

ANN HARE, beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Spencer Hare of Park Avenue, New York. Her engagement to Walter Wooster Richard of New York and Long Island was announced a few months after her debut. Like Wooster, Ann is Navy-minded, works hard with "Bundles for Bluejackets" and the "Navy Relief Society." One of the season's loveliest debutantes, she made her bow in Philadelphia, where her mother's family has long been socially prominent.

ADORABLY YOUNG AND LOVELY—There's a rare-orchid charm about Ann's blonde young beauty, and her exquisite skin has a luminous satin-smooth look. Of her complexion care Ann says, "I just use Pond's Cold Cream *every* day. Pond's is so light and silky *my skin just loves it* —and it's perfectly grand for cleansing."

(*right*) Ann and Wooster before he was called to active Navy duty.

ANN'S RING is unusually lovely—a large marquise-cut diamond, that reflects light with sparkling radiance. A baguette diamond is set on each side of the brilliant solitaire.

She's Engaged!

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IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S

This is Ann Hare's simple daily skin care:

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She *rinses* with more Pond's—for extra softening and cleansing. Tissues it off again.

Do this yourself—*every* night, for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why society leaders like Mrs. John Roosevelt, Mrs. Ernest Biddle are so devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Why more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar *today*—at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical—the lovely *big* jars.

(*Continued from page* 34) tant human being in life to him and there wasn't one thing he could do about it, except take it.

His instinctive reaction, therefore, when he had finally got through the funerals of Carole and her mother and Otto, was to join the Army. He told his closest friends, Howard Strickling, head of M-G-M's publicity department, Al Monesco, the racing driver, and Harry Fleishman, his favorite hunting companion, that he couldn't possibly face a camera again. Reality made play-acting impossible. The world was a horrible place, with America a little more than its first month in the war, and all he wanted was direct action, a chance to take a gun and get out and get his private quota of Japanese soldiers.

IT may have been Strickling who, knowing that work would eventually prove an anodyne, murmured at that moment that enlisting was a wonderful thing but could Clark wait long enough to finish the picture on which he had been working prior to the tragedy.

"I'll go back just long enough to finish this one picture," he finally said to Strick. "You'll have to get them to change the title, however. I couldn't walk on a set with those words before me."

The title had been "Somewhere I'll Find You." They changed it to "Red Light."

The nerves of the entire cast and crew were taut as harp strings the first morning Gable returned to work. But if you didn't look too closely and ignored his thinness, he was just the usual Clark, with the same flashing smile, the usual jaunty wisecracks. He kept his smile on all day, too, and never once blew up in a scene. The only way he deviated from his normal routine was at lunchtime. His custom had always been either to eat at the big table in the main M-G-M dining room at which the directors and writers gather, or to go to the other side of the dining room and sit on a high stool at the counter where the crew eats. This first day he retired to his dressing room and ate alone. That is still true. He hasn't yet returned to the commissary for a meal.

THAT night Al Monesco went home to the Encino house with him. "I've got to get out of here," Clark said. "Sunday I'll go look for a new place."

"You bet," said Al. "I'll help you." He did help, too. On Sunday he drove Clark all over the San Fernando Valley and every place they looked at, he'd point out the advantages. He told Clark there would never be a thing on any of these ranches to remind him of Carole, never a stable where they had hung up their tack after their long rides, never a barn where he'd remember the first cow he'd bought, which hadn't given enough milk, and how, when he'd sent the animal back to its original owner, Carole had said it must be the most humiliated cow in all California. He kept pointing out these advantages. Gable finally gave him a look from beneath those brows of his.

"So okay," he said, very sharply. "So, turn around and I'm not leaving the old house."

It was the following Monday that Clark sent for Larry Barbiere, the publicity man who had first known the truth about Carole's death, and asked him to lunch with him. Larry went over to the dressing room, half frightened by the request, more frightened when Clark asked him to retell every detail of that first night. But Larry did talk and then Clark began talking back to him, asking and answering questions, and the lunch hour flew by, and the early afternoon. The set waited, but no one disturbed them.

It got to be three o'clock and Larry was thinking that there would be no more shooting that day, when suddenly Gable became conscious of the time. He rushed out to the stage and quickly went into a scene. Apparently, that talk about Carole had worked some release and that afternoon for the first time since the tragedy his acting regained its old suavity. The scenes taken then were actually the first Gable scenes that they printed.

Things were much easier after that until the day that Carole's will was probated. Except for a trust fund for her brother, Carole had left all her money to this man she had loved like a god. He came back to the studio in one of his moods of terrific depression. Magnificently concealed though it is, there has always been this sombre mood deep within Gable, which is the heritage of his Dutch blood. That night he was in one of those lows and when, a day or so later, the battle of Macassar Straits began going not so well for us, he first began talking of going into the Navy.

Clark remembers Carole's laughter, her jokes, that funny little story about the "humiliated" cow

It was then that his devoted gang really gave it to him. "You know how old you are?" he was asked. He thundered at them that he perfectly well knew. He was forty-one and so what. They retorted by saying the average age of Navy recruits was nineteen, the average Army recruiting age a year or so older. In other words, they said brutally, he'd be surrounded by boys young enough to be his sons and did he think that he could hold his own physically against them?

IT is a strange phenomenon, but any psychologist will tell you that the greatest sense of grief from a death is frequently felt three months after the event. Gable hit this period in mid-April. It was during it that a Hollywood member of the Signal Corps talked to him about the possibility of his getting a commission in this branch of the service. Gable brooded on this in silence for days, finally announced that he now felt he should stick to acting unless Washington definitely called him for some specific war work. Actually Washington had already let it be known that what it most wanted of Gable was for him to keep on acting.

M-G-M quickly submitted a trio of scripts to Gable for his next picture. Interestingly, the one he chose to do first was one dealing with life-after-death, the first essay he has ever made into the supernatural. After that, he goes into a highly romantic, a most poetic role in "The Sun Is My Undoing."

But the greatest proof of Gable's courageous snap-back is the fact that when Metro, who had been sold on the title "Somewhere I'll Find You," approached him recently with the idea of releasing his present picture under that original title instead of the second-choice substitute, "Red Light," he was not too disturbed. You may, after all, see Clark Gable playing in "Somewhere I'll Find You" and you will know then that he has made himself strong enough so that he can no longer be hurt by a few unimportant words.

Meanwhile he has seen to it that every fan letter of sympathy that reached him—and they came in the literal hundreds of thousands—has been answered and he has begun to go out a little to the houses of those friends who understand him and where he can feel relaxed. He now goes for dinner with Howard Strickling and his vivid wife, Gail, or with the Walter Langs, where he laughs at the gay wit of Mrs. Lang who used to be Fieldsie, Carole's closest friend and confidante, or with Phil and Leila Hyams Berg, Phil, who is his agent, and Leila whom he's known ever since the first day he walked on the Metro lot.

One thing the Government has promised to let him do (and he is immensely eager to get at it) and that is to make a series of short subjects to be shown to the service lads. What they will be on, when and where they will be made, he himself doesn't know and he isn't asking. He just wants to do them. As for Bond buying, the day after we went into the war, he bought the full quota that any individual is entitled to buy in any one year. He got his 1941 quota on December 8, his 1942 quota on the second of January. He's got standing orders at his bank to buy the top limit for him if at any time this ruling may change.

Clark loved Carole with the passion that only a strong man of temperament, intelligence and imagination can love the woman who inspires the best in him. She was a superior, beautiful, laughing, generous person, this Carole, and Clark knows he can never replace her image within his heart.

Yet he is, for all that gleam in his eye, for all that persuasive smile of his, a domestic man, who loves his home and thus inevitably, I believe, there will be another chapter to his life story. And like all people who triumph over the events that could have defeated them, he's coming out of this stronger than ever.

Personally I like to think about a story he told me years ago, about how, when he was first learning to act, he had to learn to smile. It wasn't natural to him, until one day somebody told him that only the brave smile well.

He's smiling now, carefully and deliberately, and he intends to keep on smiling. It's an attitude to keep remembering these days of 1942.

The End.

"A whole week's Polish wear— and not a single chip" *Mrs. Stringer*

Vivacious Mrs. Stringer adores keeping house with her own hands in the New York apartment she herself decorated so charmingly. Adores Cutex, too! Says: "Even doing my own dishes three times a day, my Cutex Polish stayed so perfect I finally changed it only because my nails were too long!" Wear Cutex . . . Gingerbread, Sugar Plum, Saddle Brown, Alert or Black Red! See how thrillingly their beauty lasts —and lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in U. S.

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APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

(*Continued from page* 39) go out to the location with us. We were expected on the set about ten.

"Gary didn't show up until ten-thirty. The driver tried to hurry him into the car. But Cooper couldn't be stampeded and wanted to know, 'Where do we have breakfast?' And then, with everybody hopping around trying to get him started, he had a nice quiet breakfast of pretzels and near beer.

"It was twelve when we arrived at the field and Gary was through with the picture by three and on the train for Hollywood at seven. Figuring he was all washed up in pictures, he said, 'This is the shortest movie career a guy ever had for so long a trip.'

"But Gary's career was far from over. His remarkable performance in the bit in 'Wings' so impressed the front office that when I got back to Hollywood he was playing opposite Clara Bow in 'Children Of Divorce.'

"There isn't a tough guy in Hollywood as immovable as old Long Tack, once he gets a notion. Yet he's always open to suggestions. You don't have to be important to get his ear. He'll thank a bit player or an extra for a tip any day."

LEFTY O'DOUL, famous big league ball player hired to coach Gary for his Lou Gehrig role in "Pride Of The Yankees," was eager to give his opinion

Lefty says: "I think Gary Cooper is the most human human being I've ever known. In my baseball career I've met a lot of people. But not one of them was as thoroughly democratic as this lad. Unless it was Lou Gehrig—whom Gary is so very much like.

"I went up to Sun Valley with Cooper. He wanted to get away to a spot where we could have a good workout. But that guy can't get away from his popularity, no matter where he goes.

"One day a bunch of soldiers showed up. One of them, a sergeant, came over to Gary and saluted. 'Regards from one sergeant to another, Sergeant York!'

"Gary nearly brained himself trying to salute with a bat in his hand. That led to the soldier's asking Cooper if he would pose for a picture with him. Gary did. With him and with every other fellow in the group.

"Cooper liked to chew the fat with Spike, the fellow who had charge of the horses at the hotel. He and Gary used to work on Western pictures together in Hollywood. They'd talk about horses, hunting and guns. Cooper is crazy about guns. I don't guess I can teach Gary to field or bat like Lou Gehrig, but I'll gamble that the real Sergeant York would have a heck of a time outshooting this long-geared guy from Montana."

Gary's mother, Mrs. Charles Cooper, volunteered this:

"When he was a boy Frank (Gary's real name is Frank James Cooper) would go off into the hills, walking or shooting, with the Indian boys. We lived on a ranch forty miles northwest of Helena and the Indians who worked for us had children about Gary's age. Those Indians never talked much—and Frank would spend hours with them without speaking a word.

"Gary is miserable if he attracts attention. So he does his charity work by proxy—through me. I belong to more charitable organizations than any other woman out here. Because I'm acting for Gary, too. He never speaks of the charities, except to ask me, jokingly, how my naughty girls are. I'm interested in the Minnie Barton Home for wayward girls. You know Gary has his own quiet sense of humor."

So Boots Dunlap says. Boots used to work with him in Yellowstone National Park, long before Gary dreamed of going into pictures. Boots is a special police officer at Warner Brothers studio and still sees quite a lot of his old pal.

"Frank Cooper and I," says Boots, "were gear-jammers together in the park. We drove busses and spieled for the tourists. Frank worked there during the summer while he was at Grinnell and we called him 'The Sheik.'

"Frank was a fine driver, but not much of a spieler. One fellow claimed a mountain was a better talker than the string bean that drove them—because you could at least get an echo back from a mountain.

"One pair of schoolteachers certainly got their money's worth, though. They came back all excited about the fascinating young fellow that drove them. This young fellow had told them about being born near Cody, but never getting into town until he was seventeen. "When we asked them who the driver was they pointed to Frank—leaning up against a post and chewing a straw. He never cracked a smile and looked as innocent as a prairie dog, though he'd gone to school in England and managed to get around the country pretty well. He said the teachers had roweled him till he had to tell 'em something. And when Frank decided to tell—he told."

JOEL McCREA, one of Gary's closest friends, says the most satisfying thing about Gary is the fact that he never changes but is always the same easy-going, friendly, understanding pal.

At the time we asked Joel to tell us about Gary for this story, however, he had a grievance against Cooper. He complained that "Long Tack" wasn't living up to his end of a bargain.

It seems that a long time ago Goldwyn studio made a cutaway coat for Joel to wear in a picture. Soon thereafter, Gary had need for such a coat and borrowed it.

As Joel and Gary are as alike physically as they are mentally, it was a perfect fit. So from that time on either of the two who had use for the coat wore it.

Then Joel had need of it in "The Palm Beach Story." But when he called for the coat he was told Gary had ruined it during the making of "Ball Of Fire." So Joel was being fitted for a new coat—and claimed that Gary ought to be at the tailor's instead of him.

But what Joel didn't know was how his coat happened to be ruined. Irving Fine, the publicity unit man for the picture "Ball Of Fire," told that.

"One day we were shooting on location up at Sherwood Forest. So Gary took a rifle to get in a little hunting. We used Gary until late afternoon. Then he grabbed his gun and set off—dressed in the cutaway coat and a high hat.

"In an hour or so he was back again—looking stranger than ever. His hat was gone and his coat was in shreds. While he was prowling through the woods he somehow knocked a hornets' nest out of a tree. He knew he could lose the stinging pests by running through bushes. In doing that he also lost most of the cutaway coat. Fortunately, we didn't need it any more in the picture."

Unfortunately, Joel McCrea did!

"I GOT a squawk about him," volunteered the man who cleans up around the stage. "You ought to see his dressing room since he's taken up carving. I have to wade in shavings up to my knees."

"Yeah—you got a squawk," jeered Irving Sindler, Goldwyn property man. "Who's the guy that's been getting the carpenters to give Coop the best wood? You have. Say, you'd clean up shavings up to your neck and like it, if Coop did the whittling."

The other's grin indicated Sindler wasn't far off.

"I'll tell you this," Sindler continued. "Coop doesn't make any fuss about what he's going to do for you, but he always delivers. And all the while he's so unassuming."

Unassuming is about as good a one-word description as can be written of Gary Cooper. And it is also the reason for his popularity with all ages and sexes.

THE END

Just to prove a breath-taking point in the story beginning on page 56. Noted Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Hyman Fink: "I almost got a picture of Howard Hughes the other night. Caught him with Lana Turner at the Little Troc. As soon as I walked in Hughes jumped up, took my camera away from me and said, 'Here, you sit down next to Lana. You don't get my picture, but I'm going to take a picture of you!' And he did. He refused to go near the table till I left the place!" Left to right: Lana's mother, Ben Cole, her manager, Lana and Fink

"Romance and lovely skin just seem to go together"

MARLENE DIETRICH

Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days!

"It's Romance—love—that *any* woman really wants," this famous beauty says. And shows you how she cares for her own million-dollar skin. Try this gentle Lux Toilet Soap Facial—let it help *you* win the soft appealing complexion beauty that wins Romance—and holds it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

(Continued from page 52) have luncheon with Miss Marie, the fashion editor. She wants to talk about stills of you for the magazines."

Julie assured Sophie she would be in the commissary by one. And then she dared to mention something very much upon her mind.

"Do you suppose there's any chance," she began, "for me to see some Hollywood houses? I promised a . . . a contractor friend back home that I'd tell him about them," she explained.

"If you mean the red-haired contractor who bade you farewell with an orchid," Sophie smiled, "Bettina told me all about it. We'll see what we can cook up."

She reached for her telephone and called the Fashion Department.

"Miss Marie," she was presently saying, "I've just asked Julie Burnette to meet you in the commissary at one o'clock. And don't you think it would lend a nice note to her fashion shots if they were made in the homes of the stars? Say on Miss de Havilland's sun deck and in Jim Cagney's playroom and beside Bette Davis's oval swimming pool? . . . You'll arrange it? Good."

"That should take care of your contractor," Sophie remarked, as she replaced the receiver . . . "Now run along to the Wardrobe Department."

Julie made her way across the little park with its fountain and vivid flower beds, thinking back to less than one week ago when she had been just a fifteen-dollar-a-week theater usher in Gladstone, Ohio, with Hollywood and all its glamour only something to dream about!

IT may have been the thrill of her wardrobe fitting, or it may have been that she wasn't yet quite sure of her directions about the lot, but after she had finished fitting costumes and was on her way to meet Sophie and Miss Marie in the commissary, she found herself hopelessly lost, found herself, in fact, *outside* the studio gates rather than *inside!*

With twenty minutes to spare she was about to locate the main entrance, there to talk her way in again, when she heard her name excitedly shouted out from across the street. Scott Hendricks!

The girls were as overjoyed to see each other as though they had been friends for a lifetime! Indeed it seemed *all* of a lifetime since they had bidden each other good-by in Chicago.

Scott had arrived this morning and had gone directly to Castle Argyle where she had found the key to Apartment 706, left for her by Julie. She had been in Hollywood but a brief four hours, but had already found out enough about the problems attendant upon becoming an extra in pictures, to feel that it would be simple, by comparison, to try becoming Grand Mogul of Siam!

The first shock, so Scott relayed, had been her discovery that in order to work in pictures, even as the most insignificant extra, it was necessary to become a member of the Screen Actors Guild, to the tune of fifty dollars membership fee and four dollar first-quarter dues. Once you managed the complicated requirements for this, you were expected, as an extra in good standing, to telephone Central Casting at fifteen-minute intervals from five a.m. to eleven p.m. every day, upon the slim prospect that sometime the answering operator would change her mechanical reply of "No work," to the information that you were to report at one of the studios for a day's engagement.

But there seemed small chance ever to get as far as the telephone calls, for, since there were already seven thousand registered extras, admittance to the Guild seemed all but impossible. Not only must your photograph, your personality, your acting experience and your ability in general be approved by the Board, but as a preface even to this, it was required that you have at least three letters from studios recommending you as so exceptional that pictures would be better off if you were part of them.

SO there it is," Scott said to Julie, continuing the story that night when the two girls were curled up on the great soft davenport in Castle Argyle's living room. "You can't get work in pictures without letters from the studios saying that you are exceptional, and the studios can't possibly know you are exceptional, until you have worked in pictures! The whole thing seems impossible," she declared, "unless, as in a case like yours, some studio makes a real bid for you. Nevertheless," she added with spirit, "I didn't come to Hollywood for the fun. It will be a long, cold day before I give up!"

So today became tomorrow and tomorrow became the next day, discouragement and disillusion combined with bright hope.

ARE YOU A FAN OF

Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, David Niven, Richard Greene?

Then don't miss—

ANNA NEAGLE'S LONDON DIARY

The most gripping account to come out of the war from the pen of a star

In the September Issue

For Scott there was the joyful surprise of discovering one chance for admittance to the Guild which she had not at first comprehended. It seemed that extras were desired in every trick profession so that any director's call, however extraordinary, might be filled.

Since there were girl unicycle riders, girl stagecoach drivers, girl net-fall specialists, girl herders of wild cattle, etc., etc., ad infinitum, it seemed far from likely, on first thought, that anybody could offer any trick which would be a new one. But strangely enough this small possibility became Scott's opportunity, for having spent her childhood in Switzerland, she was an old hand at ski jumping, a qualification which, in view of her sex, did indeed accomplish the impossible, and win her the coveted membership.

She realized only too well that this was just the beginning of a long and weary routine but even so it was a beginning, and with renewed spirit she entered into the business of dialing Garfield 3711 at fifteen-minute intervals every day.

Meanwhile, reporting daily at the Warner lot, Julie became ever more eager to become part of this world of make-believe. Each day upon the set found her daring to feel more sure that she was going to win the coveted chance to become an actress under contract, in line for small roles and traveling by this route to bigger ones. She began to dream of it in no indefinite terms, especially when Mr. Trilling informed her that she was to stay on for a few weeks of special coaching in Sophie Rosenstein's classes.

NOW and then she let Scott share one of Tod's letters. She had long since displayed his picture.

"Nice and tall," Scott had commented. "And sandy hair is my favorite for a man. Are you engaged to him?"

"Well, I . . . I don't know," Julie had replied honestly enough. She had been doing a good deal of thinking lately about how she would fit her old life and her new one together; in other words, what did she want to do about marrying Tod? But it was quite true that he had never actually *asked* her; she was simply taking it for granted that *he* was taking it for granted!

Meanwhile, there was Curt Melbourne; the joy of flower boxes bearing his card, the fun of dinner dates, his interest always frankly flattering, his eyes saying more than eyes had ever said to her before. . . .

And so winter became spring. And one noontime Miss Bette Davis dropped in at the portrait gallery to pick up a pair of gloves she had left there the day before.

"I was sorry to hear about Julie," she said to Curt. "Too bad she isn't to remain on the lot . . . she's a sweet youngster."

Curt didn't know what Miss Davis meant. After a moment he asked her.

"I thought you would have heard," she replied. "In Steve Trilling's office just now, they were arranging for her to be returned home. It seems they have hoped the Studio Theater classes would develop her sense of emotion and her ability to act, but it hasn't seemed to work out."

Suddenly Curt's door opened and Julie stood upon the threshold, no tears in her eyes for the first long second, then they came with a rush!

"Hi there, Missy," Curt said with his usual grin. "Looking for a nice big handkerchief?" He hastened to produce one, as he went to meet her. "Glad you came straight to your Uncle Curtis. I've just heard the news."

"You must think I'm a terrible baby to be crying about it," Julie apologized.

"I, for one, don't think so," Bette Davis assured her. "But in your case how can Hollywood possibly be important? Didn't you tell me about a chap in Ohio who's building your ideas into a house? I know of but one reason why a young man asks a lady to design his house," she said with her vivacious smile.

"But I don't want to give up," Julie declared. "If it's true that an actress learns emotion by shedding tears, I'm improving by the minute."

"But can't you improve in Ohio?" Miss Davis suggested . . . "Just last night I was thinking about how California has no springtime; no crocuses or pussywillows. Each year I hate to be missing them. Would you like to come over on the set with me?" she invited. "I don't imagine you've had lunch. I'll send for some."

But it was Curt who replied.

"I think I'd like her to stay here for a while, if you don't mind," he said. "There are one or two things *I'd* like to say about Hollywood versus Ohio."

Romantic proposal? Fatherly advice? What is Curt going to say to Julie in this crisis? Continue this exciting true-to-life story in September PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

Keep 'em pretty
Keep your fingernails pretty, with Dura-Gloss. In these busy days, Dura-Gloss is better than ever. Its extra *sparkle* and *life* make you feel proud and confident. The way it *stays on* your nails is a real joy when your hands are hard at work. And the fact that you get this superlative finger-tip cosmetic for only 10¢—that's a big help, too, when you're buying War Bonds. So keep 'em pretty with Dura-Gloss!
FIRST AID
3 new colors—
Blackberry
Wineberry
Mulberry
DURA-GLOSS
NAIL POLISH
DURA-GLOSS
10¢
PLUS TAX
so little means so much

(*Continued from page 29*) on the knees of the gods, as those things always are.

2. Why does Lana Turner go in for musicians?

Well, that's a lot of eyewash. Lana doesn't care whether they play a trumpet, clarinet, beat a drum, write music, or sell insurance. She just likes men. Let me add, attractive men. In one week she's reported to have been engaged to four different men and to have "eloped" with two others. No one can tell what she's going to do, not even Lana. There is an impulsive child of nature if I ever saw one. Maybe that's what makes her so attractive on the screen. Take the matter of the color of her hair. The studio had a heck of a time keeping it the same for the duration of one picture. Then her clothes. She loved red. Her fire-wagon automobile matched her blouse. Well, that's all kid stuff, but that's what she is. And here we go on the supposition that she's grown up. Give any kid all the money she wants, all the publicity, the finest parts, all the greatest stars in the movies to play opposite and the adulation of millions of fans—and what can you expect? Anybody's head would be turned. But give Lana time—she'll settle down. Maybe with a string of ex-husbands, but she wouldn't be the first one to do that, either.

3. Will Paulette Goddard continue her upward climb?

Who's to stop her? Certainly not Paulette. Certainly not her studio. They've given her a new contract. And certainly not Paulette's ambition.

4. Why didn't Orson Welles marry Dolores Del Rio?

I may be just an old meanie, but I believe the difference in their ages had something to do with it. Isn't she eleven years older than he is? And up to now, she's had a very full life. Orson is really just beginning his and no one knows it better than Orson.

5. What's happened to the career of Don Ameche?

I wish you'd tell me!

6. Why is Dorothy Lamour always in love but not married?

Offhand, it would look like the sad case of the girl who's "always a bridesmaid but never a bride"—for one or another of the unhappy reasons the magazine ads are always telling us about. But, of course, you can take one look at Dottie and quickly dismiss that angle. And it's not because she's "a girl that men forget" either. Dorothy's beaux are as persistent as all get-out and the way they feel about Dottie I don't think there's a one of 'em that would object to being "Mr. Dottie Lamour" if Dottie would just say "Yes." And still those wedding bells don't ring. Here's how I dope it out. Everybody's fond of Dottie. She's a sweet kid—and she's still a kid emotionally. Sure, she's fond of men. She likes masculine attention, all the little romantic trimmings—flowers, moonlight, soft music, et cetera. These are the things she loves—not any particular man who provides them. And as long as a romance stays at this stage, Dottie's happy as a lark. But when her beau gets to the serious stage and wants her to face such practical problems as managing a home, hiring servants, community property details, he brings her down to earth with a dull and sickening thud that spoils her dream—and romance flies out the window. You see, Dottie's had many responsibilities and hardships and was cheated out of those carefree schoolgirl romances. She frankly enjoys the life her money makes possible for her and she's probably making up now for what she missed. It's ten to one that Dottie can't go on like this forever. One of these days the right man will come along and say, "That's all very well, my girl, but it's time you settled down, and I'm the guy you're settling with." Dottie will love it!

7. Why won't Ginger Rogers wear make-up on the screen?

Well, if you had a lot of freckles and photographed like a kid of twelve, would you sit down before a mirror at seven-thirty in the morning and have your face all smeared up with grease and powder? No, you bet you wouldn't. Neither would I. But I can't get away with it. They get a look at this old puss and say, "Cover it up, boys, and try to make it look young." And here Ginger, who's of age, mind you, puts nothing on hers and looks twelve!

8. Why does Vic Mature think he's a genius?

I'll bite. Why???

9. What happened to the Hedy Lamarr-George Montgomery romance?

Well, plenty. In the first place, George has a very large family to support on a very small salary and while he's young and good-looking, he's just about as sophisticated as your Aunt Fanny (no reference to any living person) and Hedy's been around plenty. She's been brought up on luxury, had every whim satisfied. Hedy's a home girl up to a certain point—she's also a good business woman. The fact that the night they broke their engagement she went right back to dining with John Howard shows that her heart is still intact. If there's any torch being carried it's not clutched in her pretty little hand.

10. Will Jean Gabin and Marlene Dietrich marry?

Well, will they? Go on, tell me! I dare you.

11. Will Ann Sothern marry Bob Sterling?

Well, she has practically a year to wait for her final divorce. By that time he'll be well incorporated into the Army and, by that time, anything could have happened. If she were free to marry him now, I think there'd be wedding bells. But a year from now—oh, baby! Wouldn't I like to know!

12. Will Teresa Wright be a star?

Definitely yes. She's one of the finest young players I've seen. She had sense enough to turn down picture offers for a year and a half, because Sam Goldwyn was on a sitdown strike with United Artists and wasn't making pictures—and she wanted to be under his management. He saw her first in "Life With Father"; but she waited until he produced "The Little Foxes," which gave her the part she wanted. Her performance in "Mrs. Miniver" is something to shout about and even Gary Cooper, fine actor that he is, had to do some real trouping to keep up with her *Mrs. Lou Gehrig.*

13. Why does Katharine Hepburn keep Hollywood guessing?

Because Katharine has the kind of a brain that clicks even while she's sleeping. And we've been lying out in the noonday sun so long that ours don't even work sometimes while we're awake. Then, too, Katharine's a lady born, and that always intrigues Hollywood.

14. Why does Bob Hope advertise Madeleine Carroll instead of our native beauties?

Your guess is as good as mine. I'm going to answer this one if I can. First, I think, it's because she is a pretty woman—and, of course, no one in Hollywood hates publicity. Whatever Bob's reason for starting the gag in the first place, it's made her one of the best-known women in America.

15. Will Madeleine Carroll marry Stirling Hayden?

I don't think so. Stirling's young, handsome, virile and impressionable—and got such an inferiority complex when he became an actor that he walked out on a contract which contained everything. What the war will do to him, no one can tell. But it's going to take an abiding love and a great deal of tenderness for those two to reach the altar.

16. Why will Bette Davis play anything, no matter how hideous the role makes her look?

Because, my friends, Bette Davis is an actress. She'd rather act than eat. And anyone with that instinct will sink her own personality into a good part, just for the feeling of pure joy she gets.

17. Why is Norma Shearer about to retire?

Is she?

18. Why does Veronica Lake wear that lock of hair over one eye?

I can understand why she did at the start of her career. If you want to crack Hollywood's shell, you have to do something startling to make people notice you. The gags that movie-struck kids have thought up to attract the attention of the right people out here are too numerous and bizarre to describe. Veronica was accustomed to using her bean. She figured out that it's the simplest and most obvious trick that often turns the deal—and what could be simpler than letting her hair fall down as nature made it, with a lock covering one eye? In a town where glamour girls are always outdoing each other with elaborate hair-dos, such simplicity as this was as startling as an air-raid siren—and got as quick attention. But Veronica's got herself established now. She proved her mettle in "I Wanted Wings." We all know who she is and like what she can do. So why can't she relax and be herself?

19. Why isn't Olivia de Havilland the big star her sister Joan Fontaine is?

In the first place, Joan's been the luckiest girl who ever came to Hollywood. Let's count the parts she's had, after she was dubbed a failure: The only really sympathetic part in "The Women," amongst a bevy of meowing cats; "Rebecca"; "Suspicion"; "This Above All"; "The Constant Nymph"; and, coming up, "Jane Eyre." Any one of those would make any girl a star, if she had the vestige of good looks and a grain of ability. Joan's got them all in quick succession and can act, too. True, Olivia hasn't done badly. She's had *Melanie* in "Gone With The Wind," "Hold Back The Dawn"—and, with that, she got Charles Boyer. But sister Joan got Brian Aherne as a husband. You just watch Olivia's smoke when she gets a husband.

20. What would happen to Hollywood if Mickey Mouse, Pluto, Dumbo and Bambi got caught in the draft?

Brother, my tears would form a Niagara and blot out all these words—and then you'd have no story!

THE END

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 21)

When I go to a movie, I try to see just what it is that gives each actress her poise and charm.

I'm interested in how the actress looks when she walks, when she sits down, or when she simply stands. How does she carry her purse? What does she do with her hands?

The movie stars make charming presentations of the right styles, the proper make-up and coiffures.

In the better pictures, I hear the right kind of pronunciation and diction.

In short, every movie has become, for me, a double feature—a source of entertainment and a source of knowledge.

THELMA PORTER MCMINN,
Canyon, Tex.

$1.00 PRIZE
Come On, Boys, Get Together!

AM writing this information for Myrna Loy to notify her that after a terrific balloting session held here by my buddies, we have nominated Myrna Loy as our favorite actress. By a large majority Miss Loy easily defeated Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Claudette Colbert and Ann Sheridan. I did plenty of campaigning on my part to prove how much Myrna Loy is superior to all these glamour girls (?). I myself have been a Myrna Loy fan for ten years—that's when I first got a crush on the very charming ex-Montana damsel. She ought to know about this "silent love" of mine for her. I regret that it's not possible for me to see Myrna Loy and tell her how much I admire her.

PVT. JACK BARR,
Fort Jackson, S. C.

Here's another point of view:

$1.00 PRIZE

AS a buck private in the United States Army, I've had a chance to see first-hand what sort of movie tastes United States service men have. Do you know who is the Army's favorite actress? No, not Ann Sheridan (although she is well liked) but none other than Joan Davis! Her brand of comedy is an effective cure for loneliness and homesickness which are prevalent in many Army camps. Soldier boys like to have fun; the type of picture Joan Davis appears in is the answer.

So Joan Davis rates a twenty-four-gun salute from every Army camp!

PVT. ANTHONY PERRY,
San Jose, Cal.

HONORABLE MENTION

POOR stupid Hollywood! What, pray tell me, is the matter with an industry that looks down its nose at a really potential star like Robert Stack and tries to cram swell-head Mature down our throats.

WHIT L. GALLMAN,
Pittsburg, Pa.

MORE of Betty Grable in dramatic roles! Ginger Rogers, after switching from dancing to dramatic parts, won the Academy Award. Why not give Grable this opportunity?

EVELYN KELLY,
Greensboro, N. C.

"I'm Going Back to FELS-NAPTHA...

. . . . Dad's shirts lasted longer than this. They stayed white, too. Mother *always* used FELS-NAPTHA soap . . . can't remember why I changed . . . too much bargain-hunting, I guess. Well, this shirt's no bargain, now . . .

the Golden Naptha Soap"

The way things are today, *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap is, more than ever, *a real bargain.* There's no better—or safer—way to dislodge ground-in grime, or remove destructive perspiration stains. The Fels combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap does a thorough job—in a jiffy—without harsh, ruinous rubbing.

This young woman will find Fels-Naptha a better soap than she remembers. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing the wear and tear of washday . . . By the way—have you tried *today's* Fels-Naptha Soap?

Golden bar or Golden chips_ **FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

They All Kissed the Bride

(*Continued from page* 42) continued to drink it until the sound of babbling voices told him that the ceremony was over. Suddenly through the doorway he saw the ominous figure of the detective he had punched. Bidding the bartender a hasty good-by, he made his way into the foyer where the guests were forming in line to kiss the bride. Unobtrusively he slipped into line, watching the detective approach Margaret for further instructions. When the moving queue deposited him in front of Vivian, she kissed him automatically.

The kiss came as a complete surprise, but after the first shock he began to enjoy it. For long moments he held the bride in his arms, kissing her thoroughly. When he released her at last, he saw that the detective was still waiting for him and he hastily stepped back into line again.

Margaret placed a restraining hand on the detective's arm.

"I think I know who he is," she said grimly, watching him approach the bride again.

This time his kiss left Vivian breathless and the rest of the guests buzzing with shocked surprise.

"I *know* I know who he is," Margaret decided. "A hoodlum named Joe."

Efficiently she instructed her maid to bring "Joe" to her upstairs sitting room; gave brief orders to the detective and went on ahead to prepare some marked money with which to buy back the letters Vivian had written.

AS "Joe" entered the room, the now-familiar sensations seized her again.

"I asked you up here because . . ." she began desperately.

He came close to her. "Why, Baby," he murmured, "I didn't know you cared! Is it possible you feel the way I do?"

"I don't even know how you feel," she pointed out frostily.

"I feel as though one of M. J. Drew's trucks hit me—you know, the big ones."

"The Drew trucks don't hit anybody; we have the lowest accident rate in the country," defended Margaret indignantly.

"I like loyalty in my women, even when it's loyalty to M. J. Drew," he applauded. "Why, I'm even prepared to like *her*. After all, the old fluff brought us together. But why discuss that tired character?"

He came closer to Margaret and she backed away, flinging the package of money at him.

"Here's your money!"

He looked at it, bewildered. "My money? Why, there's a thousand dollars here."

"And that's all you're going to get!"

"You're making a mistake, Baby," he told her softly. Margaret moved further away.

"Well, what *do* you want?" she demanded.

"What does any man want?" She backed up against the door and he followed her. "A woman of his own, a home, babies. . . ."

Frantically Margaret signaled for the detective. He rushed in, crying, "What happened, M.J.?"

"M.J.!" The young man looked at her aghast. "*You're* M.J.?"

"The tired character," admitted Margaret sweetly. "The old fluff."

The detective seized him. "Let's tell it to the District Attorney," he said as he dragged out his victim who was still muttering "M. J. Drew—M. J. Drew—*Babu!*"

The following day in her office Margaret returned to the problem of Michael Holmes. Mr. Crane, of the Personnel Office, tried to get her to choose the loving cup which was to be awarded at the Dance Contest, a feature of the forthcoming Drivers' Annual Dance, but Margaret's secretary interrupted.

"There's a man here says he's Michael Holmes."

Hastily Margaret got rid of Crane and told the secretary to send Holmes in. Sharp invective rose to her lips and died there as she gazed into the eyes of yesterday's uninvited wedding guest. At last she asked weakly, "How did you get out of jail?"

"Your lawyer got me out," he grinned.

The secretary burst in, apologizing for the interruption and handing Margaret a small package.

"There's a man outside who says this is important and he wants to see you."

MARGARET tore open the packet. Inside were Vivian's letters. She looked at the man bêfore her, then at the letters and back to her caller again.

"Then *who* are you," she demanded.

"I'm still Michael Holmes," he assured her. His grin widened as he pointed to her knees. "What's the matter—your liver gone bad again?"

"Wait here," Margaret ordered desperately. "I'll be right back."

She left her office and rushed down the hall. Joe Krim, who had been waiting in the secretary's office, followed her, explaining earnestly that he had brought back Vivian's letters and wanted them returned to her with his love. Margaret listened to his incoherent explanations until they reached the office infirmary, where she dismissed him abruptly and hurried inside.

"Dr. Cassel," she demanded breathlessly, "when you examined me ten days ago, my liver was bad, wasn't it?"

"You could win blue ribbons with your liver," the doctor told her at the end of a thorough examination. "What made you think you were sick?"

"Dizzy spells—sudden weakness in the knees."

"Perhaps you experienced some sort of emotional shock?"

"Nonsense," she denied firmly. "Please give me something."

Dr. Cassel took a bottle of pills from the medicine chest. "These will act as a sedative. Take a couple whenever this symptom occurs. However," he warned, "too many will result in drowsiness."

MARGARET hurried back to her office to confront Michael. Purely as a precaution she took two of the pills first, but it was needless. Michael had gone, leaving word that Miss Drew might see him at his home after nine o'clock that evening if she wished to discuss anything with him. Margaret considered the situation wryly. She had very little choice. Michael Holmes had adequate basis for a law suit on charges of assault, defamation of character and false arrest. Somehow she must get him to sign a legal release, or it might involve the company in expensive and undesirable publicity.

"Besides," she assured herself defiantly, "what have I to be afraid of?"

That evening Margaret rang the bell of the old brownstone house where Michael roomed with Johnny Johnson and his wife Susie. Johnny opened the door.

"He's on the second floor," Johnny replied in answer to her query about Mike.

Margaret thanked him and turned to

go upstairs. Then she stopped.

"Could I have a glass of water?" she asked.

Susie brought the water. Johnny introduced them. "Susie, this is Mike's girl friend. He told me you'd be coming around tonight," he added with a friendly grin as he handed Margaret the glass. Weakly, she took two more pills.

At the top of the stairs she hesitated, took the bottle from her purse and shook some pellets into her hand. After swallowing quickly, she knocked at the door. Mike, wearing his dressing gown, ushered her in.

Margaret found it difficult to talk business. Mike just wasn't interested. When she mentioned money, he flung open the windows of his balcony. Below on the river, the moon was silver. In quiet desperation Margaret clapped more pills into her mouth. The mournful sound of a boat whistle drifted into the room.

Mike came close to the couch and leaned over her. "Know what that is, Maggie?" he asked softly.

"The name is M. J. Drew and that's the whistle of a dirty old scow," she told him scornfully.

"Oh no—it's the sob of a girl weeping for her man—her man who's gone down to the sea in a ship and not come back. She's crying for what once was. It's the tears of memory. . . ."

His voice was low and compelling. Margaret slipped behind the table. "Is this your business mood?" she demanded.

Mike stared at her. Suddenly he slapped the table with his hand.

"You're afraid!" he cried. "You're afraid of men! That's why you're afraid to get out from behind that table."

"I'm afraid of no man," she denied proudly.

Slowly he advanced to her. She stared at him without moving.

"Put your right hand on my shoulder," he commanded softly. "Put your left hand on my other shoulder." His arms were around her then, her head upon his chest. Tenderly he lifted her face to his. Her eyes were closed. He kissed her, releasing her at last. Only a soft snore answered him. M. J. Drew was sound asleep.

THE morning was horrible for Margaret. She awakened to hear Mike singing, in the other room, "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby." She looked at the room she was in; she touched the Murphy bed she was in. Finally she gazed with sick suspicion at the pajamas she was in.

She refused breakfast when Mike brought it to her. "How could you be so mean as to . . ." she accused. "When I—I came here in perfectly good faith."

Light dawned in Mike's eyes. "Wait a minute! I think I know what you mean."

Mike flung open the door. "Susie," he bellowed.

Susie hurried in. "Well, now," she said soothingly to Margaret, "you look rested. I never did see anybody so tired. You never moved when I undressed you."

"Morning, Mike—Maggie," Johnny greeted them, cramming the rest of his breakfast into his mouth as he came in. "Gotta run to do or die for the good old Drew Company. If I'm tardy," he explained to Mike, slipping on his leather jacket, "I'm going to explain to vinegar puss, laughingly known as the boss of the Drew Trucking Lines, that I had to sleep with a friend of mine who not only tosses in his sleep but calls you 'Baby.' Why don't you marry the guy soon, Maggie?"

Mike stared after Susie and Johnny as they hurried out. He turned to Maggie. "I suppose you'll have him fired."

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She ignored his question. "Call my office later and we'll arrange about the release."

When she reached the office Vivian was waiting for her.

"You know, Margaret," she babbled, "the strangest thing happened to me as we started on our honeymoon. When Stephen and I got into the car and he said: 'And now, young lady' . . . Well, not only did my knees shake, but I trembled *all* over."

"Why did you come back so soon, Vivian?" asked Margaret, starting to change into the business clothes her maid had brought her from home.

"Oh, he just looked at the financial page of the newspaper, made some phone calls, and . . ."

"Oh, he came back because of business!" Margaret's approval was evident in her voice.

MIKE strolled in unannounced, with the air of one perfectly at home.

"Why, Maggie," he chided, "don't you ever have any clothes on?"

Crimson with embarrassment, Margaret slid a dress over her head and sent Vivian home.

"By the way," asked Mike, "have you fired Johnny yet?"

"Suppose," Margaret suggested icily, "we just discuss the price you're placing on that release."

"The price is nothing."

"Nothing?" she echoed in amazement.

"Surprised, aren't you? Surprised there's something money and influence can't buy. That's just why I'm giving it to you. I want you to know that. I particularly want you to know that when you go to fire Johnny." He moved to her desk. "Is this the release?"

She nodded and he sat down. "I'd like only one promise before I sign. It isn't much. If I can borrow the money, will you have dinner with me tonight?"

"Of course," she agreed.

"And tomorrow night?"

"I think it's very gracious of you to ask me two nights running."

As he signed the release Margaret picked it up and locked it in a drawer. Then she turned to him coldly. "I've just remembered I've an important appointment tonight. I'm so sorry."

"I suppose," Mike said ruefully, "this is what's known in business as shrewd trading."

"If you feel cheated, you may drop by the cashier." She spoke authoritatively into the dictaphone. "Hoover, a Mr. Holmes will be by. Give him a thousand dollars and charge it to my personal account"

"Maggie," Mike said softly, "you ought to learn to play. Somewhere under all the layers of Drew common stock, preferred stock, seven percent bonds—there's a girl." He ignored the wrath on her face. "The world's full of people, Maggie. Most of them are not very successful—some of them are even failures, but they're warm people, brave people, people full of hope and dignity and love."

"Will you shut up and get out!" she shouted furiously.

"I'll get out," he agreed, "but I'm the kind of a guy that never shuts up. And, by the way, better take a look at the signature on that release."

The door slammed behind him and Margaret flew to the drawer. On the release was written boldly, "Benedict Arnold."

That night Margaret went again to Mike's house in Brooklyn. Mike wasn't there. He and Susie had gone ahead, Johnny told her, to the Drew Trucking and Bus Lines Employees' Annual Dance.

"You can go with me," he offered. Looking at her appreciatively, he added, "I'll do my best to remember Mike's my best friend."

DISREGARDING her protests, he helped her into the cab of his truck. For the first time, Margaret saw one of her own spotters in action, for she had always insisted that the No Riders rule be strictly enforced. The spotter warned Johnny grimly that he would be reported for using the company truck for pleasure and made Margaret get out in the rain regardless of the damage to her gown.

"That's M.J. Drew for you again," raged Johnny. "Good thing she isn't going to the dance—I'd put ground glass on her hot dog."

The dance was a success for everyone but Margaret.

"I don't care for frankfurters," she informed Mike frigidly as he offered her one.

"Don't tell me you dislike them, Maggie. Nobody dislikes them, not even the Queen of England. But then," he pointed out, "*she* takes time off from the business of being a queen to be a woman!"

So Margaret ate hot dogs, washing them down copiously with bright-colored soda pop. At that, she might have survived had not Johnny seized her for his partner in the Dance Contest.

While Mike and Susie watched enthusiastically, Johnny was cooking with gas on the dance floor. He twirled Margaret in circles; he spun her in the air; he tossed her over his shoulder and caught her just as it seemed certain she must crack her skull open. Crane, one of the judges, mistaking her frantic signals for rescue, decided that she wanted to be chosen the winner. After all the competing couples were tapped off the floor, Johnny and Margaret remained in their fantastic frenzy.

"Hold onto your bustle, Baby," Johnny encouraged her. "It's the last lap."

Crane came over to them with a benign smile on his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen—the winners!"

JOHNNY took the applause of the crowd, beaming. Margaret slumped weakly to the floor. She was never quite sure how she came to be on the couch in Susie and Johnny's apartment, swathed in shawls and hot-water battles, but Johnny was feeding her something from a jug—something soothing and strangely warming.

"It started out being blackberry brandy," he explained. "Pop kept adding to it. It kills pain in two seconds flat."

"All she had was a little colic," Susie assured Mike.

"Yeah," grinned Johnny. "You shoulda held her over your shoulder and patted her back after feeding her—that brings up the air." Margaret took another swallow from the jug and Johnny sniffed at it curiously. "I missed a can of floor wax just before Pop died. Wonder if he put it in here."

After several more drinks, Margaret turned to Johnny expansively. "Johnny, you're a wonderful host and a charming fellow. Tomorrow I'll see that you get a five-dollar raise—no, make it ten—and I shall fire that inspector who was so nasty to you."

Johnny was duly appreciative. "And to show you how much I think of you," he announced, "I'm going to buy the Brooklyn Bridge and have it stretched from Mike's house to yours, so when you want to see each other you won't be held up by traffic."

Margaret nodded and her head nestled

against Mike's chest.

"When they deliver the bridge tomorrow, please see they don't wake me up."

Mike drove Margaret home in the truck, with Johnny and Susie asleep beside them. The intricate harmony Mike and Margaret worked out on "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby" didn't disturb them. When they arrived at the house Mike woke Johnny and then carried Margaret carefully into the house.

Johnny, backing the truck out of the driveway, saw a watchman and hailed him.

"Say, what is this joint—Radio City?"

"This is the Drew estate," the watchman informed him, "and that was M.J. Drew, of the Drew Trucking Lines."

Johnny moaned and collapsed quietly against Susie's inert shoulder.

IN the upper hallway Vivian met Mike, still with Margaret in his arms, and assumed that he was an out-of-town client Margaret had told her about.

Mike stood Margaret delicately on her feet. "I just want to see how you look standing up."

"How do I look?"

"I like you better this way," he decided, and swept her into his arms again.

"Margaret," Vivian cried, scandalized, "you said he was a married man!"

"What's wrong with married men?" argued Margaret. "You're living with one yourself."

Without replying, Vivian hastened downstairs to meet Stephen, just coming in. He stopped short at the unusual sight of Margaret in a man's arms.

"He's a man from out West," Vivian explained hastily. "He has millions—big business merger with the Drew interests. You know how Margaret is about business—she's humoring him."

"Lovely way to do business," murmured Stephen. "I must remember it."

Mike carried Margaret into her room and placed her again on her feet. His arms lingered around her and she clung to him.

"Am I a business deity, Mike?" she asked plaintively. "Just something to keep in trim for the good old stockholders?"

"You're the twinkle of a million stars; you're a crystal goblet filled with rare wine," he assured her fervently. His arms tightened about her. Then he moved her gently away.

"Go to sleep, Margaret." Afraid of himself, he tried to escape, but her arms were about his neck, her cheek against his. Slowly she drew him down to the couch beside her.

"The years without you, Mike—the awful, awful years . . ." She pressed her lips to his. His head was heavy against her chest. Suddenly, indisputably, it was Michael who had fallen asleep.

When Mike awoke the next morning, clad in the cook's negligee, tucked into Margaret's bed, Johnny Johnson forced his way into the room. Furious words flowed from his lips. Mike looked at him in bewilderment.

"I don't get the hang of this," he said painfully.

"You don't?" stormed Johnny. "Well, I'm talking about the guys you were supposed to write about, to let people know about—the little guys, the U. S. A., the guys you ate with, drank with and laughed with, last night. The guys you sold out this morning! The guys with the cans tied to their tails!"

"Cans?" repeated Mike dully. "You were fired this morning?"

"Yeah," answered Johnny hotly, "me and twelve other guys that used their trucks to go to the dance in. And my

"All you ever longed for in a lipstick—and more!" says Constance Luft Huhn

"Exciting color. Perfectly balanced texture . . . *not too moist,* yet *not too dry.* So smooth it seems to stroke softly on your lips all by itself. So clinging it *really* stays on for hour after hour. Yes . . . each of our Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks has these qualities—and something *more:* The softer, glossier sheen of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH!

And when you choose the Tangee shade you like the best, remember that there is a matching rouge and a correct shade of Tangee's *un*-powdery Face Powder to blend harmoniously with it."

TANGEE RED-RED "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All", harmonizes with all fashion colors.
TANGEE THEATRICAL RED . . . "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade" . . . always flattering.
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Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

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This will help a skin that tends to be dry. Apply a light film of Jergens Face Cream; splash with cold water. Blot gently dry. Now apply powder to a face toned-up, fresh and smooth. Younger-looking!

Too bad, if Dry Skin causes you Lines and Wrinkles too soon

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Think of it! Jergens Face Cream

(1) cleanses your skin expertly and swiftly; (2) helps soften; (3) gives a protective foundation for your make-up; and (4) acts as a fragrant Night Cream, too, that helps against threatening dry skin.

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opinion of anybody who sells out his friends for a skirt . . ." With an eloquent look at Mike's surroundings and attire, he turned and left.

Numbly, Mike finished dressing. Mrs. Drew and Stephen Pettingill found him just as he was leaving. Still thinking him to be a millionaire from the West, Stephen told him frankly that he needed a thirty thousand dollar loan in order to reopen his father's steel mill. He had posed as a wealthy man in order to win Vivian, whom he loved deeply and who now returned his love, but none of the family dared to ask Margaret for the money.

"You'll employ truck drivers in this mill of yours, won't you?" Mike asked.

"Yes, but you can't employ men in a closed mill," Stephen pointed out.

Grimly Mike made out a check for thirty thousand dollars. He patted Mrs. Drew's shoulder as he handed it to her.

Margaret met him at her office with a misty smile. On her desk the cup from the Dance Contest sparkled.

"Thank you for last night, Mike," she whispered. "I'll never forget it."

"Neither will a lot of others," he replied bitterly, tossing the release on the desk.

"There's your release—signed—and by my own name this time."

"Why, Mike," she told him gently, "you know that isn't necessary."

"Don't you think you'd better read it?" he suggested briefly.

She looked at the figures on the paper uncomprehendingly.

"I—I don't understand. . . ."

"It's very clear," he snapped. "Thirty thousand dollars. Money—the stuff they print in Washington."

"You're joking . . ." she said at last.

"Where do I find the cashier? Our little interlude will make very interesting telling—among the boys in the back room."

Disbelief mingled with pain filled her eyes and her fingers trembled as she flipped up the dictaphone key and ordered the cashier to pay Mr. Holmes thirty thousand dollars.

Margaret moved through the rest of the day in a strange mixture of heady dreams and sickening reality. In the middle of a conference, all she could hear was Mike's voice in her ear, murmuring, 'You're my beautiful baby.' It wiped out the figures of reports; it drowned the words spoken by directors. And always it was followed by the derisive echo: "Sold out by your own love-sick infatuation!" Even Dr. Cassel couldn't help her now.

AT home that night on her way into a board meeting in the library, she met her mother. Tentatively Mrs. Drew approached her.

"That rich man from the West you're merging with . . ." she began.

"He's no rich man from the West. There's no merger. There's nothing," Margaret answered her bitterly, "but a stupid situation which Vivian got us into —which cost us thirty thousand dollars."

She swept into the library and Mrs. Drew gazed after her, realization dawning at the mention of thirty thousand dollars. With sudden determination she followed Margaret into the meeting.

"Mother," Margaret said sharply, "I must ask you to leave."

"You can't," replied Mrs. Drew calmly. "I'm a stockholder and I can sit in here and find out just how my business is being run."

"Are you ill, Mother?" demanded Margaret in desperation. "I've been able to run the business to everybody's satisfaction before this."

"I don't know if you're capable, Margaret. After all, a woman who loves a man and can't trap him is. . . ."

"Mother! As a stockholder, I can't prevent you from being here, but I can insist that you confine yourself to the business of the day."

"The business of the day, Margaret! The business of love is always a woman's business, day and night. Now this Michael . . . ."

"I don't want his name mentioned in this house," Margaret tried to order sharply.

"It's being mentioned every time your heart beats," Mrs. Drew answered softly. "Listen to it, Margaret—it's saying 'Mike, Mike, Mike' . . . ."

"But didn't he know I'd reinstated the men?" Margaret cried in defense. "Didn't he know they were discharged against my wishes? Didn't he know I was giving Johnny an increase? Didn't he . . . ."

"Go ask him, Margaret," interrupted her mother.

Margaret flung her arms about Mrs. Drew. "So you're silly and stupid!" she exclaimed. "Why, you're as wise as the ages, darling—I'm the dope!" Without further waste of time, she set off on a run to find Mike.

BUT Mike was nowhere to be found. At last she came dejectedly to the garage where the Drew trucks were roaring into the street and told the foreman she wanted to talk to the men. His eyes widening in surprise, he called to them. Sullenly they left their trucks and gathered in the center of the floor.

"I'm looking for Michael Holmes," Margaret announced. "He's disappeared.

The men were silent.

"Why won't you answer me?" she begged. "Why won't you talk to me?"

"We talked to you before," shouted one of the drivers belligerently, "and you know what happened to some of us!"

"If Johnny and the others hadn't been employed somewhere else, I'd have taken them back," Margaret insisted. "You must believe me. Where's Mike?"

The drivers faced her in stony silence.

"I know you're good, loyal friends of Mike's—you're proving that. And you're proving something else—that I was wrong. You're everything Mike said you were—warm, brave, honest people. I'm begging you to tell me where he is!"

The silence seemed to shout at her and tears came to her eyes then. "I know I'm on the other side of the fence," she said honestly, "but is love some sort of emotion that's reserved only for the proletariat? I love Mike Holmes and all your ideas of class distinction aren't going to keep me from loving him! You may not tell me where he is and I may never see him again—but I'll love him just the same, in spite of you and the New Deal!"

"Are you on the level?" asked one of the drivers suspiciously.

"What do you want me to do to prove it?" she cried hysterically. "Name it—I'll do it. . . ."

The driver led her to a truck and opened the rear door. "Get in."

She hesitated. "Why can't I ride up front?"

"We're not allowed to carry riders. Get in."

She crawled into the rear and the driver slammed the door. As the truck ground slowly out of the garage the men looked at each other with delight. From the rear of the truck came two voices blending happily. "Oh, you must've been a beautiful baby—you must've been a beautiful doll. . . ."

The End.

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Stops PERSPIRATION SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

ODORONO CREAM WILL NOT IRRITATE YOUR SKIN

What I Don't Like about Jeanette

(says Nelson Eddy)

(*Continued from page* 54) annoying is the way she can dance like a dream, which means the studio is always putting dance sequences into our pictures—when *I* can't dance worth anything! There ought to be a law!

And the way she never says, "I told you so!" even though she has been proved dead right in an argument, but only smiles, sweetly tolerant of your own ignorance. Gets a man's goat.

THE way she manages to conduct all of her personal business between scenes on the set, so that when she goes home at night she can relax. While me—I burn the midnight oil plenty. These efficient women are also jolting to the masculine ego.

And the way, when she "blows" a line (which I must say she seldom does), she merely says very calmly, "I guess we'll have to do that over again." When I "blow" a line, I'm ready to tear the set apart!

And the entertaining way she has with interviewers! She rattles on, giving 'em wonderful copy and they go away raving about how interesting she is, how smart and well-informed. Me—I'm tongued-tied in comparison. The interviewer finally gives up, saying to himself, "That Eddy! I suppose he tries—but give *me* Miss Jeanette MacDonald! *There* is a savvy gal!"

THE END

The Eddy-MacDonald team takes time off from "I Married An Angel" to chuckle over what they said about each other here

What I Don't Like about Nelson

(says Jeanette MacDonald)

(*Continued from page* 55) me wild is the way he is always on time. This makes me, one who has been known to be tardy at times, look very bad. For instance, I may be only a few minutes late to work, but I'll find him waiting for me, smug and satisfied with himself. Really, it is quite upsetting to a lady's dignity.

And the way he'll come around, laughing like everything at some joke he has heard, but when I am all ready to hear the joke and laugh, too, will suddenly inform me he can't tell it to me!

And the way he can go off to a football game on a Saturday afternoon while I have to stay at the studio for fittings. And how he always stops in Wardrobe to crow over me, before he leaves.

The way he doesn't say anything when he sees me wearing pink, which color I know he doesn't like, but just maintains a sort of pained silence. If he would only say something, then I could answer back!

And the way, when I am discussing a book I've read, he'll look down at me and remark with exaggerated surprise, "Why *Miss* MacDonald, you have brains as well as looks!"

And of course, there is the easy, breezy way he talks up to interviewers, giving them all kinds of interesting things to write about him, while I never seem to think of *anything* clever to say! That easy poise of his, especially, makes me green with jealousy!

THE END

★ ★

Joan Crawford Tells What Women Live For!

YOU MAY SCOFF at the idea that a girl working on her second million dollars could have a void in her life. Yet Joan Crawford did. She has changed her whole way of life because of it. She says, simply, "I wanted someone to love." How she found the satisfaction that every woman must have before her life is complete is told in an exclusive article in Stardom—a scoop with the first pictures she has since permitted of herself at home. Share this experience—in August Stardom!

FACTS Learn why Lana Turner wants a real-life love . . . Let Lucille Ball tell you how "I Tamed a Latin!" . . . Carole Landis exposes the 'men she loves to hate!' . . . The woman who discovered Gary Cooper tells how to make yourself movie-star material!

FICTION The mighty melodrama, the pulsing excitement, the giddy passion of Orson Welles' new film, "Journey into Fear," are captured in the fiction version in Stardom. Also: A hilarious short story co-authored by Victor Mature!

PHOTOS Heavenly color portraits of Dolores del Rio, Lana Turner, Lucille Ball! Photos of Mickey Rooney's antics with his new screen sweetheart. See how an enlisted star's girl keeps him happy since he's in the army!

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THEN—
even in 1911, when bathing beauties looked like this, they found the fine distinctive flavor of Beech-Nut Gum refreshing and long-lasting.

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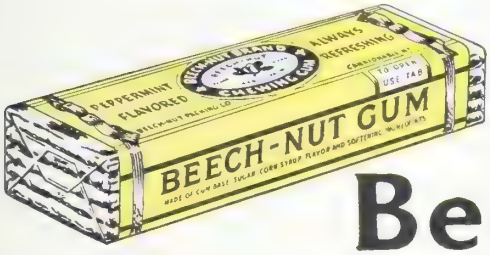

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

Hollywood's Secret Heartbreaker

(*Continued from page* 58) half-sister of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, now married to Bob Topping and thus Sonja Henie's sister-in-law, lost her dark poise once upon a time because of him. So did that sophisticate of sophisticates, Marian (Timmie) Lansing, who later became Mrs. Peter Arno and now is married to a former aide of the Duke of Windsor. And back in 1935, when she was only fifteen years old, Ruth Moffett, daughter of the FHA administrator, learned about love from the rangy Lothario from the plains of Texas.

If girls had sense they'd run from Howard as from a typhoon. But girls don't have sense where men are concerned, especially men like Howard.

He inherited seventy-five million dollars from his father when he was nineteen years old. But he's never been the proverbial millionaire's son, satisfied to live in lavish indolence.

"The oil drill business is my father's business," he said. "I must do things on my own."

At twenty-one, watching a dull movie in Dallas, Texas, he declared: "I could make a better picture than that!" So have we all! But a month later Howard was in Hollywood organizing his film company.

He knew nothing about making pictures and he said so. He had a habit of shrugging his shoulders and saying, "What do you think I should do here?" Hollywood asked, "Have you met the chump from Texas?" No one guessed Howard was the boy Jimmy Stewart since has played on the screen, the boy who's simple and naïve on the surface but shrewd as a trap underneath.

His first production, "Two Arabian Knights," took the Motion Picture Academy Award for 1927. His second picture, "Hell's Angels"—on which he gambled two million dollars—made screen history and turned Jean Harlow, a nobody whom he was ridiculed for starring and placing under a long-term contract, into a screen sensation. Then he dared make gangster pictures. He brought Paul Muni to the screen. Pat O'Brien too.

It remains to be seen, after a long holiday from picture-making, if he'll come through brilliantly again with "The Outlaw" and hatch another star in Jane Russell.

WORK and romance are two things Howard likes to keep separate. He isn't likely to have a personal interest in a girl who works in his pictures. Says Jane Russell, who admires him tremendously but impersonally:

"I expected a man with Mr. Hughes's money and fame to be ritzy. But he isn't. He pays no attention to the way he looks. He used to wear old white flannels to the studios and a shiny blue suit with a hole in it.

"He has more patience and energy than anyone I've ever known. On a shot where I kiss right into the camera he had a definite idea about what he wanted. We worked on that shot for three days. And lots of times when we all left the studio exhausted he would go over to his Glendale factory to work on a plane."

Motion pictures aren't Howard's major interest. Airplanes are. In ships made by the Hughes Aircraft Company, the construction of which he supervises to the least detail, he's broken speed records, pioneered through the stratosphere, won the Harmon Medal for his contributions to scientific flying and encircled the earth.

"He has considerable genius," according to Olivia de Havilland, who ought to know, "and infinite charm."

Olivia and Howard met in November, 1938, a few days before Thanksgiving. She was in northern California on location. As a plane flies she was about an hour from her mother and home in Saratoga. By train it was a long way round.

"Howard Hughes is flying up this afternoon," one of the company said. "Why not ask him to fly you home?"

High color rose in Olivia's cheeks. "I couldn't! I don't know him! Besides, Howard Hughes has many more important things to do than to fly me home!"

Howard decided otherwise.

IN the same hour he and Olivia met they were flying over California's brown hills and fertile valleys. She planned how she would write her cousin, Jeffry de Havilland of the de Havilland motor family in England, all about it. He'd been none too impressed with her stardom, saying only it must be a great lark. But when he heard Howard Hughes had flown her home for Thanksgiving it would be different.

Howard marked Olivia's eyes moist and shining as morning flowers with the dew on them. He marked her face, delicately turned. He marked her mouth, like ripe fruit.

A few months earlier, encircling the earth (while Katharine Hepburn sat beside her radio, day and night, waiting word of him) he had looked out calmly

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
113 S. Jefferson St., Dept. 1552-K, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

over dark continents and deep oceans. But as he asked Olivia, "When can we see each other again?" his eyes weren't calm at all, they were desperate.

When and while Howard cares he cares tremendously.

The Hughes-de Havilland romance had no publicity.

When Howard and Olivia went out together it didn't take them long to get out of town. His car is geared for a man accustomed to the speed of flight. He would think he were riding on the back of a snail if he kept the pace of other cars on the road. Like his father before him, who had a "fine fund" on deposit at the Houston police station, Howard has speed in his blood.

EVEN if the photographers had discovered Howard and Olivia together it isn't likely they would have snapped them. Howard has the lens boys on his side. He flies them wherever they want to go. Following a heavy romance, during which they've let him alone, he wines and dines them at the Cocoanut Grove. And, taking them into his confidence, he wins them over completely. "I appreciate you fellows understanding I'm not a playboy, that I'd lose standing in the oil tool business if I were photographed with girls at night clubs," he tells them.

The winter Olivia and Howard were seeing each other she was working in "Gone With The Wind." One day, lunching with her in her bungalow dressing room, we suggested a magazine story telling how she and Howard had met and what they meant to each other.

"Oh, no," she said. "I'd be proud to talk about Howard. You know that! But I can't. I can't risk having him think I'm using him for publicity. That would hurt him!"

Olivia's pale brown hair was caught in a snood. She wore the somber grays and garnets of "Melanie." But her eyes were starry bright and her voice came full and quick. Looking at her, listening to her, you knew her life was warm with love. Her days were filled with satisfying work while she created one of the loveliest portraits ever given to the screen. And, her work done, she went home to a house filled with Howard's flowers.

THEN, quicksilver again, Howard was gone. Business took him to New York where he saw Katharine Hepburn once more. From there he flew south. In Florida he was seen with half a dozen beautiful girls in half a dozen famous cafes.

It's strange Howard's never been sued for breach of promise and stranger still that, almost always, he salvages a worthwhile friendship from the romantic ruins. Other Hollywood wolves would like to know how he does this. They shake their heads over him, individually and collectively.

Today Howard and Olivia are the most loyal friends.

When she was ill at Santa Fe it was to Howard she telephoned. "I have appendicitis," she told him. "If they have to operate—and I think they will—I'd prefer to be home." She laughed, that warm, young laugh. "Some of the nurses here, Indians, are terrific movie fans. I wouldn't trust them not to snip a little extra piece for a souvenir. Could you help me get a plane somehow, Howard? I've tried to charter one but they're all grounded."

"By the time you get to the field a plane will be waiting," he promised. Then, "Be sure they bundle you up good and warm," he said.

The plane he had released was on the runway warming up when she reached

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the field. That night she found her room in a Los Angeles hospital filled with flowers. He telephoned a few minutes after she got in, to make certain she had everything she wanted. The next morning he was at her bedside.

Recently, at a party, Howard was criticized for being a "penny pincher." Olivia flew to his defense. "I've known him to be more than generous—often!" she told his critics. "I remember one evening when a shabby young man approached the car to ask for help. The traffic light turned. We had to go on. But Howard drove around the block, parked—with some difficulty—found that fellow again, gave him five dollars and promised him work at the factory.

"And you must admit," she concluded, triumph bright in her eyes, "that Howard deserves more credit for doing a thing like this than most of us would. A man with his money and his position is approached constantly and disillusioned many times, I'm sure."

HOWARD, like most people, is uneven about money. Because he's as rich as he is, his economies seem more drastic and his extravagances are more lavish. The gifts he makes girls often are worth a small fortune. He has paid thousands of dollars for an experiment on an engine or certain cloud effects for a picture. His Sikorsky amphibian plane, which seats twelve, set him back seventy-five thousand dollars. Without grousing, he dropped millions in the failure of a film laboratory and in a theater deal. But he's perpetually careful about little expenditures, the bets he makes on the golf course, the tips he gives waiters and taxi drivers. He's been described as a man who would argue over the oil in the tanks of a hundred-thousand-dollar yacht. He says himself he cannot bear to "fritter" money away.

Back in 1929 Howard met and fell in love with Billie Dove.

He was twenty-five years old then and his income was reputed to be two million dollars a year. He had just divorced Ella Rice Hughes, the Houston debutante he had married at nineteen, settling one million dollars on her.

Billie was one of the most beautiful women in the world. For the benefit of those too young to remember her on the screen—no one who saw her ever would forget her—she had soft hazel eyes, a skin with the rich pallor of camellias, crisp brown hair with a wide swath of gray and a figure warm and round.

FOR years Billie wore Howard's big blazing diamond—on the right finger but the wrong hand, incidentally. For years she and Howard saw nothing and cared for nothing beyond each other's eyes. Everyone thought they would marry the same day Howard's lawyer secured her divorce. Everyone was wrong.

The Whispering Chorus whispered that Howard's business associates had objected to his marrying a movie star. If this be true he bought their approval at a great price.

A woman who's been part of Hollywood for years said, just the other day, "Howard's still looking for the love he and Billie knew. Billie would leave a scar on any man who loved her. Not only because of her beauty but because of her lovely feminine sweetness."

No other girl, certainly, ever held Howard so long or completely.

There have been more girls than anyone could count since 1932 when he and Billie said good-by. In Hollywood alone—and he spends only part of his time there—besides Rita, Faith, Hedy,

Says the Man Who Wasn't There:-

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(from a letter by J. G. S., St. Paul, Minn.)

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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
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Ginger, Olivia and Katharine Hepburn there have been Lillian Bond, Dorothy Jordan, Marian Marsh, Ida Lupino, Fay Wray, June Collyer, Frances Drake, Wendy Barrie, Rochelle Hudson and dozens more who never reached the tendate stage.

Olivia believes Howard loved Katharine Hepburn well. "Katharine," Olivia says, "is the only girl of whom Howard talks; and he talks of her with warm respect."

According to Theodore Dreiser the love of a man and a woman is a chemical attraction. Often, certainly, the conflagration is fierce and instantaneous when a man and a woman meet. It was that way with Katharine and Howard. Instantly they touched the springs of each other's hearts and minds.

Howard's campaign was fervent. If he had to fly to California for a few days he called Katharine, in New York or Connecticut, on the phone and talked for hours. He sent her yellow roses, three and four and five dozen at a time, every day. There never was a card but always when Katharine opened the box her fine lean face would glow.

SHE never pretended to herself or anyone else that she and Howard were "just friends." Once, when she was asked what she would do if Howard ran around with other girls after they were married, she said calmly, "I'd kill him!"

When she played "Jane Eyre" in Chicago Howard was with her. Her company believed the thirty-five thousand dollar string of pearls with an emerald clasp carved with K that he gave her was a wedding present. An announcement was expected momentarily. The press waited at their hotel, at the theater and at the license bureau. Her mother and sister arrived from Connecticut.

Katharine issued a statement. It read: "Miss Hepburn will not marry Mr. Hughes in Chicago today."

Likely she and Howard had one of their wild quarrels. It may have begun over such a simple thing as an inadequate tip that he left on the table. Or perhaps he took advantage of this romantic moment to win the promise he always sought—that she wouldn't fly any more. Her flying made him angry. He flies carefully, scientifically. When he steps out of a plane after taking a new record he has notes on such things as engine head temperatures at various altitudes and speeds. Katharine, on the other hand, takes off, hair flying, on an impulse. According to Howard's standards she's reckless. And in this case his standards are probably right.

WHATEVER happened their love grew no less. "Jane Eyre" closed and Katharine's voice troubled her, as it often does when she gets overtired. Howard insisted upon a holiday. They cruised the Caribbean on George Baker's beautiful yacht "The Viking." Months earlier they had inspected this yacht at New London. It may be they had thought this southern holiday would be a honeymoon.

A sea plane went with them. They flew through the soft air and the soft light of the tropics. They flew over the deep blue sea and the dark green islands. They flew into the morning and into the evening. And every sight and thought were shared and so became more beautiful, more wonderful.

That was the summer Howard talked for publication about marriage, something he had never done before, not even in the Billie Dove era.

"I'm not a confirmed bachelor," he said, "and I expect to be married one of

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these days. But I can't stand a gaga type of girl. A woman has to have something in her mind to be attractive."

No one doubted it was Katharine, graduated from Bryn Mawr, a Phi Beta Kappa, and an exciting independent thinker, he had in mind.

That was the summer "Stage Door" gave Katharine a high place on the screen. That was the summer Howard dipped the wings of his silver monoplane over the Hepburn estate on the Connecticut shore in a last farewell, as he took off on his globe-encircling flight.

It was a few days later that Katharine rushed from Connecticut to her New York house to wait for him. There he found her, as soon as he could get away from the speeches and the ticker tape and confetti. And in the green shine of her eyes he again tasted his triumph.

Katharine and Howard became adept at dodging crowds and reporters and cameramen. They used to peer out of a car door cautiously and, if they were discovered, pull in their heads, slam the door and beseech the driver to make time—in any direction. Following Howard's flight, however, the press and the crowds were too much for them.

One night the kitchen staff of a famous New York restaurant watched a waiter lay a table for two in the kitchen, set out the finest linen, china, crystal and silver. Their mouths gaped. Then, through the rear door, came Katharine and Howard, breathless from their mad dash through the alley.

"No more touring the city for a restaurant where we won't be mobbed—then home, in despair, for milk and scrambled eggs!" That was the essence of Katharine's edict. And the fantastic dinner in the restaurant kitchen—for which the chef outdid himself—was the result.

Beyond the kitchen wall that night the band played. Men and women who knew Katharine and Howard well swayed to the music and dined at the tables, all unsuspecting. A couple of reporters and a cameraman seated at the bar stopped the host, hurrying kitchenwards with a special bottle of champagne. "Think Howard and his Katie will be in?" one of them asked. The host shook his head. "I don't think you'll see them tonight," he said. "I have an idea they're in hiding."

The end of this romance came soon. But a large, silver-framed photograph of a bewhiskered Howard, taken directly he landed, which has long occupied a place of honor in Katharine's city living room, would indicate this particular time holds no unhappy aura for her, that it was good while it lasted, even unto the end.

No one really knows when things between Howard and Katharine changed, probably not even Howard and Katharine. Such things are so gradual as to be imperceptible. We know, however, that the song was over for Howard a few months later because it was that November he flew Olivia home. For Katharine the melody seems to have lingered on. That December, admiring a handsome new overcoat Joseph Cotten, who played with her in "The Philadelphia Story," was wearing, Katharine asked:

"Who's your fine tailor, Joe? I want to order a coat like that for Howard's Christmas!"

The Hollywood wolves come and go. At this writing the pack is smaller than usual, numbering only a few agents and studio executives whose names mean little outside the film colony and, also, Reginald Gardiner, Errol Flynn, John Conti, Bruce Cabot, Vic Mature and, of course, Howard Robard Hughes, perennially Hollywood's secret heartbreaker.

THE END

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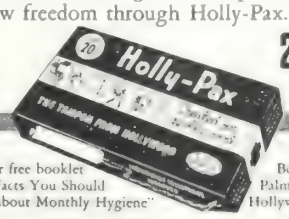

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Secret Romance

(*Continued from page* 27) routine of dinner cancelled at the last minute, of weekend plans ruined. That is, the executives' wives do stand it. They live separate lives from their husbands. They are busy with their children, their clothes, their gin-rummy sessions and their canteen work. If you are a solid, sensible woman, it works out all right. If you are a romantic, tempestuous beauty with a sensitive mind and a hungry heart, it is hell.

IT wasn't until Greer got her divorce in Los Angeles that Hollywood even realized that she had been married. Then Hollywood started saying she would marry Benny Thau. Greer said, when queried, "I admire Mr. Thau so much. I respect Mr. Thau so much." She didn't say, "I love Mr. Thau so much." She didn't say it because like all good artists she had great respect for the truth.

Moreover, there was nothing about Greer to attract the Hollywood wolf pack. She was neither a sweater girl nor a light of love. There was, in fact, everything about her to drive the eager wolf from her door. She read books, lots and lots of books, on all subjects from economics to political strategy to the art of Renoir as contrasted to the music of César Franck. She was a lady.

Next, she did herself in by the very perfection of her portrayal of *Mrs. Chips*. The artist in her made her appear ten years beyond her own age, ten pounds heavier and ten tons more settled than she will ever be, even in her tomb. She was much more her own self in "Remember?" but that was so bad nobody ever saw it, so she played a dated though delightful lady in "Pride And Prejudice" and then the gentle, wonderful but nonetheless sedate *Mrs. Gladney* in "Blossoms In The Dust." Mr. Thau kept right on calling. If Greer had been a different type of girl she would have put her career ahead of her heart. Being married to the right executive is a very quick road to the right casting.

It's all of a piece that she should even have to be playing Richard Ney's mother in "Mrs. Miniver."

However, that actor had observant eyes and a sensitive imagination. Benny Thau also possesses those qualities, but Ney had one important commodity Thau lacked. Ney had leisure. He had the time to court a lovely lady with all the charm, the devotion, the romance and the roses a lovely lady deserves.

ON the first date they had together, Greer and Richard went dancing. Greer is a tall girl, but Richard Ney is taller, while Benny Thau is definitely short. Greer loves dancing and Ney dances more smoothly than Cesar Romero. Greer adores food and Ney knows how to order a perfect dinner and he always has plenty of time to eat it, once it is served. Greer loves books and so does Richard Ney.

Of course, when the news of their dating first got out—and naturally it spread around the film colony with a speed that makes wildfire look sluggish as a river of oatmeal—there was a lot of official denial. There was much pooh-poohing from the studio, some mild pooh-poohing from the Garson household, not a bit of pooh-poohing from Mr. Ney. At first most of their dates were at Greer's house, sitting in Greer's brilliant little drawing room, chaperoned by Greer's charming mother. But lately they have been going out more and more to dance and dine, even though they are still asking the photographers please not to snap them together.

Your guess is as good as Hollywood's as to whether or not it will lead to marriage. There are even some bold souls who say they are already secretly wed. In any event, it isn't, in Hollywood, a "popular" romance as was the romance of Carole and Clark Gable, or that of George Brent and Ann Sheridan.

If they do wed, it will be a union hedged about by all the typical Hollywood handicaps. Dick Ney's salary probably isn't a tenth of Greer's salary. His importance isn't a twentieth of hers. Probably he would always be "Mr. Garson."

That setup, however, didn't ruin the blissful MacDonald-Raymond marriage, which was another "unpopular romance." The reverse of it didn't spoil the joyous Power-Annabella mating and the film colony didn't go for that one, either. The Bill Powells are still happy as spring larks, despite all the tragedies that were predicted for them, while the absolutely approved perfect combine of Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow is dust on the Reno records.

So maybe Greer and Richard will wed and live happily forever after. Maybe they won't. They are moody souls, each of them, and their romance might evaporate with all the swiftness that characterized its inception. But regardless of the future, they are ecstatically, madly happy right now.

And right now, as you perfectly well know, is very important right now.

THE END

Close Ups and Long Shots

(*Continued from page* 4) that I knew every line of his head, the set of his shoulders, the very way he moves or breathes . . . and there I stood, seeing a thousand or more men, all of whom I thought were Bill. I rushed up to this one and that, crying his name and having them turn around and be Tom, Dick and Harry. I began to believe I'd never find Bill, worked myself up into a good stage of thinking I might never see him again. Then just as the gate opened and the boys began marching through it, I heard his voice, calling me, and in another instant he was beside me. We only had a second or so together but at least we said good-by. . . ."

I can tell you, too, the story of another girl star, who, when her actor husband went to war, simply couldn't keep on living in the style to which their two salaries had accustomed her . . . did she act like the old Hollywood . . . go into debt to keep up a phony appearance . . . not at all . . . she moved, but she did it with typical laughter . . . she sold her Brentwood mansion, moved to a tiny rented place in Hollywood . . . when she takes you there, she grins, paraphrases the crack I made further back and says, "Only four rooms and a bath but I call it lousy" . . . she never mentions that $50,000 that she put in War Bonds. . . .

Or you can take the story of Claudette Colbert who went out with the Victory show . . . that was two solid weeks of one-night stands, rehearsing by day, performing matinee and night, traveling steadily, without enough sleep or good food or rest of any sort . . . Colbert, the hothouse plant, who always has something the matter with her, shrugs the tour off . . . her husband, Dr. Pressman, has long been stationed in Pensacola, Florida, and as soon as he gets the chance will go out as a flight surgeon, one of the most dangerous of all posts. . . .

"I guess that tour will show Jack I can work just as hard for this country as he can," she says. Then she grins. "For two weeks I can, that is."

ANNA NEAGLE, just returned by convoy from England to show her "They Flew Alone" which she made in London and then to go on to Canada to do a tour of the Canadian Army camps, told me that the British Government feels that amusement is the greatest of morale builders . . . the British have marvelous, even if different, senses of humor than ours . . . but somehow, I can't believe that anyone save Americans, and Americans in Hollywood, at that, would think to make a short about how to shoot a gun a funny picture. . . .

This happens at Disney's . . . Disney, the immortal cartoon-maker, was given orders to do a training short about a certain kind of gun . . . you'd think that would be as dry as ancient Latin . . . but no . . . there are the facts about the gun, in cartoons . . . there are the instructions . . . but along with them, there are laughs . . . many laughs and long laughs. . . .

That humor is the American way, Hollywood version . . . and let's be so thankful that our Government recognizes the benison of laughter, given not only to its young service men, but to us at home facing loneliness and rationing and uncertain news . . . as a matter of fact, if we all were to buy one war stamp for every laugh Hollywood gives us, we'd all be doing a very neat thing for ourselves, for Hollywood and for these United States. . . .

Look Out!

THE FLYING TIGERS

America's devil fighters over China are coming to Photoplay-Movie Mirror next month in the thrilling story of Republic's greatest picture with John Wayne and John Carroll battling it out

(*Continued from page* 18)

Ships With Wings (U. A.)

It's About: *The part played by an aircraft carrier in the recent naval battles.*

ENGLISH-MADE, this rather trite story expresses the importance of aircraft carriers in battles. Of course, the story has the usual heel who is discharged from the R.A.F. and eventually becomes a hero by blowing up a dam near Greece.

Seems as if the bravery of our boys in actual combat needs a bit of glorifying on the screen as well, or so the audience seemed to feel, judging by their remarks afterwards.

The cast is all English and features Leslie Banks, John Clements and Jane Baxter.

The photography is remarkable and worthy of great applause.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair war stuff.

The Mad Martindales (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A younger sister who takes over her big sister's beau.*

JANE WITHERS' swan song at Twentieth Century-Fox, the studio that started her off to fame and fortune, develops into a blue melody with verses of hokum and a chorus of wails. Jane should have better material and, thank goodness, has taken a step toward getting it.

In this one, Jane attempts to capture her older sister's (Marjorie Weaver's) rich beau, to the distress of her young suitor Jimmy Lydon. Alan Mowbray as her daffy daddy is just that. Byron Barr as the wealthy young object of Jane's affection is fair.

Your Reviewer Says: Now let's have no more such as this, please.

Blondie's Blessed Event (Columbia)

It's About: *The Bumpsteads have a baby girl.*

THE screen *Bumpsteads* keep apace with Chic Young's newspaper comic strip and become the parents of baby girl *Cookie*. What a darling she is!

Penny Singleton as *Blondie* arranges with *Mr. Dithers*, her husband's boss, to keep *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake, out of town until after the blessed event. Outside of the newcomer there isn't much to talk about.

Your Reviewer Says: Not quite up to the standard.

The Falcon Takes Over (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An amateur detective who solves a murder in self-defense.*

"YOU'RE an old smoothie" could well be directed at the popular screen sleuth, George Sanders, who has his own peculiar talents for unearthing murderers; this time one *Moose Malloy*, played by Ward Bond.

Lynn Bari is the gal who catches the Sanders eye. James Gleason, Edward Gargan and Allen Jenkins are good people to have in any show.

Your Reviewer Says: Well done.

A Close Call For Ellery Queen (Columbia)

It's About: *The clever detective who is dismissed from a case before the murders happen.*

WILLIAM GARGAN takes over the role of *Ellery Queen*, detective, formerly played by Ralph Bellamy and

---

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

So many of you wrote in contesting the choice of our judges on The Best Figure in Hollywood that we're giving you readers your chance to be the judge. Get your September issue

AND VOTE!

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And this irritation—from the other four—*lasted more than five times as long!*

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New NEET Cream Deodorant is a sure way of instantly stopping under-arm odor and perspiration from one to three days! A feather-weight, stainless, greaseless cream that vanishes almost instantly, makes armpits dry and free of odor. Will not irritate the skin, or injure clothing.

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5. Takes only 11 minutes to use. Costs 10c at all drug and department stores.

BLONDEX
SHAMPOO AND RINSE FOR BLONDES

does a grand job. In the story Gargan takes himself off to the lodge of a rich man, Ralph Morgan (who is housing two odd characters), to discover Morgan has two daughters, one of whom has been missing for years.

Margaret Lindsay, Gargan's secretary, impersonates the missing daughter and then the fun starts—more people are killed!

Kay Linaker, Charles Judels and Charles Grapewin play important cogs in the wheels within wheels.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair mystery stuff.

Meet The Stewarts (Columbia)

It's About: *The attempts of a bride to live on a budget.*

KIND of warm and cozy is this story of a poor boy, William Holden, who marries a rich girl, Frances Dee, and, as a result, experiences all sorts of laughable (to us) situations. To the bride and groom, the little things that seem so comical to us become mountains of woe, which only adds to our sadistic amusement.

If Columbia reckoned on making this as a serial, they have something here, for people all about us giggled and guffawed at the antics of this bridal pair. But with William Holden in the Army, we're wondering about the future fate of the *Stewarts.*

At any rate, we can enjoy this one from its opening sequence, a titter-provoker, with Holden actually and literally up a tree, through its moments of tragedy (to the young people) when they attempt a dinner for the in-laws to its very satisfactory conclusion.

Frances Dee makes a lovely bride. Holden, as always, gives a sincere and polished performance, while the rest of the cast, including Grant Mitchell, Marjorie Gateson and Anne Revere (there's a one), add special bits and highlights.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant people to visit of an evening.

Mexican Spitfire Sees A Ghost (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An impersonation that ends in a riot.*

IT'S Lupe Velez again, with Leon Errol impersonating the now renowned *Lord Epping.* When the real *Lord Epping* returns from a moose hunt you can imagine the zaney goings-on. Buddy Rogers is the handsome husband of Lupe, who does her stuff to perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: Loud, noisy and sometimes funny.

Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)

It's About: *An irascible soldier who turns hero.*

THE best thing about this picture is the title, although there are moments of timely interest and drama. Don Barry, Republic's redheaded cowboy, leaps down from his horse to play the straight dramatic lead of the irresponsible soldier who neglects his duty, thereby causing the death of his pal, Maynard Holmes. Later, of course, Red sees the error of his ways and sacrifices his life by diving a bombing plane into a Japanese battleship. It's the old, old Army formula, it seems.

Fay McKenzie as Holmes's sister is pretty and adequate. Alan Curtis as a pal of Red's is good, but it's really the dramatic news flashes and timely inserts that keep the story alive and interesting.

Your Reviewer Says: Interestingly timely.

Escape From Hong Kong (Universal)

It's About: *A secret service agent knee-deep in foreign spies.*

YOU never saw such a mixup of "Is she a spy?" or "Isn't she a spy?" as Marjorie Lord goes through so that Universal can make a movie. Fake British officers, Japanese agents and three American cowboys, Andy Devine, Leo Carrillo and Don Terry, mix it up in a free-for-all before the bombing of Hong Kong. The cowboys, incidentally, have been putting on a sharp-shooting act in Oriental theaters when Miss Lord finds herself between the devil (a German posing as a Briton) and the deep sea full of Japs. From then on in the bullets fly thicker than the swallows down at Capistrano.

Your Reviewer Says: Peppy as all get out.

Henry And Dizzy (Paramount)

It's About: *The attempts of Henry Aldrich to replace a wrecked motorboat.*

JIMMY LYDON is the new *Henry Aldrich* who finds himself in very deep water. And we mean deep water when a borrowed motorboat is wrecked by *Henry* and must be replaced. The futile struggle of *Henry* and his pal *Dizzy* (Charles Smith) to earn enough money to replace the boat forms the basis of the story. How the boat is eventually replaced is rather cute. Mary Anderson is the pretty girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to the old standards.

Sunday Punch (M-G-M)

It's About: *Jealousy among prizefighters.*

EVERYTHING is going along fine at the old boardinghouse for prizefighters run by Connie Gilchrist until her beautiful daughter Jean Rogers returns from a theatrical tour. And then thump-thump-thump go all the masculine hearts, from *Olaf,* the janitor, played well by Dan Dailey Jr., to William Lundigan, the college lad who actually captures Jean's heart.

The title? Oh, yes, a Sunday Punch is a punch that packs sufficient wallop to land a man in dreamland. The big fight that climaxes the little yarn is a real thriller.

Your Reviewer Says: Only if you enjoy fights.

Ten Gentlemen From West Point (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The first students at West Point.*

HISTORICALLY this is a mighty interesting epic, dealing as it does with the establishment of West Point Academy

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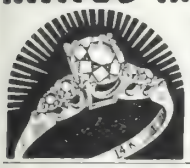
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and the training of the first group of students that dwindles to a mere ten, under the rigid discipline of Laird Cregar, an Army major.

Histrionically, however, it's painfully weak, despite the splendid cast of George Montgomery, John Sutton, John Shepperd and Maureen O'Hara. Montgomery, both in delivery of lines and acting ability, is woefully inadequate. Maureen, who merely decorates the story, and John Sutton, who loses her, are fair. Cregar, as usual, is splendid.

How our Academy began and survived is most interesting, however.

Your Reviewer Says: A good history lesson.

Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)

It's About: *The adventures of the big jungle lad in New York.*

PICTURE the thrills and chuckles resulting from an audience's seeing *Tarzan* (in trousers) in the big city of New York whence he has come in search of *Boy* who was taken back to civilization by big-game hunters.

His reactions to all modern *in*conveniences, the telephone and radio among them, bring on a shower of chuckles from the audience. His rallying of elephants in the circus scene and leap from the Brooklyn Bridge are really something to see. Of course, Maureen as *Jane*, and Cheeta the ape are with him. Johnny Weissmuller, as usual, plays *Tarzan*.

Your Reviewer Says: Watch that man go!

Powder Town (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A scientist who almost meets death through his own invention.*

THE "powder" in this story is strictly talcum and should be used to dust off the people who wrote and conceived this stupid piece.

Edmond O'Brien is a scientist who invents some sort of explosive (we couldn't figure out what) and must be protected at all times by Vic McLaglen. But what good does Vic do when Edmond and his bodyguard are captured and almost blown up.

Girls wander around and get mixed up in it. We wish to heavens we never had.

Your Reviewer Says: Plain awful.

Miss Annie Rooney (Small-U. A.)

It's About: *A rich boy gets in the groove.*

ADOLESCENT Shirley Temple becomes a screen adolescent in the story of a young modern who executes a mean jitterbug and slings a mean mess of hot jive talk.

Shirley is that young lady and very cute she is, too, in this so very different departure from anything the starlet has done on the screen.

Dickie Jones is the rich young man who adores *Annie Rooney* (Shirley) and invites her, without his parents' knowledge, to his birthday party. After a preliminary snubbing by the guests, Annie hits her stride until her father, William Gargan, breaks in with his big noisy plans and spoils it all.

Eventually it works out to everyone's happiness. Guy Kibbee as Grandad is A-1. Peggy Ryan as Shirley's girl friend and Roland Du Pree as her former boy friend are very good.

Teen-age children will like it and we think Dad and Mother will, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Get hep, audiences.

New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
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The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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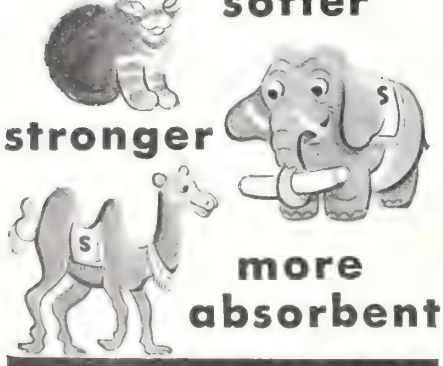

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They Named the Baby Junior

(*Continued from page* 32) numbers. Never was there a man who seemed to be more happily in love. If you think that all actors talk nothing but "I," you should have heard this one. He never said "I." He only said "Alice."

"Alice had a tough time of it," he said.

"Alice wanted a girl," he said.

"Alice was so wonderful all the time the baby was coming," he said.

"She has to be Junior," he said. "Alice Faye Jr. Isn't that a wonderful name? Think of having everybody know her mother was Alice Fay. What a break for a kid."

"It's not so bad to be known as Phil Harris's daughter, either," we said.

"Aw, that's nothing," said Phil and he wasn't kidding. He honestly feels that he is just a guy but Alice is a queen and Alice Jr. is a princess.

Phil wanted a girl for two reasons. He hoped a girl would look exactly like this wife he adores; and besides he has a son by his former marriage, a lad now seven years old, who lives with them.

"Until I was married to Alice, I didn't know that a man could have fun with his wife," Phil said. "I always thought if you wanted laughs, you had to go out with a gang of fellows. When I was married the first time, I was always going out with a mob of men, carrying on all night. I've been in night clubs all my life, so whether a place has sawdust on the floor or chromium on the doors makes no matter to me. Most women don't understand that. They want to go where the glitter is. But not Alice. She just wants to go where you want to go. If you want to play cards, she'd sit in on the game for hours. So what happens? Most of the nights we just stay home, doing nothing, having a wonderful time just because we're alone together.

WHEN she knew she was going to have the baby, she was the most sensible girl you ever knew. She just quit the screen cold. No business of hanging around to get another picture in and thereby maybe endangering hers and the baby's health. No, siree, not Alice. You should have seen us all those nights, sitting there, each drinking a quart of milk, Alice because the doctor ordered her to, me because she was drinking it.

"At first we hoped the baby would get here on Alice's birthday, May fifth. Then we hoped she'd arrive on our first wedding anniversary, but she was late, finally arriving on May twentieth, and did Alice have a rotten time. The night they decided to operate, I told her I was going to stay right beside her and hold her hand and I did, too. Somehow I wasn't frightened, even for Alice, and it was the most terrific experience I've known, seeing my own daughter born, seeing them breathe life into her, hearing that first little cry she gave.

"You know how sentimental Alice is. She's superstitious, too. When all those presents kept arriving, she'd open them all and beam over them, but she wouldn't touch one or give it away. She felt if she did, something might happen, that we might even get a boy. All along we've been furnishing the nursery in our house in Encino and for Christmas I gave Alice a bassinette I found in one of the stores. That's got everything on it, too, except a mortgage and I had it done in both pink and blue, just to play safe. Now that Alice Junior's here, Alice is planning to turn all those dresses and things over to one of the government agencies, to let them give them away where they will do the most good. They are beautiful things, you know, all wools and silks and our baby couldn't use a third of them in the next ten years. As for the telegrams and letters we've had, so help me, there's one room out at the house that is packed tight with them. We want to answer every one. I got a card with a spotlight on it, that's for Alice, and a mike like an ear of corn, which is strictly for me, and we're sending that out in answer to all those good wishes. You don't know what it means to know you've got so many people on your side.

"WE HONESTLY didn't make so many plans for the baby's future. We most of all wanted to have her, but we do know we're going to give her singing lessons and dancing lessons and all the things we neither one of us ever had when we were kids. I'd like her to be an actress, because Alice is, and because I think actresses are wonderful girls. What makes them so wonderful is that they don't stop learning. Take Alice, she's always studying something and two or three books a week are nothing to her. I don't know. Maybe it's just jive, but the doctor said that Alice Junior really is a pretty fine kid. If she just gets her mother's eyes and mouth and her disposition, that's all I ask.

"The laugh of the whole thing was," he said, "that I told Alice all along that the night the baby came, I would go out on one terrific spree. So what do I really do? I just go home, don't even have a beer, just sit all alone being so happy that I nearly cried about it.

"The only tough part of it all now is that I'm due to go on the road for fourteen weeks. Not counting ourselves, Alice and I have ten dependents. You take our taxes out of our incomes and you've got to keep scratching to meet all those expenses. The Jello program goes off the air till fall, so it's the theaters for me, doing five shows a day when I'm lucky and mostly seven or nine, getting in those theaters at eleven A. M. and out after midnight. What's more, I know I'll spend practically every dollar I make telephoning Alice. I did that the last time I was separated from her. I see a telephone and I go nuts with having to hear her voice and be sure she's all right and what I'll do now, with the baby added, I hate to think about. I go from here to San Francisco and then I head due east. We'd planned, originally, that Alice would go to Frisco with me, because she's not due back on the screen until August for the picture 'Greenwich Village,' but now the poor kid won't even be out of the hospital by the time I leave."

Phil looked up suddenly, said, "Excuse me," and disappeared beneath the orchestra pit. He was back in five minutes.

"I went and called Alice then," he said. "She was fine, resting more comfortably. She said she was lying there thinking about teaching Junior to put over her first big number on her sixteenth birthday. Will that be something? Imagine having Alice as a teacher. Nobody can put across a song the way Alice can."

"We'll make a note of the date," we said. So we did, and you might make a note of the date, May 20, 1958, too. For it really should be quite a night, when this loved child, Alice Faye Junior, steps forth, with Alice Senior beaming from the audience and with father Phil Harris playing away to beat the band.

THE END

PAT. PEND.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 23)

almost marries Bowman, are all excellent. (June)

✓✓ *KINGS ROW*—Warners: Here is a superb drama, telling the story of five children from their schooldays to adulthood. Ronald Reagan is the town sport who loves Nancy Coleman, daughter of sadistic doctor Charles Coburn. Ann Sheridan is the girl who loves Reagan and Robert Cummings is the psychiatrist who is Reagan's friend. All performances are terrific. (May)

KLONDIKE FURY—Monogram: This is the same old story of a doctor, Edmund Lowe, who loses a patient while operating, flees the whole mess like a weakling, then is faced with the same operation in a new environment. Bill Henry is an embittered cripple, Lucile Fairbanks his sweetheart, and Ralph Morgan a backwoods M.D. (June)

LARCENY, INC.—Warners: Eddie Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Edward Brophy open up a store next to a bank as a front and then start tunnelling under to the vaults. But they become so fascinated by their success as legitimate businessmen that they decide to give up robbing the bank, until Anthony Quinn, a pal from prison, decides otherwise. With Jane Wyman. (June)

✓✓ *MALE ANIMAL, THE*—Warners: A mansized panic, this comedy of an English professor, Henry Fonda, his beautiful wife, Olivia de Havilland, and Jack Carson, ex-football player who returns to the college and almost breaks up Fonda's happy home. Fonda almost gets dismissed from college because he's accused of being a Red. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson add to the fun. (June)

MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE, THE—Columbia: John Howard is the high-minded hero who after escaping a murder charge by fleeing to California, learns that the man who sought his life is now himself accused of murdering Howard and treks all the way back to aid his enemy. (May)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Pretty farfetched is this, what with a corpse that's missing from its grave and Marjorie Weaver being so frightened that she pretends Lloyd Nolan, who is really detective *Michael Shayne*, is her new husband so he can solve the mystery. Henry Wilcoxon is the family physician. (July)

MAN WITH TWO LIVES—Monogram: Edward Norris, following an accident, awakens from a deathlike stupor to be possessed with the soul of a gangster who was executed at the time of Norris's lapse from consciousness, and takes over the gangster's activities and his girl. It's finally all explained; but really, after all! (June)

MAYOR OF 44th STREET, THE—RKO Radio: In order to aid former racketeer Richard Barthelmess, George Murphy takes him into his business as agent for dance bands. Anne Shirley looks lovely but she's not at home in her role as hoofer assistant to Mr. Murphy. (May)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Universal: Reporter Kent Taylor witnesses the murder of a jockey as he's about to cross the finish line, so Taylor grabs a cab and starts a thousand mile chase that ends up in the discovery of the murderer, disguised through plastic surgery. Don't waste your time. (July)

✓✓ *MISTER V*—Edward Small-U.A.. Leslie Howard plays the modern *Pimpernel*, who liberates artists, scientists and great men held in Nazi power. The story has a tendency to lag in spots but it's an interesting and thrilling picture. Mr. Howard and Francis Sullivan, as head of the Gestapo, give brilliant performances. (May)

MOKEY—M-G-M—All about a misunderstood boy who gets into serious trouble, with Donna Reed handed the thankless role of a young stepmother who refuses to understand her husband's son *Mokey*. Dan Dailey Jr. plays his father. (July)

✓✓ *MOONTIDE*—20th Century-Fox: Jean Gabin is a sensation as a waterfront wanderer who rescues a forsaken waif, Ida Lupino, from her attempted suicide and discovers he wants to settle down with her. Thomas Mitchell, as Gabin's evil parasite, and Claude Rains, a philosopher, are excellent. Gabin and Lupino are unforgettable. (July)

✓ *MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN*—Paramount: For sheer delightful novelty, this story of insect life takes the prize. There's *Hoppity*, the hero grasshopper, his girl friend, *Honey*, plus many other beautiful characters. (May)

MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE—Warners: Newspaperman Van Johnson sets out to find out why a convict was electrocuted one hour before the set time. With the aid of Faye Emerson and George Meeker, he uncovers a political frame-up that almost leads to another murder. Minor stuff. (July)

✓✓ *MY FAVORITE BLONDE*—Paramount: Howl of the month is this riotous farce where British agent Madeleine Carroll, pursued by Nazi agents, takes refuge with vaudevillian Bob Hope and accompanies him West. Such a procession of

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mixups as these two get in and out of! You'd lose your breath if you weren't using it for laughter. (June)

✓✓ *MY GAL SAL*—20th Century-Fox: In this gay musical Victor Mature portrays *Paul Dresser*, the songwriter. He runs away from home, joins a traveling show where he's befriended by Carole Landis, then meets the New York stage star, Rita Hayworth, with whom he falls in love. (July)

MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, THE—Universal: This is all very confusing, what with the body of Maria Montez being found in the river, but then Maria herself walks in as she's been erroneously identified. But then Maria really gets murdered. Patric Knowles is in charge of the case and they chase all over Paris to find the murderer. (July)

NIGHT BEFORE THE DIVORCE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Joseph Allen Jr. grows tired of his superior wife, Lynn Bari, so turns for comfort to blonde charmer Mary Beth Hughes. Then Nils Asther steps into the fray only to get killed. What a waste of a fine actor like Asther! (May)

NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK—Paramount: Chester Morris is a private detective honeymooning with Jean Parker in Reno when the son of a wealthy rancher disappears, and Jean eggs Chester on to take the case. Dick Purcell, Astrid Allwyn and Rose Hobart round up the cast. (June)

✓✓ *REAP THE WILD WIND*—Paramount: Another Cecil B. DeMille thrill-packed, rip-snorting adventure story of ships and men and women of the 1840's. In Key West, Paulette Goddard meets John Wayne, captain of a wrecked vessel, and falls in love with him. In Charleston she meets Ray Milland, attorney for Wayne's shipping company. The rivalry between the two men results in a thrilling climax. (May)

✓ *RIDE 'EM COWBOY*—Universal: Abbott and Costello, peanut venders from a New York rodeo, land on a dude ranch at the same time as would-be Western hero Dick Foran and meet Anne Gwynne. There are several hilarious moments. (May)

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda, wage slave, meets Gene Tierney at a rich resort. Each thinks the other's wealthy, although Gene is just a front for swindlers Spring Byington and Laird Cregar. Amusing. (July)

✓ *RIO RITA*—M-G-M: Not the old "Rio Rita," but it does have Abbott and Costello. They've never been funnier as they blunder into a sabotage plot laid by Nazis in a Texas resort. Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll sing and romance. (June)

✓ *SABOTEUR*—Universal: Packed with suspense this story holds your interest despite many loose ends. Robert Cummings is a defense plant worker accused of sabotage who escapes the police, picks up Priscilla Lane and makes his way to New York where he uncovers the real saboteurs. (July)

SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH—RKO-Radio: Guy Kibbee, as the small-town philosopher, *Scattergood Baines*, helps Kenneth Howell to get back his dead father's favorite horses by outwitting a small-town snob with a hen-pecked husband, Jed Prouty. It has a warm homey coziness. (July)

SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN—20th Century-Fox: British agent Lynn Bari calls for a mysterious letter at the Shanghai night club run by Preston Foster. Foster, who thinks she's employed by the Japs, gets into the fray, and finally discovers the head man of the Japs. Noel Madison, Sen Yung, Miss Bari and Mr. Foster are swell. (June)

SHUT MY BIG MOUTH—Columbia: Joe E. Brown gives you plenty of laughs as the wealthy horticulturist who goes out West with his valet, Fritz Feld, to beautify the desert. (May)

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER—Columbia: Rich Jinx Falkenburg is mistaken for a taxi dancer and ends up as a singer with a band. Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, makes people laugh. (July)

SLEEPYTIME GAL—Republic: A hodgepodge about three hotel chefs, Billy Gilbert, Fritz Feld and Jay Novello, who help Judy Canova impersonate a night-club singer so she can win a contest to sing with Skinny Ennis's band. (June)

✓ *SONG OF THE ISLANDS*—20th Century-Fox: This has sex, music, comedy, Betty Grable in a grass skirt, Victor Mature in a sarong, Technicolor scenery, the clowning of Jack Oakie and Hilo Hattie and grand performances by Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier. What else would you want? (May)

✓ *SPOILERS, THE*—Universal: Alaska in the Gold Rush days, with John Wayne, beloved of Marlene Dietrich, owner of a gambling saloon, discovering that Randy Scott is attempting to steal the mine Wayne owns jointly with Harry Carey. There's a terrifically exciting fight. (July)

SUICIDE SQUADRON—Republic: Anton Walbrook gives a sterling performance as a Polish pianist on a concert tour through the States, where he marries Sally Gray, then returns to fight for Poland. The actual scenes, filmed from R.A.F. Spitfires, are exceedingly impressive. (July)

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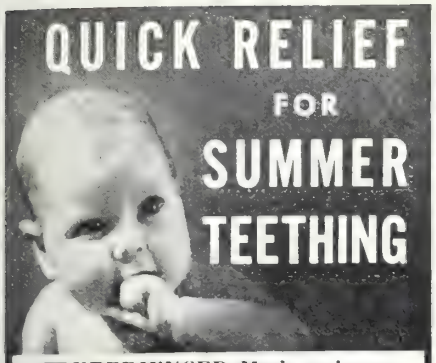

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✓✓ [illegible]: A delightful comedy with Rosalind Russell as the woman advertiser who hires Fred MacMurray as an escort-secretary. But when Fred ogles charmer Constance Moore, Rosalind runs into the arms of MacDonald Carey until things straighten out. Robert Benchley is Rosalind's partner. You'll love it. (July)

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—M-G-M: Ann Rutherford and Robert Sterling find their first married year shaky going. It doesn't help when Sterling goes to work for father-in-law Guy Kibbee. Nice little film. (May)

✓✓ *TO BE OR NOT TO BE*—Korda-U.A.: Carole Lombard's last picture remains a fitting tribute to her beauty and personality. She plays the wife of Jack Benny, both stars, who along with their troupe are caught in Poland by the Nazi invasion but manage to upset the Gestapo. (May)

✓✓ *TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI*—20th Century-Fox: A whooper-dooper service picture that is bound to stir the patriotism of all Americans, proud of their Marines. Smart aleck John Payne antagonizes his fellows, later proves himself a hero. Randolph Scott and Maureen O'Hara are very good. (June)

TORPEDO BOAT—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Phil Terry conceive a device for projecting both planes into the air and torpedo boats into the water from the same carrier in this timely and exciting picture. Jean Parker and Cecilia Parker are very good. (May)

✓✓ *TORTILLA FLAT*—M-G-M: This has fire, humor, pathos. Spencer Tracy is a conniving loafer, John Garfield is the hot-tempered *Danny* who loves Hedy, a Portuguese girl with matrimonial ideas. Frank Morgan is the village recluse. All four are splendid characterizations. (July)

TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT, A—Republic: A too-anaemic *Thin Man* is this mystery story about a radio detective, John Howard, who, with his wife Margaret Lindsay, moves into an apartment vacated by Miles Mander and Mona Barrie and run smack into a little murder mystery. (May)

TRUE TO THE ARMY—Paramount: Judy Canova sees a murder committed, so in order to escape the murderers she lands in an Army Camp, where she's disguised as a soldier by her beau Jerry Colonna and stage star Allan Jones. Ann Miller's snappy tapping and William Demarest's bewilderment as a top sergeant are very good. (July)

✓ *TUTTLES OF TAHITI, THE*—RKO-Radio: A novel and refreshingly different story of the improvident clan of *Tuttles* who dislike work and have a whale of a good time. Charles Laughton is at his best as the lackadaisical head of the enormous family. Jon Hall is his sailor son who falls in love with neighbor Peggy Drake. It's amusing and so well done. (June)

TWIN BEDS—Small-U.A.: Too many husbands in one bedroom in this alleged comedy, with Mischa Auer and Ernest Truex skidding in and out of Joan Bennett's bedroom, just missing her husband, George Brent, who seems quite unamused. (July)

TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD—Columbia: Racketeers Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy join the army and fall in love with the same girl, Janet Blair. It's gusty and rowdy. (June)

WHISPERING GHOSTS—20th Century-Fox: Milton Berle is a smart-aleck radio detective, but he runs into trouble, when he tries to solve the murder of an old sea-dog, what with Brenda Joyce, the murdered man's niece, in search of the hidden jewels, two ham actors hired to frame Berle and several shady characters around. (July)

WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER?—20th Century-Fox: Five women are suspected of being a secret political ringleader and spiritualist using the name of Hope Schuyler and wanted as witness in a bribery trial. Is she Mary Howard, Sheila Ryan, Janis Carter, Rose Hobart or Joan Valerie? You'll find out when almost everyone has been killed. With John Payne and Joseph Allen Jr. (June)

WIFE TAKES A FLYER, THE—Columbia: In Holland under the Hitler regime Allyn Joslyn, a Nazi Major, has dishonorable intentions toward Joan Bennett, about to divorce her absent husband. Franchot Tone, an R.A.F. flyer, is passed off as the husband, but has to be divorced the next day. Briefly, they make a monkey of the Major. (July)

WILD BILL HICKOK RIDES—Warners: This is the same Western you've seen before, only this time Constance Bennett is the shady-lady heroine and Bruce Cabot is the noble hero, and Warren William is the villainous bad man. (May)

YOKEL BOY—Republic: Alan Mowbry, Hollywood studio head, brings on Number One Movie Fan, Eddie Foy Jr., to advise on stories. Public Enemy Number One takes over and saves them from ruin. Gangster Albert Dekker and Joan Davis, his warbling sister, are good, but it's corn. (June)

YOUNG AMERICA—20th Century-Fox: See only if you're a Jane Withers loyalist. After a story like this, no wonder she left her studio. Jane, a snooty city girl, gets herself straightened out by the ideals of the 4-H Clubs. (May)

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Casts of Current Pictures

"BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT"—Columbia: *Blondie,* Penny Singleton; *Dagwood,* Arthur Lake; *Baby Dumpling,* Larry Simms; *Cookie,* Norma Jean Wayne; *Daisy,* Daisy; *J. C. Dithers,* Jonathan Hale; *Alvin Fuddle,* Danny Mummert; *George Wickley,* Hans Conried; *Ollie,* Stanley Brown; *Mr. Crumb,* Irving Bacon; *Sarah Miller,* Mary Wickes; *William Lawrence,* Paul Harvey.

"BROADWAY" — Universal: *George Raft,* George Raft; *Dan McCorn,* Pat O'Brien; *Billie Moore,* Janet Blair; *Steve Crandall,* Brod Crawford; *Lil,* Marjorie Rambeau; *Pearl,* Anne Gwynne; *Nick,* S. Z. Sakall; *Porky,* Edward S. Brophy; *Grace,* Marie Wilson; *Joe,* Gus Schilling; *Dolph,* Ralf Harolde; *Pete Dailey,* Arthur Shields; *Maizie,* Iris Adrian; *Ruby,* Elaine Morey; *Ann,* Dorothy Moore; *Rinati,* Nestor Paiva; *Trado,* Abner Biberman; *Mack Gray,* Mack Gray.

"CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN, A"—Columbia: *Ellery Queen,* William Gargan; *Nikki Porter,* Margaret Lindsay; *Inspector Queen,* Charley Grapewin; *Alan Rogers,* Ralph Morgan; *Margo Rogers,* Kay Linaker; *Stewart Cole,* Edward Norris; *Sergeant Velie,* James Burke; *Lester Young,* Addison Richards; *Corday,* Charles Judels; *Bates,* Andrew Tombes; *Housekeeper,* Claire DuBrey; *Marie Dubois,* Micheline Cheirel.

"ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG"—Universal: *Rusty,* Don Terry; *Pancho,* Leo Carrillo; *Blimp,* Andy Devine; *Valerie,* Marjorie Lord; *Major Reeves,* Leland Hodgson; *Kosura,* Frank Puglia; *Col. Crossley,* Gilbert Emery.

"FALCON TAKES OVER, THE"—RKO-Radio: *Falcon,* George Sanders; *Ann,* Lynn Bari; *O'Hara,* James Gleason; *Goldy,* Allen Jenkins; *Diana,* Helen Gilbert; *Moose Malloy,* Ward Bond; *Bates,* Edward Gargan; *Jessie,* Anne Revere; *Jerry,* George Cleveland; *Grimes,* Harry Shannon.

"GRAND CENTRAL MURDER"—M-G-M: *"Rocky" Custer,* Van Heflin; *Mida King,* Patricia Dane; *Constance Furness,* Cecilia Parker; *Sue Custer,* Virginia Grey; *Roger Furness,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Inspector Gunther,* Sam Levene; *Pearl Delroy,* Connie Gilchrist; *David V. Henderson,* Mark Daniels; *"Turk,"* Horace McNally; *Frankie Ciro,* Tom Conway; *"Baby" Delroy,* Betty Wells; *Paul Rinehart,* George Lynn; *Ramon,* Roman Bohnen; *Arthur Doolin,* Millard Mitchell.

"HENRY AND DIZZY"—Paramount: *Henry Aldrich,* Jimmy Lydon; *Dizzy Stevens,* Charles Smith; *Phyllis Michael,* Mary Anderson; *Mr. Aldrich,* John Litel; *Mrs. Aldrich,* Olive Blakeney; *Mr. Stevens,* Olin Howland; *Mr. Bradley,* Vaughan Glaser; *Mr. Weeks,* Trevor Bardette; *Mrs. Bradley,* Maude Eburne; *Billy Weeks,* Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; *Jean,* Noel Neill; *Dizzy's Girl,* Eleanor Counts; *Mrs. Stevens,* Isabel Withers; *Pamela Rogers,* Jane Cowna; *Joe McGuire,* Frank Orth; *Sergeant McElroy,* Edgar Dearing.

"HER CARDBOARD LOVER"—M-G-M: *Consuelo Croyden,* Norma Shearer; *Terry Trindale,* Robert Taylor; *Tony Barling,* George Sanders; *Chappie Champagne,* Frank McHugh; *Eva,* Elizabeth Patterson; *Judge,* Chill Wills.

"MAD MARTINDALES, THE"—20th Century-Fox: *Kathy Martindale,* Jane Withers; *Evelyn,* Marjorie Weaver; *Hugo Martindale,* Alan Mowbray; *Bobby,* Jimmy Lydon; *Peter Varney,* Byron Barr; *Julio,* George Reeves; *Virgil Hickling,* Charles Lane; *Grandmother Varney,* Kathleen Howard; *Butlers,* Robert Greig and Brandon Hurst; *Van der Venne,* Steve Geray; *Jefferson Gow,* Sen Yung; *Agnes,* Emma Dunn; *Hotel Clerk,* Hal K. Dawson; *Lawyer,* Don Dillaway; *Chang Gow,* Tom Yuen; *Pawnbroker,* Otto Hoffman.

"MEET THE STEWARTS" — Columbia: *Michael Stewart,* William Holden; *Candace Goodwin,* Frances Dee; *Mr. Goodwin,* Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Goodwin,* Marjorie Gateson; *Geraldine Stewart,* Anne Revere; *Ted Graham,* Roger Clark; *John Goodwin,* Danny Mummert; *Jane Goodwin,* Ann Gillis; *Willametta,* Margaret Hamilton; *Taxi Driver,* Don Beddoe; *Mrs. Stewart,* Mary Gordon.

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST"—RKO-Radio: *Carmelita,* Lupe Velez; *Lord Epping,* Uncle Matt, Hubbell, Leon Errol; *Dennis,* Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Aunt Della,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Percy,* Donald MacBride; *Edith,* Minna Gombell; *Fingers O'Toole,* Don Braclay; *Luders,* John Maguire; *Hyacinth,* Lillian Randolph; *Lightnin'* Mantan Moreland; *Bascombe,* Harry Tyler; *Harcourt,* Marten Lamont.

"MISS ANNIE ROONEY"—Small-U.A.: *Annie Rooney,* Shirley Temple; *Tim Rooney,* William Gargan; *Grandpop,* Guy Kibbee; *Marty,* Dickie Moore; *Myrtle,* Peggy Ryan; *Joey,* Roland DuPree; *Mrs. White,* Gloria Holden; *Mr. White,* Jonathan Hale; *Mrs. Metz,* Mary Field; *Burns,* George Lloyd; *Madam Sylvia,* Jan Buckingham; *Mrs. Thomas,* Selmer Jackson; *Stella Bainbridge,* June Lockhart; *Sidney,* Charles Coleman; *Policeman,* Edgar Dearing; *Myrtle's Mother,* Virginia Sale; *Audrey Hollis,* Shirley Mills.

"MRS. MINIVER"—M-G-M: *Mrs. Miniver,* Greer Garson; *Clem Miniver,* Walter Pidgeon; *Carol Beldon,* Teresa Wright; *Lady Beldon,* Dame May Whitty; *Foley,* Reginald Owen; *Mr. Ballard,* Henry Travers; *Vin Miniver,* Richard Ney; *Vicar,* Henry Wilcoxon; *Toby Miniver,* Christopher Severn; *Gladys* (Housemaid), Brenda Forbes; *Judy Miniver,* Clare Sandars; *Ada,* Marie De Becker; *German Flyer,* Helmut Dantine; *Fred,* John Abbott.

"MY FAVORITE SPY"—RKO-Radio: *Kate,* Kay Kyser; *Terry,* Ellen Drew; *Connie,* Jane Wyman; *Robinson,* Robert Armstrong; *Aunt Jessie,* Helen Westley; *Flower Pot Cop,* William Demarest; *Cora* (maid), Una O'Connor; *Winters,* Lionel Royce; *Major Allen,* Moroni Olsen; *Gus,* George Cleveland; *Col. Moffett,* Vaughn Glaser; *Jules,* Hobart Cavanaugh; *Higgenbotham,* Chester Clute.

"ONCE UPON A THURSDAY"—M-G-M: *Martha Lindstrom,* Marsha Hunt; *Jeff Sommerfield,* Richard Carlson; *Mrs. McKissick,* Marjorie Main; *Miranda Sommerfield,* Virginia Weidler; *Mrs. Sophie Sommerfield,* Spring Byington; *Joe Archer,* Allyn Joslyn; *Sylvia Norwood,* Frances Drake; *Danny O'Brien,* Barry Nelson; *Dr. Clarence Sommerfield,* Melville Cooper; *Mrs. Jacell,* Inez Cooper; *Mrs. Justin I. Peacock,* Sara Haden; *Guinevere,* Margaret Hamilton; *Llewellyn Castle,* Ernest Truex; *Mrs. Llewellyn Castle,* Cecil Cunningham; *Homer Jacell,* William B. Davidson.

"POWER TOWN"—RKO-Radio: *Jeems O'Shea,* Victor McLaglen; *Pennant,* Edmond O'Brien; *Dolly,* June Havoc; *Sally,* Dorothy Lovett; *Mecker,* Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Oliver Lindsay,* Damian O'Flynn; *Chick Parker,* Marten Lamont; *Dr. Wayne,* Roy Gordon; *Sue,* Marion Martin; *Mrs. Douglas,* Mary Gordon; *Carol,* Frances Neal; *Betty,* Julie Warren; *Helen,* Jane Woodworth; *Gus,* George Cleveland.

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"SYNCOPATION" — RKO-Radio: *Johnny,* Jackie Cooper; *Kit Latimer,* Bonita Granville; *George Latimer,* Adolphe Menjou; *Mr. Porter,* George Bancroft; *Rex Tearbone,* Todd Duncan; *Cafe Singer,* Connie Boswell; *Paul Porter,* Ted North; *Smiley Jackson,* Frank Jenks; *Ella,* Jessie Grayson; *Lillian,* Mona Barrie; *Paul Porter* (as a child), Lindy Wade; and The All-American Dance Band.

"TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE"—M-G-M: *Tarzan,* Johnny Weissmuller; *Jane,* Maureen O'Sullivan; *Boy,* John Sheffield; *Connie Beach,* Virginia Grey; *Buck Rand,* Charles Bickford; *Jimmie Shields,* Paul Kelly; *Manchester Mountford,* Chill Wills; *Colonel Ralph Sargent,* Cy Kendal; *Judge Abbotson,* Russell Hicks; *Blake Norton,* Howard Hickman; *Gould Beaton,* Charles Lane.

"TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT"—20th Century-Fox: *Dawson,* George Montgomery; *Carolyn Bainbridge,* Maureen O'Hara; *Howard Shelton,* John Sutton; *Major Sam Carter,* Laird Cregar; *Henry Clay,* John Shepperd; *Florimond Massey,* Victor Francen; *Bane,* Harry Davenport; *Scully,* Ward Bond; *Gen. William Henry Harrison,* Douglass Dumbrille; *Maloney,* Ralph Byrd; *Benny Havens,* Joe Brown, Jr.; *Shippen,* David Bacon; *Mrs. Thompson,* Esther Dale; *Chester,* Richard Derr; *Jared Danforth,* Louis Jean Heydt; *Captain Sloane,* Stanley Andrews; *Captain Luddy,* James Flavin; *Letty,* Edna Mae Jones; *Senate President,* Charles Trowbridge; *Grandpa,* Tully Marshall; *John Randolph,* Edwin Maxwell; *Old Put,* Uno; *William Eustis,* Edward Fielding.

"THIS ABOVE ALL"—20th Century-Fox: *Clive Briggs,* Tyrone Power; *Prudence Cathaway,* Joan Fontaine; *Monty,* Thomas Mitchell; *General Cathaway,* Henry Stephenson, *Ramsbottom,* Nigel Bruce; *Iris Cathaway,* Gladys Cooper; *Dr. Roger Cathaway,* Philip Merivale; *Waitress,* Sara Allgood; *Rector,* Alexander Knox; *Violet Worthing,* Queenie Leonard; *Wilbur,* Melville Cooper; *Nurse Emily,* Jill Esmond; *Dr. Mathias,* Holmes Herbert; *Dr. Ferris,* Denis Green; *Chaplain,* Arthur Shields; *Parsons,* Dennis Hoey; *Vicar,* Thomas Louden.

"THIS GUN FOR HIRE"—Paramount: *Ellen Graham,* Veronica Lake; *Michael Crane,* Robert Preston; *Willard Gates,* Laird Cregar; *Philip Raven,* Alan Ladd; *Alvin Brewster,* Tully Marshall; *Sluky,* Mikhail Rasumny; *Tommy,* Marc Lawrence; *Annie,* Pamela Blake; *Steve Finnerty,* Harry Shannon; *Albert Baker,* Frank Ferguson; *Baker's Secretary,* Bernadene Hayes; *Night Watchman,* James Farley; *Little Cripple Girl,* Virita Campbell; *Mgr. of "The March Bank",* Chester Clute; *Policeman with Michael in S. F.,* Emmett Vogan.

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—and in addition GET YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE!

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tyle 706

ie Barnes

her handsomely d suit with its pocketed jacket red skirt.

Style 700

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Address

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FOR BIKE...FOR BEACH

Cool American Cottons

Designed by Joset Walker—
"In these days of hard work,
I appreciate a mild cigarette more than ever;
so I stick to Camels.
Milder and so good-tasting!"

At right, Joset Walker's 1942 version of the Gay Nineties bloomers. Also for biking—camel-colored shirt and shorts, wrap-around skirt. An ingenious American designer, Joset Walker is at work on the new slim silhouette. "Fashion work these days calls for steady nerves," she says. "I keep my smoking *mild*—with Camels!"

JOSET WALKER...*Fashion designer*

For town, country, beach... Joset Walker styles cotton. At right, ballet-length beach robe, belted in gold kid. Bright green swim-suit—two-piece, with soft surplice neckline, wrap-around midriff. For relaxation, this energetic young designer spends week-ends on her farm—planting, hoeing, driving a tractor. "And you'll usually see me with a Camel in my hand," she remarks. "I never tire of smoking Camels. They're so cool and mild and have the most delightful flavor I could ask for in a cigarette!"

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PRISCILLA LANE
BY PAUL HESSE

/O GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

FULL-COLOR STAR PORTRAITS IN THIS ISSUE

Including: Ginger Rogers · Robert Taylor · Betty Grable · Rita Hayworth

Follow this Bride's Way to New Loveliness! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting complexion care is based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

"MY FRIENDS tell me how much lovelier my complexion has become since I started following the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. I wouldn't be without Camay for a day," says beautiful Mrs. Carnohan.

You, too, can be lovelier if you will only give the Camay Mild-Soap Diet a chance. For, without knowing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that isn't mild enough!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! That's why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

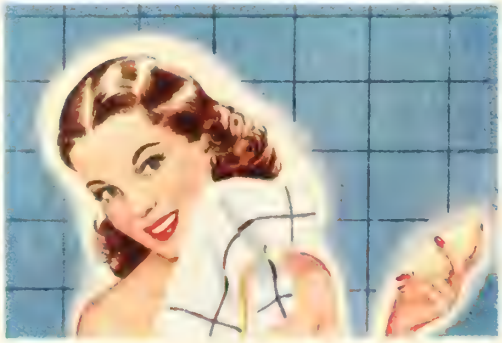
Give your skin thorough cleansing with Camay night and morning for 30 days. At once—what a delicious, fresh feeling! But be faithful—and soon your complexion may have thrilling new loveliness!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Harry Carnohan of New York, N. Y., says:

"I wouldn't let my skin go without the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a single day—it has done so much for me! Why, I'd been following the Mild-Soap Diet only a short time when my friends began asking for my beauty secret! Another thing I like about Camay is that wonderful fragrance. It just seems to last and last."

Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Go on the MILD-SOAP DIET *Tonight*



First step to a lovelier skin . . .

Make a lather with Camay on your wash-cloth. Work this milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water—then 30 seconds of cold splashings.

As the days go by—new beauty!

Simply do that every night. Then, while you s the tiny pore openings are free to function ral beauty. In the morning—one more quick s with Camay and your skin is ready for make up

Even though the Night is Magic
it takes two to make Romance

Romance fades when a girl is careless—Guard charm every day with Mum!

ROMANCE seems in the very air tonight! There's a moon to inspire unforgettable words, a lovely girl ready to listen. But there's no man to whisper them to Jane!

Too bad someone can't tell her that a girl must be more than pretty—more than smartly dressed to attract a man. Unless she *stays* nice to be near, how can she win his heart—how can a man stay in love?

The shocking thought that she's careless has never entered Jane's pretty head. She bathes each day, of course, before dates, too—shouldn't that be enough? She forgets that a bath's job is to remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* odor, so many popular girls rely on *dependable* Mum.

With Mum your bath-freshness lasts for long hours. Mum keeps you a charming companion, helps your chances for romance! You will like Mum for its:

SPEED—30 seconds to use Mum! Even when you're late for business or a date, you still have time for Mum!

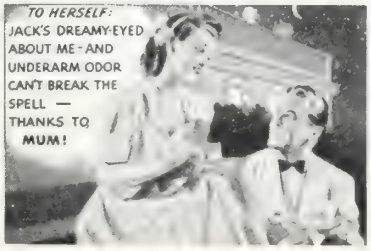
CERTAINTY—No guesswork about Mum—because without stopping perspiration it *prevents* odor all day or all evening.

SAFETY—You can use Mum even after underarm shaving, even after you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin. Mum won't harm fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Guard your charm with Mum!

. . .

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins. That's why thousands of women prefer dependable Mum this way, too.

QUICK, CONVENIENT MUM KEEPS YOU BATH-FRESH FOR HOURS



MUM
takes the odor out of perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The minutes of the last meeting, read and approved, placed "Mrs. Miniver" right up there on all ten-best film lists of all-time. Now we can get on to present and future business.

Clark Gable (Honky) and Lana Turner (Tonk) ignite again in "Somewhere I'll Find You".

"Tish", based on the popular stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, dusts off the mantle of Marie Dressler and tenders it to Marjorie Main, who plays the title role.

The inimitable Mickey Rooney becomes "A Yank at Eton" and the role becomes Mickey Rooney.

Judy Garland's out-and-out starring vehicle is one of the out-and-outstanding entertainments on the horizon. "For Me and My Gal".

"Red" Skelton and Ann Sothern are in "Panama Hattie". You'll see Red—and Ann.

"Random Harvest", the James Hilton best-seller, is in the able hands of Director LeRoy and stars Ronald Colman and Mrs. Miniver Garson.

"Seven Sweethearts" brings prominently to the fore those up and coming artists, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This completes the agenda for pictures current and in the immediate making at M-G-M, whose promise of great motion picture entertainment has always been fulfilled.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your Miniver Man—

—*Lea*

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

SEPTEMBER 1942 VOL. 21, NO. 4

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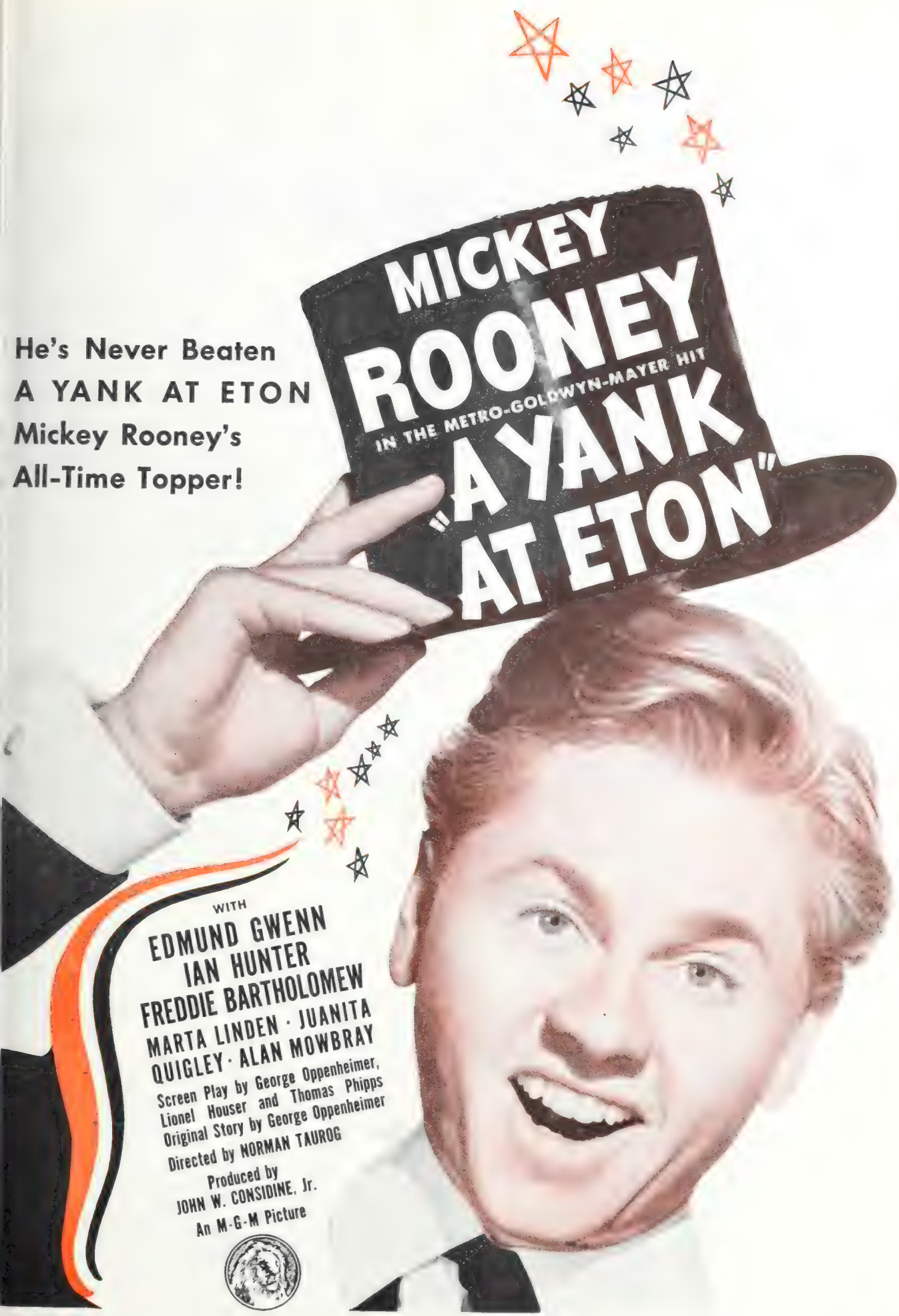
He's Never Beaten
A YANK AT ETON
Mickey Rooney's
All-Time Topper!
MICKEY
ROONEY
IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT
"A YANK AT ETON"
WITH
EDMUND GWENN
IAN HUNTER
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
MARTA LINDEN · JUANITA QUIGLEY · ALAN MOWBRAY
Screen Play by George Oppenheimer, Lionel Houser and Thomas Phipps
Original Story by George Oppenheimer
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by
JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.
An M-G-M Picture

CLOSE UPS
AND LONG SHOTS

New kind of sex appeal is inaugurated by Rosalind Russell, who won stardom without false eyelashes

Gig Young, who did so well in "The Gay Sisters" better watch out!

Alan Marshall, worth his weight in rubies, is up for investigation

BY RUTH WATERBURY

WHOEVER thought up the word "should"? It's a wonderful way to daydream without its costing a cent. . .

For instance, all these girls who are fine actresses but not overwhelmingly beautiful enough to be glamour girls should stop trying to be imitation Bette Davises . . . Bette is unique and terrific and she can play unpleasant dames in a manner that makes them linger forever in your memory . . . but when a forthright, unaffected actress like Barbara Stanwyck plays one of those lethal ladies in "The Gay Sisters" she does herself an injustice . . . Ida Lupino hasn't done her career too much good by always being compared to Davis, either . . . if the girls just must be meanies on the screen, they ought to get a new pattern of sheer cussedness . . . Davis has a magnificent monopoly on hers . . .

All those up-and-coming darlings who want to be comediennes should see every picture of Rosalind Russell's . . . remember, kiddies, that once upon a time . . . all of three years ago . . . they were saying that Russell was "through" all on account of her not being any sweater girl, of not having the obvious false-eyelash-long-hipline type of sex appeal . . . but Roz has proven that there can be mental sex appeal and that there is a public, male and female both, subtle enough to appreciate that . . . a big enough public, in fact, to pay Roz $150,000 a picture for as many pictures as she can do per year—right now about four per annum. . . .

The cases of Alan Marshall, Philip Dorn, Glenn Ford and George Sanders should be investigated . . . to find out why they are being wasted in this year when men are worth their weight in rubies . . . Marshall should be put to work regardless . . . Glenn Ford should be given some properly young, light roles instead of those lead-deady things like "Martin Eden" he's had so far . . . Dorn should be rescued from playing *Dr. Gerniede* in the newest "Kildare" which is titled "Calling Dr. Gillespie" and is a thriller but it's still a "B" . . . and star Sanders should be in a series of pictures in which he could be at once romantic and a heavy, as Gable was when he first came to fame. . .

Frank Morgan ought to be put right into one of the priestly roles in "The Keys of the Kingdom" not alone as a reward for his magnificent work in "Tortilla Flat" but as a guarantee that the true spirit of religion would be captured on the screen . . . and next year's Academy Oscar for "the best supporting actor" should go to Frank for his inspiring, touching scene in "Tortilla" where he tells his dogs about the legend of St. Francis . . . a scene that can mean so much to any one who needs renewed faith . . . furthermore Morgan should never again be wasted on one of those silly, fluttering roles with which he has so long been afflicted. . . .

What about a quiet talk with MacDonald Carey and Gig Young to tell them that while both of them were most delightful in their initial screen appearances . . . Carey in "Take a Letter, Darling" and Young in "The Gay Sisters" . . . they had better watch out that they aren't too charming for all endurance, both of them coming dangerously close to it in these debuts.

METRO merits some congratulations on their sheer good sense in having promoted Jules Dassin from "B's" to "A's" on the strength of this young man's direction of "Nazi Agent" . . . but Conrad Veidt should be rewarded with a fine "A" role, too for his magnificent acting in the double-role lead in that film . . . there should be no further wasting of a great performer like Veidt . . . and harsh words are certainly in order to the Brothers Warner about throwing away Ann Sheridan on a dull dish like "Wings (*Continued on page* 17)

THEIR darkened house sheltered their hushed story..

BUT IT COULDN'T HIDE THEIR LOVES!

To meet them is to love them—but to love them is dangerous! Every strange episode in the lives of these girls that the town called bad emerges starkly from the furious happenings of Stephen Longstreet's talked-about best-seller. See it *lived!* See it the moment it opens in your city!

BARBARA
STANWYCK
as FIONA...She couldn't live down her reputation—so she lived up to it!

GEORGE BRENT
as CHARLES...Tricked into a marriage he couldn't forget!

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
as EVELYN, who lived as she pleased 'til a kiss changed everything!

with
DONALD CRISP · NANCY COLEMAN · GENE LOCKHART
Larry Simms • Donald Woods • Directed by IRVING RAPPER

and introducing
GIG YOUNG
who had everything except the woman he wanted.

The Story of the Startling Loves of
"The Gay Sisters"

WARNER BROS.
have turned another great novel into another great screen event!

creen Play by Lenore Coffee • Based Upon the Novel by Stephen Longstreet • Mus c by Max Steiner • REMEMBER YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Speak FOR YOURSELF

Dollar-marked definition of Virginia Weidler: A lanky little figure with a spark of genius

$10.00 PRIZE
The Bonnets Are Humming

HOLLYWOOD gives us "B's"; if I visited there I'd like to put "bees" in people's bonnets, too.

I'd tell Veronica Lake to cut her hair into a short bob. That shaggy mop makes her resemble a female Dead-Eye.

I'd tell *Blondie* to wear cotton dresses and not frilly silk ones while doing housework.

I'd slip a grasshopper down the back of Virginia O'Brien while she was singing in her clever dead-pan manner.

I'd co-star Nelson Eddy with Lana Turner—then watch his reserve melt away! It would be an exciting combination. Then I'd give him back to lovely Jeanette, they being a superb team.

I'd picket M-G-M until they agreed to let Robert Taylor wear a moustache in every picture; and make Jeanette MacDonald of the vivid coloring appear only in technicolor movies.

Finally, I'd greet Victor Mature with a frigid, "Oh, so you're the beautiful *punk* of man!"

ELIZABETH PIGNATELLI,
Providence, R. I.

$5.00 PRIZE
Off His Chest

THERE is a familiar ditty to the effect that "John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest." I, too, have something upon my chest, but in this case it is hot, not cold! It is this:

In these days of tire-conservation and gas-rationing, local amusements are going to mean more than ever. If we can't get away from town, then we are going to have to find our fun in town. What better place than a good movie? But . . . and just here is the rub . . . it must be a *good* movie! This means comedy, pathos, acting. It means more pictures like "How Green Was My Valley," "Remember The Day," "One Foot In Heaven" and "Sergeant York" . . . and fewer pictures like "Two-Faced Woman" and "The Lady Is Willing."

The greatest opportunity and the greatest audiences Hollyowood has ever had are here. Whether they capitalize upon it or not will be determined largely by the type of pictures they turn out. We're ready to go and see them . . . but they've got to be good!

REV. WILLIS J. LOAR,
Spokane, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
Sister Act Gone Sour

ONCE upon a time, Mickey Rooney had a sister . . . a sweet, unsophisticated kid, who walked out of the picture, pigtails and all, and into our hearts. Now, in the space of two years, she's been developed into a "Glamour-Puss." You guessed it! Virginia Weidler!

Why, in the name of all the sacred catfishes, must Hollywood take an individual like Virginia and turn her into the same old mold of blasé young thing we have seen over and over? Why not let Virginia be Virginia, not Deanna, or Judy, or anyone else but the adorable personality that appeared in "Young Tom Edison." We laughed with her and cried with her; there was the real spark of genius in that lanky little figure. Now—behold the hair-do and the formal . . . but no Virginia!

Please, oh please, give us back the original Virginia, sans braids if you must, but minus sleekness and sophistication.

ELSIE H. FOX,
National City, Cal.

$1.00 PRIZE
Speaking Of Speech . . .

WHAT movie voices remind me of:

Andy Devine's . . . slate pencil on glass.

Bogie-man Bogart's . . . rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns.

Billie Burke's . . . the tinkle of ice in a glass of sparkling ginger ale.

Eugene Pallette's . . . the mournful, deep-throated call of a bullfrog.

George Sanders's . . . sudden sharp crack of a pistol in the dead o' night.

Clark Gable's . . . a stout-hearted oak resisting a stinging nor'wester.

(*Continued on page* 79)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Private life OF THE MAN MILLIONS CHEERED!

Here's the intimate story of a man millions idolized. He fought his way to the top—and then he met Her! Together they reveled in life and love. But there was one secret they tried to keep from each other—and out of their struggle comes one of the screen's most dramatic and touching romances. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you some of the finest films you've ever seen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

GARY COOPER

in

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)

with

TERESA WRIGHT · BABE RUTH · WALTER BRENNAN

VELOZ and YOLANDA • RAY NOBLE and his Orchestra • Directed by SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Jo Swerling and Herman J. Mankiewicz

Original Story by Paul Gallico • Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

It's the Great American Story!

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

ALICE FAYE'S Nurse Speaking: At five o'clock in the evening of May 15, 1942, a turquoise blue coupé stopped in front of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. A tall dark man with wavy brown hair, dressed in brown sport clothes, tenderly helped a woman from the car. She wore a tan cashmere coat over a dark blue silk dress. A blue kerchief tied around her head kept her blonde curls in place.

Slowly, because the woman was in pain, they made their way into the hospital and to the admitting office. The man registered there for his wife —Mrs. Phil Harris.

That was on Friday. On Sunday Mr. Harris had to leave town, to broadcast from an Army camp fifty miles away. Still no baby! But no complaints from Alice, though her face was beginning to show strain.

At last, at midnight Monday, the doctors held a consultation and decided they would have to perform a Caesarean operation. They called Mr. Harris at the Biltmore Bowl and he was at the hospital immediately, brought from downtown by police escort.

As Alice was given her last hypodermic before surgery, she looked up at Mr. Harris and said, "Don't leave me." And he didn't. Into the operating room he went and, with a drawn and haggard face, sat quietly until, at 2:40, he watched his daughter come into the world.

When the nursery nurse reported that the baby weighed 7 pounds, 2½ ounces, Mr. Harris began passing out cigars to all the doctors, internes and other fathers who were waiting. Then he dashed to the telephone.

Telegrams, telephone messages, flowers began to pour in. The first were two dozen American Beauty roses from Mr. Harris. Ann Sheridan and Mr. Brent sent dozens of white carnations. In the middle of the bou-

Bigger smiles make better banquets! Bruce Cabot and Dorothy Lamour give out with grins, are the star life of the party at the Cocoanut Grove

Cuddle up a little closer, just for a picture: A sailor boy (he's her husband, Buddy Westmore!) gets together with Rosemary Lane at the Mocambo

quet was a white woolly lamb with a little music box inside that played "Merrily We Roll Along."

From Mr. Benny and Mary Livingstone came a large tray with hand-painted glass nursery jars holding roses and forget-me-nots. Tucked under the flowers was a cloth monkey dressed in bright-colored clothes.

Mr. Clark Gable sent a large bouquet of white gladioli and long-stemmed pink roses. There was a doll cradle filled with pink sweet peas that played Brahms's lullaby; a doll carriage with pink roses and lilies of the valley; a bird cage of orchids; a pillow of gardenias; a huge bouquet of white lilacs and pink carnations from Dennis Day.

For five days Alice was so ill no one but her husband was allowed to see her. But gradually she grew stronger and would hold the baby as long as the nurse would allow her to.

She had Mr. Harris bring her things from home. She was worried about his packing them, but he brought all the right things—pale pink nighties and bed jackets with A.F.H. in pale blue; a white chiffon gown with gold lace; a pale green nylon gown and jacket; her perfume bottles and silver toilet set, engraved "Alice."

Her engagement ring was a pear-shaped diamond and her wedding ring—which she insisted be left on during surgery—was a circle of diamonds.

As Mr. Harris was to leave to go on tour with his orchestra on Monday, June 1, the doctor finally consented that Alice be discharged Sunday noon.

Miss Faye gave the nurses who took care of her sets of cologne, soap and perfume in cases. To the floor nurses went great boxes of candy.

Again the blue turquoise coupé

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The old cliché, "Like mother, like daughter" gets a brand-new slant as Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin come to the Max Reinhardt Workshop production of "Mourning Becomes Electra," in which Marlene's daughter Maria Siebert (below, as Lavinia) blossomed forth as such a good actress Paramount immediately signed her

came to the hospital, but this time to the ambulance entrance. Mr. Harris carried Alice Faye from a wheel chair to the car, then took the baby from the nurse and gave it to the mother. Together they drove away, the nurses following in another car with the bags and presents.

And so was a star's baby born.

It's the Little Things Department: The trailer Guy Kibbee used on hunting trips is now used as a card room in his backyard, with the following sign on the door: "Be it ever so stationary, there's no place like home." . . . Bob Stack is quite a dish with his blond locks dyed dark. It gives him oomph. . . . Sabu had his tonsils out. He kept his turban on, however.

Deanna Durbin will not sell her house while husband Vaughn Paul is in the Navy. Her sister, brother-in-law and baby have moved in with her.

Jimmy Stewart says everyone in Hollywood looks so old to him now that he's the only man in his Army tent who has to shave every day. . . . Some wag suggests John Howard must be hoarding rubber in his boots, the way he bounced back to Hedy Lamarr after the George Montgomery breakup.

Back Home in Glendale: The "For Sale" sign on Bette Davis's house in near-by Glendale has been taken down and Bette and her husband Arthur Farnsworth have decided to move back in—the steenth move for Bette in a few short years.

Bette explained to Cal why she suddenly changed her mind after offering to sell her home.

"If I sell at a profit, that throws me into a higher tax bracket, so I lose money. Obviously, if I sell at a loss I take a loss. If I live anywhere else, we pay high rent. So we finally realized we ought to live in our house.

"Anyway, it's the best house we ever had."

But don't be surprised if Bette is somewhere else by the time you read this!

Thought We'd Mention That: It may mean nothing at all but Lana Turner brought out the old supply of sweaters before embarking on a northern bond-selling tour, and did the frozen north melt into a bond-buying spree! Just mentioned it, girls, that's all.

The small Arizona auto court where Laraine Day and her new husband Ray Hendricks spent a night of their honeymoon has been renamed "Laraine Day Honeymoon Cottage" and is doing a wow business, according to its owner.

Those two pals of many a day, Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot, had a serious row at a party the other night over the beauty, Faith Dorn. But Miss Dorn still protests she's engaged to Howard Hughes who is so enamoured of Lana

Now Guess Her Age!

New-Texture Face Powder Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* face powder! It was a cruel powder, both in texture and in shade—showing up every tiny line in her face—accenting every little blemish and skin-fault—yes, and even making the pores seem somewhat bigger, coarser!

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's *blown* by ***TWIN HURRICANES*** until it's much smoother, finer, than ordinary powder.

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The ***TWIN-HURRICANE*** method makes the *shades* different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes *blow the color* into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look *years younger.*

Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below and you will receive all 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all! When you come to the one that is most flattering to your skin you'll know that is your *lucky shade!*

LADY ESTHER, [illegible]
[illegible] West [illegible] Street, [illegible]

Please send me by return mail your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

In Canada [illegible]

New Louisiana Cafe sees a couple with news to tell: Franchot Tone and his wife come to celebrate the fact they'll have stork business

Threesome turns into two with but a single thought. Admiring Claire Trevor at the Cocoanut Grove are Phil Reed and new star Glenn Ford

Turner he has the most expensive Hollywood restauranteur cater her meals while she's aboard planes—which is often.

It Occurred to Cal: Columnists, fans and press agents can now take a vacation with their minds at rest concerning the marital status of George Sanders. "Is he or isn't he married?" has been the burning question tossed about town for a long time.

Well, it's over now. Mrs. Sanders herself came forth with the confirmation of her marriage to the actor at the very moment Mr. Sanders was being seen here and thereabouts with a pretty actress.

"We were married October 27, 1940, by the Reverend Mr. Glenn Phillips in the Hollywood Methodist Church," she said. "And I have no thought of divorce. I'm a broad-minded wife and permit my husband to live his own life."

"Permit" seems an understatement to Cal. Fancy dictating to old Georgie Porgie.

Mrs. Sanders was Elsie M. Poole, an actress professionally known as Susan Larson. The pair met on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Mrs. Sanders has given up her career since her marriage to George. . . .

Perhaps when Professor Theodore C. Flynn, father of Errol, arrives in America from Ireland for a lecture tour this summer, he'll resort to a little private lecture for his son's benefit on How Not to Get Mad at People in Public. . . .

Clark Gable in his uniform of Major in the Army will not only be one of the handsomest men in service, but one with his heart eased for the first time since Carole Lombard's death in the knowledge he is being useful to his country.

Kiddies Can Help Corner: Children of motion-picture parents have caught the spirit of war activities and are eagerly doing their bit to help. The two children of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, for instance, are conducting a lemonade stand near their Selma Avenue home, with the proceeds going into War Stamps. Virginia Bruce's daughter is a rubber and old tin collector in her neighborhood and has already accumulated a good-sized collection.

Joan Bennett's two daughters have foregone their usual summer vacation at a girls' camp to join the Junior Auxiliary of the A.W.V.S. The girls are supervising Victory Gardens and running errands for the senior organization.

Sandra and Ronnie Burns, children of George and Gracie, have asked to be allowed to speak over the radio to other children, asking them to spend part of their allowances for War Stamps, and Bob Young's two girls are eager to write to other children throughout the States who might have good ideas and ways to help Uncle Sam. If your children are interested have them write Carol Ann and Barbara Queen Young, in care of their father at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., or get in touch by mail with any of the stars' children anent this idea.

These Hollywood kids are really in earnest.

Quotes From the Famous: Errol Flynn on his shortcomings as a husband: "Maybe I'll be a better husband as time goes on, but it will take a lot of time."

Victor Mature on his love for Rita Hayworth: "This is the one thing in my life that isn't publicity. Somehow I feel Rita has changed my whole life."

Laird Cregar on gossip: "Why do people take the trouble to spread rumors behind my back? They're all true, anyway."

"It's from Edna . . .

She and Bob have Broken Up"

"The poor darling! I thought they were as good as engaged. What's the trouble?"

"She doesn't give any specific reason. Just says that he'd been acting indifferent for some time—then last week he up and married somebody else. But that isn't the worst of it! She lost her job again."

Aunt Vi's face fell. "It doesn't sound possible! Every letter told how well she was doing. Getting such a nice position seemed our reward for all the sacrifices we made to put her through college."

Mrs. Black's hand trembled: "Well, there it is. You can read the letter yourself. Poor dear."

"But doesn't she give any reason?"

"No, just says that Mr. Brownley told her they wanted an older woman."

"Well, one thing I'm certain of," said Aunt Vi, with finality, "it wasn't Edna's fault. It simply couldn't be!"

You May Not Know

But it *was* Edna's fault . . . just as it can be the fault of countless other women. And like so many of these women, Edna was the last to suspect it.

Halitosis (bad breath) may endanger every social charm, every business talent. The insidious thing about it is that the victim may not be aware of its presence. Who would blame a man for losing interest in a woman, or an employer for "easing out" an employee with that kind of a breath?

Don't Risk Offending

Isn't it foolish to run the risk of offending this way when there is an easy and delightful precaution against it?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, notable for its amazing antiseptic power. Almost immediately the breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, it is the opinion of some authorities that *most* cases are caused by bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth and gum surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic, because it is liquid, spreads far and quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. If you want to put your best foot forward, never, *never* omit the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"

"WHAT COULD BE NICER?"

. . . There's nothing like a man around the house during those long winter nights," sighs Liz Cugat (*Betty Field*). "After all, whom else could we girls marry?"

"Are Husbands Necessary?"

A Paramount Picture starring

RAY MILLAND · BETTY FIELD

with

Patricia Morison · Eugene Pallette

Philip Terry · Leif Erickson · Richard Hayden

Charles Dingle · Cecil Kellaway

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Screen Play by Tom Slocinger and Frank Davis

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

The Bride Sneezed: Margaret Hayes debated a long time about attending the theater with the bad cold that seemed to have taken lodging within her lovely head. But, after all, her boy friend Jeffrey Lynn had gone to the Army and Margaret was lonely, so she went.

Halfway through the performance, Margaret was seized with a coughing spell. A young man, a stranger to Margaret, leaned over and asked what he could do. Could he get her water?

Margaret shook her head no.

But the handsome blond fellow wasn't to be put off. He dashed off and returned with both aspirin and water and a week later took himself off to Reno to divorce his estranged wife, Frances Farmer.

At the end of the allotted time Leif Erikson—for our hero was none other than he, as the old-fashioned meller-drammers were wont to say—married the lady with the cold.

Hollywood hopes Margaret and Leif will be happy.

And Jeffrey Lynn? Well, Cal couldn't reach him to find out how he felt. We hope not too sad.

The Ladies Say No: Judy Garland is so bitter at certain of the local press for those rumors of unhappiness with husband Dave Rose she threatens to grant no more interviews. Dave gave her sables for her birthday, incidentally, and both seem very happy.

Bette Davis, on the other hand, ignores the printed rumors of her impending divorce. "Shucks, it makes interesting reading for me in the papers," Bette says blithely.

Kathryn Grayson claims her announced divorce from John Shelton was a bit premature and the two will not get a divorce as planned. At least, that's the lady's decision at this moment.

Advice to Lovelorn: Ruth Hussey is a girl who answers her mail. Ask the man who's written her. Also ask little Mary Sanders of Santa Monica who wrote a pathetic letter to Ruth about her social problems. Mary felt she was unpopular because she wasn't beautiful and didn't know how to "sling a line." She was doggone miserable about it, too.

"A lot of people ask for advice," Mary wrote, "but I'm one who not only asks but takes it."

Ruth sat down and answered that letter.

"Don't think about your looks. It makes you too self-conscious and that feeling of being nervous and ill-at-ease is conveyed to others.

"Don't sit around and wait for boys and girls to invite you out. Invite them to your house and provide fun and amusement.

"And don't, above all, believe the old bunk about being a good listener. Talk. Say things. Keep the conversation going."

Two weeks later Ruth had an answer from a happy girl.

"It worked," she wrote, "and thank you so much, dear Miss Hussey. A nice boy has asked me out twice and I have two girl friends who telephone me every day after school and ask me to their homes. See, I told you I *take* advice easily."

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Palms up at the Beverly Wilshire for a popular Mr. and Mrs. twosome: John Garfield and Mrs. Garfield, who match up nicely here

A "says Hank to Frances" pose of Henry Fonda and his wife at the Cocoanut Grove for the big military ball that was given for Army and Navy Relief

We thought we'd pass the word along—just in case any of you might like to try the Hussey formula.

Marriage Merry-Go-Round: From somewhere down in the Bahamas, Mr. Stirling Hayden announced to the world at large that he and Miss Madeleine Carroll had been married in an undisclosed Connecticut town three months ago. The world at large was mighty interested—and so was Hollywood, although the report has it that, on Stirling's last visit to the Coast, he tried to announce his marriage and was given the good old Hollywood laugh.

Anyway, that's that; and this is this—which is a mighty interesting little story Cal picked up with his good right ear. Seems a few months ago there was a lady who had a lovely home for rent up in Connecticut, a house by the sea, with a nice, private, closed-in garden. One evening the real-estate agent appeared. He had rented the house to two young people—providing the lady of the manor could move out right that night. So she did, her poor heart doing double time after she'd had one look at her leasees—Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll!

Cal remembers, too, how Stirling looked way back in the spring of 1941, when he was being interviewed on what he thought made girls attractive and Madeleine Carroll's name came up. Mr. Hayden, blushing like a schoolboy with his first crush, mumbled something about the fact that she was just so wonderful he couldn't talk about her. Seems he decided to talk to her, instead, and she said "I do," and there's another happy marriage for the Hollywood books!

"Perfectly Mated...*and Perfectly Miserable*"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. Everyone called us "the ideal couple." At first, we *were* . . . ideally happy. But gradually, Chet neglected me . . . more and more. I was miserable . . .

2. One morning, my chum found me crying. I didn't want to, but she made me tell my troubles. Then . . . "Little silly," she scolded, "it's happened often. The loveliest girl can lose her husband if she's guilty of one neglect. Carelessness about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)." Then she explained . . .

3. "My doctor," she told me, "recommends Lysol disinfectant—and here's why. Lysol cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes, too. Yet it's so gentle it won't harm sensitive tissues—just use it according to the easy directions on the Lysol bottle. Generations of women have used Lysol for personal hygiene."

4. Thanks to her, I use Lysol regularly. It is *so* easy to use, so inexpensive. Today, Chet and I are ideally happy, once more! More women ought to know about Lysol disinfectant.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-942. Address Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

MARY ANDERSON in Paramount's "Bahama Passage" uses GLOVER'S

Use GLOVER'S, with Massage, for Loose Dandruff, Excessive Falling Hair and Itchy Scalp!

WE want you to prove to yourself that Glover's famous application will help you have more attractive hair! Hundreds of thousands of men and women have used Glover's for many years, and their continued use shows that Glover's gets results! Try GLOVER'S with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp, and Excessive Falling Hair. You'll actually *feel* the exhilarating effect, instantly. Ask your Druggist for Glover's Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Send today for generous complete FREE application of GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically sealed bottles (by coupon only.) Informative booklet on Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

GLOVER'S

GLOVER'S, Dept. 559, 460 Fourth Ave., N.Y. Send FREE samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new Shampoo. I enclose 10¢ to cover packaging, handling and postage.

NAME

ADDRESS .....

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Everyone looks at Van Heflin in the movies; everyone looks at his pretty wife at the Mocambo

War Widows: New York City will find both Claudette Colbert and Annabella ensconced in apartments to be near their husbands, Dr. Joel Pressman of the Medical Corps and Tyrone Power of the Navy.

Jane Wyman and wee daughter are probably the happiest people in town since husband and daddy Ronald Reagan has been temporarily sent back to Burbank to make Government shorts.

A little jeweled clip and a note of good-by from the Midwest was all Brenda Marshall needed to know that husband Bill Holden was on his way somewhere else with Uncle Sam's forces. Where, she doesn't know, of course.

Last Minute Round-Up: The Navy Ball was the event of the month, with stars of every magnitude crowding the four walls. Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Gail Patrick, Glenn Ford and Claire Trevor, Randy Scott and Patricia Stillman, Gene (Tierney) and Oleg Cassini drew coveteous glances. And, of course, Victor Mature and his Rita (Hayworth) were present. Sir Alexander Korda and Merle Oberon (this before Mr. Korda's recent knighting), Rise Stevens, Red Skelton and Nelson Eddy, the Henry Fondas and just about everyone in town were present. . . .

The opening of Lum and Abner's picture "Bashful Bachelor" provided a lot of good-natured fun when the pair, who are really Chet Lauck and Tuffy Goff, drove up to the theater in an old-fashioned surrey. The horse's name was Daisy Belle, incidentally.

Jane Russell, Ginny Simms, George Montgomery, Edgar Bergen and Charlie, Paul Hesse and Elyse Knox were also buggy riders and had a whale of a time. . . .

The fracas that occurred during Errol Flynn's birthday celebration wherein Errol's stand-in, Jim Fleming, is alleged to have assaulted Barbara Hutton's butler, loaned for the occasion, has the whole town in a twitter. Practically all the Hollywood notables were present at the unfortunate affair, but few seem to have witnessed the assault.

Miss Hutton is most indignant and intends to see justice is done. Anyway, it's a regrettable incident coming just at this time—what with Mr. Flynn's heart trouble and all . . . .

The Marie Wilson-Alan Nixon-Nick Grinde threesome has rocked the town between laughs and indignation. Marie who has been keeping company with director Grinde eight years secretly married Mr. Nixon, young and handsome actor, and now can't make up her mind that she is happy.

Mr. Nixon's torch would light up the world if we weren't living in a dimout!

Close Ups and Long Shots

(*Continued from page* 4) For The Eagle" . . . it took sheer courage for Twentieth Century to make a singing star of Rita Hayworth who can't sing a note . . . because that step may catch up with them sometime and something might happen to Rita's voice double . . . but Twentieth should get some handclaps for always photographing Rita in technicolor since that is one of the most beautiful sights in this world. . .

SOMEBODY should hop right up and buy a little side option on Irene Manning's future talents . . . Irene has only been in two pictures, one bad one, "The Big Shot," and one magnificent one, "Yankee Doodle Dandy," but in both this diamond-brilliant newcomer defied your taking your eyes from her. . . .

Remembering Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Anne Shirley and all the other kids who have grown up in the business, Hollywood's eyes should always be wide open on the new crop now growing toward adolescence . . . particularly Larry Simms, for his comedy work in the "Blondie" productions and his dramatic portrayal in "The Gay Sisters" . . . under the heading of future leading men, Dickie Moore who was so good in "Miss Annie Rooney" should be listed, but his name ought to be changed right now to Dick or even to Richard so that, as a very mature adult, he would not have to carry around the burden Mr. Rogers does of being an eternal "Buddy," or Jack Cooper of being an everlasting "Jackie" . . . and Shirley Temple should be separated from her mother during acting hours, and thereby, perhaps, Shirley might get into a strong picture in which she did not have to be a slightly dreary half-orphan. . . .

WHAT with studio heads going into uniform, too, the smartest thing that could be done would be to let Sonja Henie guide some company's destinies straight into ten million bucks . . . Connie Bennett should move into one of those posts, too, both Sonja and Connie having long since proven they can outsmart any man in Hollywood when it comes to a financial transaction and Sonja already having won a few spurs guiding husband Dan Topping's business enterprises while he is off to the wars. . . .

Of course, anybody who started so many upheavals in Hollywood would simply wake up one morning finding his body in bed and his head sitting separately on the dresser . . . but I should think somebody should think he should take the chance!

THE END

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BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

Love-making, little girl fashion: Joan Fontaine with Charles Boyer in "The Constant Nymph"

AFFAIRS OF JIMMY VALENTINE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe is a brash young radio publicity man who dreams up a gag of locating a *Jimmy Valentine* to revive a drooping radio serial. He finds his *Valentine* all right, but it leads to murder. Gloria Dickson and Ruth Terry are very good. (July)

ALMOST MARRIED—Universal: When Jane Frazee's baggage goes to Robert Paige's apartment and his to hers, it leads to romantic complications for them both. It's kind of cute. (June)

ALWAYS IN MY HEART—Warners: Kay Francis decides to marry wealthy Sidney Blackmer to improve the opportunities of her children, Gloria Warren and Frankie Thomas. After her husband, Walter Huston, is paroled from prison, he goes incognito to his family's small town and straightens out the children. It's warm and friendly and Gloria Warren has a beautiful voice. (June)

BASHFUL BACHELOR—RKO-Radio: *Lum* and *Abner* come to the screen in a movie that's in keeping with their radio roles. Chester Lauck (*Lum*) is sweet on Zasu Pitts and almost exterminates his pal, Norris Goff (*Abner*), trying to impress Zasu with his heroism. (June)

BLACK DRAGONS—Monogram: A ridiculous potpourri of nonsense, this, all about a Nazi-inspired plastic surgeon, Bela Lugosi, who makes over six Japanese to look like American industrialists so they can steal our plans like mad. It's silly. (June)

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT—Columbia: Not quite up to their usual standard is this picture of the *Bumpsteads* in which they become the parents of a baby daughter. Penny Singleton as *Blondie* arranges with her husband's boss to keep *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake, out of town until after the blessed event. (Aug.)

BROADWAY—Universal: George Raft plays himself in this remake of the stage play, a motion picture star who returns to New York and relates his experiences as a night-club hoofer. As the flash back unfolds, such characters as Janet Blair, his sweetheart, gangster Broderick Crawford, and assorted entertainers, gangsters and chorus girls pass in review. (Aug.)

SHADOW STAGE

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BULLET SCARS—Warners: Regis Toomey is a doctor called to treat a wounded gangster and he conceives a clever idea for being rescued from mob leader Howard daSylva. You never saw such shooting. You never saw such a picture, either. (June)

✓ *BUTCH MINDS THE BABY*—Universal: Typical Damon Runyon, amusing and completely in character, is this comedy of a paroled convict, Broderick Crawford, who saves young widow Virginia Bruce from suicide and falls in love with her baby. Brod even gets Virginia a job in a night club run by crook Porter Hall and minds the baby while she's at work. With Dick Foran. (June)

CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN, A—Columbia: William Gargan, as *Ellery Queen*, visits the lodge of Ralph Morgan and discovers that Morgan has two daughters, one of whom has been missing for years. Margaret Lindsay, Gargan's secretary, impersonates the missing daughter and when all the murders start. (Aug.)

CORPSE VANISHES, THE—Monogram: Brides mysteriously disappear all over the place until girl reporter Luana Walters sets out to investigate. She finally traces the brides to the lair of Bela Lugosi, where dreadful doings have been done. (July)

ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG—Universal: German and Japanese agents and American cowboys Leo Carrillo, Andy Devine and Don Terry mix it up in a free-for-all before the bombing of Hong Kong. They also get mixed up with Marjorie Lord. (Aug.)

FALCON TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio: The popular screen sleuth, George Sanders, has his own talent for unearthing murderers, this time Ward Bond. Lynn Bari is the gal who catches the Sanders eye. It's well done. (Aug.)

FINGERS AT THE WINDOW—M-G-M: Basil Rathbone is the ruthless killer who hypnotizes psychopathics into killing his victims. Laraine Day is about to be his latest victim when along comes Lew Ayres. Rather interesting. (June)

FLY BY NIGHT—Paramount: Richard Carlson has to escape the law because he's accused of murder, so he forces artist Nancy Kelly to accompany him so she won't sketch his picture and reveal him to the police. The result is harrowing. (June)

GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK, A—Small-U.A.: Gentleman crook Brian Donlevy surrenders to Preston Foster on condition that Foster adopt his baby. When the baby's mother, Miriam Hopkins, and her partner in crime, Philip Reed, attempt to ruin the girl's happiness, Donlevy breaks out of prison to stop them. It doesn't matter much. (June)

GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal: It seems the monster is still alive, this time played by Lon Chaney, so Sir Cedric Hardwicke decides to give him a nice, kind new brain, but after a double-cross, he gets the sly brain of Bela Lugosi, so things are just as bad as before. Ralph Bellamy and Evelyn Ankers are romantic. (June)

✓ *GOLD RUSH, THE*—Chaplin: A must is this re-issue of Chaplin's never-to-be-forgotten comedy. The narration takes the place of the subtitles; the adventures of the little tramp in the gold-mad Klondike are as appealing as ever. (June)

GRAND CENTRAL MURDER—M-G-M: Van Heflin brings distinction to his role of the amateur detective who unravels the mystery of the murdered show girl; Pat Dane as the ruthless little climber who meets death in the Grand Central Station is beautiful and convincing. (Aug.)

GREAT MAN'S LADY, THE—Paramount: Barbara Stanwyck does a wonderful job as the old lady who reveals to a young biographer the story of her part in the life of a great senator, Joel McCrea. McCrea is very good as the weakling molded into a great man by a greater woman, and Brian Donlevy is the strong man in her life. (June)

HENRY AND DIZZY—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon, as *Henry Aldrich*, borrows a motorboat but wrecks it. The efforts of *Henry* and his pal *Dizzy* (Charles Smith) to earn enough money to replace the boat form the basis of the story. Mary Anderson is the pretty girl. Not up to standard. (Aug.)

HER CARDBOARD LOVER—M-G-M: In his gay little number, Robert Taylor falls in love with Norma Shearer who has hired him to protect her against George Sanders. At times both Norma and Rob spread on the histrionics a little thick, but Sanders is, as usual, terrific. (Aug.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—M-G-M: Much below the standard of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald is this bit of trivia taken from the stage play. Nelson is a Budapest playboy who falls in love with an unsophisticated little clerk in his bank. One night he dreams she's an angel. He awakes to find not an angel but the girl he loves. (July)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Warners: This unpleasant picture about a selfish woman isn't Bette Davis's best picture by a long shot. Olivia de Havilland plays Bette's good sister, Dennis Morgan is the man Bette drives to suicide, and George Brent the man fortunate enough to escape her. (July)

(*Continued on page* 107)

Chin up!...

HOW can a girl deal with trig and trivialities when her brother's out there fighting for freedom? Today, especially, when you feel so dull and droopy you've half a mind to cut a class.

Half a mind is right! . . . you can almost hear Bud making a crack like that! "School's your job, Sis", he wrote. "It's part of the American way we're fighting for"!

Well, if he can fight—you can study! But why not organize an all-school treasure hunt for the scrap material Uncle Sam needs for his win. (*Hey look*—one worn-out tire makes 8 gas masks!)

So you tell Jill your brain-wave . . . that you're getting in the fight come Monday, when you'll feel better. And does she give you a look! "Why be so old fashioned?", she asks. "I thought every girl knew about Kotex sanitary napkins"!

Don't wait until Monday!

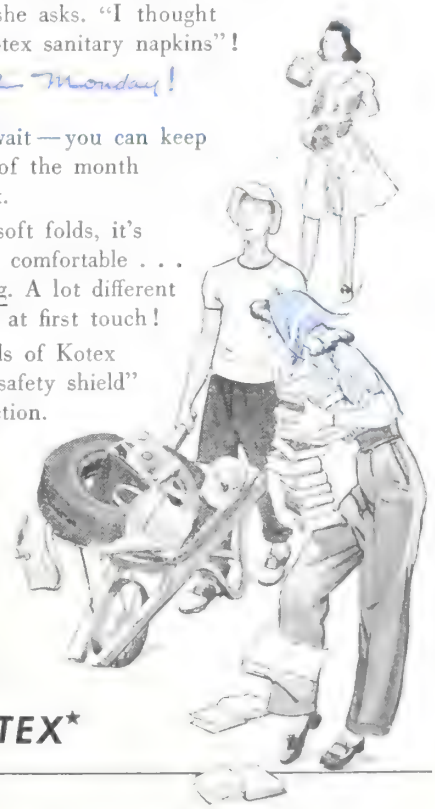
Jill explained you needn't wait—you can keep going in comfort *every* day of the month . . . when you choose Kotex.

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch!

Besides, those flat, pressed ends of Kotex keep your secret safe. And the "safety shield" means real "forget-about-it" protection.

No wonder more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

So now your chin's up—for keeps! And you'll be working for Victory . . . *every* day!



Keep Going in Comfort —WITH KOTEX★

FOR GIRLS ONLY! The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all . . . what to expect . . . what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-9, Chicago, and get copy FREE.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Take The Plunge!

Getting into deep water on the subject of baths for five eye-opening minutes

BY GLORIA MACK

Something extra-special in the way of baths for someone extra-special in the movies—Margaret Lindsay

TAKE a minute out . . .

. . . and think about your bath. So it's just a clean-up, get-clean-quick procedure! You're swimming in the wrong direction if you think only that. A bath is a lot of other things, especially now, when the soldier boys come marching home on furlough demanding that their ladies look more beauteous than they ever did before. For instance, it can clean up a muddy-looking skin in nothing flat, provided you use the right technique. That is, you take a warm sudsy bath at night, lather your face well, rinse off with cold water and briskly rub your skin with a crash towel. Follow that up in the morning with a cool shower and another brisk crash-towel facial and that muddy-looking skin will disappear in nothing flat!

A bath will go to battle against those "soft shoulder" blackheads, too, if you'll just take to yourself a stiff bath brush, lather your shoulders and then scrub like mad with a rotary motion. But remember, a lick and a promise with a soft face cloth will never do the job.

Take two minutes off . . .

. . . and cogitate on the fact that a bath will turn a tired woman of the world into a sweet young thing in a half-hour's time, if she'll just follow directions and keep herself in relaxing warm water for at least fifteen minutes. Then all she has to do is give herself a nice rubdown, a rub-off with cologne and a fine finish with dusting powder of the same scent.

Wrinkle up your pretty brow over what Margaret Lindsay, who's going to town in her new picture, "Enemy Agents," says: "When I'm completely fagged out I take a bath. I go for a very special, luxurious bath—and it's as good as a rest cure. While I'm in the tub, I put bath salts and bubble bath and anything else I can find in the water and I use my nice scented bath soap. A bath brush or a bath mitt is as good as a massage if you're energetic with it, too. Then I soak and soak and when I get through I'm a new woman."

One-minute pause over this:

More from Margaret Lindsay: "I think it's a mistake to call bath accessories bath luxuries. As a matter of fact, you can buy all of them for just a few cents. A luxury is something you can do without and I don't think anyone ought to be without those extra things that go with a bath—they can give one so much in the way of relaxation and renewed vigor! The stimulating effects of bath salts and the rubdown help your vitality; and the perfumed colognes and soaps help you get your minds off your worries!"

Ponder for a minute:

. . about that "bandbox look." It's a head-to-toe procedure; and one of the best ways to get a perfect cleansing of your face is to apply cold cream before your tub and then let the steam give you a double-plus beauty treatment. But, after your bath, be sure you wash your face with warm water and soap, because otherwise, according to Hollywood make-up expert Perc Westmore, you can never be sure that your face is thoroughly cleansed.

Don't forget to go to work on your toes and elbows. A hard brush plus the softening effect of warm sudsy water will rid you of troublesome calluses. Never skip up on dusting powder footwork, either.

A bubble bath will give you a bandbox look, too—and turn you out as pink and pretty as a picture. And what it doesn't do for the morale these war days! You'll feel like a spoiled darling when you march out to meet that khaki date after the big parade.

Now you can have more alluring hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE !

Dramatic simplicity *characterizes smart hair-dos, as well as clothes, this Fall. Before styling, hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks!*

Wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo, with hair conditioner in it, now leaves hair far easier to arrange . . . neater, better groomed!

There's a new beauty thrill in store for you if you haven't tried Drene Shampoo lately! Because the new, improved Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo equals this new Special Drene! No other shampoo leaves hair so lovely and lustrous and at the same time so manageable!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

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Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

OUT OF THE BOOK . . .
ON TO THE SCREEN!
Flaming into your hearts
with all its dramatic fervor—
The emotional thrills, the action-jammed dynamite make a great book into an even greater picture!
Tyrone POWER · Joan FONTAINE
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production
THIS ABOVE ALL
by ERIC KNIGHT
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
with
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Stephenson
Nigel Bruce · Gladys Cooper · Philip Merivale
Sara Allgood
Alexander Knox
Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff
20th CENTURY FOX

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

A living, beautiful tribute: Joan Leslie and James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"

Disney at his best, a stirring poem of beauty: Thumper and Bambi in "Bambi"

✓✓ Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)

t's About: *The life story of the great star, George M. Cohan.*

THE best biographical musical ever to find its way out of Hollywood and the best thing Jimmy Cagney has done in years is this jury's verdict in the case of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," the story of New York's versatile artist, George Michael Cohan.

We believe the film's warmth, the intangible quality that causes one to take it so completely to one's heart, are due to the sincerity of the story itself, the efforts of the cast and the ineness of the man about whom the tory is told.

Cagney is magnificent as Cohan. Walter Huston as his father has never been so appealing. Rosemary DeCamp s his mother, Jeanne Cagney as his ister Josephine, Richard Whorf as his co-producer Sam Harris, and Joan Leslie as his wife, are fine. A bit by Eddie Foy Jr. is a gem.

The music written by Mr. Cohan himself, including "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Over There," is unforettable and so is this picture.

'our Reviewer Says: Our father, our nother, our sister and all of us thank ou.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Yankee Doodle Dandy
Tales Of Manhattan
Bambi
The Gay Sisters
Eagle Squadron
The Pied Piper
The Magnificent Ambersons

Best Performances

James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
Walter Huston in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
Charles Boyer in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Henry Fonda in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Ginger Rogers in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Edward G. Robinson in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Charles Laughton in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Barbara Stanwyck in "The Gay Sisters"
Monty Woolley in "The Pied Piper"
Joseph Cotten in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
Tim Holt in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
Agnes Moorehead in "The Magnificent Ambersons"

✓✓ Bambi (Walt Disney-RKO)

It's About: *The life of a deer in its forest home.*

SURELY Walt Disney's artists have reached their peak of artistic achievement in the drawing of *Bambi* and his forest neighbors. Certainly his animators have surpassed themselves in giving to the birds and animals not only life and movement but emotional reactions such as fear, happiness and contentment.

There is such soul in "Bambi" it is difficult to imagine this a cartooned and not a photographed film. Disney art at its greatest and best is attained in this stirring poem of beauty, which, although lacking the humor of "Snow White" and the novelty of "Pinocchio," stands as a monument to the men who conceived it.

"Bambi" is a little deer born in the forest, living unafraid until man, the villain, strikes terror into his heart and destroys his home.

Children and adults alike will be touched by its message, translated faithfully from the story. As someone suggested, "With this film ends a generation of thoughtless hunters," so deeply does its message strike home.

Your Reviewer Says: A thing of beauty and a joy forever.

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 101

THE SHADOW STAGE

Thrilling: John Loder, Diana Barrymore, Jon Hall and Robert Stack in "Eagle Squadron"

Priceless: Roddy McDowall, Monty Woolley, Fleurette Zama, Anne Baxter in "The Pied Piper"

✓✓ The Gay Sisters (Warners)

It's About: *The pride that goeth before the fall.*

LEST you may anticipate giddy femmes, this story is not about sisters who are gay as birds on the wing, but rather sisters who are singularly covetous, proud and moody. The "gay" comes from the abbreviation of their name "Gaylord." And now that that's clear and off our conscience, we'll go on with the review.

The picture has a mood, a feeling, a certain distinction all its own, different in theme and idea. But we think you'll enjoy it, despite the underlying current of ugliness that is present even in the most ludicrous moments. Oh, yes, it has those, too.

Barbara Stanwyck (the proud one), Geraldine Fitzgerald (the covetous) and Nancy Coleman (the moody one) are sisters whose estate has been held in litigation for twenty years, a situation that has impoverished but never beaten them. George Brent is the man responsible for their legal difficulties. As it turns out, he's more than that, too, but we ain't a-tellin'.

Larry Simms (of the "Blondie" series) is one of the most appealing child actors we've seen and does a whale of a good job as "that certain little boy." A newcomer, Gig Young, proves a find, if this be a sample.

Your Reviewer Says: Different, mark you, but good.

✓✓ Eagle Squadron (Wanger-Universal)

It's About: *American aviators with the R.A.F.*

THIS picture is a stirring, thrilling tribute to our American boys who, as the credit sheet reads, did not wait to be stabbed in the back but joined England in her fight against Germany before our entry into the war.

Actual action shots of the Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F., as our American boys are called, are incorporated into the story and lend a thrilling effect. The film sequences showing planes in the air over Germany are among the best we've ever seen.

Robert Stack does his best work to date as the American who joins the Eagle Squadron and grows bitter at the seeming indifference of the English to his pal's death. But somehow he learns the English have buried all selfish and personal sorrows to cope with the one great united sorrow at hand.

Leif Erikson as his pal, Eddie Albert as a girl-smitten flyer, Diana Barrymore as the English miss in service, John Loder as the officer who loses her (why must it always be so?) comprise a good cast in a good picture.

Quentin Reynolds speaks a very timely foreword.

Your Reviewer Says: On the beam.

✓✓ The Pied Piper (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The flight of an Englishman and refugee children from France.*

WE have fallen madly in love with the *Pied Piper* played (and oh, little chillun, how he's played) by Monty Woolley. The delicious dialogue, the finesse, the sureness of direction, the—well, just everything.

Woolley is an elderly Englishman on a fishing trip in France when the Nazis invade. As a favor, he agrees to take back to England with him two English children. The little pair grow and expand into a group as Mr. Woolley travels through devastated France on his way to England.

But, alas, the Nazis catch up with him and then—but wait. It's sheer drama with a chuckle, a laugh with a tear. Anne Baxter, the French girl who befriends them, and Roddy McDowall, oldest of the children, are delightful. In fact, this whole picture is an out-and-out gem. Don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: Priceless.

✓ The Magnificent Dope (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A country bumpkin who outsmarts a city slicker.*

FONDA and Ameche! Covered wagon and Spitfire! It's the same thing, really, and this picture that depicts Fonda as a yokel jerk who comes to New York to claim his $500 prize as the magnificent dope, offered by "high pressure" Ameche, proves it. Only, as so often happens, the Spitfire comes to a forced landing while the covered wagon rolls into the home base with the girl.

Ameche, fast-talking, glib and smooth, receives a neat going-over by shy (?) Mr. Fonda, who catches on quick to Don's tricks and trumps them with his own little aces. Ameche finally adopts Fonda's theory of relaxation for his success school and does all right, too.

Lynn Bari, as the girl, has ability, looks and charm. One could ask for no more. Edward Everett Horton and George Barbier add a lot to the fun.

Your Reviewer Says: A right perky piece.

(*Continued on page* 102)

"Thank goodness I *need* orange juice!"

"Imagine the doctor saying I *have* to drink orange juice. Why—it tastes better than *anything!*

"He says I need it so I'll have good bones and nice teeth...so I'll grow big and strong...so I won't have so many colds and things.

"Mother lets me have it between-meals too. *She* says it won't spoil my appetite like most sweets.

"I'm glad they feel that way about it. If they didn't, I guess I'd just have to yell for it!"

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS ALIKE, fresh orange juice is the most practical *natural* source of daily needed vitamin C. Doctors will advise amounts for infants. At six years, children should have as much as grown-ups—an 8-ounce glass every day for full vitamin C benefits. Orange juice also supplies valuable quantities of vitamins A, B_1 and G, calcium and other minerals.

"Last year I was just a little girl—orange juice sure makes you grow!"

From Natural Color Photographs

Sunkist

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? You can still have plenty of oranges for juice and sugar-saving sweets! Just buy in larger quantities—*they keep!* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,500 cooperating growers.

Have You a Modern "Juicer"? A well-designed reamer will help you get more juice from oranges—quicker. Select one with a large, "orange-size" reaming cone and ample bowl. The "Sunkist" glass reamer (illustrated) is famous for its efficiency. Available nearly everywhere. Priced low. Millions sold. The Sunkist Juicit, electric extractor for home use, will be back after the war.

Sunkist

***California* Oranges**

Best for Juice-*and Every use!*

"Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 P.M., E.T.—Mon., Wed., Fri.

9 simple hints on how to KEEP FIT AND FEEL BETTER during "those certain days"

1. DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO SHUN WATER!

DO KEEP EXTRA CLEAN. TAKE A LUKEWARM SHOWER, TUB OR SPONGE BATH EVERY DAY.

2. DON'T GET OVERTIRED OR LOSE SLEEP!

DO GET EIGHT HOURS' SLEEP EVERY NIGHT!

3. IF YOU'RE CONSTIPATED ON THOSE "CERTAIN DAYS"—

DO EAT PLENTY OF ROUGHAGE FOODS, DRINK PLENTY OF WATER!

4. IF YOU'RE ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY—DO THIS WHEN YOU GET HOME.

LIE ON YOUR BACK AND PRETEND TO PEDAL A BICYCLE FOR 5 MINUTES.*

5. IF YOU SIT ALL DAY AT WORK—DO THIS WHEN YOU GET HOME.

WALK ON HANDS AND FEET FOR A FEW MINUTES.*

6. DON'T CUT OUT GOOD TIMES AND MOPE AT HOME!

DO ENJOY PARTIES WITHOUT "JITTERBUGGING" OR GETTING OVERTIRED.

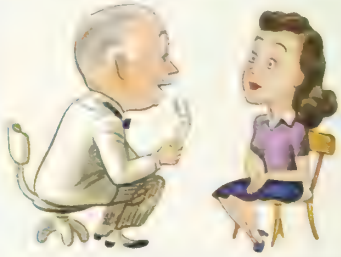
7. DON'T USE NAPKINS THAT CHAFE!

DO BE SURE YOUR SANITARY NAPKIN IS AS SOFT AS POSSIBLE!

8. DON'T WEAR NAPKINS TOO LONG!

DO CHANGE NAPKINS OFTEN TO BE SURE OF COMFORT!

9. IF YOU STILL HAVE SEVERE PAIN EVEN AFTER FOLLOWING THESE HINTS—



DO SEE YOUR DOCTOR!

*P.S. FOR MANY MORE HINTS ON HOW TO KEEP FIT, WRITE ADDRESS BELOW.**

*FREE booklet: "YOU AND THOSE CERTAIN DAYS"
Write Educational Dept., The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

THIS PAGE WAS PREPARED IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL HEALTH—BECAUSE EVERY WOMAN-HOUR IS NEEDED TO HELP WIN THE WAR.

Modess —the fluff-type napkin that 3 out of every 4 women found— **Softer**

ABOUT THAT PRICE—

YOU who went to your newsstand this month, or received your copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR from the boy salesman who calls at your home, were asked for an extra five cents.

Though it is the most expensive movie publication of all to produce, we have waited until the last possible moment to raise the price of your favorite magazine.

Now, the costs of publishing a magazine of the quality and quantity of Photoplay-Movie Mirror have risen to a point beyond which we cannot go without asking you to share with us the expense of continuing to make it the best in its field.

In deciding to raise the price of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, the publishers recognized the desirability of being able to offer a magazine even more beautiful and exciting, if it were physically possible to do. The ways and means were found. You have been asked to share with us the additional costs of publication, but you are going to get a bonus which we hope is worth much more than the extra nickel you are spending.

In addition to the four full color portrait pages Photoplay-Movie Mirror has always brought you, we have now added two more full pages.

A WAY of measuring the value of these pages might be to consider that Hollywood no longer is able to sell to you black and white photographs of the stars at 25 cents each. While, on the other hand, in Photoplay-Movie Mirror you now get six portrait pages in full color for 15 cents.

In addition, there is now color to brighten several of the story pages you find after the enlarged portrait section.

A few weeks ago I called on several of you, sat with you in the living rooms of your homes and asked you what we could do to make the magazine even more pleasing at the new price.

You were gratifyingly interested, taking your time from the busy routine of the day to answer questions. I came back to my desk with a strong sense of satisfaction, for all of you had told me frankly what you liked and what you didn't like about the magazine.

You mentioned "Fearless" and how you appreciated the sense of honesty you gained from reading what "Fearless" had to tell you.

You confirmed our editorial choice of Hedda Hopper as a brilliant, witty and informative reporter of the Hollywood scene. You put your finger both on our weak and strong spots. For instance, you pointed the way to improvement on our cooking and beauty departments.

Yes, you readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror who invited me into your homes and who became editors for a day proved that you know exactly what you want when you shop for magazines.

With your help, I think we have been able to offer you a magazine this month which is worth the nickel more you are being asked to spend. As partial evidence, I offer Dorothy Kilgallen's stimulating and amusing story on page 30; Adela Rogers St. Johns's brilliant analysis of Paulette Goddard on page 28; "Fearless's" sympathetic explanation of many surprising romances; the six stunning color pages; the bright and helpful fashions; the exclusive details of Myrna Loy's sudden marriage to John Hertz Jr.

You who buy Photoplay-Movie Mirror are honestly and sincerely interested in bargains. So you can see why we believe more than ever in the phrase you have been reading on the cover of the magazine the past twenty-one months and why we think it should be edited to say:

"Still two great magazines for the price of one."

Ernest V. Heyn

PAULETTE GODDARD

Woman of Daring

Wherever Goddard and Charles Chaplin went, public gaze followed—and the whispers started. Was she his wife, his friend, or just his inspiration?

At twenty-one she was a platinum blonde, a girl with a reputation

She's the girl with nine lives, the lady who has provided Hollywood with its favorite mystery, the wife who has dared to play a strange marriage game

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IT is one of Hollywood's most dramatic stories how Paulette Goddard —she of the stimulating beauty and vivid talent—has made herself a star with the breath of scandal and the spotlight of sensational gossip following her wherever she has gone. How in the latest well-timed explosion of her dynamic career, she has contrived to turn disaster into triumph.

Paulette Goddard is a woman of daring.

For years she provided Hollywood with its favorite mystery. When, at last, it was time to end the silence so full of delicious implications, she was ready with a new puzzle equally surrounded with hushed whispers.

The first time I saw Paulette Goddard, dark and sultry and attractive, was at a very highbrow dinner in Hollywood. The girl sat next to Charlie Chaplin at the speakers' table and I remember very well that she was much more the center of attention than any of the literary great seated near her and that even then the whispered conversation running back and forth across the large banquet room concerned her much more than it did the distinguished guests we had all come to see.

The whispers were passed on, between the seven courses of the banquet, like tidbits of delicious food. "Was Chaplin going to marry this starlet?" "Were they really so in love?" "Was her fate to be that of Chaplin's other young wives?" "Would he really make a star of her?"

I remember thinking, "This girl is young, but she can take care of herself. She will come out on top no matter what happens. There is steel under that young loveliness. She is the kind of girl who has nine lives."

The last time I saw Paulette Goddard she stood on the stage of a hushed theater. Beside her was the slight, grey-haired genius whose latest picture, "The Great Dictator," was about to be given its world premiere. There was a pause, then Charlie Chaplin said:

"My wife, Paulette Goddard, and I hope you will enjoy the picture."

It seemed as if the curtain had been rung down on the third act of a great drama.

I should have remembered that Paulette Goddard was the girl of nine lives. For a few months later there was a front-page story that said Paulette Goddard was divorcing the man who finally had publicly presented her as his wife.

The girl who had dared to live for years without the world's knowing whether she was wife, friend or inspiration now dared to divorce the man who had only just said they were legally husband and wife.

We in Hollywood first knew her as the girl who rolled into town in a Hispano-Suiza with her mother, a $200,000 bank account and a brand-new divorce. Quite an achievement for (*Continued on page* 96)

If I Were Queen OF HOLLYWOOD

A royal-purple columnist gets herself a shiny crown and then sets out to do a bit of crowning herself!

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Why, Queen Kilgallen! How could you ever suggest anything like that for limpid-eyed Lamarr?

The author, famous woman reporter, columnist and radio commentator

There'd be plenty of cash in the royal treasury if Vic Mature had to obey the queen

SOMETIMES on rainy days I like to dream of being Queen of Hollywood, with a diamond crown on my curls and an ermine throne to sit on and a jeweled sceptre to wave around in the California breeze. Of course, it is pretty safe to bet that no whimsical Wizard of Oz will ever transport me to a gilded palace from which I can issue orders to Sam Goldwyn, Will Hays and Bette Davis—but if that *should* happen, I'll know what to do!

If I were Queen of Hollywood, I'd give an "Incredible" Award to—the worst picture of the year and this year it would go to "The Shanghai Gesture" . . . I'd command George Raft's wife to give him a divorce so he and Betty Grable could marry and live happily ever after . . . Bob Hope would be my court jester . . . I'd never let Hedy Lamarr grow middle-aged the way she did in "H. M. Pulham Esq.", simply by powdering her hair at the temples. She'd have to put on a few pounds or take off a little glamour, or acquire a few crow's-feet around the limpid orbs.

I'd clamor for more interesting individuals like Joan Fontaine and Greer Garson, and fewer rootin' tootin' cuties . . . I'd never let heroes call heroines "My sweet."

One of my first reforms would be architectural. I would demand that at least two-thirds of the restaurants, cafes, hot-dog stands and filling stations be remodeled to look like what they are, instead of caricatures of Moorish castles, Breton lighthouses, Provençal chateaux and Dali nightmares . . . I'd force everybody in Hollywood to sign an "I Ain't Kidding" pledge so all that time spent by the various citizens asking one another, "Are you kidding?" could be put to more profitable use . . . I'd make Victor Mature pay a fine every time he gave out one of those poisonous interviews on the subject of Victor Mature . . . I'd send for Wendy Hiller, who was so wonderful in "Pygmalion" and "Major Barbara,"

Let Errol Flynn follow imperial orders and there'd be less liniment sold in Hollywood

Kate Hepburn would certainly take up the slack nicely!

Merle Oberon, now Lady Merle, would have another title pronto in the gay Kilgallen reign

and put her right to work in front of the cameras without tacking on so much as a single false eyelash or gleaming enamel tooth jacket . . . I'd banish all moustaches, with the possible exception of Jerry Colonna's—because shearing his would be practically cutting a man in half!

I'd forbid all comedies that kid the Nazis—because I don't think the Nazis are kidding . . . I'd let vaudeville come back to life "in the flesh" if it can, but not in pictures where long routines and running gags and mugging definitely have no place . . . I'd try to find an animal star like Rin Tin Tin, so the pooches of the nation could have an idol, too . . . I'd ask Joan Crawford to give a lesson in Deportment and Etiquette Toward Fans And The Proletariat to some of the Jenny-come-latelys among the glamour girls who worry their studios, are rude to their admirers and terrorize their employers . . . I'd team Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers again, to a score by Irving Berlin . . . I wouldn't let Cary Grant sit under the apple tree with anybody else but me.

I'd have Bette Davis play a happy-go-lucky Pollyanna type in a picture without a single tear or tense moment. She'd just laugh and laugh and laugh—and I *don't* mean leer! . . . I'd confer Knighthood on Alfred Hitchcock every night in the week . . . I'd have Dorothy Lamour wear the old sweater and cap and let Bing Crosby and Bob Hope wear the sarongs . . . I'd give Lee Tracy juicy assignments . . . I'd take motion-picture exhibitors to task for some of those double features that destroy all sense of realism by having an actor die a very sad death in one film and then spring into being again, peppy as all get out, in the second feature on the bill . . . I'd allow Katharine Hepburn to wear slacks, even to court functions, because—on *her* they're becoming.

I'd demand to be told what it is that W. C. Fields has that I don't get and why I fail to see anything even slightly amusing in any of his pictures, and why I (*Continued on page* 90)

Columnists were agog over Norma Shearer's hinted romance with young ski instructor Martin Arrougé. Her friends thought she'd deny it; instead she stunned them by admitting just how she felt—and why

Romance for the *Lonely*

BY "FEARLESS"

Bob Sterling too young for Ann Sothern (left)? Wait a minute. Look at that situation as it's explained here. Joan Crawford liked Glenn Ford and vice versa; that romance didn't turn out because Crawford thought of something most Hollywood women completely ignore

The quest for love is as important in Hollywood—and as misunderstood—as it is anywhere else on earth where there are women whose hearts are empty

WHEN Norma Shearer's reported romance with young Martin Arrougé, her ski instructor, hit the front pages, friends waited for Norma's denials. None came. Instead Norma, mother of two children, confided to friends that despite the difference in their ages, the romance was serious.

Hollywood had no doubt of it after glimpsing the pair dancing together at night clubs, Norma with stars in her eyes. At the airport recently when Norma bade Martin a lingering good-by, as he left for a brief trip to New York, everyone was convinced Norma Shearer intended to marry this man if indeed she hadn't already done so, as rumored. She had met him at Sun Valley where she'd gone on a skiing vacation. He was young—twenty-seven—of excellent family, born in Utah of French descent. He had come to Sun Valley himself as a guest, but had stayed on to become an instructor. Shy and unprepossessing, he had a great love for children and he took Norma Shearer's children to his heart. It was that that brought them together—and who is there to say that Norma herself was not struck, as all Hollywood has been, with his close resemblance to her late husband Irving Thalberg?

"I've been a widow for six years," Norma told her friends, "and in those years I've spent too many lonely hours. Besides, my children love him. For me," she added with wistful dignity, "it's a serious romance."

In those revealing words can be found the answer to so many "lonely romances" in Hollywood, the town that's been called, and rightly so, the loneliest one in the world.

Night after night, Hollywood beauties, whom any ordinary lad would give his eye teeth to date, sit alone waiting for their phones to ring. One famous blonde starlet recently confessed that she hadn't had a date in three weeks.

Why is this? Simply because movie stars are placed beyond the pale of ordinary human beings through peculiar circumstances, exactly as if success had shut them off by a wall. Stars are so intent on getting ahead, holding on, climbing through the years and reaching the peak, that when the time finally comes to breathe easily, to let down a bit, in the knowledge that their careers are set and the goal reached, they discover that love and romance have not waited.

This is not just the star's fault, remember, but Hollywood's own. "Be careful with whom you're seen," studios caution starlets on their way up. "You have a position to maintain," they warn the newly christened star. "Move in the right circles, know only the best, be seen only with the famous."

Which is all right until one day grown-up Miss Glamour Girl awakens to the awful fact that her purse may be full, but her heart is empty. Then comes the quest for love to fill that empty heart. If it can't be found with people one's own age, and in Hollywood it seldom can, there is a reaching out of empty hands and hungry hearts to whoever offers the love.

Sometimes it works out beautifully. But oftener it doesn't.

Bette Davis (*Continued on page* 80)

Bombardier's Bride

Priscilla Lane, who's discovered how to be a perfect war wife to Lt. Joe Howard

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

Keeping house today in seventh heaven in the middle of the desert are Pat and her bombardier instructor Howard. Exclusive is this Fink picture of him; for the inside story on it, see page 78

THE last rays of the desert sun slanted through the windows opening into the long living room in the white adobe bungalow where Priscilla Lane and Lieutenant Joe Howard were being married. Like a studio spotlight, the beams fell across the little wedding party grouped in front of the wide fireplace.

There was Bonnie, Pat's chum and "stand-in," who had driven down to El Rancho Vegas, the popular desert dude ranch, to act as maid of honor; there was Lieutenant Colonel George Hardman, director of training at Victorville in Joe's bombardier squadron, who had come over to be best man. Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Anderson and his wife, in whose bungalow the wedding was taking place, and Justice of the Peace Mahlon Brown completed the group who had gathered in the quiet afternoon to participate in this solemn union of two rapt young people.

Standing beside her soldier, trim and straight in his dress uniform, Pat in her simple powder blue wool dress and blue felt hat looked more like a high-school graduate than a movie star. Yet this fresh, clear-eyed girl had already known what it meant to have one marriage fail. In all honesty she could not deny that being radiantly in love didn't necessarily mean one would be a successful wife.

Nevertheless, Pat wouldn't have been human if, in that moment when Joe took her in his arms at the conclusion of the simple ceremony, she hadn't believed that here at last she had found her great love. That this time it was forever. Besides, wasn't that what the inscription inside their wedding rings said?

The sound of popping champagne corks and clinking glasses broke the desert stillness as Pat and Joe slipped out onto the porch. Skirting the deserted swimming pool, they ran down the path and jumped into the waiting car.

Before news of the wedding got around, the bride and bridegroom were well on their way to Victorville, headed for the modest five-room cottage Joe had rented for their first home.

Oddly enough it was on the set of "Silver Queen," Pat's latest picture, that she first heard about that home, scarcely ten days before she was to enter it as a bride. She had been most reluctant to discuss her romance with her stalwart young bombardier instructor. The scars of her secret and unhappy marriage to Oren Haglund, the (*Continued on page* 78)

ENLARGED

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Ginger Rogers: Appearing in Paramount's "The Major And The Minor" page 3

Betty Grable: Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Footlight Serenade" . . . page 5

Carole Landis: Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Orchestra Wives" page 5

Rita Hayworth: Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Tales Of Manhattan" . . . page

Jinx Falkenburg: Appearing in Columbia's "Lucky Legs" . . . page

Joan Leslie: Appearing in Warners' "Yankee Doodle Dandy" . . . . . page

Robert Taylor: Appearing in M-G-M's "Cargo Of Innocents" page

John Carroll: Appearing in Republic's "Flying Tigers" . . . . . page

Ginger Rogers

The first name's Alan; his first smash, "This Gun For Hire." The first complete lowdown about him? This one right here

This Ladd For Hire

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

ONE type that the late (and very busy) Dr. Sigmund Freud, prober of the human mind, left strangely unexplored is the killer-Casanova. In a way, it is a pity. If only the good doctor had got around to the subject, there would be available right this minute scientific explanation for the phenomenon of Alan Ladd who burst with such lethal violence into the public ken via a blood-soaked melodrama called "This Gun For Hire."

The absence of a scientific explanation disturbs nobody but the scholars. Countless impressionable maidens in the Union take Ladd for the sleep-disturber that he is, gaze fondly at his photograph and deluge him with passionate fan mail.

"The guy is moider," according to the president of the Brooklyn-Alan-Ladd-For-Practically-Anything-He-Wants-Club.

"He incites a riot when he appears in Times Square," deposes a sergeant of New York's finest in charge of traffic, referring to Ladd's having unguardedly passed by the Paramount Theater his first day in town to gaze, rapt, at his name in lights, a faux pas which got him practically stripped by admirers.

Add to this popular acclaim the all-out cheering of the New York critics and you have a future which anyone can recognize as deep rose.

Anyone but Alan Ladd. He still doesn't believe it.

"It's a mirage," he says. "Tomorrow I'll be back at the old stand and no customers."

When the Ladd lad talks like that, he is a bit on the all-wet side, although he does have grounds for his skepticism. A couple of years ago you could have bought his services for peanuts—unshelled, at that. And no takers. At least not until a lady named Sue Carol came on the scene. But maybe we ought to go way back to the beginning.

WHAT makes the struggle of Alan Ladd different from almost every other struggle for success is the fact that he hadn't the remotest idea of becoming an actor; the idea was wished on him.

He was seven when his mother and stepfather quit his native Hot Springs, Arkansas, for California, first at Alhambra, then at North Hollywood. Ladd's father, who died when his scion was three, had been an auditor. His foster father, who left Arkansas for the milk and honey of California, was a house painter.

Golden California proved to be an illusion for the Ladds. Nobody much needed the services of the Arkansas traveler who (*Continued on page* 70)

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF—
WE QUIT!

Several issues ago, Photoplay-Movie Mirror made the innocent mistake of asking noted experts to pick the best figures—male and female—in Hollywood. Ever since Betty Grable and Errol Flynn were announced as the winners, we've wished we had been smart enough to mind our own business.

It seems many of you weren't inclined to agree with some of the candidates.

As far as you were concerned, our noted experts shouldn't have limited the field just to Betty and Errol. The stream of protests suggesting other star contenders for figure honors is still flooding our desks.

We open letters like these every day:

From Norton Buckley, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Was interested in your story the Best Figure in Hollywood but your judges sure went sour when they didn't even mention Carole Landis!...

Betty Grable is plenty okay with me, but when it
es to the best figure you must have been blind when
didn't put Rita Hayworth at the top of the list...

From Alfred Comstock, Klamath Falls, Oregon

From Gwenn Findley, Atlanta, Georgia

Where does Vic Mature come in on your list? I should think he'd have beaten the field and you didn't even mention him!

From H. C., New Haven, Conn.

'f John Payne doesn't have a better physique
several stars who placed, I'll eat my hat!..
not give readers a chance to vote on the feminine
with the best figure and the male star with the
build?

rom Caroline Nohl, Chicago, Illinois

, you put Loretta Young in the top ten! Well, me Jinx Falkenburg the personification of utdoor American girl.

So We've Thrown Up the Sponge!

Now it's up to you to select the best figures in Hollywood. And just to make the job easier, we're publishing four eye-filling figures on the next two pages. (Also, to show that our experts weren't so far off the beam, we've included Betty Grable.)

Next month with the October issue as your reviewing stand you will find more contenders on exhibit. Remember, this is only the beginning. Keep on watching until you've had a complete lineup of potential winners. Then we'll give you the signal to send in your vote for the winners.

Good luck—and good looks!

Betty Grable

Carole Landis

Rita Hayworth

Jinx Falkenburg

Frances Dee got the lead in "Name, Age And Occupation," produced by Pare Lorentz (below). It was a plum; but should she have picked it?

How to

You can write your own

ARE you the "right person for the right job?" Or, if you haven't yet started to work but soon will, do you know in what job you will be most successful?

In times when every work hour means one step nearer victory, this is a vital problem. In fact, RKO is making a picture about it called "Name, Age And Occupation," featuring Frances Dee and produced by Pare Lorentz, the genius of such government films as "The River" and "The Fight For Life."

There is no greater loss to the employer, no greater tragedy to the individual than the wrong job. The scientific effort of large organizations—airplane factories, department stores, public utility companies—to place their employees in the right job by something more than guesswork proves this. By intelligence tests, aptitude tests and personality tests, they make sure that each job fits the right worker.

Are you game to try a personality job test yourself?

You'll have good company—Frances Dee herself tackled it with no more warning than you're getting now. And after you have finished the test, you will see the actual answers Frances gave which proved what the right job for her is.

The test won't guarantee a $50 a week job the minute you've scored your answers. But it will help to tell you whether you should be a stenographer, or a precision worker in an airplane factory, a receptionist or a laboratory assistant, a nurse, a secretary—yes, or even an actor.

You'll note that the test is divided into two quiz sections. This is because the questions in each section are carefully chosen to bring out certain personal characteristics.

Yours not to figure why; yours but to answer honestly—that is, if you want real help from the job analysis we give you after you finish the test.

Now then, get out that pencil and start writing your own career ticket!

get the job you want

ticket to more money, new friends, if you're game to put your future to this test

BY DOROTHY HAAS

QUIZ I

1. Do you usually keep your feelings to yourself when things go wrong? _____
2. Do you have at least one real hobby? _____
3. Do you usually obey "Keep off the Grass" signs? _____
4. Do you give considerable thought to your professional future? _____
5. Have you read at least three *good* books in the last year? _____
6. Do you feel that people usually think well of you? _____
7. Do you usually do things that are good for you, even if you do not like them? _____
8. Do you believe old people deserve special help not given to others? _____
9. Is it easy for you to compliment people when they have done something well? _____
10. Are you especially friendly to new students in your class or new employees where you work?
11. Do you ever do anything to improve the appearance of your home surroundings? _____
12. If you were working, would you be eager to know the entire process of work of the organization, instead of just knowing your own particular little job?_____
13. If your boss were away from the office could you do good, useful work without direct supervision? _____
14. Are you willing to accept responsibility? _____
15. Do you enjoy big parties, picnics, etc.? _____
16. Do you usually finish things you begin? _____
17. If a person makes a promise to you, are you annoyed if he (or she) fails to keep it? _____
18. Do you make most of your decisions on the spur of the moment? _____
19. Are you doing any kind of First Aid, Red Cross, AWVS, USO or other voluntary "war work"? _____
20. Are you *eager* to forego privileges and material things to help win the war? _____
21. Do you really read the newspapers, not just the movie news, society page and funnies? _____
22. Does it make you happy to know your friends are getting along well? _____
23. Do you find it easy to accept well-meant and sound advice?_____
24. If you find an article, do you make an effort to return it to the person who lost it? _____
25. Do you like to entertain your friends in your own home? _____

QUIZ II

1. Is it hard for you to remember names of people you meet? _____
2. Have you found it difficult to make as many friends as you wish? _____
3. Do you find it hard to meet new people at social affairs? _____
4. Do you do favors only because you think you "have to"? _____
5. Do you often feel lonely, even when you are with other people? _____
6. Do you feel inferior to other people very often? _____
7. Do you think that people do not appreciate your efforts—or you? _____
8. Are people often so unfair or unkind to you that you feel like crying or throwing things? _____
9. Is it difficult for you to introduce or to be introduced to people? _____
10. Do you usually wait for someone to tell you what to do before you begin something, in work or recreation? _____
11. Do you find it difficult to "warm up" to people you have just met? _____
12. If you need assistance, do you find it hard to ask other people for that help? _____
13. Do you lose your temper quickly and frequently? _____
14. Is it hard for you to go on with work if you do not get enough encouragement? _____
15. Is it hard for you to admit it when you are in the wrong? _____
16. Do you feel that people often treat you rather badly? _____
17. Do you sometimes avoid responsibility or work if you think you can get out of it? _____
18. Do you believe it is justifiable to be discourteous to disagreeable people? _____
19. Is it hard for you to lead in "pepping up" a dull party? _____
20. Do you let people know it when they irritate you? _____
21. Do you keep a diary? _____
22. If you do a favor for someone, do you expect a favor in return? _____
23. When you are reading does your mind wander so that you frequently have to reread? _____
24. Do you trip over your own tongue or stutter when you are angry or excited? _____
25. Do you find you have trouble going to sleep? _____

Scoring: Give yourself two points for each "Yes" answer in Quiz I and two points for each "No" in Quiz II. Add the two sums together. If the total is from 0 to 24, your rating is found in the A group below; from 26 to 50, in the B; from 52 to 74, in the C; from 76 to 100, in the D.

A.

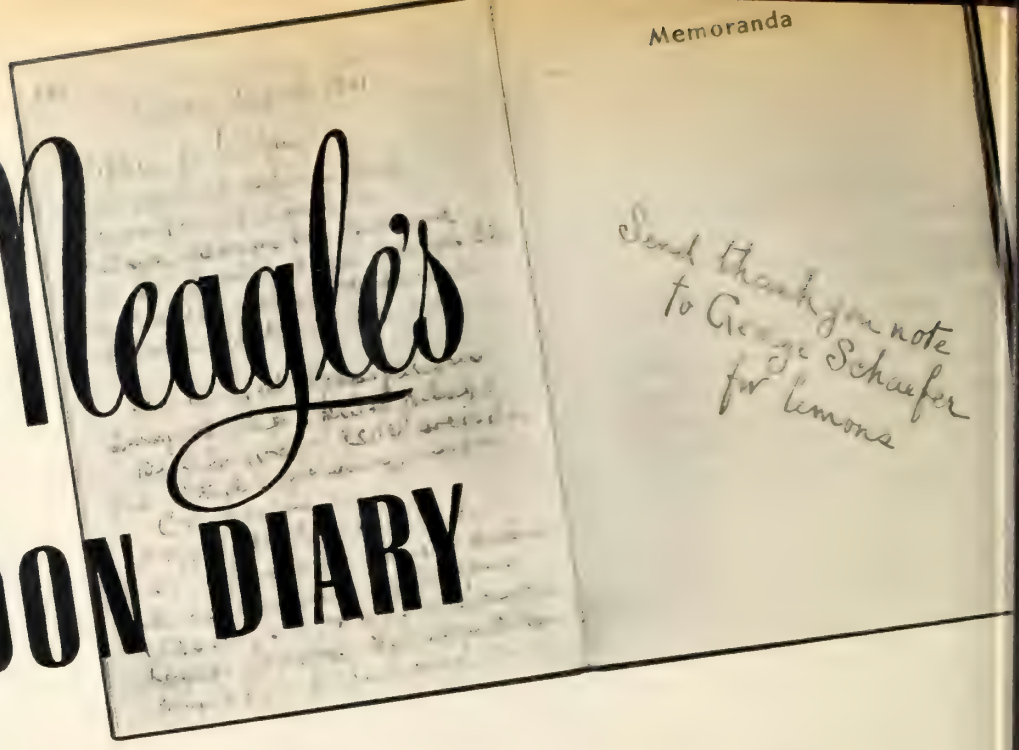
Why do you draw so much within yourself? And why do you doubt the good intentions of other people and shy away from them? People, in general, are swell guys, if you'll meet them halfway!

Are you working as a receptionist, saleswoman, teacher, beautician? If you are, you're probably in the wrong job. You should do some type of work in which you need not deal constantly with other people. You can excel in other things, using any special talents you have, be they mental or manual. Meanwhile, develop faith in yourself and make an effort to be more friendly with other people.

If you have manual dexterity—and you are a very valuable citizen if you have—use it! You can excel in defense plant (*Continued on page* 76)

Joan Leslie

Anna Neagle's LONDON DIARY



There is only one way to describe the living document this woman has agreed to reveal. It is magnificent

Edited by MARIAN RHEA

The following vivid, human document is comprised of excerpts from a personal diary kept by Anna Neagle during her recent sojourn in England for the filming of "They Flew Alone." Miss Neagle makes no pretense of being an author. Nor had she any thought during its writing that her diary might one day appear in print. However, at PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S *urgent request, she has consented to its publication in part in the belief that its contents may add their bit to the great and inspiring saga of the British people at war.*

—The Editors.

AUGUST 19, 1941 . . . Clipper for Lisbon. Just before we left New York, Mr. Schaefer (*George Schaefer, former president of RKO*) presented me with an attractively done up box labeled: "Orchids to wear in England." Box very heavy, though, and I found it contained *lemons!* I imagine I shall appreciate them more than their weight in orchids, since apparently England is getting no citrus fruits, nor fruits of any kind. Stopped at Bermuda—to witness our first signs of war. Blinds drawn. Men in uniform. All papers confiscated. My use of my real name, Marjorie Robertson, made customs man suspicious. He thought I was posing as May Robson!

August 20, 1941 . . . First Azores, then Lisbon. Met by the Portuguese press and was pleased to hear that "Victoria" was greatest success ever known in Portugal. Entered Estoril Palace with Shirer's "Berlin Diary" under my arm to the obvious disgust of equally obvious Nazis.

August 21, 1941 . . . Visited the air attaché here to see about passage for England. Cannot leave for a few days. Lisbon most colorful and fascinating. At dinner tonight, at the table next to ours, the Nazi minister was entertaining Italian and Japanese ministers . . . a rather significant and ominous group. At the table next to them sat a "spy woman." An artist I met had seen her in Prague and knew she carried an Austrian passport and yet she had recently come from Vienna to Lisbon with a *British passport!* She rather gave me the shivers. There seems to be terrible poverty here, behind the glitter and color of Lisbon's motley international throng, and the people are totally unprepared for invasion. Gracie Fields's Clipper is held up here and she is temporarily "broke" on account of the British law allowing only $50 to be taken out of England at one time, so I lent her $50—and she the highest paid actress in the world!

August 24, 1941 . . . Left at 5:30 this morning for England. Dutch (British now, of course), Portuguese and German planes drawn up side by side at the airport. Flight toward England very beautiful and it was difficult to realize we were approaching a land in the throes of war—that is, until the plane was completely blacked out and we were told we were over the battle area. Arrived (*censored*) and were taken behind high walls for customs inspection. Officials extremely interested in American sentiment toward Britain. Later went on a little tour of the city and saw for the first time with my own eyes (*this was Miss Neagle's first trip to her homeland since Britain went to war*), the ruin wrought by the enemy. It is an indescribable sensation to behold the desecration of your native soil. I felt terrible sorrow and a terrible anger. (*Continued on page 72*)

David Niven: "Handsome . . . an ideal Commando!"

Richard Greene: looking so fit"

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, R.A.F. standbys

Anna Neagle in "They Flew Alone," portraying Britain's great flyer, Amy Mollison

"You'll find her hard to handle at first," Jim said to Woody

FLYING TIGERS

"I'd take you—on any terms," he said. He didn't have to. She took him!

Fiction version by
WILL OURSLER

A Republic picture. Associate Producer, Edmund Grainger; Director, David Miller. Screen play by Kenneth Gamet and Barry Trivers from an original story by Kenneth Gamet

IN the musty Buddhist temple which served as squadron headquarters, Jim Gordon paced the floor with long angry strides, a troubled light in his gray eyes.

"My dear Mrs. Dale—" His voice had a hard, metallic sound. "It is with deepest sorrow I inform you that your brave son—"

He halted, glanced to Brooke Elliott, typing at the improvised desk across the room. Brooke brushed back a lock of blonde hair from her forehead. "What's wrong with that, Jim?"

"Hearts and flowers," he said harshly. "Sentimental twash—"

"But you can't be too cold," she said. "This goes to his mother."

He stood looking down at her, his lean face drawn and tired. "You write it, Brooke. Say—anything you like."

She nodded, cool blue eyes surveying the man before her. The hard lines of his face, the bitterness in the eyes, the callous manner. But she knew it was false—a shield he wore, here in Burma, with disaster his daily diet.

"All right, Jim. I'll do it."

Her fingers danced on the keys of the battered typewriter, spinning pat little phrases of sympathy. A boy named Dale, young, eager-eyed. His first time out. Now she must write his mother.

It was finished at last, sealed up. Jim held the letter in his hand. "Dale had no business in China," he muttered bitterly. "We need tough guys, Brooke. Fellows who know what they're doing. Like Hap or Tex."

"Or you," she added.

She knew. Flying into hell and back—that was his life. She'd watched him and the others so many months, these months she'd worked here in the China Red Cross, caring for the wounded and hungry, trying to do the job her father had wanted to do. Part of Asia's army of millions, giving their lives in this fight for freedom.

He seemed to guess her thoughts. "Brooke, it's been months since your father—checked out. Isn't it time you were over it?"

Their eyes met. Neither spoke for a moment. At last she said, "Jim, you're—you're in love with me, aren't you?"

"I guess it's been pretty obvious."

"I only wish—"

"I know. You wish you could love me. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

She stood by the window, staring out at the flying field. "I've a job to do. Somehow, nothing else seems to count, nothing else seems tied to reality."

"I don't think Doc Elliott ever intended his daughter should stay here."

She turned toward him. "Dad came to Asia because he believed in what China fought for. He died before he got a chance to help. I've got to try to—do his job. Can't you see how hard it is to get straight on love and things like that—"

His lips twisted in a rueful smile. "I'm straight about it."

She walked to him, looked up into his face. "Would you—would you take me, even knowing I didn't love you?"

After a moment he said, "I'd take you, Brooke, on any terms."

Brooke was about to give him his answer when someone pounded at the door. Jim's voice carried impatiently across the room. "All right,

Brooke was about to give Jim his answer when they were interrupted by a sudden pounding at the door

THE CAST

Jim Gordon ..... John Wayne
Woody Jason ..... John Carroll
Brooke Elliott ..... Anna Lee
Hap Davis ..... Paul Kelly
Alabama Smith ..... Gordon Jones
Blackie Bales ... Edmund MacDonald

all right—come on in."

It was Hap Davis and Tex Norton. Hap, his face lined and weatherbeaten, was one of the oldest flyers there, a veteran of more sky battles than any of them. Tex—who had a drawl when he spoke, which was rarely—was called the best poker player in all Asia. Hap was grinning. "Better get started, Skipper, if you're going up to Rangoon today."

Brooke looked at Jim inquisitively. "Rangoon?"

"Have to see the Colonel—pick up some new replacements. So help me, if there's an amateur in the lot, I'll quit."

The others laughed. Jim was getting together his things. As he was leaving, he turned to Brooke with a question in his eyes.

"Maybe, Jim," she said. "When you get back—"

"You mean—"

"I don't know. I—"

She watched him climb into the car. Mike, the chubby Chinese mechanic who was especially proud of his Irish nickname, was stuffing the suitcase into the back compartment. There were times, as now, when Brooke wished there were quiet. Times when she wondered what it would be like to be a normal young woman again, safe in some snug existence. Except—this was where she belonged, here on the front lines.

The only full-sized bath in a hundred miles was located in Squadron Leader Jim Gordon's headquarters. It was here, two days later, that Brooke was bathing when she heard noises outside and knew Jim had returned from his mission. She called quickly, "Just finishing a bath, Jim. Be right out."

A FEW minutes later, dressed in her Red Cross uniform and combing her hair, Brooke came out into the main room. Most of the luxurious hair was over her eyes. "Heard the truck, Jim. Didn't mind my stealing a bath, did you? You almost caught me—"

"And am I sorry I was late!"

She started at the voice, shook the hair back from her eyes. Before her, tilting back on a chair, was a man she'd never seen before—long-legged and rakish, with an impudent, devil-may-care grin on his lips.

"Oh! I was expecting Jim—I mean—"

His eyebrows lifted with arch surprise. "Well—and do you always bathe in Squadron Leader's quarters?"

He arose and carefully placed the chair back against the wall. Brooke studied him a moment. "You're one of the new pilots—"

"Name's Jason," he answered quickly. "Woody Jason. Used to fly transports. The General's sent me out here to see what's holding up the war in these parts."

"I suppose you've found the answer already?"

"Sure. Pilots spend too much time in the hospital."

She tried not to smile. "You'll have a good many other things to figure out, before you're done."

"Working on one right now," he agreed. "Which is—how do I find you, when you're not in the bath tub?"

"You won't have to, Mr. Jason," Brooke told him. "I'll probably be finding you—with a stretcher."

Woody grinned. They could hear planes outside, roaring over the field. Woody, watching through the window, shook his head sadly. "Sloppy landing."

"I imagine," she said, "that Squadron Leader Gordon is waiting for you."

"Then we'd better go," he answered. Blandly, he took her by the arm and marched her out to the field.

She walked stiffly by his side. Woody said, "An awful thought just came to me. You're not married to any of these roughnecks, are you?"

"No, I—"

"That's a break for you. Because now I've come to bring sunlight into your bored life."

"Just what makes you think I'm bored, Mr. Jason?"

"How could you help it, with a crowd like this? Take Gordon, for instance. Swell fellow, great flyer. But when it comes to women—no imagination."

"Nothing wrong with your imagination, is there?"

"That's different. I get reactions. Like you. Right now, your spine's tingling, just being near me."

She gasped, found herself unable to speak. They reached the field at that moment and found Jim talking with Hap and Tex. Jim greeted her gaily. "See you and Woody have met. Great guy, Woody. Or maybe he's told you so already."

She nodded grimly. Jim presented Woody to the other pilots. Tex and Hap. A fellow named McCurdy from Brooklyn. A New Englander named Reardon. All shook hands with the newcomer. Jim turned to say a few words to one of the men about a new plane. Hap said, "Hear you've been in Rangoon, (*Continued on page* 91)

Bimbo and his "streamlined vamp," low-slung heroine of Bimbo's Arthurian story

Tamara Geva: She thought Jean was being polite until the phone call that evening

What Hollywood thinks of JEAN ARTHUR

—and why they think it! Some bitter-sweet remarks about one of the most puzzling women in Hollywood

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

HOLLYWOOD is certainly of two minds regarding Jean Arthur—that of those who just see or hear about her and that of those who really know her. For Jean is, without doubt, the most misunderstood woman in pictures.

The most interesting angle of getting the lowdown on a movie star is checking opinions and rumors with facts.

For example, an extra who would rather remain anonymous than have Central Casting put the black curse on her for talking out of turn, said: "I can't understand why Jean Arthur ignores us so completely. Doesn't she realize what a little friendliness and encouragement from a star, and maybe a suggestion or two, mean to us? It certainly wouldn't be any effort on her part to kid us along a little. Gosh knows we need all the moral support we can get. But I suppose she walks past without seeing us because we don't rate screen credit."

Let's look in the notebook for the answer to that one.

Bill Holden had an experience with Jean Arthur that ought to enlighten this extra.

"The first time I met Jean," recalled Bill, "I thought she must have heard terrible things about me. When they introduced us on the 'Arizona' location she just acknowledged it, looked at me for a few seconds and then walked away.

"That jarred me, and as she didn't talk to me during the rest of the day, I decided she was unhappy because I was on the picture.

"But I had guessed all wrong. The next day she chatted with me a little and from then on grew more friendly each day. I learned that Jean couldn't help being that way with strangers and that she had to know people and have confidence in them before she could be herself. It's hard to imagine a movie star being that way, but Jean Arthur is shy.

"So she's no hand at spreading the old personality among strangers. It's even hard for her to talk to extras, until after they've been around long enough to fit into the background. Then she does all right by them.

"Some people can do a two-bit favor with the grand air of handing you half the world. But not Jean Arthur. It embarrasses her to be thanked and she curls up at the very thought of attracting attention. But if she can do something for somebody without anybody finding it out, that's her dish. She's positively furtive when she's being generous.

"Just to give you an idea. One day on the ranch set a Mexican boy, a very fine guitarist and singer, was entertaining some of the people who had gathered (*Continued on page* 98)

Roy first saw daughter Cheryl Darline at a Texas orphanage benefit. Now the benefit's all his

Roy and Arlene's Valley ranch famous for some mighty fancy planting

BY JIM TULLY

Keep Punchin'

There's one big trick to the cowboy trade. Roy Rogers learned it from a man who gave him a talking-to—and from a girl who gave him her heart

AS a mere lad Roy Rogers was an excellent boot maker. His father made cowboy boots in Cincinnati. When the cowboys came from the West to be fitted the young boy's heart returned to the far land with them. Vicariously he rode over the hills and valleys in search of stray cattle; there in the city by the Ohio River he learned the language of the plains.

As he grew older he learned to ride a real horse owned by a man who often had boots made by Roy's father. The name of Dr. Walter Thomson would not be important here except that unconsciously he held the stirrup that the future cowboy from Ohio might vault into the saddle of success. Seeing Roy's interest in horses, he invited him to his estate. Few at the house saw the boy, though the men at the stables and the horses saw him often. Roy's favorite was a sorrel mare named Queenie. She had a yellow mane and tail and eyes that had seen the level land of the West.

There were six in Roy's family and all were musically inclined. That is, they could play several contortions of the musical art—by ear. "I could pick a guitar and mandolin like nobody's business," Roy said. The entire family was in demand constantly for weddings and dances.

When times became difficult in Ohio, the family came to California in an ancient sedan. But Roy's father discovered that, so far as economic conditions were concerned, he had left a better land. In California the cowboy boot was made by machine and one who made boots at $35 a pair could hardly compete with a machine that turned them out at $7.50. When the only offer he could get was $17.50 a week in a boot factory, he gave up and decided to return to Ohio.

The sentimental youngster said to his father, "I came with you and I'll go back with you."

Unknowing, he left his heart in California. He loitered in Ohio for some months before an opportunity came to drive a car to California for his transportation. Bidding good-by to his family and Queenie, he was on his way and within ten days he was in Hollywood.

After trying his luck to no avail at different studios in the cinema city, he picked prunes in the San Fernando Valley. When his work was done his money was gone, as most of it had been sent to his family. So back to Hollywood he went and got a job hauling gravel for a golf course.

During the third week a truck ahead of him broke down. As a result there was a lull in labor. To break the monotony the young would-be cowboy sang a song of the West, while the world's greatest film cowboy, playing golf on the course, stopped to listen.

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

"That's a fine voice," the handsome film star cowboy said. "I wonder who it belongs to."

The film producer with him turned away. He (*Continued on page* 85)

Paramount turns apple-polisher to offer Veronica their top roles. Right: At sixteen, she had her place in the Miami sun

Little Miss Dynamite

If you dared to lead a life like this girl's (take the way she went about her wedding!), you'd startle a lot of people, have much fun yourself—and be another Veronica Lake!

The bride wore moccasins, the bridegroom, John Detlie, a smile; and in the front seat sat . . .

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

VERONICA took her father's hand. "They want me to test for 'I Wanted Wings,'" she told him. "Will you do everything the nurse says while I'm at the studio, Daddy, and wait quietly and patiently for me to come home?"

He nodded and smiled. "Good luck," he whispered.

That's the way it had always been in their family, Veronica reflected. Her mother and father backing her up at whatever she tried to do. They'd had a wonderful life together, too, the three of them, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Keane and their daughter Constance of Lake Placid, N. Y. They'd skied over Placid's slopes, spent winters lying in the sun at Miami, had come together now to Hollywood, where Daddy's health had improved so much.

"Good luck," her father had said to her before, when she'd decided to try to crack this movie business. It had been at his advice that she'd trained with the Bliss Hayden Players, thereby acquiring a polish that set her off from the millions of other extras in Hollywood, set her off so much, in fact, that the test that had been made of her caught Paramount's attention—and presto, there she was going off today to try out for the main role in "I Wanted Wings."

She thought of John Detlie and smiled at how surprised he'd be to learn she'd gotten this chance. Johnny was wonderful and if he asked her to give up her career for marriage, she'd do it. But then, Johnny was in the business himself, a young set designer, and he understood just how exciting and challenging this Hollywood could be.

The only hard thing was that Daddy, on this great day, was sick. Veronica had sat up with him all the night, had caught only a few hours' sleep before she had to get herself in shape for the critical camera. And everything depended on this test, everything. . . .

The nurse brought her out of her reverie. "This came by messenger," she said, handing Veronica a large package handsomely wrapped in cellophane.

Inside the bright wrappings was a toy panda. A note hung on his ear. "Good luck and all my love. Johnny," it read.

When Veronica reached the studio she found herself on a mad merry-go-round. They made her up. They set her hair. They fitted her with a sweater and skirt. They pinned and basted her into a dress covered with bugle beads. "You'll look all right," they told her, "as long as you don't turn around."

Everywhere she went the panda went too.

For her test she did the scene where she flirts with a couple of fellows. They filmed it over and over; while the panda and the good luck he symbolized waited on the sidelines in a camp chair.

A dozen times and more she said, "If you won't need me for a few minutes I'd like to telephone. . . ."

The stage crew couldn't understand her. "Maybe she's got a guy on her mind. Maybe that's why she keeps running to the telephone. Maybe he gave her the panda."

They were half right, anyway. All the calls Veronica made, save one, were to her house, to get word of her father, to talk to him while the nurse held the telephone. The other call was to Johnny. She must tell him what had happened after they had said good-night. (*Continued on page* 81)

Seeing red: Doris Dudley, who in a printed red silk skirt, is currently brightening up Loew-Lewin's "The Moon And Sixpence"

Sitting pretty: Henry Fonda, standing cinema date for American movie-goers, starring now in Fox's "The Magnificent Dope"

Highroad to Hollywood

What has happened so far:

IT IS Julia Burns of Gladstone, Ohio, who wins first place in the national radio contest to discover America's most beautiful and typical girl. The prize is a trip to Hollywood to play in a Warner Brothers picture. In a burst of glory, Julie says good-by to Gladstone and to her devoted admirer, sandy-haired Tod Jenkins, who all but proposes at the last moment, then, instead, merely asks her to send him Hollywood ideas for a house which he, as a rising young contractor, is about to build.

Arrived in Hollywood, Ohio's most beautiful daughter is made luxuriously comfortable in an apartment as the studio's guest. Here she awaits Miss Scott Hendricks, whom she met on the train and who quite frankly possesses but one hundred dollars with which to make good in pictures. The girls, having found much in common, have elected to unravel the mysteries of Hollywood together.

Julia Burns's first day at the studio is a round of glamorous events, beginning with the changing of her name to Julie Burnette and ending with an invitation to a world premiere in the famous Chinese Theater, her escort, the studio's ace portrait photographer, Mr. Curt Melbourne. Julie finds this young man decidedly attractive, and Curt obviously returns the feeling as weeks go by.

Julie's picture role completed with flying colors, she is asked to remain on the lot for special coaching with the possibility of a contract.

Meanwhile Scott, having pursued the prescribed routine, has succeeded in getting a Screen Actors Guild card, plus a Central Casting registration, and is hopefully waiting an extra call.

Tod writes to Julie faithfully, reporting on the progress of his house, for which she, true to her promise, has supplied the latest in Hollywood ideas. Feeling certain that she will soon be given a picture contract, she is wondering how she will break the news to Tod that she is not coming back to Gladstone, when she is plunged into despair by being told that her response to coaching has not warranted her engagement as a contract player and she is to be returned home.

The story continues:

MORE than once Julie thought back to that April afternoon when Curt Melbourne had asked her to marry him; that April day when she had faced the bitter disappointment of knowing she was not to be

A chance at stardom, a proposal from a famous man, a role with Errol Flynn—all for Julie Burns of Gladstone, Ohio. But could you bring yourself to do what Julie did?

Based on "Hollywood Starlet" by Dixie Willson, the latest in Dodd Mead & Company's popular Career Book series

BY DIXIE WILLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

out under contract, whereupon Curt had promptly offered the substitute of making her Mrs. Melbourne.

In her almost desperately unhappy state at that moment, she didn't quite know how she had found the courage to say "No" instead of "Yes." She didn't quite know how she had managed to stiffen her upper lip and realize that quite likely, he might be sorry for her instead of in love with her. It was typical of Curt, that he would thus come to her rescue, which had at once been a challenge to her own sportsmanship. She hadn't admitted, even to herself, that as another consideration, she couldn't quite disregard the expectation she had long entertained of being Mrs. Tod Jenkins.

She did admit to herself, however, although not to Curt, that there was no doubt whatever about the thrill of having had the *chance* to say "Yes." And though she hadn't said she would marry him, she couldn't have borne the thought of losing him, so it had been a tremendous relief when he had declared that in spite of her answer he had no intention of giving her up.

Afterward she felt sure it was the assurance of his still standing by which had made it possible for her to go home to Scott, that day, with the will to begin all over again.

A few days later Scott had made a thrilling discovery, the discovery of a haven called The Studio Club where a double room with breakfast and dinner could be had for eight dollars per week. Not only that, but credit would be extended to girls in whom the club felt confidence. And so the last day in April found our would-be starlets in a sunny room at the Studio Club where they had resided for half a month.

This morning Scott was energetically attacking the mending basket.

"This stocking of yours won't hold out another day, Miss Burnette," she announced. "You'll simply have to afford a new pair."

Julie was busy washing out their slips and handkerchiefs.

"I'll take to socks," she declared briefly. . . . "What a day this would be for a picnic!"

"I'm always a pushover for that idea," Scott responded. "Do you think we dare let up on job hunting long enough to get our teeth into one?"

"I've been to every studio twice," Julie remarked. "They say three is a lucky

Flynn and Julie found a quiet little corner on the set. "It's going to be a nice scene," he said

Julie

number, so maybe my third round will turn the trick."

"If I don't get extra work by May," offered Scott, "I'm going after a job of clerking or filing cards or something, although the deadly thought lurks in my mind that I'll find a stranded extra already in every job!"

"And that's no fairy tale," commented Julie. "Every theater where I've aspired to usher, has a waiting list a mile long of the beauties who didn't make screen history. . . . But, of course, I haven't tried *all* the theaters," she added cheerfully. "No doubt there are others positively crying for ushers!"

"Yes and there's bound to be a day," added Scott with spirit, "when the Central Casting operator will say something to me besides . . . 'No work . . . No work . . . No work.' "

Julie hung the last item of the wash over a towel rack.

"I'm going to get dressed and go to the studios right now," she decided, suddenly. "I've been putting it off because I couldn't bear the thought of being turned down again. But if that's how it's going to be, I may as well hear it now as some other day. . . . What shall I wear, my black dress or black suit?"

Scott considered.

"The suit," she decided, "and you better borrow my yellow shirt because everybody is in a springtime mood. If I go out, I'll wear your russet."

The idea lent a note of new interest to both wardrobes, and Miss Burnette, in Miss Hendricks's yellow blouse, was just about to take off . . . when the telephone rang!

"Hold your breath," she said, closing her eyes for one swift second of concentrated hope. "Maybe it's a studio!"

But it wasn't. On the other end of the line was merely the blithe voice of Curt Melbourne inquiring if Julie would be available for luncheon and suggesting that she might like driving to the beach to some quiet little place where they could watch the breakers roll in and laugh at the long-legged sandpipers scurrying along the shore.

"It would be wonderful," Julie said, promptly, in fact almost *too* promptly, since she didn't want Curt to know how much she depended upon hearing from him every once in a while. . . . She didn't want him to know what an important part of her days he had become. . . .

IT was easy for May and June to come and go, in California, without the girls' realizing that spring had become summer. It was not so easy for them to overlook the fact that, as weeks went by, opportunity did not materialize for either of them.

For Scott, things seemed disheartening indeed, though for Julie there was always one glory ahead; the premiere of "Proud Pageant," the picture in which she had played *Miss America.* She had no idea when the thrilling event would take place for Curt had explained that the lapse of time between the completion of a picture and its premiere, was governed entirely by when it seemed to fill a box-office need. Whereas one picture might be finished on Friday and previewed on Monday, another would be finished, canned, and kept in the studio safe for months. It was fairly certain, however, that the "Proud Pageant" premiere would be announced with late summer, an anticipation which provided a buoy for Julie's spirits when all else failed.

Also there were letters from Tod. She forever found them comforting, although she didn't quite know how to regard his devotion. Looking up from reading her latest home-town news, one July afternoon, she said to Scott: "I don't know what to make of Tod. I wonder if he realizes that he's never even asked me to be engaged to him. Listen to what Mother says:

" 'Tod looks positively wilted, when anybody talks about you. He hasn't even so much as glanced sideways at any other girl. He is working like a beaver on his house and it is certainly going to be the show place of Gladstone. Remnants of your swing are still in the elm tree. It seems to me that Tod works on the house with special consideration for how much you love that tree.

" 'Everyone is having lots of fun in town this summer. There are dances in the Pavilion and lovely garden parties. Since Hollywood is such an exciting place, I suppose you haven't time to be homesick, but Tod isn't the only one in Gladstone who misses you. Your father and I are constantly aware of how empty the days have been without our Julie.' "

Abruptly she stopped reading, swallowed a couple of times and put the letter in her pocket. Scott was hastily endeavoring to think of just the right thing to say when there came a knock at the door and the gay "Hello" of Carmen, that successful little extra who owned a car and often gathered up the girls for a ride into Laurel Canyon to Moe Chateau, a homey little restaurant for picture people whose proprietor was Miss Henrietta Moe, a one-time character actress.

SUPPER at the Chateau was the object of Carmen's call today, and soon Carmen, Julie and Scott were on their way to the hills, happily deserting glaring boulevards for banks of green ivy and wild blue lupine.

Carmen inquired as to what luck, if any, the girls had had with Central Casting and the studios.

"*No* luck, if any," Scott replied bluntly. "Hollywood's certainly the toughest nut *I* ever tried to crack."

"I know," Carmen commented. "I often wonder why it fascinates so many people."

"You should certainly know," said Julie. "You've probably worked more actual days than anyone in the picture business. It fascinates *you,* doesn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Carmen truthfully. "But there are days and days when I come home at night so tired I can hardly see. You were talking about summer garden parties, Julie, where girls wear organdy and picture hats. Well, I spend my July afternoons on sound stages. For instance, all (*Continued on page 8*

Curt

ON THE DATE FRONT

To make a girl dance divinely, look the same and set a man dreaming of castles in Spain—this black souffle dinner dress designed by Edith Head, worn by Anne Shirley in Paramount's "Lady Bodyguard." Sheer black lace makes shoulder insets; the full skirt is split in front; black lace bands trim the front panels. A kerchief with a lace border is fashioned at the shoulder to make a disarming mantilla, shadowy setting for a last-minute close-up at midnight

● Say suede, then say it again, because it's the byword of autumn, 1942. The Shirley setup is an Edith Head apricot short-styled coat with large saddle pockets. The bottom of the coat has an edge on advance fashion with rows of hand-stitching. Tiny beanie, purse and gloves are of matching apricot suede.

Linger longer over luncheon in this bright navy-wool Edith Head suit that has a mark of approval from the collar-and-tie contingent. The skirt is slimly high-waisted; the short bolero jacket is a return triumph. Anne wears a chamois-colored silk sport blouse, chamois-colored gloves and a hat of navy blue wool that will go down pronto in any man's memory book

You can look as *Smart as a Star*

Hollywood stars say suits and more suits for fall—but the right kind of suit. Dotty wears that kind here—a 100 percent wool Hound's Tooth Tweed in a smart brown or green combination. The skirt has a box pleat to give dash—and easy action; the smooth little jacket does wonders for hips and shoulders. So you think you can't wear a suit? Well, try this one and you'll start standing before mirrors!

Skirt, $6.98; jacket, $12.95, matching slacks, $7.98. Pure-wool sweater in pastels, black or brown, $3.50. At McCreery's in New York

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S READER GUIDE TO FASHIONS

Here's your chance to dress like a star in clothes that suit your purse—and suit you! Each month Photoplay-Movie Mirror takes one of its readers, dresses her in the clothes you yourself can buy in the smartest places, at the smartest prices, turns her into a girl who'll make people stop, look and listen. The girl of the September month is Dotty Rock. She works as a receptionist in a New York City book publishing house. These are the clothes she should wear—these are the clothes you'll want to wear, too!

Cast your eyes down below and see what Anne Shirley's sporting—a jumper dress designed by Edith Head for "Lady Bodyguard." That means the jumper's in; on the campus, in the classroom, in the office, everywhere under the autumn sky. And now for the month's surprise . . .

. . . Look over at the left and then clap your hands with joy because here's an exclusive New York adaptation of the jumper. It's in fine wale corduroy and it's the best buy you've had in a long time. Its nipped-in little waistline will give you a figure à la Shirley; its flared skirt will flatter you right into the front date ranks; the white tailored blouse will make you pretty as a picture. It comes in luscious red, green, beige, blue or brown. You don't have to go to Hollywood for styles—Photoplay-Movie Mirror's bringing Hollywood styles to you!

•

Jumper, $5.98; tailored shirt, in white, maize, powder blue, pink, $3.98. Classic felt, $5.00; Pouch bag, $2.98; Pigskin gloves, $3.98; at McCreery's

You can buy these "Smart As A Star" fashions shown on these pages at McCreery's in New York. Simply write, phone or go there!

Bogie

Some fast double-talk on Humphrey Bogart. We give love and kisses to a tough guy; he finishes things off by throwing some scallions at himself

Things We Like About Bogie

BY SARA HAMILTON

HIS lips. His howling sense of humor. The way he fools around the posies in his garden. His love of boats at bay. Or anchor. Or whatever they call it when boats don't go anywhere. His normal adjustment of actor to man and man to actor. The way he laughs at himself. The first-class arguments staged by him and his wife Mayo on all and any occasions. His comical analysis of each battle, the whys and wherefores of it.

These we like about Humphrey Bogart. *Like*, shucks, why understate? We're crazy about Bogie and his foibles.

The way he greets everyone, high and low, press or visitor with "What can I do for you, kiddie?" and the look of complete innocence that goes with it has panicked many a notable. It's a howl to see and hear.

His thorough disgust with phony society and the strivings of would-be socialites is a riot. "When I get around to giving a party," he'll say, "it will put all these amateurish attempts at highfalutin party-giving in the shade. None of my guests will be required to cross the street and contaminate their booties. Me, I'll dig a tunnel under the street for their exclusive use. Then I'll line the tent (got to have a tent in the back garden, you know) with orchids. No lousy gardenias, see, but orchids. Of course, the tent will be made of silver cloth. Oh, I tell ya, kiddie, it will be swell. Mayo and I can wreck the joint afterwards—and maybe you think we wouldn't!"

His philosophical attitude toward his work is endearing in a land of frustrated artists. "All I ever ask," Humphrey says, "is that George Raft and Paul Muni be given all the good roles here. In that way I get to do them eventually."

He's right. Raft walked out on "The Maltese Falcon" and left it wide open for Bogie. Muni did the same thing on "High Sierra," Bogie's big hit. He should complain about taking someone else's leavings. Not that boy!

He's got a straight seven-year contract at Warners with no options and not much choice of roles; and he's happy about it. Nuts to the worries and the boys who must pick and choose every role, Bogie feels. And if you lived in Hollywood you'd appreciate what a heavenly relief it is, to find someone contented with his lot. Brother, we love him for it.

Because everyone everywhere calls him "Bogie," in print or out, pleases us in the man. Because he calls Mayo "Sluggy" for the simple reason sh occasionally threatens to let him hav a good one in an argument, kills us It kills Mayo, too. She loves it.

That he can be happier on his thirty foot sloop, named "Sluggy" for May than J. P. Morgan on a yacht the siz of New York City is comforting. Th boat doesn't have to go anywhere either, to please him. He and May will spend as high as three and fou weeks at a time keeping house, cook ing, fishing, sleeping on the bo anchored at one spot. When the wa prevented its leaving port, Humphre launched it on a small lagoon and ha as much fun as if he'd been goin somewhere.

He appreciates the value of goo publicity and goes for it like a goo fellow. Need we express the extent o our appreciation for this gladsom failing, if such it be?

He'll invent stories if he can't thin up anything original. For the bene of a goggle-eyed writer from the E (we're on to him out here) he'll g into elaborate details of the imagina worm farm he's purchased to suppl bait for fishermen. The writer depart happy, his copy fresh and new eve if it is a bit wormy. Bogie is just a pleased at (*Continued on page* 89

On The Spot

Things I Don't Like About Myself

BY HUMPHREY BOGART

(As told to Sara Hamilton)

HAVEN'T the guts to stop smoking. To even try. I don't like it. It shows lack of stamina. Got a igaret on you, kiddie?

Maybe I should have ambition. Iaybe it's better to be one of those up nd raring guys. But I figure my osses know what they're doing. They ıust be making money on the pictures ıey put me into or I wouldn't be ere. Still, maybe I should fuss more. ut me down as not liking the fact I aven't too much ambition.

Take my clothes, now. Maybe I ıould dress up more. Mayo says she asn't been able to get shoes on my et since we've been married. She's ght. I have two pairs of shoes I've ıd for ten years, bought them in New ork and never wear 'em unless I go ıck there. I wear these soft sandals l the time.

Maybe I should be more formal in y dress, but look, I figure this is a opical climate, isn't it? Okay, why t done up like Park Avenue to prowl rough the mulberry bushes to get to meone's house? Why not dress to it the place? Or am I wrong? Put e down as saying I should dress up ore. But don't say I don't like it in yself, kiddie. I love it.

Gastronomically I like steak or chops r dinner and that's it. My own wife fuses, at times, to have any part of e at meal times. Says she can't look other steak or chop in the face. So ıen she gets fed up she threatens to t alone in some other part of the use. I like my food plain and none this business of hiding it under avy or sauce. I want to see what eat. And none of this dessert busiss, either. Jello draped up like the ıpire State (*Continued on page* 88)

What's sauce for the big bad goose is sauce for the pretty gander in the Bogart household. Bogie teaches wife Mayo how to put up with him; she comes right back and needles him

Here Comes the Marine

He answers to all the romantic te
in adventure novels—daredevil,
dier of fortune, brave mousqueta
He answers, too, to the title of
actor of genius—Brian Donlevy,
came to stardom wearing a che
ered vest in "The Great McGint
He was born romantically in Cou
Armagh, Ireland, educated in do
to-earth American fashion in Sheb
gan Falls, Wisconsin. A turn w
Pershing in Mexico, a sojourn at A
napolis, a part in the first big fi
in France — and then Hollywo
where he came to fame and fou
his love. Her name is Marjorie,
he writes her verses, a schoolboy
ent that he balances nicely with
straight left upon necessity. He
gray-green eyes, straight brown h
and a great, generous heart.
name is legion now as a leathern
major on the impressive cast
"Wake Island," Paramount's stirr
tribute to the United States Mari

Mr. & Mrs. John Hertz Jr.

Wedding-bell setup: Myrna's green silk coat, print dress, the little straw hat

The bride, Myrna Loy; the bridegroom, John Hertz Jr. The story: All those intimate details you want to know. How they met, what kind of man he is, when they fell in love

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THESE are days of sudden marriages. The uncertainty of war veils even tomorrow. Men and women take their happiness when and where they find it.

A handful of days after Myrna Loy established her freedom at Reno, she and John D. Hertz Jr. were married, on June sixth, to be exact, at his sister's house in New York City. Their closest friends were incredulous.

"That Myrna!" said the Hollywood girls, one to another. "Imagine getting married without all the columnists' knowing about it beforehand! It proves we can have a private life if we won't go around screaming we want to be left alone, if we'll just give up our dark glasses!"

John's friends were wide-eyed. "We were sure he was a confirmed bachelor!" they admitted. "When a man of John's position and income, charm and background remains single at thirty-five years of age you doubt he'll ever marry!"

The columnists who, for once, didn't tell the world, consoled one another. "How could we know? Nobody even saw them together at a theater or a night club!" they protested. "Where did they go and what did they do, anyway?"

Thousands of citizens reading in the newspapers that John had married the screen's perfect wife queried, "Who is John Hertz Jr.?"

It's time all these questions were answered.

John Hertz Jr. is no stranger to social and professional circles. He has squired many debutantes and movie stars to the theaters and exclusive night spots around New York. In his earlier Chicago days he played an outstanding game of polo. For the last several years he has lived in a beautiful duplex apartment high over Manhattan. He's executive vice-president and one of the owners of Buchanan and Company, a large advertising agency. It's the motion-picture accounts they handle that introduced John to Hollywood.

After John was graduated from Culver Military Academy and Cornell he made his way to Buchanan and Company where he's known as an indefatigable worker. He has as much enthusiasm for his job as he has for

Myrna and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, gave a party in Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr was there—and so was a young businessman . . .

the numerous and varied books he reads, the music he loves well, the sculpture which is his hobby. In fact it is his great energy and enthusiasm that have always made him the colorful figure he is in work and play alike.

It was in Hollywood that John and Myrna first met, at one of Myrna's popular supper parties. If she and John fell in love with each other then, without realizing it—the way men and women sometimes do—it would be understandable.

Myrna was one of the loveliest of Hollywood's lovely hostesses. She flavored her parties with little ceremonies; soft candlelight at dinner, lamb served on skewers, crêpes suzettes cooked in a chafing dish on the sideboard. And her guests never were an ill-assorted, uncongenial group, but men and women chosen to bring out the best in one another.

Myrna's come a long way since she was Myrna Williams of Helena, Montana. But as Gary Cooper's mother, an old Montana neighbor, says, "She's the same sweet child, with the same winning way."

Myrna's a rare combination. And John Hertz Jr. is a sensitive enough young man of the world, Manhattan particularly, to appreciate just how rare, just how desirable.

As a guest John, in turn, is the answer to a hostess's prayer. He never sits back and waits to be amused. He has the all too-rare faculty of being interested in what people happen to be talking about. He's adept at getting them to talk, too. Dancing's no passion with John, but he dances easily, and well. Better still, he's eloquent in his appreciation. His warm enthusiasm is the most characteristic thing about him. He's appreciative of the subtle graces of good living—the delicate flavoring of herbs in a fine salad, the skill in mixing a martini just right, how to match an orchid to the color of a lady's eyes.

THIS explains many things. This explains why they naturally had gravitated towards each other. This explains all the unforgettably good times they had had just sitting and talking; whether they talked about sculpture (Myrna has long worked in clay as a hobby, too), sunrise over the Arizona desert as seen from a plane, or the latest Disney film.

After their first meeting John and Myrna encountered each other often. It was, of course, the warmth and excitement that flowed between them, even while they were unaware of it, that made the least word they exchanged shine and glow and sparkle.

However, it wasn't until Myrna quit trying to save her marriage to Arthur Hornblow, not too happy or too solid during the past several years, that she or John admitted, even to themselves, how it was with them.

When Myrna arrived in New York for a holiday before returning to Hollywood to work with Bill Powell on "The Thin Man Returns" (And more "Thin Man" movies with Bill as *Nick* and Myrna as *Nora* are what this sad world needs!) it was inevitable that she and John should meet again. Quickly they decided to be married. It would be three months before Myrna possibly could be in New York again. John couldn't tell if or when he would make another trip to Hollywood. And who knows in times as uncertain as these what will happen between spring and midsummer?

John and Myrna went no place where they might be seen. They dined with friends at home and in Myrna's apartment at the Drake, a quiet, exclusive hotel on upper Park Avenue.

They were married on Saturday, June sixth. Early Friday morning, June fifth, John telephoned his sister who has a house in Manhattan's fashionable East Seventies.

"I HAVE a surprise for you," he told her. "I'm going to be married!"

She put her coffee cup down quickly. "What did you say, John?"

"I'm going to be married! Tomorrow! To Myrna Loy!"

"John Hertz," she said, "talk sense."

"I never talked more sense in my life," he assured her. "This is the most wonderful. . . ."

"If you think it's wonderful, I do too," she said. "And if there's *anything* I can do—*anything at all*. . . ."

John's a man of action. "There is!" he said. "If you would offer us your beautiful drawing room in which to be married and give us a buffet supper

Only close friends knew in advance of Myrna's marriage. But she and John themselves gave out the details afterwards, the romantic story you read here

in your garden it would be perfect. I . . . ."

"Leave everything to me," she said. "Hang up. I must call the caterer about a wedding cake. I'm going to be a busy woman, and I'll love it!"

He telephoned his other sister. He telephoned his mother and father. He telephoned half a dozen friends.

Myrna also was busy on the telephone. She called her mother in Montana; the Bill Powells, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Schenck, Lt. and Mrs. Raymond Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rubin, Leland Hayward and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gang. To all she said simply, "Say nothing about it to anyone, please. We want to be married quietly, John and I!"

Myrna shopped for her wedding dress, carefully avoiding all publicity. Her favorite shop, remembering her red hair and her green-as-the-sea eyes, sent to her hotel apartment, among others, the pink and green silk print, the bright green silk coat and the straw bonnet with pink roses which Myrna selected and wore so devastatingly.

Six o'clock on Saturday afternoon Myrna, John, their families and their friends gathered in his sister's drawing room. Justice Pecora was there to perform the ceremony.

Finally, he called to them softly from the end of the room that was banked with flowers and lighted by the tiny flames of tall white candles. . . .

"Are you ready? John? Myrna?"

They arose from where they were talking with friends and walked toward him.

He used no book. His questions, which followed the civil ceremony, were simple. John's ring circled Myrna's finger. And he was the first to congratulate them, as he meant to be.

"Myrna," he said, "I've known you for years. God bless you! I'm glad to start you and John on your way together. With John I know you'll find the happiness that should be every gentle, loving woman's portion."

He spoke to Myrna and also to the guests who were gathered round them. He wanted all to know John had chosen wisely.

John's mother, grown fond of Myrna even in the short time she had known her, came forward and kissed her. And soon the silence which had been a little solemn gave way to congratulations and good wishes and bright laughter.

Myrna and John had wanted the days preceding their wedding for themselves. They had wanted the ceremony to be private. This they managed, amazingly well. But Myrna didn't forget the press who have been her friends always.

At a late hour that afternoon John's secretary had telephoned all the newspapers and all the news services. No reporter, no photographer was forgotten. No reporter, no photographer, was given an opportunity to scoop the others.

After the ceremony Myrna and John led their guests to the charming garden. Birds who somehow find their way across the city to little hidden gardens sang to them. A long table, laid with lace and crystal and china, was garlanded with flowers. Toasts were drunk. Myrna cut their three-tiered wedding cake.

"Are you going to continue making films, Mrs. Hertz?" someone asked.

"I have loved picture-making," Myrna said, "and would love to make more. But my husband's wishes will determine my plans for the future."

AT this point John spoke up—"We're off on our honeymoon. One big decision at a time!"

Lights appeared all around in skyscrapers obliterated by the darkness. But they were dim lights, dimmed because of war. And a maid put shades on the candles that burned on the supper table.

John looked at his luminous watch. He said, "We'll have to be leaving, Myrna."

There were au revoirs. There were tears. No wedding is happy without them. And Myrna and John were on their way to Florida where they drove along the blue coast, swam off warm beaches and dined under a soft moon and a starry sky.

Now they're back in New York. And, from the stars in their eyes when they look at each other, the romance is only beginning.

THE END

(*Continued from page* 36) wielded a sprightly brush and was eager for work.

Young Ladd, reading the signs, pitched right in and turned partial support of his family, selling newspapers. He never stopped working from then on . . . picking apricots, jerking sodas, working as a lifeguard, selling adding machines.

North Hollywood High is the place where he set up some interscholastic swimming and high-diving records. North Hollywood High is also the place where he was sold down the river by life.

Came senior year and he was cast as *Ko-Ko*, the Lord High Executioner in "The Mikado." He got nine curtain calls.

He was taking off his prop beard when someone knocked on the dressing-room door. Who was knocking on the door? It was Life, Hortense, Life. And about to sell Ladd down the river in the person of an important-looking man who said: "Nice going, Mr. Ladd, and may I present you with my card?"

The man's name seemed blurred. All Ladd could see, writ in red, so to speak, were the two words Universal Pictures.

"What's the angle?" (Cautiously.)

"I'm about to explain." (Businesslike.)

The angle was this: Universal Pictures was rounding up the best amateur talent available, same to be groomed for work in motion pictures.

"You mean I'm picture material?" (Dubiously.)

"Definitely." (With emphasis.)

Which is how Alan Ladd was detoured from a rather vague ambition of becoming a journalist and became an apprentice actor.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES, you might as well know, soon rued the day it launched the academy for amateur actors. The material recruited was awful. One half of the white hopes were casualties at the end of the first month; one half of the remainder fell by the wayside at the end of the second month; a handsome young juvenile named Tyrone Power was sacked at the end of the third; and the four suvivors, among whom was Alan Ladd, were dropped—along with the whole project—at the end of the fourth.

A trifle reluctantly, he recalled his former ambition to be a journalist, interviewed every managing editor in Southern California and came up with a job on the San Fernando Valley *Sun-Record*. He did surprisingly well. He was advertising manager at the end of a year and headed for big things when he realized it was no use; he still wanted to act. So he threw up his job one afternoon and caught the last train out for Hollywood.

He managed to get signed up as a "grip" and for two years he worked on sound stages. At the end of that time he quit his job, drew his small savings from the bank and enrolled at the Bard Dramatic School.

He had money enough only for a single term, so he made every minute count. He was a brilliant student, turned in such a rousing performance the last play of the season that scouts from RKO and M-G-M offered him screen tests, promised him contracts. By one of those incredible quirks of fate, both sponsors were given the heave-ho by their studios before they got around to signing Ladd up.

Disheartened and disillusioned, he decided to concentrate on radio and wangled himself a spot on KFWB.

Then, after two years of radio emoting, it happened.

He had just finished playing "The Far-Off Hills," and was walking out of the studio when the receptionist yelled after him:

"Oh, Laddie, Sue Carol, an agent, caught the program and wants you to come by tomorrow morning at nine."

THE next morning Alan Ladd and Sue Carol met. They took to each other like orange blossoms take to June.

"I think you're a great actor—with a great future," Miss Carol said, after a mere ten minutes, "and I think I can prove it to you."

"I think you're a great agent, and you don't have to prove it to me," the one-man radio station said.

Sue Carol spared neither time nor energy to prove it to both of them. Two weeks of concentrating on Ladd and she got her first nibble. Director Frank Lloyd offered her client a small part in "Rulers Of The Sea," the role of a young voyager who gets sick aboard ship. It wasn't exactly a flashy bit, but at the hands of Alan Ladd, hungry to act, it was a miniature masterpiece.

By degrees, producers were educated to the fact that Ladd could turn out magnificent bit jobs. The drawback was that they came to associate his name with brilliant bit parts and nothing else.

For two years it went on that way, two scenes in "Captain Cautious," the juvenile lead in "The Black Cat," which never hit first-run theatres, ditto in "Her First Romance" and "Paper Bullets" which nobody ever heard of. At which point Sue Carol suddenly got wind of a script called "Joan Of Paris," in which one of the five RAF fliers who have bailed out over occupied France dies in the Paris sewers a matter of minutes before his deliverance from the Nazis. Whereupon she went out and bagged it for Ladd.

Perhaps you will remember how big he made that part if you will hark back to the scene where Ladd is delivering his glowing apostrophe to England, which he will never see again, while Thomas Mitchell is chanting, "The Lord is My Shepherd, I shall not want. . . ."

On the very day Ladd finished the picture, Sue Carol received an interesting telephone call from Mr. William Meiklejohn, Supervisor of Talent and Casting at Paramount. Mr. Meiklejohn had a problem and a proposition as follows: The thriller-chiller, "This Gun For Hire," due to begin in a day or two, had no killer and how would Alan Ladd like to test for the part?

Why try to keep you on edge? You know that his test was so terrific that they never even bothered to finish it. You know that he got the part. And that he gave an unforgettable performance.

Alan Ladd was in.

IT is certainly a pleasure to fasten the happy ending onto a story which you have recognized as the Cinderella story, male model, a dozen paragraphs back.

Of course, he married the girl. He would have been a dope not to have. As a matter of fact, he first proposed during the shooting of "Joan Of Paris." Sue said: "Maybe—later." Actually there was no maybe about it. Sue loved the guy and she knew it. But what kind of an agent would she be to let her heart run away with her when the flight might imperil her client's career?

The night of the sneak preview of "This Gun" settled it in Sue's mind. Laddie got a tremendous ovation from the crowd. And the cards were veritable mash notes. With a reception like that, Sue felt, audiences everywhere were sure to love him, bachelor or benedict.

On March 15, they drove to Mexico in Laddie's roadster and got married. Laddie filled the rumble seat with orchids, tied tin cans to the car and tossed rice at the bride—all by himself.

"This one will be it, Sue," Laddie said.

Perhaps he was thinking of their previous marriages, both of them unsuccessful, and of the children resulting from the marriages—for Laddie, Alan Ladd Jr., and for Sue, Carol Lee Wilson.

Late summer, this year of grace 1942, and they are living happily ever after, although, naturally, things do get a bit complicated, mostly for Sue. Every now and then she finds herself telling an attentive producer: "I've got the best husband—I mean actor—in the world and he belongs in your next picture."

It is purely a reflex and a wasted one, at that. Ladd's services belong exclusively to Paramount which shudders at the very mention of lend-lease.

This Ladd is distinctly no longer for hire.

The End.

Clubbily Stork-Clubbing in New York; Alan Ladd and agent-wife Sue Carroll

She's ENGAGED

A Virginian's exquisite bride-to-be, Marilyn Bauer of Washington, D. C. Her engagement to Courtland Davis, Jr., of the prominent Alexandria family was announced in June

WEEK END REUNION at the University of Virginia. Courtland, Marilyn and Navy friends on the promenade of the Jefferson Library. He is a second-year medical student, '44, and hopes to go directly into the U. S. Medical Corps.

THE CLASSIC GRACE of the library's Rotunda Balcony is a perfect setting for Marilyn's loveliness—her fair hair, blue eyes, porcelain-smooth skin. Every Virginian loves this beautiful building on the University of Virginia "grounds."

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

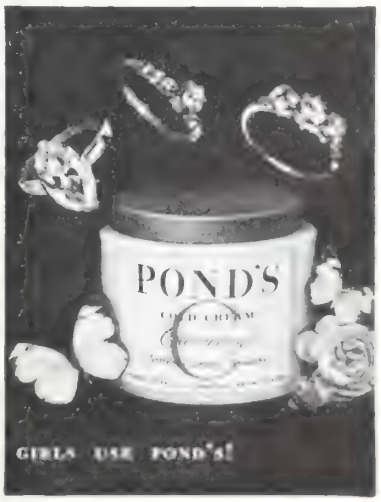
ER ENGAGEMENT amond is a sparkling, ue-white solitaire. te handsome stone is t with fine simplicity a plain gold band.

Very much of a live-wire American girl, Marilyn is up to her ears in war work on call for Canteen Duty, and busy with the Motor Corps. She's hardly time even to dream about her wedding in September.

"When there's such a lot to do, your face can't help looking tired sometimes," she told us. "I surely am thankful we are not asked to give up Pond's Cold Cream. Nothing seems to give my skin such a clean, soft feeling."

She pats Pond's Cold Cream carefully, with gentle little pats, over her face and throat. This helps soften and release dirt and make-up. She tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues off again.

Use Pond's every night—and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor are Pond's users, too. And why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

(*Continued from page* 44) And then, as I realized that amidst this devastation people were taking their usual Sunday afternoon strolls, I felt a great pride and confidence.

At the (*censored*) Hotel we were greeted by the commissioner whom I had not seen since "Victoria The Great" was premiered in this seaport city and it was as though I had never been away! People do not look strained or tired although, of course, three out of four of the men, young and old, are in uniform. Had, too, my first sight of girls in uniform and they looked simply marvelous!

Arrived in town (*London*) in complete blackout—worse than blackest fog. You haven't any idea where you are and everything is so silent!

Curtains of this hotel are drawn tightly; edges of windows blackened, but there is no sign of war in the demeanor of attendants or guests. Everyone laughs when you tell them Americans think them brave and regale you with humorous stories about putting out incendiaries and staggering up ladders with sand buckets or, ignoring entirely the cataclysmic things that have happened to them, ask you for news of Britishers in Hollywood. To me, this spirit is fantastic. Or perhaps sublime would be a better word!

AUGUST 26, 1941 . . . Down to Windy Ridge (*Miss Neagle's home in the village of Shenley, near London*). All are fine and quite amazing. They had obviously pooled their food coupons so I should have a grand dinner and this with rations cut to two ounces of meat a week per person, two oranges a month for children only, three eggs a month, no fruit at all, no green vegetables except Brussels sprouts! Such unselfishness made me weep a little. A neighbor came in and brought me a present—two *enormous onions!* This was the most valuable gift she could contrive, onions being well-nigh priceless here!

August 27, 1941 . . . Went to Caxton Hall (*the city hall in Westminster*) for gas mask, going up to town by bus.

My own mask fitted, I looked at myself in the mirror. Such a grotesque, Martian spectacle I presented! I hadn't thought the attendant recognized me, but suddenly he remarked, "You don't look like Queen Victoria now!"

August 30, 1941 . . . In London again. To Bank of America this morning. Terribly shocked to see the area around St. Paul's. Whole squares are nothing but ruins. H. W. (*Herbert Wilcox, producer of Anna's pictures*) says it is as bad as Ypres in the first World War. It is perfectly true that all churches are burned out or destroyed. Exteriors look normal in some cases but there is nothing left inside. The beautiful spire of the cathedral in Portland Place is cut clean off at the top, a pitiful, terrible sight, yet what was left seemed to rise to the sky in a sublime challenge to the desecrater. Standing there before the edifice, I thought of the record of the Christian faith through 2,000 years and I knew that this church and what it symbolizes will be here when Hitler and all like him are dust and forgotten.

The manager of the bank was sitting in his office a few yards away from a demolition bomb which had failed to explode. There were no panes in the windows but a dignified commissaire was on duty at each door!

September 5, 1941 . . . I've been sent a series of magazines with speeches of Amy Johnson (*later Amy Johnson Mollison; the great British woman flyer whom Anna portrays in "They Flew Alone"*) and articles about her. Seems she was the first woman engineer as well as an outstanding flyer. Met Harold Balfour, Undersecretary of State for Air, who I am sure will be of great help when we get under way with the picture.

September 9, 1941 . . . (*Windy Ridge again.*) Taxi-ing down from town (*no private cars are allowed in use*), was conscious of more preparations. Many soldiers about and on guard. Maybe the invasion really *is* imminent.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1941 . . . Spent morning in *Daily Mail* library reading about Amy Johnson. What a fine woman Amy was! Seems she was the first woman engineer as well as an outstanding flyer. Beautiful letter from Mrs. Johnson (Amy's mother) asking me to visit them and saying how glad they are that I am the one to portray their "dear daughter." Heard my first alert. So astonished I could not believe it! A most peculiar sensation!

September 17, 1941 . . . An alert and a few planes and gunfire. Like everyone else, my greatest impulse was to watch what might happen, not to hide. Really couldn't see much, though.

! ! ! ! !

FLYNN IS FOUND OUT!

His good points

his bad points

all discovered in this penetrating analysis of Errol Flynn

A story that will cause talk!

Watch for it

in

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

! ! ! ! !

September 19, 1941 . . . Rehearsed for a soldier's benefit show at Streatham. Eerie feeling driving down in blackout. No excitement or people outside. Then, in the hall, about 3,000 dancing in the brilliant lights. Many girls as well as boys in uniform.

September 20, 1941 . . . Portsmouth for opening of fete in aid of Tank Week. Lunched at the Army Mess—first woman ever allowed across the threshold! Forty thousand people turned out for a great show. Portsmouth is devastated and I heard many terrible tales of tragedy. It is interesting and yet pathetic to see women shopping amidst wreckage. After all, raids happen here almost every day. Shopkeepers have put up signs amidst ruins, "Removed to———"

September 21, 1941 . . . This has been the saddest day of my life. I visited one of our hospitals for plastic surgery. Only patients so disfigured they have been given up elsewhere as hopeless are taken there. Never have I seen any sight so heartbreaking. And yet these patients were so cheerful, with their poor twisted and burned faces and expressionless eyes. Some were bomb victims, children among them. Others were R.A.F. boys of various nationalities, some of those glorious "few" to whom "so many owe so much" But who will never fly again. . . .

I was one of a troupe of entertainers sent to bring a bit of diversion to their sad existence. I sang "Alice Blue Gown" and "Tea For Two." I don't know how I ever kept down the lump in my throat, yet I knew that this was the least I could do—to honor their courage with the best that I had to give.

One of the Royal Air Force boys was a famous ace who flew at Dunkirk and was shot down, and terribly burned. He had been in this hospital ever since and must stay there, he told us, for another three years. The doctor in charge is quite literally making him a new face. Already there have been several operations and many more are to come. Yet he was the most cheerful of all!

"I shall be quite all right in the end," he told me. "Of course, the face I shall have eventually won't be the one I had before, but that is all right."

Five years of torture and suffering. A face not his own . . . And we complain about such things as a monotonous diet and high taxes!

SEPTEMBER 24, 1941 . . . Spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in Hull. They were magnificent. Mrs. Johnson wants to lend me Amy's clothes and the ring she wore on all of her flights—but the last one. As I left, she kissed me and said, "My dear, you will make a lovely Amy."

October 2, 1941 . . . Broadcast a short-wave program, a tribute to Edith Cavell. Down to Denham Studios later and saw Richard Greene. (*"They Flew Alone" was filmed at Denham Studios, twenty miles out of London, headquarters of RKO-Radio British Productions, Ltd.*) He is making a picture there, on leave from the Army. He is looking so fit and seemed so contented with his lot, different though it may be from the career he was enjoying in Hollywood. Richard's leave to make a picture is in accordance with a custom well-established by now with regard to British actors of combat Army age. They fight for a while; then, because they are able to give pleasure to thousands, they are called to appear in a picture. Laurence Olivier, Rex Harrison, Robert Newton, Leslie Fenton, David Niven—many others have done the same thing. I heard recently, though, that Larry Olivier has refused to leave the service any more; that he prefers to fight without interruption for the "duration."

October 5, 1941 . . . Blackpool. Rehearsal this morning for an entertainment some of us are to give for the benefit of the Royal Air Force stationed here, then presented the show this afternoon. Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier among the entertainers. Vivien looked so lovely, though she insisted her frock was quite old and, of course, her stockings were cotton. She is a magnificent hit in the provinces in the play, "The Doctor's Dilemma," and later will open in London. I did "Alice Blue Gown" again and the last scene from "Victoria." Our show raised 50,000 pounds, I am sure an all-time record!

October 22, 1941 . . . Started work on "They Flew Alone" today.

November 1, 1941 . . . After working, went up to town (*London*) for a run-

Keep 'em pretty
Let Dura-Gloss have the job! While your hands are busy with war-work and extra tasks of all kinds, let Dura-Gloss keep your nails bright and shining. It'll stay right on the job—no polish wears longer (there's a special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss to make it stay on). So keep your nails pretty—protect them. You'll find lovely colors of Dura-Gloss nail polish at 10¢ counters, each at the pleasant price of 10¢. Get 'em today!
*The special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resin.
AMERICA ON GUARD
POSTAL SAVINGS PLAN
UNITED STATES
VINGS BONDS
DURA-GLOSS
DURA-GLOSS
NAIL POLISH
CUTICLE LOTION • POLISH REMOVER • DURA-COAT
3 new colors - Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry
10¢ PLUS TAX
So little means so much

Anna Neagle and Robert Newton as Amy and Jim Mollison in "They Flew Alone," the picture that took Miss Neagle to England, thereby giving Photoplay-Movie Mirror the stirring story presented on page 44

through of tomorrow's broadcast (*a BBC program*). Biggest raid I've experienced —and it was nothing. Apparently a few bombs were dropped and six planes brought down. Robert Newton, straight from Russia where he has been in his minesweeper (*he is an able-bodied seaman*) came to see us. We hope he'll play Jim Mollison.

To return to the raid . . . I must confess when it came I rather hesitated during the rehearsal expecting, I guess, everyone to run for a bomb shelter. But since no one paid the least bit of attention to it, I tried to follow suit . . . blushing a bit at my original qualms.

November 5, 1941 . . . Newton is to play Mollison and I am so glad! Saw David Niven at the studios today. He is a major in the Commandos, and was so handsome and cheerful! An ideal Commando, I think. Told us such amusing stories about himself and his men—always the laugh on himself. He was waiting on the cliffs of Dover to go over to France the day France fell. He is working in a picture concerning the Spitfire (*England's famous fighter plane*).

NOVEMBER 11, 1941 . . . Work as usual, but I couldn't keep from thinking that on this day, twenty-three years ago, the world thought it was forever "safe for democracy." But I know, too, that everyone in Britain who has worked, fought and suffered in this, another war for the same ideal, believes that *this time*, when the guns cease firing and the bombs stop dropping, this goal will have been achieved. How wonderful are faith and hope!

DECEMBER 7, 1941. . . . Pearl Harbor bombed by the Japanese! What enormous new vistas thus open up! The United States are now at war and will fight side by side with us. I thank God, that since this had to be, the atmosphere was clarified and that they have not been drawn into the fray because of Europe, but for their own protection.

December 11, 1941 . . . Hitler and some of his satellites also have declared war on the United States! Somehow, I marveled at this news. They are a great people, my American friends, and I wonder if Hitler and Hirohito can realize what they have done in arousing them. As one of the grips at the studio remarked, "Those Germans and Japs will wish they had never been born!" And so, this becomes a "total war," indeed.

December 25, 1941 . . . Spent the day at home, quietly. This is scarcely a year for celebrating. Also, of course, there isn't much with which to celebrate.

January 3, 1942 . . . Finished "They Flew Alone" today and was overwhelmingly glad and relieved. I hope it is worthy of the girl whose courage and vision it describes. Received lovely Christmas parcel containing cheese, lemons and dried apricots. Made latter into jam, unknown here these days.

January 28, 1942 . . . We had down a couple of A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. girls to make an added scene for the picture. They were magnificent—so pretty, and gay and confident. Seeing them and talking to them, learning how capable they are in their jobs, I wondered how British women will ever go back to the restricted lives they lived before the war.

February 1, 1942 . . . Well, I saw the completed film of "They Flew Alone" today. To me, it seemed good. Yet perhaps I am "prejudiced!" Cinema-goers will have to be the final judges. . . . Also, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson must see and approve it. That will be a dramatic and a portentous hour, since, if they do not like it, H.W. has given his word not to release it.

MARCH 18, 1942 . . . One of the most moving incidents of my life took place today, when H.W. and I showed "They Flew Alone" to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. The four of us saw it together. No others were present. When it was over and the lights flashed on in the little projection room, no one spoke. I was trembling, desperately anxious to know their verdict.

Finally, Mr. Johnson turned to his wife. "Perhaps we had better return to our hotel," he said. So we all got into a taxi and made the brief drive almost in silence. Once at our destination, Mr. Johnson said, "May I speak privately to my wife?"

We agreed, of course, but the following interval was an age long. Apparently, they hadn't liked the picture! At last, however, they returned and Mr. Johnson came directly to me and shook my hand.

"Thank you for giving us Amy back again," he said. . . . Then Mrs. Johnson put her arms around me and Mr. Johnson and Mr. Wilcox shook hands and I guess we all cried a bit. And now, I know that I have made two friends for life. . . .

March 21, 1942 . . . A thrilling experience today. As H.W. and I were leaving the studio after conference, at a near-by crossroads we came upon a battalion of soldiers. They were lost, apparently, and small wonder, since there are now no signposts or road directions throughout all England—this because of the possible invasion. A group of officers was worriedly perusing a map and the men were drawn up in the background, looking worried, too.

Our cab driver stopped our car and we gave them directions as best we could. I don't suppose they knew who we were and that doesn't matter. We knew who they were, and I wanted to salute them; to say I was proud and grateful to have them here!

You see, they were American soldiers!

March 31, 1942 . . . Trade show of "They Flew Alone." It went over terrifically. Jacqueline Cochran (who is with the Women's Air Transport Auxiliary Service in Britain) sat next to me and found it the first aviation film about which she had no criticism to offer.

April 8, 1942 . . . Boarded ship today for America. This is a Polish troopship headed for—we don't know what American or Canadian port.

April 9, 1942 . . . Sailed tonight after spending all day on board. Ship completely darkened, a ghost ship literally feeling its way through the blackness. I cannot tell how many are in our convoy, but one ship, I am told, is carrying 1,000 prisoners of war to Canada.

April 10, 1942 . . . Lifeboat drill today in the bitter cold—too realistic for comfort. We must wear our preservers continuously and must not undress at night. Blackout every night, of course, and the sea looks pretty grim! . . . Oh, my! Just as I wrote, came a dull, ominous roar. I rushed into the passageway . . . to learn depth charges had been dropped! Which must mean submarine is near. There is a strange fascination at contemplation of the fact that death might come at any moment. I find myself inclined to view my own reactions with a curious detachment. To wonder if I shall scream and prove cowardly if catastrophe does come. I hope I shall not. I must confess, though, that death in the freezing waters of the North Atlantic seems much more horrible than decently in bed. . . .

APRIL 13, 1942 . . . A ship's concert for the officers today, in which I took part. A most appreciative audience. As the days go by, I find myself becoming accustomed to the presence of danger.

April 18, 1942 . . . Arrived in (*censored*). I can scarcely believe this voyage is over and we are safely here! Yet now, as I look back, it has been something I wouldn't have missed for a great deal—this, if for no other reason than because it has made me understand and appreciate the simple courage of those United Nations seamen to whom voyages like ours—and worse—are daily fare. . . .

April 19, 1942 . . . Left Canada by train tonight for New York, dining shortly after we pulled out. The food is revolting —there is so much!

And so ends my English diary. I wish it contained more of my impressions and adventures. As it is, however, it will serve always to remind me of the strangest and yet the most satisfactory period in my life to date. I suppose it is one of "silver linings" to the cloud of war, that it strips life of superficialities and teaches appreciation of fundamentals.

The End.

"Girls with sweet fragrant skin win out"—

RITA HAYWORTH

"Here's an easy way to make SURE"

"I always use my complexion soap—gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap, for my daily beauty bath, too," says this charming star. "A delightful way to protect daintiness!" You will find Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather gently carries away every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin really fresh. You'll love the way it caresses your skin, leaves it fragrant with a delicate perfume that *clings*.

It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET—

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(*Continued from page* 41) work, with precision tools, power machines, in any of the jobs which a complete extrovert would find monotonous. And remember, you can make excellent salaries in this work now! Dressmaking, power machine sewing and cooking might be fields for you, too.

If you are the "mental" type, follow your aptitudes or interests, but remember that you should work at something in which you are largely independent of others. (We don't mean that you are unco-operative. Rather, that you work best by yourself, on your own particular tasks.) What about filing, bookkeeping, map reading and topography; business machine work on calculators, comptometers, billing and duplicating machines, or typing; PBX operator; research work?

B.

Are you trying to be a nurse, social service worker, actress, confidential secretary, saleswoman or teacher? If you are, you have not chosen the vocation for which you are best suited. You could do better at work in which you are independent of other people, not dealing *entirely* with the public at large, but you do get along more easily with people than those in Group A.

There are many vocations in which you may excel. First, decide whether your skill is manual or mental, and what your particular talents are. You can do any of the jobs mentioned above in "A." Or are you interested in commercial art, music, photography, library work, the exact sciences, stenography, home economics, accounting? Or would you like to be a beautician, waitress or cashier?

You can do very well indeed in your work, but remember that you'll do your best in something not dependent on others. Develop your talents and, if you are at all mechanical and have physical endurance, you'd be a whiz in defense production work!

C.

People like you and they should! Your personality is well-balanced and you get along well with other people. You are generally in harmony with your surroundings and you can succeed in any work for which you have a special aptitude or interest, but be honest with yourself and select it carefully. Don't just *imagine* you'd like some particular field. Analyze your particular capabilities.

Your personality permits your choosing a job in which you work with other people, or one in which you can work independently. It's up to you to decide.

You might prefer doing the work mentioned in "A" or "B" above, but you can also be successful as a nurse, saleswoman, private secretary, receptionist or hostess, teacher, physical education instructor, governess. You might prefer banking, languages, costume design.

Don't overlook any manual, mathematical or scientific skill you may have. War industries need people like you who can work with others and also be efficient!

D.

Are you a filing clerk, business machine operator, typist? If you are, you could choose a more suitable profession! Repetitious, routine work probably irks you and you waste your talents in it. You get along so well with people that you should definitely work at something which affords contact with other people. You demand variety and contact with the public affords that.

You have wide interests, are friendly and resourceful, so that you *can* do any of the jobs mentioned in "A," "B" or "C" if you really want to. On the other hand, you would be happier in work which is not monotonous.

Depending on your special aptitudes, you could be an excellent saleswoman, nurse, airplane stewardess, receptionist, hostess or personal secretary. Or, you might do well in social service work, newspaper reporting, advertising, all types of office work, teaching, law, personnel work, commercial photography, modeling, public speaking, radio—well, mostly anything. If you are manually dextrous or have mechanical ability, you should certainly do well in a war production plant; you might eventually direct the work of others because of your ability to get along with people.

Margie Hart, who steps out glamorously for a first-time Hollywood appearance in "Lure Of The Islands"

You, in this group, might be actresses, if you have the talent. *Unless you are in this group,* you'd better give up the idea, because an actress *must* have this type of personality. (Don't point an accusing finger and say "What about Garbo?" She is one in a million, and that's another story.) An actress should be intensely interested in people, able to understand them and the possessor of a personality which appeals to others. She must be able to get along with writers, directors, other actors, stagehands, prop men, make-up artists, interviewers, cameramen and the public. It isn't so easy!

A word of caution to you in group "D." Your type is often so interested in so *many* things that it is difficult for you to settle down to one; you keep flitting from one thing to another because of your intense love of change. So before you decide on your career (and yours can be a career—not just a job) think well! Study your special talents, choose the work in which you can be most *useful* and then stick to it!

NOW for Frances Dee's scoring on our test and what it indicates. First, let us repeat she took the test *cold*, with no indication of what it was for, what the results would prove or what our scoring system was. Her score was 96!

Frances was selected for the lead in "Name, Age And Occupation" after many unknowns were tested for the role and just as many well-known Hollywood actresses had been considered. Lorentz decided that she, in real life the wife of Joel McCrea and mother of two young sons, was ideal to portray the girl in the picture.

Her answers to our test prove that she is just as ideal, emotionally, as an actress. In addition to her ability, her personality proves that acting is the perfect profession for her.

Her test answers, on many of which she gave us interesting comment, prove that Frances is friendly, considerate of other people, well-balanced in her interests. She is charming and gracious, but serious about her work; keenly interested in what's going on in the world, she reads widely, but also enjoys fun. She is, in the main, an extrovert, but confesses she is not the Life-of-the-Party type.

In Quiz I her only "no" answer was on question 18. She said, "I'm not sufficiently impulsive to make decisions on the spur of the moment."

Frances says she keeps her feelings to herself when things go wrong and adds wisely, "Troubles only bore other people." She tries to extend kindness to new actors, remembering how much it meant to her when she was beginning her career. She will accept responsibilities gladly and follow through to the limit of her capabilities. She loves picnics and parties, but prefers smaller parties to the "huge" variety sometimes given in Hollywood.

SHE keeps her own promises, so justifiably is annoyed if other people fail to keep theirs. She is active in First Aid classes and other Red Cross work. She listens to all well-meant advice and does her best to follow any she considers sound. She likes to entertain in her own home, meets people easily and has no trouble remembering names because she has schooled herself on that important point. She admits she has some moody moments but "can't remember having any of serious proportions" and has never suffered from the delusion of a "conspiracy of unkindness."

Miss Dee's only "yes" answer in Quiz II was on question 19, in which she said, "I'm not the life of the party." But she is a gracious hostess and her own parties never bog down. She said emphatically on question 18, "Discourtesy is never justifiable whatever the provocation," on which the psychologists agree with her; and on number 13 she amended her "no" by saying, "Of course I lose my temper sometimes, but not quickly and frequently," which was what we asked.

No single question in our test is all-important, but the answers to the sum total indicate emotional types and personality. And remember—it is just an indication.

You have the stuff; choose your work wisely, do your best and you can't help but be a success!

THE END

Face The New World Gayly

WITH NAILS IN THE NEW CUTEX *Young Red*

THE HAND that drives a truck, carries a textbook, rolls a bandage, rocks the cradle! Let's keep it gay, let's keep it feminine in the new Cutex YOUNG RED! A red badge of courage for every finger tip . . . a touch of cheery, chin-up color with neutral suits and dresses. Get a bottle today and meet your new world with new charm—and the old femininity! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

(*Continued from page 34*) assistant movie director, and the widespread publicity given her divorce had left their mark. So also had her long and much-discussed engagement to John Barry, young Victorville editor. This, too, had ended in a break-up. No wonder she shied away from speaking of the new and biggest romance of her life. Instead, she hid behind generalities.

"It isn't that I'm bitter or disillusioned about love," she said earnestly. "I want love and a happy marriage more than anything else in the world. Some girls say they love their careers. I say I like mine. I've worked hard for it, fought to get where I am. But with me acting is only a business. A career would mean little to me without love. Real love.

"But it's easy to be mistaken about love. Only when that big love comes along and hits you a tremendous wallop over the head do you realize what a counterfeit the other so-called love really was.

"And when that big love does come along, do the sensible thing. Get married! You're missing the whole meaning of life if you don't. . . ."

Pat's earnest face suddenly broke into a grin. "And I said I wasn't going to talk about love! We can't get away from it, can we?"

At this moment a call came through. It was Lieutenant Joe Howard, and how could he storm the Paramount gates to see his lady fair? Instantly Pat's carefully constructed defenses were thrown to the winds. She was just a girl, terribly happy, terribly thrilled over the unexpected arrival of her beau.

"Joe and I have fun together," she chattered. "He's young. Only a couple of years older than I am. He's Irish, too He comes from a large family like I do He has six brothers and sisters. Like me, he has a passion for good music. Loves to listen to symphony records by the hour. He doesn't care a hoot about night clubs. We both love the outdoors.

"Like all other young men, Joe changed his plans when war threatened. He'd had two years in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology when he joined the Army."

There was a knock at the door. Lieutenant Howard came into the room.

In spite of his uniform, the lieutenant looked young and boyish. He stood, military fashion, with his cap on his bent arm, held close to his side. His curly hair and desert tan were almost as brown as his leather belt.

Their casual "hello" belied the quick warmth in their glances.

It was obvious what Pat had meant when she said, "Joe is quiet and reserved." As we walked over to the set, he paid little attention to the scene being enacted before him. Instead of watching the dance hall girls, miners and gamblers, closing in on the fight between George Brent and Bruce Cabot, he kept his eyes on Pat.

For Joe had come on something far more important than watching a fight scene. He had found a honeymoon cottage and had driven in to tell Pat that they would not have to rent a bungalow at Yucca Loma. Much as both of them loved this desert resort where they first met and where Pat for the past three years had spent her vacations, it was natural that they wanted a house to themselves.

With the completion of "Silver Queen" Pat hurried home to the comfortably rambling Lane house to pack. "I don't want any fuss made over my marriage," she told her mother when Mrs. Lane reminded her of her promise that if she ever married again the ceremony would be performed there. "I'm going to Nevada only because in that state there is no three-day wait after the license is issued. I can't go through all the publicity and interviews that an actress is faced with during that time."

HASTILY she packed the bright silk shirts, khaki skirts, high boots and sombreros that she always wore on the desert; the slacks, gay little pinafores and few afternoon dresses which comprised her simple wardrobe. Her only purchases were the powder blue dress and hat in which she was married.

Then followed her books, radio and a few cherished possessions. "I'm not even taking Muffett," she said to her mother. "Joe and I want a dog, instead of a cat, on the desert."

As she gave her mother a farewell embrace, she said, "I have no idea when I'll be coming back to Hollywood. We hope that Joe's work as bombardier instructor will keep him in California. But if he's ordered to another flying field, I'll go with him."

This from the girl who a few short months ago so stoutly maintained that she'd never marry a man who was going off to war! "Separations are no good," she had said at that time. "With the husband away in the Army or Navy, especially if he weren't in pictures, the marriage wouldn't have a chance. . . ."

But perhaps the little Lane is even better than her word. With Joe's special work, it is doubtful that he will be ordered into a combat zone. But if her man is sent away to war, she proposes to go with him—at least as far as the authorities will permit. And if picture commitments call her back to Hollywood, she'll leave only long enough to fulfill them, and then return to him.

Meantime Joe and his bride are keeping house in seventh heaven on the edge of the desert. While he is over at the flying field, Pat is puttering around the house, washing her hair and drying it in the sun, driving into the village to do her marketing. The long evenings are best of all Walking or driving in the desert moonlight. Planning for the time when the war will be over.

Theirs is the luxury of a green lawn in front of their little home, a flower garden in back and all around the golden desert melting into the blue haze of the distant mountains. There are hardwood floors spread with bright Indian rugs, comfortable Monterey furniture, a gay little kitchen where, wrote Pat to her mother, "Joe burned the spaghetti and I burned the toast. So we figure we are over our burning stage."

But there's another stage they won't be over for a long time—the stage of each other.

THE END

Scoop!

The picture you see at the left is the only one taken of Pat Lane's new husband, Lt. Joe Howard. Photoplay-Movie Mirror's cameraman, Hymie Fink, invaded their honeymoon house in the middle of the desert, asked for a picture, was shyly turned down by Lt. Howard. After an hour's fast talking, the bridegroom broke down and consented to pose—providing Hymie stand across the road and he be allowed to wear his cap and dark glasses! So here's the exclusive result taken on the steps of the cottage Pat and Howard rented for their honeymoon, a cute little house surrounded by nothing but desert.

Pat's trousseau: khaki breeches, silk shirts, cowboy boots

Their home: Bright chintzes, Indian rugs, wicker furniture—and Photoplay-Movie Mirror!

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 6) Jimmy Cagney's . . click of the heels of the King's Guards.

Madeleine Carroll's . . . a kitten playing on a white velvet rug.

Mickey Rooney's . . . a quick zoom off a springboard into the ol' swimmin' hole.

MABEL ALLEN STONER,
Muncie, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Sit Up And Take Notice"

"KINGS ROW" was an excellent motion picture. Strangely though, many people who saw it were keenly disappointed. I believe the reason for this is simple and the big Hollywood producers who give us this type of pictures should sit up and take notice.

Pictures with such powerful themes as "Kings Row" are just too morose and depressing to the average movie-goer of the present time. Beset with their own personal sorrow in a world gone mad with war and bloodshed they have no place in their troubled hearts for more scenes of misery and heartbreak.

We go to the movies primarily for entertainment. Most of us want to laugh and forget our woes for a little while. Can't the producers give us more of this light comedy type of film and leave out the more sombre sort like "Kings Row" until the war is won?

Stanley Monroe,
Weatherford, Okla.

$1.00 PRIZE
Well, Hollywood?

A NEWCOMER has loomed invitingly from the distant horizon; a silent and ober but engaging personality by the ame of Richard Whorf. This big, trong, rugged combination of Weissnuller and Mature (with a bit of the Duke Ellington genius at the piano hrown in) literally captivated the eminine hearts with his *Jigger* in "Blues n The Night."

According to the files he's a married an with three children—but yet Hollyood and his fans will want him to be eir puppet. What say we leave this uy alone, huh? None of the fake roance business and phony stories.

But now that he's made his debut, don't rget him, Hollywood. Give him a few ore roles to sink his teeth into and I'll et you'll be back for more. But above l, let him live his own life as he sees :

Dolores Passero,
Rochester, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Lord Cregar

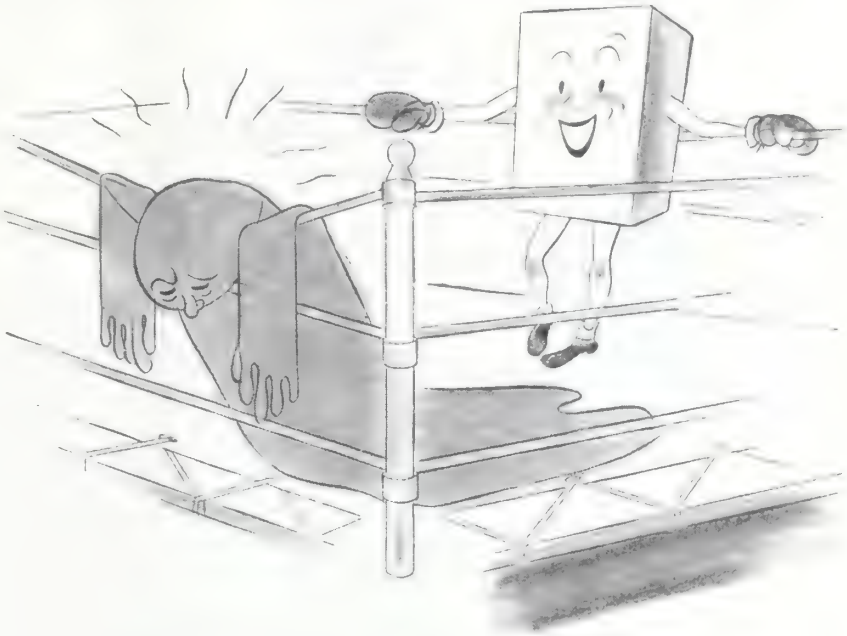
VERY so often we fans are treated to a brand-new personality in a grand rformance. This time the "something-w-has-been-added" comes in the ormous form of Laird Cregar, who lled a "steal" play in "Rings On Her ngers."

This combination giant, Frank Morn and Charles Laughton rolled into e is certainly headed for bigger things. How about a starring role for the big ow? With the right picture and cast lection we are sure that Laird will not appoint his many new box-office and-in-liners."

Yours for a greater screen cast!

Ralph J. Satterlee,
New York, N. Y.

All Washed Up!



Sorry, you just missed it! . . . A championship washing contest . . . "Tattle-Tale" Gray versus Fels-Naptha Soap . . . "Tattle-Tale" was tough but the Fels-Naptha Treatment softened him up . . . now he's on the ropes . . . washed up!

How about a private exhibition, right in your own home? Fels-Naptha Soap will be glad to oblige—any week—and for a few cents you can have a tub-side seat to see the champion perform.

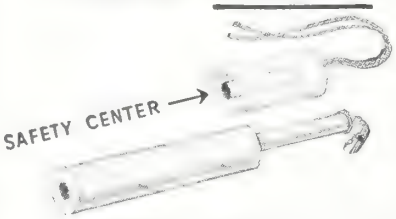
It's a sight you won't forget. To watch Fels-Naptha in a rough-and-tumble with grimy work clothes. To see how skillful it is with delicate things. To compare Fels-Naptha's washing speed with ordinary laundry soaps.

P. S.—Make your arrangements through your grocer. Better ask him about Fels-Naptha Soap now.

Before you choose your tampon—

Of course, you've been hearing about internal protection. And, being modern, you've made up your mind that you, too, will enjoy this new freedom and comfort. But, when you choose *your* tampon, make certain you choose the most modern, improved tampon! Do this . . .

...consider Protection!



For *real* protection, absorption must be *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton, hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

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Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators! For protection, comfort, value—choose MEDS!

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢

The Modess Tampon

Romance for the Lonely

(*Continued from page* 33) once spoke of this impossible situation as it exists for stars in Hollywood. The loneliness of success—not all experience it, but those who do know the deep pain of it. Friends say Bette, realizing the depth of the love she and Arthur Farnsworth felt for each other and knowing how often a man outside the profession will hesitate to declare his love to a top-notch star, made the path easy for Arthur to ask her to marry him. So far it's been a grand marriage, but, of course, Bette and Arthur are nearer an age.

At the moment, Hollywood is actually holding its breath over the outcome of the Greer Garson-Richard Ney romance. Young Ney has never stopped asking Greer to marry him from the day he first met her. In fact, there are those who say they are already married.

"Wouldn't you think," someone remarked to me recently, "a woman as beautiful and charming and fascinating as Greer Garson would have innumerable suitors swooning at her feet?"

What suitors? To begin with, how many handsome eligibles in their thirties do you know with the charm, bearing, and position befitting that of a famous star? So where and to whom will such a star as Greer Garson turn for the love every woman needs, if not to the man at hand who loves her?

ROSALIND RUSSELL waited quite a few years for that mythical husband we had all visioned for her. Tall, handsome, late thirty-ish, successful, even famous in his profession. And where was he? The man Rosalind married was the agent she'd had for a long time, a younger man successfully started on a promising career. And why? Because Rosalind Russell had become so famous a star the ordinary businessman could no more move in her sphere of life than fly. But Fred Brisson, who worked within the aura of movies, understood the problems of a great star and was ready and waiting.

The exciting friendship of Ann Sothern and Robert Sterling is another case in point. The truth is, Ann is older. That is, if you go by years. But Ann's heart is young. There isn't a better sport anywhere than Ann, who loves to fish, to play games, to laugh with friends. Certainly marriage with Roger Pryor, a man her own age, proved a failure. A marriage with young Robert Sterling, who lives and works in, and possesses the understanding of, the profession, might well prove more successful.

No more beautiful woman exists than Madeleine Carroll and yet the man she married was tousled-haired Stirling Hayden, years her junior.

Despite all the handsome and successful men in the world, it took a young Viking to climb the starry pedestal, declare his love and have it welcomed eagerly.

Here's another instance with a different ending. She, our Miss X, was married and a star when she met him, a man younger, charming, witty, ambitious. He gave her all the fire and color that her conventional home lacked. Because their interests were mutual, she let herself fall madly in love.

Unable to endure it any longer, she went to her husband and told him she wanted a divorce. He was shocked, desperately hurt but game. Promptly he moved out of the house to give her a free hand with the divorce. Blindly she went ahead with her plans. But the beautiful home which had been the center for artistic gatherings became almost deserted. Friends drifted away. So did her career.

She was too enamored to care much. Besides, the star of the man on whom she had pinned her heart was climbing fast; he was being hailed on all sides as a coming sensation. She was counting on him to carry her along.

And then gradually it happened. The aura that had surrounded her, all the magic that enchants and sets apart, wrapped itself about him, shutting her out—a woman no longer touched by the allure of stardom.

It's over now. She's alone, looking and feeling a woman whose life is without meaning.

Sometimes stars would rather endure the loneliness of the moment than risk disaster later on. Take Joan Crawford, for example, for whose affections Glenn Ford campaigned so ardently.

Joan met Glenn when a writer friend brought him to her house. Ford sat there in the richly appointed living room carried away by the magnetism of this woman who, to him, had always been a vision of glamour that existed only on a silver screen. On her side, Joan was charmed by his slow ingratiating voice, the almost naïve admiration in the eyes of the Santa Monica lad who, despite the fact that he was brought up just a stone's throw from Hollywood, was as untouched by it as if he had been born and bred at River's End.

On the following Sunday it was Glenn who was invited to one of her famed Sunday soirees. It was Glenn who drove her down to the beach where they watched the sea, or carried her off to a concert or a tavern in the hills.

THEY had much in common. Both were deeply interested in the artisan side of their profession. In the private projection room of Joan's home three of them—Glenn and Joan and Christina, her three-year-old adopted daughter who adores Glenn—would watch while Ford's pictures were run off. Afterwards Joan would give him the benefit of her shrewd, constructive criticism.

Then they would run off Joan's pictures. No comment from Glenn, who considered himself not qualified to speak. But Christina—that beguiling little imp—though personally flanked by Hollywood's top talent, would call loud and unabashed for her favorite movie star, Mickey Mouse!

Despite these gay times, Joan, who is a woman of rare perception, looked the situation squarely in the face and realized that the rocks in the waters ahead would be hard and sharp. Notwithstanding his fine intelligence and rare freshness Ford could not as yet match the maturity, either emotional or mental, of a woman of her experience. Then why go on until one of them was hurt—badly? Quietly, gently, she found a way of sidestepping his next eager invitation. Presently he was not being included on her Sunday night lists. She was grooming him to walk without her. It would be so much easier later.

Will Joan Crawford, the fans' idea of what a movie star should really be like, have to go empty-hearted, as far as a man's lasting love is concerned?

Where is the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker for these lonely but terrifically successful Hollywood women way up there on their pedestals?

THE END

Little Miss Dynamite

(*Continued from page* 53) She must thank him for the panda. She must reassure herself that he loved her; by what he said and the way he said it.

The next morning Paramount called early. She had the part. She was to start work immediately.

That night Veronica and Johnny went again to the little hofbrau house and danced to the Beer Barrel Polka and drove home over hills soft in the starlight. "I only hope, Baby," Johnny said, 'that this won't take you from me."

She made herself comfortable in the curve of his arm. "I appreciate this opportunity," she said in the strong low voice he loved so well. "But I don't intend to pay too much for it, Johnny. I'm going to marry you, since you were nice enough to ask me. If I can work in pictures on the side—swell! If not . . ." she raised her small hand in a quick, eloquent gesture ". . . to the studios and a career!"

SECRETLY Veronica and Johnny filed their intention to marry on the twenty-sixth of September.

"I've always loathed the idea of a ormal wedding and I was determined not to have one," she says vehemently 'I wouldn't want those who love me weeping while I was married. I wouldn't want others speculating about my gown and other things. When you're getting married I think you want to think about getting married; not feel you're on parade!"

Unexpectedly on the twenty-fifth of September the "I Wanted Wings" company left for a location trip to Riverside Veronica called Johnny. "I won't be seeing you tonight," she told him. "But our date for tomorrow holds. I'll meet you here. Same place, same time."

Same place, same time. They had chosen a little church at Santa Ana for their wedding and set eight o'clock for their hour.

The next day, working on location, Veronica grew tense waiting and planning. The dress she had hoped to wear hadn't come home from the cleaners. So she had packed her flaming red dress and turban. She would, she decided, offset the effect with long black gloves and a black bag.

Unfortunately she would have to wear white moccasins and limp down the aisle. She had torn ligaments in her leg running for the camera and shoes were impossible.

She returned to the hotel late that afternoon to find her mother and father and a friend waiting on the veranda. "Daddy's so much stronger today we thought we'd come for dinner to surprise you," her mother said.

It isn't likely Veronica ever will do a finer piece of acting than she did then as she concealed her frenzied disappointment. Dinner seemed interminable.

"Are you working very hard?" asked her father

"Hard—and long!" she said dramatically. "Tomorrow, for instance, I have to be up at five o'clock and I have pages—simply pages—of dialogue to learn tonight."

Even as she spoke they gathered their wraps. "You go directly to bed," they told her.

"Good-by . . ." She waved them down the hotel steps and flew upstairs to get her panda and call a cab.

"Make time," she told her driver. "I'll pay for any tickets. And stop at the first drugstore we pass. I have to

Are you *sure* of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!

Use Fresh #2 and stay fresher!

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1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
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Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this *daintier* deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora! In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

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make a telephone call."

When she got the Santa Ana rectory on the wire her wrist watch showed quarter to eight. "This is Veronica Lake," she said. "Remember me? I'm marrying John Detlie tonight. Tell him to wait, please! I've been held up but I'm on my way!"

She rushed into the little rectory parlor, forty-five minutes late. Johnny wasn't there. "Has he gone?" she cried

The minister's wife patted her shoulder. "He'll be back in a minute," she explained. "He went out for something to eat."

SITTING on the sofa's edge, clutching her panda, Veronica disciplined herself to be quiet and to speak calmly. But she could feel her heart pounding.

When Johnny came and grinned at her over a big bouquet of baby gardenias with long white streamers it stopped pounding and began to whir with happiness.

The panda sat on the bride's side of the church in the front pew.

The minister's wife played the little organ.

The candle flames fluttered in the soft breeze.

Outside an open window a mockingbird called.

Smiling, Veronica limped down the aisle, bearing her flowers proudly.

Smiling, Johnny waited at the altar.

They turned to the minister who stood with his book open in his hand.

"Dearly Beloved," he began, and they lifted reverent young faces to him.

"With this ring I thee wed " said Johnny.

The ring was a black enamel and silver panda, designed by Johnny, on a strong but delicate silver chain. What is engraved on the inside of that panda is their secret.

"I thought," Johnny said, when it was over and they were in his car, "that we'd rather have our wedding wine here or under some tree than go to a cafe. But if you'd prefer a cafe, Baby. . . ."

She drew closer. "Oh no, Johnny," she said. "It was wonderful of you to think of this. A cafe would be bright and noisy and sacrilegious."

"You think of everything," Veronica told Johnny as, beaming, he produced two beautiful crystal goblets. He took her in his arms. He was, at once, strong and tender.

"Here's to the day you'll come home, Mrs. Detlie!" he said softly.

"To Saturday!" She raised her glass, too. "However late we get back I'll come straight to you. Then, Sunday morning, we can get your family and my family together and break the news! Mother can't complain about what we've done, certainly. She threw me at you, you might say. Or she threw you at me!"

They drank their wine and crashed their glasses against a tree and put the pieces in the pocket of the car so they could save them forever. "Remember about them, Johnny. Don't cut yourself Remember . . . remember," she said.

STUDIOS don't relish embryo stars' becoming matrons before they've had a proper chance to publicize them as glamour girls. It dismayed the Paramount powers to learn of Veronica's elopement.

"We can try to keep it quiet, at least for a little while," suggested someone who had never had any dealings with Veronica.

"No, no," he was told, "we don't want any trouble with her!"

Veronica and Johnny took a little apartment outside of town and accented the living room in chintz in blue-gray and yellow. They hung Johnny's paintings on the walls. They built shelves in the bedroom for all the toy pandas he had given her every Thursday because that's a special anniversary and every time she went away on location and every time he discovered another reason why he loved her and why he was the luckiest man on earth. There were literally dozens of pandas.

"I'll quit pictures if you want me to," Veronica told Johnny.

He looked thoughtful. "I'm not afraid you'll lose your head and put your career before everything else," he told her. "And I don't want any regrets later. I don't want you to remember the chance you have right now and feel you threw it away."

"I never would, Johnny," she said.

He shook his head. "You might not think so now, Baby. But I can't risk your ever resenting the part I play in your life."

"Johnny!" She threw herself in his arms. "Don't even say such a thing!"

"I WANTED WINGS" was a success. Critics, the country over, admitted Veronica's effectiveness but sometimes expressed doubts about her versatility. This was her challenge.

"I won't quit this business," she said fiercely, "until I'm known as an actress who can play anything from Baby Dumpling to Old Lady Grundy. I won't be an overnight sensation. I'll be a woman with a profession I can depend upon—*or know why!*"

Nevertheless, she proceeded, as before, on her own terms.

Then Preston Sturges began testing girls, Veronica among them, for "Sullivan's Travels." Veronica was chosen.

"There's something you should know," she told Sturges and the company executives who were present. "I won't be able to work indefinitely. I'm going to have a baby!"

One executive groaned. "Here we are publicizing you as a glamour girl and right away you must have a baby!"

Another executive cupped his weary, bewildered head in his hands.

"It's no use taking it so hard," Veronica told them. "You might as well get used to the idea. I'm going to have lots of babies—well, three at least!"

Preston Sturges grinned. It was a scene he wished he had directed.

"You've given us fair warning," he told Veronica. "We'll proceed with your deadline—your lifeline, rather—in mind."

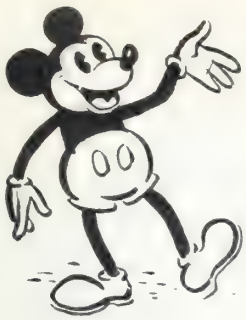
"Sullivan's Travels" increased Veronica's fame. Her income, too. She was given a handsome bonus when it was completed.

Elaine Keane Detlie, born August 27, 1941, just six weeks after "Sullivan's Travels" was completed, increased her happiness. John's too.

When Veronica returned to the studios two months after Elaine's arrival they were glad to see her and cast her immediately in "This Gun For Hire." After which the most doubting critics agreed she was more than a personality, that she was an actress and a darn good one. After which Paramount themselves brought up the subject of a new contract, nodding understanding approval when Veronica announced her temporary home between future pictures would be Seattle where husband John, now a liaison officer in the camouflage department, is stationed.

She's doing all right with her career and her life and her love, this little Miss Dynamite.

THE END



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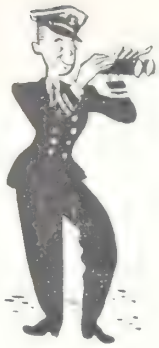
Terse Verse

By Jay Keys



Bob Montgomery,
Adept at mummery,
Makes a gala
U. S. sailor.

The reason why women exist at all
Is one of life's perplexities,
But easily known when you recall
Miss D. Lamour's convexities.

I'd live in a tower,
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With Madeleine Carroll.

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ONE-MINUTE STORY

BY Claudette Colbert

I'M proud that Miss Waller calls me a friend, and this is why. She's about forty, brown-haired, and small—and blind. Luckily she has a tiny income which enables her to live frugally and simply—and I don't mean what you think an actress means by simple.

On December 7 she was one of the first to hear the news. You see, the radio is a big part of her life. Miss Waller was like all of us. She wanted to do something.

She couldn't drive an ambulance. She couldn't be of value even if she knew First Aid. She couldn't even afford to buy War Bonds. Discouraged, hopeless, spiritless, Miss Waller was conscious of her blindness for the first time in years.

I had to leave town, and when I called on her upon my return I found her waiting on her porch. And her face had lost that hopeless, useless look and was abeam with happiness. Just then a car pulled up filled with men going to work. She was in a hurry to meet them, and this is what I learned. She's working in a defense plant now, one of the most valuable workers they have. You see, her fingers are so sensitive from Braille reading that they catch slight roughnesses in important machine parts that others might miss. And she's still living on her meager income. All her salary goes into War Bonds.

"I know I'm blind," she said, "but I can still see pretty clearly what all of us have to do."

Keep Punchin'

(*Continued from page* 51) was not a talent scout.

"Let's listen," the cowboy said.

The producer paused.

The words came, soft as dawn in Ireland.

"Oh I love the wild flowers in this dear land of ours
The curlew I love to hear scream
I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountaintops green."

The world-famed cowboy went toward the voice.

"Who was just singing?" he asked, glancing at Roy Rogers.

"I was," the bashful young truck driver admitted.

The man extended his hand. "I'm Tom Mix," he said. "And you belong," he looked around, "somewhere besides where you are. Try a band and keep punchin', kid. Your chance is bound to come."

THE first chance for Roy was a spot in an amateur show; from this beginning he organized a cowboy band, The Rocky Mountaineers and then another troupe, The International Cowboys.

"We didn't do very well through New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. We went broke fast and had to hock our belongings to buy gas on the road," Roy remembers sadly.

In the New Mexico town of Roswell the troupe began to joke in earnest about how hungry they were for any kind of food. To make it local they called it home cooking.

A young girl believed them. Requesting a song of Roy, she brought him a lemon pie. She said her name was Arlene Williams. Roy looked into the clear young face with the admiring eyes and decided that was for him. Things are simple in the great sweeping vistas of the Southwest.

Simple, but not always immediately possible. At the moment all he could do was sell the automobile that had carried the International Cowboys to fame and misfortune and give each member of the wandering group a few dollars. With nothing else to do each yodeler of Western songs decided to thumb his way to California.

STILL not forgetting Tom Mix, nor yet the golden goal that awaited him in a New Mexico town, the one-time hauler of gravel organized another radio band.

The doleful months passed, and with them Roy's troupe. Then something happened.

"Here's a song to sing," a fellow radio worker said to him. Roy scanned it quickly. His own heart stirred with the haunting theme of the cowboy who has come to the end of the trail. "I'm headin' for the last roundup—"

All was still as he stepped from the microphone. . . .

Soon a telegram came from Hollywood. 'You're learning how to punch around the heart," it read. "Congratulations. Tom Mix."

Destiny soon dealt another ace. He was given a regular job on a radio staff in Hollywood. With this first contract under his belt, Roy hopped into his car and sped across Arizona to the heart of mesa land. There in the simple ceremony of the country he joined his life with Arlene Williams and as man and wife they turned their faces westward to the gloriously unpredictable future.

But there was still another ace in the deck for Roy. He was having a cowboy hat cleaned in a little shop when he heard a man's voice saying, "Gene Autry's having trouble with his studio and they want someone to take his place. They don't want much—just a guy who can sing like an angel and ride like the devil and all the time look like Clark Gable on a white horse!"

Roy remembers now, "I went right over to the studio in my jalopy. I couldn't get in, so I just sat there and waited for a chance to sneak in and tell anyone about myself who'd listen."

When after several hours he collared the producer, that gentleman asked, "Can you sing and play a guitar?"

Roy rushed outside and returned with his guitar. He said, "I know two songs that Tom Mix liked."

"Okay—if they were good enough for Mix, maybe they'll go here," said the producer halfheartedly. Listening to young hopefuls was part of the day's work.

Roy thumbed his guitar.

"Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day."

"You'll do," the producer said, and pressed a button.

WITH no more camera experience to his credit than singing with his troupe in two Autry films, Roy was thrown into the starring lead of "Under Western Stars." This was not so much foresight on the part of the studio as necessity. Gene was off the lot during his controversy and the studio was committed to deliver its quota of Western pictures—but fast.

After Republic mended its fences with Autry there was a moment when Roy's career hung by a thread, although the exhibitors were now asking for more of the star they had seen in "Under Western Stars." But the deciding factor was Singing Cowboy Number One himself. Be it said to Gene Autry's everlasting credit that, when a word from him would have closed the studio doors on Roy, he chose to extend a helping hand to his rival.

Even so, it is only now with "Tumbling Tumblewoods" that the studio is handing Roy their top-budget pictures.

Life has been good to the Cowboy from Ohio. He and Arlene live happily on their attractive California hacienda ranch in San Fernando Valley. Near them is the home Roy has given his mother and father. There's a pool on the grounds of the Rogers's hacienda and more fancy planting than a cowboy can shake a stick at.

But the prize of El Rancho Rogers is baby Cheryl Darline. Roy saw her when he was doing a benefit at a Texas orphanage. The benefit was all his when Cheryl rolled her baby eyes at him. Without saying a word to anyone he went home to get Arlene. But Arlene needed no persuasion. They've been Hollywood's happiest triangle ever since.

Roy has made about two dozen films. Reliable polls already rate him third in his field at the box office. It is quite evident that the charming lad from Ohio will someday be first.

"Keep punchin', kid," he can hear Tom Mix saying from the clouds.

THE END

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Highroad To Hollywood

(*Continued from page 58*) day yesterday I was a fisherman's daughter in an uncomfortable wool skirt and thick stockings. Working in pictures earns a lot of money, but if you'll notice," she said as she rounded a ledge which brought them into full view of the valley and Hollywood below, "in stories about movie stars, the heroine always goes home in the end."

Dusk was just coming down, lights coming on in the valley. Arriving at the Chateau, Carmen parking the car, they saw Miss Moe's pretty little waitress, Mary Logan, busy with supper customers.

"Why don't we eat barbecued hamburgers outside?" Scott suggested. "I'll get them . . . I have to go in anyway, to telephone. I haven't checked with Central Casting for two hours. . . ."

But in considerably less than two minutes, she returned.

"Girls," she said, with an air of strained calmness, "don't fall over the cliff, but I have a job at Universal; I'm to report for a costume fitting in the morning."

THUS the tide turned for Scott, for there was a second call and a third. To double her luck, in August she was offered the position of waitress at Moe Chateau, for after three years of earnest endeavor to make good as a bit player, Mary Logan had been given a part which the unpredictable public had applauded. Overnight she was a "discovery," under contract at $500 per week!

Great luck for Mary, but great luck also, for Scott, who gratefully took over Mary's place as waitress, moving all her worldly goods up the canyon to the room which went with the job, a room which she gladly shared with Julie.

As for Julie August found her still alternately discouraged or confident.

Curt usually put in an appearance on Saturday afternoon. Some Saturdays they would walk to Lookout Mountain, now and again they would drive to the beach, or perhaps they would seek adventure by hunting a new place to dance and dine.

One Saturday they were alone at the Chateau, Scott, Louie and Miss Moe having gone to market. "Look here, Missy," Curt said suddenly, "I want to know how that fancy house is getting along, back in Gladstone? Has your friend Jenkins got it finished?"

"Almost," Julie replied. "All but doorknobs and keyholes and things like that. His last letter says it's just about time for me to be showing up to break a bottle of champagne over the gatepost."

"You don't say," commented Curt. "Well, how's this for an idea? When he finishes it, I'll buy it. A small town is the kind of a place where portraits can be made that *are* portraits; the kind that hang in galleries.

"Naturally you'll be wanting to go back to Gladstone some of these days, so what's Tod's price on the place?"

Julie, feeling decidedly confused by the mixture in values and emotions which Curt's idea suggested, was about to say, a little doubtfully, that she'd write home and find out, when they were interrupted by the telephone.

THE voice Julie expected to hear at the other end of the line, was Louie's or Scott's. The voice she *did* hear was that of Casting Director Steve Trilling asking if she would be interested in doing a scene, in Errol Flynn's new picture; a Park Avenue debby visiting a Western farm, one page of easy dialogue which they thought she could handle nicely. She could consider herself engaged . . . *if* she had riding clothes and could take a barrier on horseback.

Julie scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry as she assured Mr. Trilling that she did indeed have riding clothes and could take a barrier on horseback with her eyes shut.

"Well here it comes, Missy," Curt said offering a solemn handshake. "Good luck and a happy ending. I've never changed *my* mind about your name belonging on the marquees."

It seemed an eternity that Julie awaited the return of the station wagon so that she could relay the news.

She called off dinner-and-dancing with Curt so she would be at home to receive the script.

"It's marvelous, darling," Scott exclaimed when finally she arrived and heard all about it. "But *do* you own a riding outfit?"

"Well, not just exactly," Julie replied "but Carmen's fits me so perfectly that you'd *think* I owned it. She's sending it right up."

At nine o'clock the riding clothes arrived. By eight minutes *after* nine, Julie was arrayed in jodphurs, shirt, leather vest and boots.

"In that outfit, you're worth the salary," Scott declared, "whether you can act or not!"

"Thanks, Sunshine," Julie replied, "but I *can* act. I'm not afraid of the lines but here's something else that does worry me a little bit. I don't intend to tell anybody in the world but when I said I could ride a horse, I didn't explain that the only horse I ever rode was a wooden one on the Trumbull County merry-go-round."

MONDAY came. Dressed in Carmen's riding clothes, Julie was nothing if not fetching when she reported to Stage 19, where Michael Curtiz was directing "King Of Main Street."

The set was a barnyard, a gently rolling pasture, and a gate. But the "detail" which interested her most, was the occupant of the barn, a horse answering to the name of Gentleman Jim.

Julie regarded the gate.

"Is that what we jump over?" she inquired.

"That's it," the property man told her "Gentleman can skim it as pretty as if no gate wasn't there at all."

Business on the set was already under way, arcs, floods and spotlights being moved about and Mr. Flynn arriving in "dude ranch clothes."

Introducing himself to Julie, he suggested that they find a quiet corner and run over the lines. This they did. Julie soon put at ease by Mr. Flynn's friendly manner and such reassurances as: "I like the way you read the part. It's going to be a nice little scene."

The nice little scene was accomplished after two hours of rehearsal, takes and retakes; no errors, and Julie wasn't the least bit nervous about the rest of it.

Gentleman Jim was dozing in his stall when Props roused him to be saddled for *his* turn at acting, Julie watching interestedly from the sidelines, when Curt arrived along with a tallish chap in white whom he presented as Dr. Ardon of the Studio Hospital.

"Since he's reporting entirely on your account," Curt explained, "he thinks he's entitled to meet you."

On the young man's pocket was a red cross beneath which red letters spelled "Warner Brothers Studio. First Aid."

"Reporting on *my* account?" repeated Julie, "What's the reason?"

"Aren't you the young lady who's doing the barrier jump?" inquired the doctor. "Not that we expect any accidents, but there has to be a standby from First Aid on any scene of this kind."

"You make me feel terribly important," Julie laughed, "but I hope you won't be annoyed if I don't end in a spill."

"I'll be mighty annoyed if you *do*," the young man assured her. "I did four hours of bowling last night and I'm in no mood to be lifting young ladies around."

FIFTEEN minutes later, Props led forth the sorrel. The shot, so Mr. Curtiz explained, was a simple one; Julie riding down the road straight into the camera and over the gate.

"That's all there is to it," he said. "We won't rehearse it. This horse gets temperamental when we put him through the same routine twice."

The make-up girl and the hairdresser came forward to give Julie a bit of last-minute attention. Morry helped her to mount. Quite blasé about the whole thing, she followed Louie's carefully rehearsed instructions, resting the toe of her boot in Morry's hand and swinging into the saddle. . . . Just as she had anticipated, riding a horse was no trick at all. Gentleman Jim smelled the grass, nibbled a little of it, then, with a word from Julie and a little easy guiding, he trotted across the pasture to a point from which, coming back, there would be a straightway one hundred feet into the jump.

But first, as per Louie's instruction (a little maneuver of which Julie was secretly quite proud) she turned the Gentleman about and in a highly professional manner, walked him back to the barrier to give him a look at it. Lights were concealed at all angles, behind the trees, along the road and on the catwalks above. Riding back across the pasture, Julie awaited the director's signal, cooler than the proverbial cucumber and probably looking lovelier than ever in her life, her dark hair loose about her shoulders, her riding outfit the last word in careless smartness.

In the dark void outside the blaze of lights, she could see but one detail; the white shadow of Dr. Ardon standing by. Finally came the signal, the Director's whistle; lights and mike ready, cameras turning. Julie started the Gentleman at a trot down the road . . . then, leaning forward, glueing her knees to his ribs, she touched his flank with her quirt and urged him into a run. Hair flying, eyes closed, she gave him his head, though not forgetting to laugh as if it were all just a fine bit of sport!

Thus did Julie and her steed come streaking down the road, the Gentleman taking the gate quite as smoothly as Morry had prophesied, quite as though no gate were there at all . . . But behind him, *beside* the gate, he left Julie Burnette, an unconscious little cinnamon bundle of jodhpurs and boots, upon the ground!

A momentary tragedy for Julie, but in the long run it turns out to be quite the best thing that could happen to her. For the exciting aftermath of the accident watch for your October issue.

(In "Highroad to Hollywood," any motion pictures mentioned as in production, are purely fictitious.)

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Bogie on the Spot
(Things I Don't Like about Myself)

(*Continued from page* 65) Building or cup custards a la mode may be all right but not for me.

Yes, sir, I'm a difficult man when it comes to food. Can't take a mouthful of coffee in the morning without heaving. Here I am ready to murder off a half-dozen guys on the set in another hour and what do I do? I drink tea for breakfast. Isn't that a laugh?

And look at this lunch. Cast your eyes over it. Bacon and eggs and toast. And every day, mind you, I make up my mind in the morning I'm going to have something different for lunch, see. All morning while I'm strangling some actor to death I think to myself shall I have a salad or lamb chops?

What do I end up with—eggs and bacon. The waiter doesn't even take my order any more. He sees me coming and that's it.

I hate myself for choosing a profession that gets me up at dawn. I hate myself all the way to the studio and into the make-up room, "Boys Town," I call it. There we sit, the glamour boys waiting to be made beautiful and feeling like a snail's grandmother.

Frankly, I don't like this work too much, so put me down on the wrong side of the ledger on that one. This awful morning rising business kills me. Mayo has to prop me up or I'd curl up after my tea and go to sleep. Come to think of it, that's what I do. I should like my work more. So put that down as my own black mark against me.

I hate actors that are temperamental. But let me shoot a lousy game of golf or do a bad scene and I get temperamental as all get-out. Mayo knows it the minute I open the gate at night, too. Something about the way I walk, I guess. Gives me away. I hate that in myself. Even hate telling it. Look at Tobruk and Pearl Harbor and then figure out why anyone should get mad over a golf game. Or a bad scene.

I loathe women in uniform unless they're on a field of battle or employed in a hospital or Red Cross work. But these women that fuss around in uniforms in wartime—I hate. I don't like myself for caring that much.

I HATE myself because I don't want to be a major. With so many people grabbing off commissions, why don't I want to? I want to be a private. But I suppose I should want to be a major. Is that dumb?

I like to take what contribution to our defense I can give in my Coast Guard work seriously. I get mad when someone else doesn't. For instance, I was ferrying supplies back and forth between ship the other night when I noticed one gun sight kept following me everywhere. Naturally, I got nervous after an hour of this and finally steered my boat over.

"Hey, what's the idea?" I asked and, brother, I was nervous.

"I hoped you'd come over, Mr. Bogart," the voice from the ship said. "I'd sure like your autograph."

Maybe I should hate myself for not making a lot of friends, eh? What do you think? Friendship to me isn't just meeting and knowing a lot of people. It goes deeper than that. So I skip the mob. Louis Bromfield is one of my best friends. A friend on every occasion. So is Chester Morris.

If I'm wrong in hating actors with messages, put down another black mark, for it's one thing I can't stand, these actors with messages who take themselves and their messages seriously. They know where they can take them as far as I'm concerned.

I don't like the idea of not behaving like an actor. Where's my station wagon, for instance? Or my beret? Or my pipe clutched in my teeth as I sit before the fire with my dog? I'm a dud of an actor. I let people down because I have no gun. No color. No boyish bob that curls up over my ears. How my memoirs will smell!

Believe it or not, I haven't even a rub-down table in my home. Or a rock bath built into a gymnasium. I don't go for this body beautiful stuff or 110 ways to have a slim waistline. Actors that make a fetish of fancy exercising bore me.

I hate being the guy around the studio that hates the most going to the still gallery to have pictures taken. Taking a picture of me is like pulling my tooth. I want none of it.

I DON'T like myself for keeping to small, compact rooms. Take our living room, for instance. It's a large beautiful room, but Mayo and I are never in it. Just lately we go in and just sit there for a few minutes to get used to it, but we always end up in the den as usual.

If I were building a house I'd build the rooms like drawing rooms on the train, where you could sit and reach everything.

I loathe formal dinners as well as formal drawing rooms. I like to eat when I eat and talk afterwards in peace and comfort; chitchat bores me almost as much as regimented conversation. Give me good talk every time. I disappoint people anyway. Everyone expects an actor to talk. I like to listen. So I'm either branded dumb or moody.

I don't like myself for not being able to control my temper. And why do I get into these arguments that I care nothing about? Trying to be nice, to argue politely with people I care nothing about, and what happens—I'm in a temper—and why should I be?

If I lose my temper I want it to be with someone swell like Mayo, where we can have a lot of fun fighting it out. But what's even worse—I can't stay mad at anybody even when I'm right. Now where's the character in that?

My values are wrong. A thief attempted to steal my car the other night and I refused to get hot and bothered because I was fully covered by insurance. Like a nitwit I was almost happy about it, never realizing insurance could not get me a new set of tires. That's just an example.

Little things can become an obsession with me. Like sugar bowls. I can't even sit at a table that holds a sugar bowl, simply because the sound of sugar grating drives me wild. Fine thing for a tough guy, isn't it?

The latest dance steps mean nothing to me. All I can do with the conga or rhumba is hang on and drag 'em around. Another thing, I don't like myself for being the kind of guy that reads murder mysteries to cure insomnia. Give me three good gory murders and I'm off to sleep while the corpses are still warm.

I don't like actors who insist on whitewashed publicity.

I'd hate myself if I did. So put me down as not liking myself for not liking myself purified.

Got a cigarette, kiddie?

THE END

Bogie on the Spot
(Things We Like about Bogie)

(*Continued from page* 64) having helped. His mind is elastic. He's aware that he is news and doesn't shrink in coy modesty or mock outraged dignity from writers and reporters.

Do, oh do we love him for it?

The clothes he wears, or doesn't wear, the stories he tells, the fact he eats lunch with his wife every day, bicycling over to near-by Lakeside Golf Club to lunch on the terrace are swell. The way he greets everyone for tables and tables around shows his popularity. Once a soldier or two, wandering around the beautiful grounds, caught Bogie's eye. In a minute the soldiers were bowing to Mary Astor, with Bogie in tow, to Dick Arlen, to Bing Crosby and every important luncher at the Club. And, what's more, they ended up lunching with Bogie and Mayo and then touring Warner Brothers.

WE like him because he's so generously offered himself and his boat to the Coast Guard Auxiliary and has lately been on active duty night after night patrolling the coast. We feel safer somehow with Bogie on guard. Yes, we salute him for his work from seven at night to seven of a morning patrolling our shores as a volunteer Coast Guarder. And the little he says of it or allows to be said.

His patience with annoying fans is something to see.

One night at dinner in an exclusive cafe a strange woman approached him and Mayo.

"I heard you on the radio tonight, Mr. Bogart," she said. "I don't care for you on the air."

"I'm sorry," Bogie said.

"I just didn't care for you on the air," she persisted. "I like you on the screen. But I don't care for you on the radio."

After five solid minutes of this, with Bogie's dinner getting cold and his smile of apology freezing on his face, Mayo came to his rescue.

"All right, you don't like him on the air," she said. "He's sorry. Now what else can we do about it?"

Bogie said nothing but he thanked Mayo with his eyes. The "outraged" woman departed.

ANOTHER woman approached him in New York. "Why do you say 'becuz' instead of 'because' on the screen?" she demanded. "I hate people who say 'becuz.'"

"It's the kind of person I play," Humphrey explained. "The rough boys say 'becuz.'"

"Well, I don't like the word 'becuz'," she persisted, and continued to do so for ten more minutes.

For a quick-tempered hothead, Humphrey kept his patience. And calmly walked out on his nagger.

We like him because he plays one of the best games of golf in captivity. We like him because he comes onto the set knowing his lines, ready for work. Never mind about the overnight headache.

We like him because he actually plays the bull fiddle and darned well. You should hear him on "My Mama Done Tole Me."

We like him because he was born December 25 and proved to be one of the best Christmas presents we ever received.

We like him—well, just "becuz."

THE END

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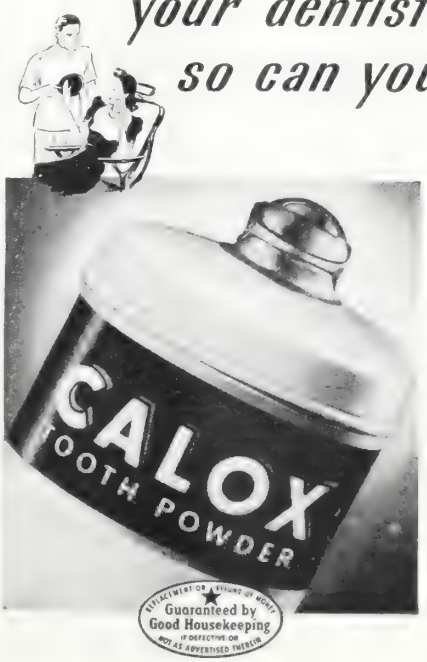

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MENTHOLATUM

If I Were Queen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 31) find him such a bore when critics insist he is really a great comedian . . . I'd call in Cecil B. DeMille when I wanted advice on building a stairway to the stars . . . I'd insist on more stimulating shorts of the "Passing Parade" variety and I'd never let a commentator wind up a travelogue by moaning, "And so we leave the beautiful Isle of Scravis" . . . I'd let Walter Pidgeon sing, because he's got a very pleasant voice along with all the rest . . . I wouldn't permit movie nurses to look like chorines, as they almost invariably do . . . I'd let the glamour boys who are slightly bald—Bing, Boyer and Astaire—go without their toupees in one picture a year, so the slightly hairless males of America would get a swift lift in morale.

I'd tell Judy Garland to hurry and get more grown-up looking and then I'd star her in a picture based on the life and songs of the unforgettable Nora Bayes . . . I'd make Merle Oberon my chief Lady-in-Waiting, because she's not only pretty but fun to have around . . . I'd ban "jive talk" in the films, because (with the exception of "Ball Of Fire," in which slang was well-handled) it always sounds terribly corny when a character gets too hep . . . I'd find out who makes those lace-feather-and-sequin getups that Marlene Dietrich always wears and then I'd have a few run up for myself . . . Just for variety, I'd do a technicolor picture in which Natalie Kalmus was NOT technical adviser . . . and I'd append a brief foreword to M-G-M pictures explaining just who the heck Van Nest Polglase *is*.

I'D be very polite about it, but I would certainly make it a point to ask Claudette Colbert if she ever intends to stop shrugging her shoulders, fluttering her hands and emitting a helpless little combination of laugh and gasp in those moments of bewildered joyousness that crop up at least twice in every Colbert picture . . . I'd make Paul Henreid Captain of the Queen's Regiment, because I imagine he'd look pretty snazzy in a Graustarkian uniform. . . . I'd wag my regal finger at the directors who waste the talents of Milton Berle and Ray Bolger . . . I'd exile producers who have singing stars burst into operatic arias in jungles and deserts to the accompaniment of unexplained but symphonic music—and I'd try slow torture on those who produce film musicals and allow mad miracles to happen, presumably on the stage of a Broadway theater, that could take place only in a film studio with unlimited space, mechanical devices and time.

I'D forbid Errol Flynn to go to night clubs, on the grounds that it looks silly for a hero who can out-duel twenty cinema enemies to get the worst end of it in a cafe society bout at El Morocco . . . I'd expect command perfomances from Gary Cooper and Vivien Leigh . . . Now that she's on her second husband, I'd suggest that caption-writers cease referring to Myrna Loy as "the perfect wife" . . . I'd never allow Greta Garbo to be photographed in a bathing suit . . . I'd ask Hedy Lamarr to bleach her hair and wear it like Veronica Lake and request Veronica to dye hers black and wear it à la Hedy, just for laughs . . . I'd rule that swing band leaders, swing musicians and band vocalists should be heard but *never* seen . . . I'd institute a Hollywood Hall of Fame for those who were great—Will Rogers, Carole Lombard, Marie Dressler and John Barrymore to head the list.

I'd encourage Deanna Durbin to make more pictures, because hers always have a freshness and gaiety that make you feel happier for a couple of hours . . . I wouldn't attempt to film the life of Helen Morgan until I discovered an actress with the same strange wistful dark beauty and the same heartbreaking small voice—and I don't mean Rita Hayworth . . . I'd have Maxie Rosenbloom wander around the palace, just for laughs . . . I'd make life imprisonment the penalty for scenario writers who let their dialogue include: "Why, you fool, I just let her go so she'll lead us to the others," or "What, go up in that old crate—that's suicide!" or "This moment is ours—nobody can ever take it away from us." Those are literary felonies where I come from, dear subjects.

If I were Queen of Hollywood, I'd probably be beheaded in a week—but I certainly would have fun while it lasted!

THE END

Stored-up beauty: Livvie de Havilland decorates a corner in I. Magnin's, Los Angeles's big department store, makes a hit as the best saleslady for the best buy—United States War Bonds

Flying Tigers

(*Continued from page* 48) Jason. How'd you like it?"

Woody looked at Brooke. "I'm going to like it better here."

Jim was still talking with the flyer. "You'll find her hard to handle at the start, but once you get her under control she's a dream—"

"Very interesting," Woody said.

Brooke, blushing furiously, started away. "See you tonight, Jim."

"Sure, honey." Jim waved to her.

As the flyers started back to the barracks, Hap drew Woody to one side. "She's the skipper's girl, son."

Woody looked surprised. "Jim's?" Then he smiled. "So what? He's got a sense of humor, hasn't he?"

WHEN Jim saw Brooke at Headquarters that night, he was enthusiastic about having Woody with them. "Lucky I was able to cajole him into joining up. One of the best flyers I ever saw, Tommy!"

"What did you use to bait him?" she asked.

"Bonus money. Moment he heard he got five hundred bucks for every Jap he knocked down—wild horses couldn't have kept him away."

It was bonus money that landed Woody in his first trouble. The other men didn't like his mercenary attitude. "You may be fighting for ideals," he told them. "I'm fighting for cash on the line."

A fellow named Blackie Bales, one of the new replacements, told Woody he was wrong—that money wasn't the end of the fight. Blackie'd been in trouble in the States, after an airplane accident. Now he was married and out here to try for a fresh start. "Sure, you should talk," Woody growled, "after that accident you—"

Blackie made a dive for him. The others pulled the two men apart. Then the group somehow drifted away and Woody found himself alone.

Jap planes that next morning spotted the field. Tommy was at Headquarters with them when they swooped over to drop their cargo of "eggs." Everyone ducked for shelter. The moment they'd gone past, Jim ran out to the field.

"Tails up, fellows!" It was the order to take off.

Woody, running across the field, reached Jim as he was getting into his plane. "Which one do I take?"

Jim whirled. "You crazy, Woody? You need combat training before—"

Woody looked astounded. "Training?"

"I'm running this show," Jim said tightly. "Get back."

Woody watched the take-off. As the ships lifted, his eyes turned toward the hangars. "That plane there, Alabama. Help me roll it out."

Brooke saw what he was trying to do and started to run toward him. By the time she reached them, the plane was rolling over the field, lifting off the ground.

Mike, the mechanic, shook his head dolefully. "Smar' fella takes plane—no bullets."

Brooke's face paled. "No ammunition?"

"No gottee ta-ta-ta-ta." Mike tried to imitate the sound of a machine gun. "And him no takee earphones."

Brooke got on the radio and contacted Jim, told him of Woody's flight. Jim, turning, could see Woody's plane behind him—minus ammunition or radio earphones. There was no way to warn him.

Brooke from the ground watched Woody's ship dive into a formation of

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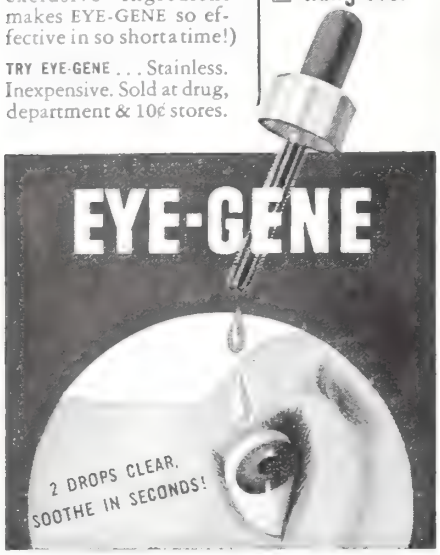

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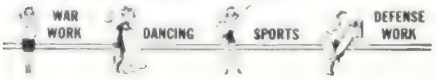

three Japs, roaring into them with headlong abandon.

Only, at that split second when his guns should have blazed, nothing happened. He had pressed the trigger button—then he realized.

So did the Japs. They swung up quickly, pouring hot lead into the ship. The plane spun crazily, zigzagging down the sky and crashed into the jungle.

WHEN they found him, some minutes later, he was standing by the wrecked ship, unscathed and grinning. He greeted them cheerily. "Well, I walked away from that one."

Tex and Jim and the others who had returned and joined the search regarded him with unsmiling faces. "Yeah," Tex snapped. "One more landing like that and you'll be a Jap ace."

Back at Headquarters, Woody tried to explain to Jim. "If I'd had ammunition, I'd have blasted those Japs to bits."

"Sure." Jim seemed to look through him. "You saw a five-hundred-buck price tag on their tails. I can't afford to lose men *or* ships—understand?"

Hap was standing at the door, watching. Woody said, "I made a mistake. From now on I'll study my lesson like a good boy. How's that, pappy?"

Jim was dubious. But he said, "All right, Woody. I'll give you another chance. That's all."

Hap watched Woody go out. "'Fraid you're in for trouble with that ball of fire, Skipper."

"He's all right underneath. Gets off the beam at times. He'll wind up being the best flyer on the squadron."

The truth of that became clearer as the weeks passed. Woody finished his training course, took his place with the others and overnight jumped to the front ranks. Enemy after enemy went down under his guns. And Woody—when he wasn't fighting—was boasting about the bonuses he was piling up.

THE day came when Blackie was killed. He'd bailed out, opened his chute, after his ship was hit. Woody, flying above him, was supposed to cover so the Japs couldn't machine-gun the flyer on his way down. But the Japs got there too soon. Blackie's body was found later—riddled with bullets.

Back in the barracks, the pilots stared at Woody with contempt. "Hear about Jason?" one asked sarcastically. "He got another ship today—and a pilot."

"Too bad they don't pay off for dead pilots."

Woody stood in the middle of the room. "I thought—I didn't believe he'd open his chute so soon."

But no one answered.

That night it was Brooke who explained to Jim. "You told the men not to open their chutes until the last second—so the Japs couldn't machine-gun them. Well, Blackie didn't wait long enough. When Woody saw what had happened, he did dive down and try to cover. It was too late. He—"

"He told you, Brooke?"

She nodded. Jim said, "He wouldn't lie—not on anything like that."

"Know where he is now?"

Jim shook his head. Brooke said, "Alabama told me. Blackie's wife is living in Rangoon. Woody flew there. He's paying all his bonus money—to her."

Warmth was in her eyes as she spoke. Jim asked slowly, "You like him, don't you?"

After a pause she said, "It doesn't matter."

"Sometimes," he told her, "I almost wish we were back in the States. Back where there's no war, no death. . . ."

"I know what you mean. Things would seem saner. People—"

There was a tension between them neither of them understood. At last he said, "You've—you've helped to keep me sane, out here, Brooke. . . ."

JIM was alone at his desk the next day when Woody came in, greeted him with a flip, "Hi ya, pappy. How's tricks?"

"Hello, Woody. Just checking your records. Seems both the enemy and the squadron complain about you."

"I'm misunderstood. Fact is, I came to ask you to come down to town and have dinner with me tonight."

"Sorry. I've got a date already. With Brooke."

"Oh. Where're you going?"

"Place called Yee Sooks. No reason you shouldn't—"

"Come along with you?" Woody hesitated. "No, thanks. You go ahead."

That afternoon, when Brooke Elliott reached the orphanage, she was startled to find most of the children outside. The matron, somewhat ruffled, tried to explain. "There in the courtyard. Go see for yourself."

Woody. Woody giving the children a magic show. The matron, watching him perform his parlor tricks, beamed. "Isn't he remarkable?"

Brooke, paying no attention, told the matron to have the children come in. But the youngsters insisted on more magic. Woody said, "You see—I'm irresistible. You better get your work done, though. You don't want to miss that date tonight with Jim and me."

"And *you*?"

"I forgot to tell you. Jim sent me to pick you up."

Brooke said, "You're the freshest person I ever met."

Woody looked hurt. "After all I've done for the kiddies?"

"I am surprised at that, Woody. But if you plan to cling around me this afternoon—you'll have to work."

She kept him there the rest of the day, working with her.

YEE SOOK'S was crowded when they arrived that evening. Britishers and Eurasians and Chinese. Brooke had been there before with Jim. Tonight it seemed curiously more exciting. There was a juke box in the corner and Woody put in a coin and they danced.

She glanced over her shoulder toward the door. "I wish I knew what's keeping Jim."

"You know how he is. Busy man. Probably forgot."

"He'd send word."

They returned to their table. A waiter came with a message for Brooke. A note from Jim. New orders had just come through—he couldn't make it for dinner. She stared at the closing words, "See you tomorrow—and please forgive me. Love—Jim."

Woody read it over her shoulder. "Not walking out on me, are you, Brooke?"

"My date was with Jim."

"Have a heart on a guy. I'm used to my social life. Out here I—I might as well be locked in the cellar."

She regarded him thoughtfully. "Guess the going has been rough on you. I've heard things—"

"I can take it. But how about it, Brooke? We've both got to eat some place. Why not have dinner together?"

Brooke smiled. "All right, I'll stay."

A strange kind of party—one she wouldn't forget. Death and suffering, the savage struggle of their lives, were for one moment forgotten. It was all foolish-

ness and laughter. So much like the life she had known, years before, back in the States—

They were almost ready to leave. She found herself regretting it was over. Then she saw Woody for the first time was serious. "You like that lug, don't you?" he asked.

"Jim's been wonderful. Since my father died I've—I've needed someone."

"Going to marry him?"

"I don't know."

"Bet you won't. Not since I came into your life."

Her eyes were mocking. "Oh, yes. I'd forgotten."

"What's the matter with me?"

"Shall I tell you?" A hint of anger in her voice. "You're selfish, egotistical, unscrupulous and—and—"

"And I brought you back to life. Look at yourself, Brooke. You're human again. You've taken time out from being Florence Nightingale to laugh at a bum gag. To dance. You're—you're breathing."

A curious pain in her breast—and at the same moment a kind of exhilaration she couldn't understand.

They drove back to the air field later in the station wagon. Jouncing over the ancient, twisting road. A nearly full moon splashed silver on the jagged, darkened hills before them.

Deliberately he pulled back the brake, brought the car to a stop. They sat in silence. After a moment he said, pointing skyward, "I like to watch it better here—than up there."

Brooke said, "Marco Polo came through this route—hundreds of years ago."

"Must have been a long hop between gas stations." He held out a package. "Cigarette?"

He held the match for her, studied her face in its flickering light. "I'll let you in on something, Brooke. Jim doesn't know I'm with you tonight."

Brooke drew back. "Doesn't know?"

"I thought it'd be a good gag to have him show up at the restaurant and find me with his best girl."

"You should have told me."

"Then you would have walked out. Sore?"

"I should be. Only—I did enjoy it."

"Swell!" But his smile was gone. "Funny. You steal a moment out of time. A moment to laugh. Except that—the only time in my life I ever really fell—it happens to be my best friend's girl. What does that make me?"

"You shouldn't talk like that. You're—kidding."

But she could hear her own heart pounding. Woody said, "I'm not." He looked at her an instant. He reached out, drew her to him, his lips pressing against hers. Quickly, she pulled away. "Woody—"

He sat motionless a moment. Then he said, "Sorry, Brooke. Sorry. I—just kidding." Abruptly he turned on the ignition, his foot pressing against the starter.

HAP DAVIS was called to Jim's office the following afternoon. Jim's face was grim. "Bad news, Hap. Those medicos who gave you the once over. Your eyesight's gone, Hap. No use beating around the bush. You're—grounded."

Hap took it with a wry grin. "Okay, Skipper—if that's the way it is. Only I'd—kind of like to go out up there."

Jim didn't answer. Hap turned to leave. Then, at the door, he stopped. "Say, Jim, I don't like to carry tales. But your pal Woody—he's been boasting for some time about how crazy Brooke is about him. He took her out last night."

Jim's lips tightened. "It—it may be true. If that's the way it is—after all, it's her life, her happiness—"

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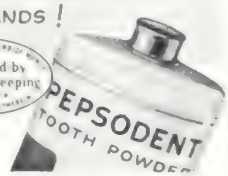

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Woody heard later that Hap had told Jim. Woody stopped Hap as he was leaving the barracks. "You mean—you told him I said she was crazy about me? Don't you realize I was only—kidding?"

Hap's eyes were icy. "Being the guy he is, all he cared about was her being happy. Even if it's a louse like—"

Woody said, "I've got to see Brooke."

ORDERS had come through the night before—they were on day and night patrol and all leaves were cancelled. The men were to stay at the field. But it didn't count. He had to see Brooke.

He found her at the orphanage. She was startled when she saw him. He didn't give her a chance to ask questions. "Brooke—I have to know something. The other night I didn't—you didn't—"

"Take you seriously, Woody?"

He nodded. She said. "I was flattered. It was—it was a moment out of time. A wonderful moment, maybe. But—"

"But you didn't fall for anything I said? Because it was just my way—just a line, Brooke. You're not—you're not going to hurt Jim, are you? See, Brooke, I was talking big—saying you fell for me. Saying I—but you understand. I didn't mean it—I wasn't—serious."

Only she knew he was lying. Knew it in the way he spoke, the warmth in his eyes as he looked at her. "I understand, Woody."

He smiled. He had to hurry. She watched him jump back into the car. But he was too late—when he reached the field. The night patrol had already left. Alabama regarded him mournfully. "They were sure sore you weren't here. Hap—he's been grounded on account of his eyes. He sneaked out to the plane you were supposed to take. Took it up. Jim thought you were in it."

Woody paled. "Hap—with his eyes—flying at night—"

Woody was waiting at the field when the ships came back. Only one was missing.

Hap's—

The pilots hurried to the barracks without even noticing Woody. Only Jim stopped, asked coldly, "Where were you?"

"I—I had something to do in town."

"Something to do in town. You left against orders. Hap took your place and was killed. And you had something to do in town! You're through, Woody. Cashiered. There's an army lorry out for Lashio in a few days. I'll see you're on it."

Woody swallowed. "I don't want to quit, Jim. I want to square it with the fellows—with Hap—you—"

Jim turned away, walked back to headquarters. Lost in his own thoughts, he stared down at his desk with unseeing eyes. Hardly noticing the open calendar with its date—December 7, 1941.

The United States at war with the Axis!

COLONEL LINDSEY, head of the A.V.G., arrived by transport plane the next morning. In Squadron Headquarters he went over the map of the terrain with Jim. "It's our fight now, Jim. We're in it all the way. And this first job is a beaut!"

An enemy ammunition train and a bridge it was to pass over had to be destroyed, to delay the Japs long enough to allow Chinese troops to take positions. "If a squadron attacked the train, enemy anti-aircraft would wipe them out. But one plane—one plane going around the back way, through the hills, might get through."

A smile lighted Jim's face. "Only one guy in all China can do that one. Me. I'll take the transport."

Chinese mechanic Mike let out a terrified yelp when he saw Jim putting the nitro into the transport plane. Jim soothed him. "It'll be all right, Mike. Keep your shirtee on."

Colonel Lindsey stood on the field as Jim climbed into the plane. He witnessed an astounding thing. As soon as Jim was inside, the door slammed shut, the motors of the plane started to roar and the ship began to move forward.

"Cut those engines," Jim yelled. "Who the devil—"

HE ran forward to the pilot's compartment. The plane was gathering speed. As he opened the door he drew back with a shock. Woody was sitting placidly at the controls.

"Sit down, pappy. Which way do we go?"

"How the blazes did you get here?"

"Gave the sentry double talk. He thought I was the general."

"Get this plane back on the field and get out."

"No soap, Jim. Besides, what do you know about flying a transport? That's my business. You point the way—I'll drive."

"You've even lost the brains you were born with. You know what's riding back there?"

"Ought to. Nearly broke my neck falling over it."

Jim growled. "Okay, wise guy. We'll hit for the hills."

They rode in silence. Dodging behind

the unpeopled hills to the north, flying so low at times they skimmed the tree tops. After a while Woody asked, "Talked with Brooke lately?"

"It's all right, Woody. Whatever she does—I want her to be happy. She's had it tough."

"She's going to be happy. Because you're in love with her—and she loves you."

"Loves me?" In spite of himself, there was excitement in Jim's voice. "How do you know? I thought—"

"I know. You heard what Hap said. He heard me boasting about—my conquest. That's a joke. You know what I am—talk big, never mean any of it. She thinks I'm amusing. But truth is—she wants somebody real. And—Lord knows why—she thinks you're it."

"She—told you that?"

"Sure she told me. Listen pal, I know dames, see—and you don't. A dame—she has to have her heart explained to her, half the time. It was going out with me, seeing what I was like, that showed her what a real guy you are."

They looked at each other and a smile spread over Jim's face. "Woody—okay!"

"Right. And while we're about it—let's give this Tokyo chu-chu a going over."

They came out of the hills. Jim was peering through the window. The bridge was supposed to be beneath them—but it wasn't in sight. "We've overshot it," he said. "It must be behind us—"

"But we didn't miss the chu-chu!" Woody pointed to a long line of trains—so small they looked like toys—creeping along the track below them.

At the same instant, the anti-aircraft guns spotted the plane and started to blast at them. A shell struck one of the wings, flinging Jim across the plane. Woody fought at the controls. Another shell broke near by. The port motor burst into flames.

Jim said tersely, "It's a dead pigeon, Woody. Set the controls and bail out."

"Don't want to give up after we've come this far. If I could reach that train—"

Woody was trying to get the starboard motor started. Jim cried out angrily, "Hit the silk, I tell you."

A burst of flame in the cockpit drove Woody back toward Jim. As Woody staggered back he tightened his lip—Jim mustn't know. Mustn't know that part of the shell had struck him, that—

He grit his teeth. "You—you go first!"

"Do as I say," Jim ordered. "Jump."

JIM was standing by the door—ready to go. Woody deliberately flung his body against Jim, catching him off guard. He saw Jim pitch through the door, twisting crazily. He watched then, watched as the parachute fluttered open. Jim would be all right. Jim would be safe—

There were only seconds. He could feel the hot blood from the wound. His eyes glazed—his hand wiped across them. Only seconds. . . .

He put the ship into a glide. He could see the train clearly now. Heading straight for it, flames pouring out of the ship's engines, wings shattering as the anti-aircraft continued to blast away.

Now it was closer. "Hold your nose, baby," he muttered. Six tons of T.N.T. Six tons of hell—

Jim saw. Saw the ship in that graceful, terrifying glide. Saw what Woody was doing—heading the ship straight into the train. Jim twisted and turned as the parachute drifted earthward.

"Woody—Woody!"

In the distance, a detonation, rising with deafening roar over the countryside, echoing and reverberating. And then silence.

At squadron headquarters, Jim Gordon found a letter from Woody. A mist came over Jim's eyes as he read it. Woody had known—with that sixth sense of flyers—that it would be his last trip upstairs. He'd explained about how he and Brooke weren't serious, how it hadn't meant anything really. Explained why he hadn't been at the field when Hap went up.

Brooke was standing across the room as he read it and he looked up and tried to smile. "Woody—telling me he—you weren't—"

But Brooke had come toward him and she put her arms around him now and her lips against his.

"Woody—Woody was right, Jim."

THEY brought in a new recruit a few days later. A young man he was, with sandy hair and a boyish grin. He hadn't flown much. He seemed a little scared.

Jim shook hands with him and they talked about flying and then Jim reached in his desk drawer and brought out a faded scarf with Chinese letters—letters identifying the wearer as a member of the Flying Tigers.

"You'll wear this one," Jim said quietly. "I hope—you'll always be worthy of the man who wore it before you."

The young man seemed impressed. "He was—he was a good flyer?"

Jim said, "Sure. Tops. Only better than that. Sort of—sort of a hero. That's all. There's work to be done."

The young man started for the field. Jim turned to his desk. Minutes later, he could hear the droning roar of the engines as the fighters lifted into the sky.

THE END

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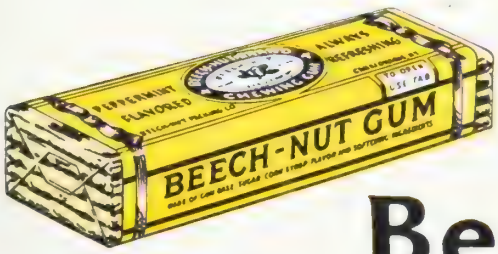

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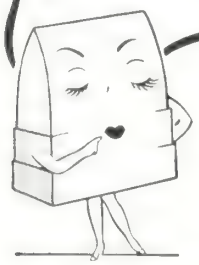

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Paulette Goddard—Woman of Daring

(*Continued from page* 29) twenty-one. She had been married at the ripe old age of sixteen or seventeen to the son of a wealthy lumber family in North Carolina. But Paulette never talked about her four years there with the "horsey" set. Nor did she speak of the preceding era when as a youngster of fourteen she went to work to support herself and her mother, despite the presence of a father somewhere in the scene; a father who most dramatically announced his presence to the world not so long ago when he attempted to haul his famous daughter into court for insufficient support.

Somewhere along in there she had managed a brief brush with the theater, notably the "Follies," enough anyway so that she could sell Hal Roach on the idea of putting her under contract. In those days she had startling platinum hair and Hal was definitely allergic to platinum, having just passed Jean Harlow magnanimously over to Metro and to his everlasting sorrow. Goddard didn't get far in the Roach studio but she did all right outside garnering a reputation for herself as the chorus girl who came to work in an imported car. Though her roles were the smallest, her clothes were of the finest.

Charlie spotted her on the set of Eddie Cantor's picture, "The Kid From Spain," and straightway determined to make her his next leading lady. They were seen everywhere together.

THEN came the famous trip around the world in Charlie's yacht. Rumors as thick as a California fog surrounded them. They were married, they weren't married, they were going to be married—well, if they weren't, they should be. Accounts came back of their adventures in the China seas.

Everybody knew they visited Canton. But not until years later was anyone to know the significance of that Chinese city in the lives of Goddard and Chaplin, not until newspaper reports from a Mexican town just over the California border stated that Paulette had obtained her freedom from Charlie.

Meantime, Charlie, true to his word, was indefatigably grooming his find for stardom. There were voice lessons, diction lessons, foreign language lessons, coaches, coaches, coaches. "Modern Times" made its appearance and, with it, Chaplin's new leading woman. She was good. But after that brief emergence she seemed to disappear from the scene. So had the other women who had been Chaplin's leading ladies.

If that were Chaplin's intentions, to give this frank and witty companion a brief glimpse of stardom and then drop the curtain again, he underestimated the temper of the blade he had chosen to fence with. For Paulette had daring—and an insatiable desire to win.

OTHER romances came and went, other stars fell in love and were married and divorced, but the Goddard-Chaplin romance continued to hold the center of the stage and since we seldom saw Chaplin and often saw Miss Goddard, we fixed our attention upon her. She missed the coveted role of *Scarlett O'Hara* by a few minutes and we talked of that. She was seen here and there with groups—often with several admiring gentlemen—but there is always safety in numbers and Miss Goddard was probably well aware of that. If there was scandal both in the fact that we didn't know whether she was Chaplin's wife or merely his "best friend" and in her rather unconventional freedom with other men, she carried it with a high head and a high hand.

Now it is perfectly certain that when two people *are* married and do not take the world into their confidence, their relationship *must* suggest the scandalous. The love and intimacy which their marriage gives them legal right to enjoy cannot but be commented upon scandalously if the world thinks they are not married. Pretty Paulette Goddard was the lady of Hollywood's school for scandal all right, because we were sure that she was either his wife or his constant companion—and if she was his wife, why not say so?

Thus she gained the benefit of constant public attention, of a sort of glamour and excitement that always had surrounded ladies of the theater who were also heroines of a great love affair since the days of Nell Gwynne and before.

And the clever Miss Goddard could take it and smile behind her hand because all the time she knew that she was a thoroughly respectable married woman, all the time she knew of that legal ceremony in Canton that made her a wife.

Oh, it was a dangerous game, for nobody ever knows just how the public may react to being fooled, being mystified; but Miss Goddard is the type to enjoy danger and her ace in the hole—her marriage—was unbeatable.

THEN came a night when Miss Goddard somehow or other went a little too far. It nearly always happens. And it is also true that when scandal hovers over a girl, no matter how false or unjust, she will get severely blamed for things that a quieter and more conservative young lady can get away with. We still believe that where there is so much smoke there must be a little fire.

Upon this night there seems to be agreement that Miss Goddard indulged in a few pranks at a popular night club. All of it may have been just high spirits and wild fun, but it was enough to stun the spectators who maybe were not themselves having such a good time. It was the proverbial straw and Miss Goddard suffered for the scandalous tales about her and Chaplin. Everybody was instantly sure that she wasn't married to him and never had been, and this would be the end, and even if they were married surely Chaplin would now get a divorce.

Far from otherwise. Mr. Chaplin not only didn't get a divorce. He took Miss Goddard to New York and for the first time upon a public stage, with a lovely gesture of chivalry and protection, introduced her to a goggle-eyed first-night New York audience as "My wife." With one superb dramatic scene he rescued her from threatened disaster, he dragged her up to the pinnacle of respectable fame, he flung about her the cloak of marriage and of affection and even more—for his very air said that she had kept the secret at his behest. He made of her a heroine who had sacrificed her own good name momentarily to follow the desire of her husband for secrecy.

Now you would think that this brought down the curtain upon a happy romance—the pretty young wife sheltered in the arms of her lawful protector.

Instead, after a year, we get news that Mrs. Chaplin has filed suit for divorce.

You see, the point is that Chaplin has never really wanted to be married, he

is no more suited to matrimony than most other geniuses. He might endure it when it was secret and mysterious and scandalously exciting, but once it becomes an open and prosaic fact and he is expected to behave like an everyday husband—he's gone.

YEARS ago, Charlie and I found ourselves with the last of a brilliant party in the studio of a famous painter.

It was a moment for good talk, for confidential tales. I will never forget the little story Charlie told me then of his first love, the little blonde girl of the London music halls who won his heart when he was just an unknown and not very successful funny man in vaudeville. He came to America and became the greatest of all movie stars and when he went back to the land of his birth, back to London in such triumph as few have ever known, he couldn't ever find her, though he tried.

With this exception, I do not think Charlie has ever failed to win any woman he cared about, and that is more than can be said of many a great lover.

I remember interviewing Mildred Harris shortly after she married Chaplin. Oh, she was lovely enough and a nice girl, but as I sat talking to her that morning when she was a bride, in the mansion Charlie had bought for her, I was stunned. It seemed to me impossible that this could last.

Their baby didn't live—and afterwards they got a divorce and Mildred just faded out of the picture and out of pictures, too.

HIS second wife was as young and as beautiful. California Spanish, with liquid black eyes and olive-rose skin, and her name was Lita Grey. They had two sons and Charlie didn't make a star of her, either.

My most vivid picture of that marriage is at a costume ball given by Marion Davies in the magnificent ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel and of Charlie and Lita Grey as Napoleon and his Creole Empress Josephine. It had always been Charlie's ambition to play Napoleon and he gave a performance that night none of us will forget.

Their marriage was as ill-fated as that of the couple they so vividly portrayed. Lita got a divorce and for a time she did well enough on the stage and now she has two grown Chaplin boys and she is well cared for and always speaks well of her former husband.

And next came Paulette Goddard. The clever and gamin little Goddard who played her cards so magnificently, who made herself a great name and who, when ultimately she got an opportunity to display her very real talents, proved beyond question her right to the stardom she had fought so daringly to win.

I don't think there is anything personal in their divorce.

Chaplin has always been a dreamer seeking what doesn't exist. He wants the companionship and excitement and strain power of an older, wiser woman. He has never in his life been satisfied with anything—his work, his pictures, his life, his marriages.

Paulette wanted his wisdom, his fame, his unmatchable moods of personality.

Some Hollywood marriages succeed. This strangely secret marriage had no chance to last. But the woman who dared to live this strangely secret marriage has not only a chance, she is almost certain of attaining the goal of stardom of which she has always dreamed.

THE END.

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What Hollywood Thinks of Jean Arthur

(*Continued from page* 49) around. Jean was getting quite a kick out of it until she noticed that the crew out in the field holding the reflectors and at other jobs couldn't hear the singing. So she sneaked off in search of the head of the sound department. Twenty minutes later a P. A. system was rigged up so that everybody shared in the entertainment. And Jean was happy because nobody had caught her at it!"

Discovering people in Hollywood who don't approve of Jean Arthur is no job at all. Just find someone who has come into casual contact with her and the chances are you have your man—or woman.

Grace Huntly, a former studio wardrobe worker who is now a successful dress designer on her own, says, "I don't know how Jean Arthur is out on a set, but in a fitting room she's a female Simon Legree. She cracks the whip and drives you unmercifully. She wants everything done *right now*, is impatient in fittings and exacting in her requirements. She knows exactly what she wants, expects you to know, too, and is intolerant of mistakes. Arthur expects to be dressed as fast as a fireman and get results like Dietrich's.

"And if she doesn't she can be awfully frank in criticizing."

BUT at least two of the workers most likely to feel the lash of Jean's impatience and intolerance protest that these complaints are not justified.

Make-up man Freddie Phillips has worked on most of the outstanding stars in his fourteen years in pictures. He worked with Jean on her present hit, "The Talk Of The Town." He says.

"I have never worked with a nicer or more considerate person than Jean Arthur. It is true that she demands efficiency and that she doesn't want anybody around her who isn't alert.

"If you're not a fast worker you get in her way," explains Freddie. "What most stars take two hours to do she does in one half-hour. She is able to make herself up perfectly and uses me only because I can save her a few minutes. You certainly can't expect a woman who is geared to that speed to let slow, uncertain workers get under her feet.

"But it isn't true about her being intolerant of mistakes. If you're doing your best she'll not only ignore mistakes, but will actually take the rap for them.

"Vitality drives Jean," continued Freddie Phillips. "She has so much nervous energy that she does a dozen different things to keep down the pressure. Besides her work and an amazing amount of reading, she takes care of her home and gardens. She raises practically all the flowers she has around the house and operates her own hothouse.

"She has an amazing range of interests and understands things no one would expect to interest a girl, such as mechanics, the calibers and types of guns and the like."

We carried our search for the low-down on Arthur into Columbia's many-mirrored hairdressing department, presided over by Helen Hunt.

"Jean is the frankest person in the world," began Helen. "If she likes a thing she tells you and if she doesn't she tells you.

"Jean likes to have her own way—but she believes other people are entitled to their way, too. That's why Jean and her husband Frank Ross get along

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"

"THE MORE THE MERRIER!"

. . . as long as they're other women's husbands!". . . says Myra (*Patricia Morison*), Mr. Cugat's (*Ray Milland*) old flame. "After all, life's too long to live it all with one man!"

"Are Husbands Necessary?"

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so beautifully. They don't try to make each other share their different tastes. Jean doesn't like partying, but she encourages Mr. Ross to go out and then asks him all about it when he gets home. That system has been working perfectly for about ten years—so it can't be wrong.

"Jean isn't a mixer and it's not easy for her to make friends. But once they're made she keeps them. She is fanatically loyal."

THE habit of forming opinions of how other people do their jobs and interfering with them is one of Hollywood's complaints about Jean.

"Jean Arthur," explained one studio worker, when we promised not to use his name, "snoops into everything. She likes to run the whole show. You never know when she's going to decide you aren't doing your job the way it should be done and insist that somebody else take your place.

"Extras and bit players complain that Jean Arthur doesn't pay enough attention to them. But we'd love it if she'd forget to notice us, too."

Charles Bimbo, "Bimbo the Clown" of vaudeville fame, is a familiar figure to millions of Americans.

While Bimbo was doing his handy-man chores on the "Arizona" set a little female dog adopted him. "I don't know what kind she was," explained Bimbo, "but she was low-slung like a dachshund and hairy like a Scottie."

That dog followed Bimbo, and four or five other dogs followed her. Pretty soon few of the dogs would pay any attention to anybody but Bimbo.

"It goes on like that," said Bimbo, "until one day a lady comes up and starts talking dogs to me. She wanted to know where a certain dog was that was going to have pups. 'If you find her,' she says, 'bring her to my trailer and I'll have my maid take care of her.'

"I figured she was just some picture dame trying to put on airs. So I asked somebody who the blonde was.

"'Don't you know?' they asked like they thought I was crazy. 'That's Jean Arthur, the star.'

"Oh, I thought, in that case I can find the dog. So I took the dog over to her.

"Next day she wanted to feed some dogs and found they were out of dog food and there wouldn't be any until evening. That made her mad, and she sent for me.

"'Bimbo,' she said, 'from now on I want you to see that there is always plenty of feed for the animals. If there isn't, come to me.'

"From then on she met me each morning about fifteen minutes after she got on the set and we'd look over the animals together.

"Just before we finished at the location Jean told everybody in the company to pick the dog they wanted to take home. The company had got about fifty dogs from the Tucson pound and Jean didn't intend they should go back. I picked the little low-slung female that had been following me and she gave me $25 to buy food for it."

TAMARA GEVA, the famous dancer, first met Jean Arthur at a party in New York, when Tamara was in the play, "Three's A Crowd."

Regarding Jean, Tamara says: "I've never found Jean hard to get along with. She isn't good at small talk—shy people never are. But give her something interesting to talk about and you'll find she has plenty to say.

"She is very sincere and impulsive. About two years ago we met at a mutual

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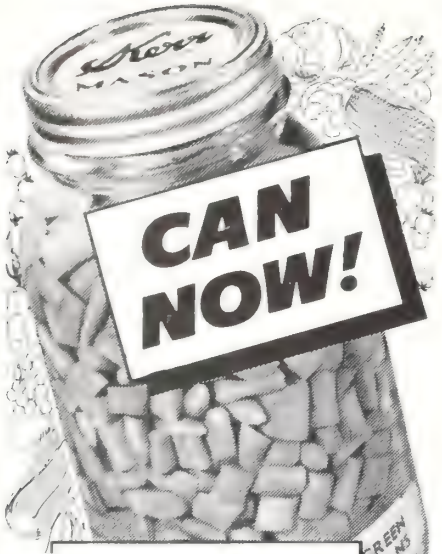

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friend's house and were talking about something that interested her. She said she would like to talk to me more about it. I naturally assumed she was just being polite.

NEXT evening Jean called me. I told her I was leaving for New York the next morning.

"She said 'I'll come right over'; and jumped in her car, just as she was—in dungaree slacks. She had been working in her garden.

"I'm very fond of Jean—because when she says a thing she means it. Years ago she discovered that her mother had a yearning for a certain type of house and furniture. Jean said she'd get her something just like that someday.

"So for years she clipped pictures of furniture, closets, bookcases and other things that went to make the type of a home her mother wanted.

"Finally she had a whole bookful of pictures of things her mother had admired. She took these to an architect, a cabinet maker and a furniture manufacturer and had a house built for her mother, incorporating all the things and furniture she had wanted."

Our investigation finally reached the fellow in whose side Jean Arthur is not only a thorn, but a giant cactus—the publicity man. For Columbia's blonde prize has never been catnip to the Fourth Estate. She has always been sand in the writers' spinach. News photographers break down and cry at the mention of her name.

Long-suffering among the publicity men was Bob Fender, now with Warner Brothers, but formerly of Columbia. For years he thought Jean was a problem, then he witnessed an incident that showed him Jean Arthur's true nature.

"When Jean was on the 'Arizona' location," Bob relates, "a lot of poor little Mexican kids came around. These kids were so poor they didn't even have a dog and a Mexican without a dog is a sad sight. So Jean went to the pound and got dogs for them and gave each enough food to last his dog a couple of months.

"Naturally, she forgot about it. It simply seemed to her the right thing to do and nothing to remember.

ABOUT five months later when we were at Tucson for the premiere I called at the hotel to take Jean to the train. As we walked through the lobby a lot of little Mexican kids came up to her in a group. They were the ones she had given the dogs to.

"They had made presents for her—little baskets with pictures of their mother or father or the dog she had given them stuck on them, bright little mirrors they had made for her and brightly colored little cloth presents. They had put their names 'Jesus,' 'Gomez,' 'Rosia,' 'Maria' on them. All the presents had been put into a large clothesbasket and they set that at Jean's feet.

"She knelt down on the lobby floor to look through the basket and began to cry.

"She cried all the way to the train.

"She sat in her stateroom with tears running down her cheeks as we pulled out of the station. She knew that the presents those kids had given her represented a lot of work. They hadn't forgotten her—and had been waiting five months to show their appreciation.

"I often wish some of the people I've heard knocking Jean Arthur could have seen her then."

THE END

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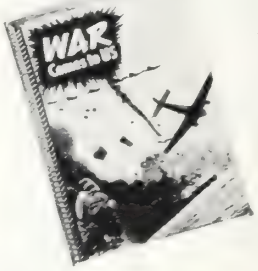

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"CROSSROADS"—M-G-M: *David Talbot*, William Powell; *Lucienne Talbot*, Hedy Lamarr; *Michele Allaine*, Claire Trevor; *Henri Sarrou*, Basil Rathbone; *Mme. Pelletier*, Margaret Wycherly; *Dr. Andre Tessier*, Felix Bressart; *Dr. Alex Dubroc*, Sig Ruman; *Prosecuting Attorney*, H. B. Warner; *Commissaire*, Philip Merivale; *Carlos Le Duc*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *President of Court*, Guy Bates Post; *Deval*, Fritz Leiber; *Baron de Lorrain*, John Mylong; *Defense Attorney*, Frank Conroy; *Martin*, James Rennie; *Pierre*, Bertram Marburgh; *Asst. Defense Attorney*, Harry Fleischman.

"EAGLE SQUADRON" — Wanger-Universal: *Chuck Brewer*, Robert Stack; *Anne Partridge*, Diana Barrymore; *Paddy Carson*, John Loder; *Leckie*, Eddie Albert; *McKinnon*, Nigel Bruce; *Johnny Coe*, Leif Erikson; *Wadislaw Borowsky* Edgar Barrier; *Hank Starr*, Jon Hall; *Nancy Mitchell*, Evelyn Ankers; *Dame Elizabeth Whitby*, Isobel Elsom; *Aunt Emmeline*, Gladys Cooper; *Olesen*, Alan Hale, Jr.; *Ramsey*, Don Porter; *Mecker*, Edmund Glover; *Bell*, Stanley Smith; *Barker*, Howard Banks; *Griffith*, Richard Crane; *Chandler*, Clarence Straight; *White*, Richard Davies; *Welch*, Harold Landon; *Meyers*, Todd Karns; *Chubby*, Charles King, Jr.; *Hoskins*, Donald Stuart; *Grenfall*, Frederick Worlock; *Air Minister*, Stanley Ridges; *Bullock*, Robert Warwick; *Lieutenant Jefferys*, Richard Fraser; *Major Severn*, Gavin Muir; *Private Owen*, Harold de Becker; *Sergeant Johns*, Rhys Williams; *Sir James Parridge*, Paul Cavanagh; *The Kid*, Gene Reynolds; *Black Watch Officer*, Alan Napier; *Phyllis*, Jill Esmond; *Bridget*, Queenie Leonard; *Day Concierge*, Olaf Hytten; *Sir Charles Porter*, Ian Wolfe; *Lubbock*, Carl Harbord; *Sir Benjamin Clark*, Charles Irwin; *A Mother*, Mary Carr; *Georgie*, Simon Olivier; *Billy*, William Severn; *A Little Girl*, Linda Bieber.

"FLIGHT LIEUTENANT"—Columbia: *Sam Doyle*, Pat O'Brien; *Danny Doyle*, Glenn Ford; *Peggy Thompson*, Evelyn Keyes; *Sanford*, Jonathan Hale; *Major Thompson*, Minor Watson; *Father Louis*, Frank Puglia; *Larsen*, Edward Pawley; *Parker*, Gregory Gay; *Scanlon*, Clancy Cooper; *Gray*, Trevor Bardette; *Foulet*, Marcel Dalio; *Jackson*, John Gallaudet; *Sandy Roth*, Larry Parks; *Jim Robbins*, Lloyd Bridges; *John McGinnis*, Hugh Beaumont; *Danny Doyle*, Douglas Croft.

"FRIENDLY ENEMIES"—Small-U. A.: *Karl Pfeiffer*, Charles Winninger; *Henry Block*, Charles Ruggles; *William Pfeiffer*, James Craig; *June Block*, Nancy Kelly; *Anton Miller*, Otto Kruger; *Mrs. Pfeiffer*, Ilka Gruning; *Gretchen*, Greta Meyer; *Inspector McCarty*, Addison Richards; *Brown*, Charles Lane; *Schnitzler*, John Piffle; *Nora*, Beth Holly.

"GAY SISTERS, THE"—Warners: *Fiona Gaylord*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Charles Barclay*, George Brent; *Evelyn Gaylord*, Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Beth Pedloch*, Donald Crisp; *Gig Young*, Gig Young; *Susanna Gaylord*, Nancy Coleman; *Hereford Gibbon*, Gene Lockhart; *Austin*, Larry Simms; *Penn Sutherland Gaylord*, Donald Woods; *Herbert Wheeler*, Grant Mitchell; *Dick Tone*, William T. Orr.

"IN OLD CALIFORNIA"—Republic: *Tom Craig*, John Wayne; *Lacey Miller*, Binnie Barnes; *Brutt Dawson*, Albert Dekker; *Ellen Sanford*, Helen Parrish; *Helga*, Patsy Kelly; *Kegs McKeever*, Edgar Kennedy; *Joe Dawson*, Dick Purcell; *Mr. Carlin*, Harry Shannon; *Mr. Hayes*, Charles Halton; *Whitey*, Emmett Lynn; *Mr. Bates*, Bob McKenzie; *Mr. Tompkins*, Milt Kibbee; *Chick*, Paul Fix; *Mrs. Tompkins*, Anne O'Neal.

"MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE"—RKO-Radio: *Eugene*, Joseph Cotten; *Isabel*, Dolores Costello; *Lucy*, Anne Baxter; *George*, Tim Holt; *Fanny*, Agnes Moorehead; *Jack*, Ray Collins; *Johnson*, Erskine Sanford; *Major Amberson*, Richard Bennett; *Wilbur Minafer*, Don Dillaway.

"MAGNIFICENT DOPE, THE"—20th Century Fox: *Tad Page*, Henry Fonda; *Claire Harris*, Lynn Bari; *Dwight Dawson*, Don Ameche; *Horace Porter*, Edward Everett Horton; *Barker*, George Barbier; *Messenger*, Frank Orth; *Secretary*, Rose Marie Murray; *Sadie*, Kitty McHugh; *Jenny*, Marie Canins; *Albert Gerards*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Frank*, Hal K. Dawson; *Mrs. Hunter*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Fire Engine Salesman*, Arthur Loft; *Reporter*, Chick Chandler; *Peters*, Paul Stanton; *Secretary*, Claire DuBrey; *Mr. Reindel*, William Davidson; *Mitchell*, Harry Hayden; *Carson*, Pierre Watkin.

"MAISIE GETS HER MAN"—M-G-M: *Maisie Ravier*, Ann Sothern; *"Hap" Hixby*, Red Skelton; *Merrill*, Leo Gorcey; *"Pappy" Goodring*, Allen Jenkins; *Mr. Stickwell*, Donald Meek; *Mr. Marshall J. Denningham*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Jasper*, Walter Catlett; *Professor Orco*, Fritz Feld; *Percy Hill*, Ben Weldon; *"Ears" Coffin*, "Rags" Ragland; *Art Giffman*, Frank Jenks; *Elsie*, Pamela Blake.

"MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE"—Republic: *Tom Bennett, Jr.*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Vicki Forrester*, Joan Fraze; *Nikki Marquette*, Betty Kean; *Lord Percy Tickledery*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Count Eric*, Lionel Verebes; *Fairchild*, Franklin Pangborn; *John Bennett, Sr.*, Paul Harvey; *Robert Forrester*, Jed Prouty; *Miss Mink*, Tommye Adams; *Miss Ransey*, Miss Adrian, and "The Three Chocolateers."

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SEPTEMBER ISSUE

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"NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS"—Paramount: *Steven Abbott*, Preston Foster; *Ethel Abbott*, Patricia Morison; *Lieutenant Richards*, Albert Dekker; *Edward Wallace*, Charles Butterworth; *Shadrach Jones*, Dooley Wilson; *Sergeant Riordan*, Paul Hurst; *Janet Price*, Jean Phillips; *Harry Vickers*, Charles Williams; *Dan Odell*, Cecil Kellaway; *George Wallace*, William Wright; *Carney*, Noble Johnson; *Carlson*, Joseph Pope; *Madame Lamballe*, Yola D'Avril; *Taxi Driver*, George Chandler; *Tony Croupier*, Henry Brandon; *Grady (Driver of Police Car)*, Lee Phelps; *Sergeant Bliss*, Arthur Loft; *Dr. Brady*, Harry Hayden.

"PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS"—M-G-M: *Lieutenant Bill Gordon*, Lee Bowman; *Elaine Carter*, Jean Rogers; *Olivia Kerlov*, Mona Maris; *Andre Leemuth*, Carl Esmond; *Commander Charles Brennan*, Paul Cavanagh; *Mrs. Savarina*, Blanche Yurka; *John Carter*, Russell Hicks; *Professor Harvey Lessmore*, Arthur Shields; *Lanny*, William Post, Jr.; *Jasper Dean*, William Tannen; *Dr. Jackwin*, Frederic Worlock; *Kestrin*, Curt Bois; *De Segroff*, Felix Basch; *Gordon Trisby*, Addison Richards; *Secretary of the Navy*, Edward Fielding.

"PIED PIPER, THE"—20th Century-Fox: *Howard*, Monty Woolley; *Ronnie*, Roddy McDowall; *Nicole Rougeron*, Anne Baxter; *Major Diessen*, Otto Preminger; *Aristide Rougeron*, J. Carrol Naish; *Mr. Cavanaugh*, Lester Matthews; *Mrs. Cavanaugh*, Jill Esmond; *Madame*, Ferike Boros; *Sheila*, Peggy Ann Garner; *Willem*, Merrill Rodin; *Pierre*, Maurice Tauzin; *Rose*, Fleurette Zama; *Frenchman*, William Edmunds; *Focquet*, Marcel Dalio; *Madame Bonne*, Marcelle Corday; *Madame Rougeron*, Odette Myrtil; *Railroad Official*, Jean Del Val; *Lieutenant*, Robert O. Davis; *Military Police*, Henry Rowland; *Aide*, Helmut Dantine; *Barman*, George Davis.

"PRIVATE BUCKAROO"—Universal: *Andrews Sisters*, Andrews Sisters; *Lon Prentice*, Dick Foran; *Lancelot Pringle McBiff*, Joe E. Lewis; *Joyce Mason*, Jennifer Holt; *Sergeant "Muggsy" Shavel*, Shemp Howard; *Lieutenant Mason*, Richard Davies; *Bonnie-Belle*, Mary Wickes; *Colonel Weatherford*, Ernest Truex; *Donny*, Donald O'Connor; *Peggy*, Peggy Ryan; and Harry James and his orchestra.

"RUBBER RACKETEER"—Monogram: *Gillin*, Ricardo Cortez; *Nikki*, Rochelle Hudson; *Bill Barry*, Bill Henry; *Mary Dale*, Barbara Read; *Dumbo*, John Abbot; *Mule*, Dick Rich; *Larkin*, Dewey Robinson; *Freddy Dale*, Sam Edwards; *Tom*, Kam Gong; *Angel*, Milburn Stone; *Curly*, Pat Gleason; *Butch*, Alec Callam.

"SHIP AHOY"—M-G-M: *Tallulah Winters*, Eleanor Powell; *Merton K. Kibble*, Red Skelon; *"Skip" Owens*, Bert Lahr; *Fran Evans*, Virginia O'Brien; *H. U. Bennet*, William Post, Jr.; *"Stump"*, James Cross; *"Stumpy"*, Eddie Hartman; *Art Higgins*, Stuart Crawford; *Dr. Farno*, John Emery; *Pietro Polesi*, Bernard Nedell, and Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra.

"SWEATER GIRL" — Paramount: *J Mitchell*, Eddie Bracken; *Susan Lawson*, Ju Preisser; *Martin Lawson*, Phillip Terry; *Mrs. B nard*, Frieda Inescort; *Louise Menard*, Betty J Rhodes; *Professor Henry Menard*, Nils Asth *Patsy Connors*, Ella Neal; *Miles Tucker*, Kenn Howell; *"Happy" Dudley*, Bill Henry; *Johnny nold*, Johnny Johnston.

"TALES OF MANHATTAN"—20th Centu Fox: *Orman*, Charles Boyer; *Ethel*, Rita Haywor *Diane*, Ginger Rogers; *George*, Henry Fon *Charles Smith*, Charles Laughton; *Browne*, E ward G. Robinson; *Luke*, Paul Robeson; *Est* Ethel Waters; *Rev. Lazarus*, Eddie (Rochest Anderson; *Halloway*, Thomas Mitchell; *Lut* Eugene Pallette; *Harry*, Cesar Romero; *Ellen*, C Patrick; *Edgar*, Roland Young; *Squirrel*, Mar Martin; *Mrs. Smith*, Elsa Lanchester; *Arturo* lini, Victor Francen; *Williams*, George Sande *"Father" Joe*, James Gleason; *Professor Ly* Harry Davenport; *Hank Bronson*, James Renn *Costello*, J. Carrol Naish; *The Hall Johnson Ch* themselves; *Secondhand clothes Dealer*, Fra Orth; *Wilson*, Christian Rub; *Piccolo Player*, Arno; *David*, Harry Hayden; *Judge*, Morris krum; *Henderson*, Don Douglas; *Molly*, M Marsh; *Grandpa*, Clarence Muse; *Christoph* George Reed; *Nicodemus*, Cordell Hickm *"Spud" Johnson*, Paul Renay; *Mary*, Barb Lynn; *Grandmother*, Adeline DeWalt Reynol *Actress*, Helene Reynolds.

"THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE"—Col bia: *Margaret J. Drew*, Joan Crawford; *Mich Holmes*, Melvyn Douglas; *Marsh*, Roland You *Mrs. Drew*, Billie Burke; *Johnny Johnson*, Al *Jenkins; Crane*, Andrew Tombes; *Vivian D* Helen Parrish; *Mahony*, Emory Parnell; *Su Johnson*, Mary Treen; *Secretary*, Nydia Westm *Dr. Cassell*, Ivan Simpson; *Stephen Petting* Roger Clark; *Private Policeman*, Edward Garg

"WINGS FOR THE EAGLE"—Warne *Roma Maple*, Ann Sheridan; *Corky Jones*, Den Morgan; *Brad Maple*, Jack Carson; *Jakye Ha* George Tobias; *Pete Hanso*, Russell Arms; *Borden*, Don DeFore; *Tom "Cyclone" Shaw*, T Fadden; *Johnson*, John Ridgely; *Stark*, Frank W cox; *Personnel Man*, George Meeker; *Miss Bar* Fay Helm; *Midget*, Billy Curtis; *Policeman*, Em Parnell; *Motorcycle Officer*, Edgar Dearing.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"—Warne *George M. Cohan*, James Cagney; *Mary*, Joan l lie; *Jerry Cohan*, Walter Huston; *Sam Har* Richard Whorf; *Fay Templeton*, Irene Mann *Dietz*, George Tobias; *Nellie Cohan*, Rosemary Camp; *Josie Cohan*, Jeanne Cagney; *Sim* Frances Langford; *Erlanger*, George Barb *Schwab*, S. Z. Sakall; *Theatre Manager*, Wa Catlett; *George M. Cohan, As a Boy of 13*, Doug Croft; *Eddie Foy*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Albee*, M Watson; *Goff*, Chester Clute; *Madame Bartho* Odette Myril; *Josie Cohan, As a Girl of 12*, Pa Lee Parsons; *Capt. Jack Young*, The President

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page* 24)

✓✓ Tales Of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The adventures of a man's dress suit.*

TWO producers, Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle, had an idea: They would tell the story of an elegant dress suit from the moment it left the tailor shop down through its life and times to its ultimate finish.

They have told their story well in complete and separate episodes with an arresting and, shall we say, awe-inspiring cast. Some episodes are gay, some tragic and some stronger than others, but all are composites of a delightfully different movie.

Rita Hayworth, Charles Boyer and Thomas Mitchell begin the story, with Mr. Boyer's elegant new suit getting itself thoroughly molested right off. The contents of its pockets bring on an amazing heart-switcheroo among Henry Fonda, Ginger Rogers and Cesar Romero, before it travels on to bring tears and laughter to Charles Laughton and his wife Elsa Lanchester, and to bring an equal measure of hope and despair to Edward G. Robinson before its finish as a scarecrow in a sharecroppers' settl ment.

Of course you won't miss it; you enjoy it; you'll be entertained by it.

Your Reviewer Says: A five-ring big- circus.

✓ Crossroads (M-G-M)

It's About: *An amnesia victim wh past becomes a ghost.*

FOR the second time in his care William Powell plays an amnesia vi tim, but there's little or no comedy i volved in this dramatic story that boas Hedy the Beautiful as Bill's wife.

Suspense almost crowds the playe from the screen, from the slightly co fused beginning to the surprise finish tells the story of a French diplomat wh a victim of amnesia, brings his bla mailer to trial only to be met with almo convincing proof that he was both crim nal and murderer earlier in his life.

Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor a Margaret Wycherly are clever as t folk on the shady side of the fence.

Felix Bressart is good as the famil friend.

Your Reviewer Says: An interest-holder.

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✓✓ The Magnificent Ambersons (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An arrogant young man of good family who gets his come-uppance.*

ORSON WELLES adheres to no timeworn, one-track methods. His people behave and talk as human beings with no compromise to cheap theatricals. He places them here in an exquisite but authentic setting, presents them with originality, both photographically and photogenically.

Booth Tarkington's novel supplies the story of a spoiled pampered brat of a well-to-do Middle Western family who ruins his own and his mother's life with his selfishness. Dolores Costello is beautiful as the mother, Joseph Cotten does a superb piece of underplaying as the man who loves her, Tim Holt comes into his own as the despicable son. Anne Baxter does her best work to date as Cotten's daughter and the girl young Holt loves, Ray Collins is one of the best supporting actors any cast could have. But—and we've saved this for the last—Agnes Moorehead, the bitter frustrated sister-in-law, all but steals the show with a terrific performance.

Your Reviewer Says: A magnificent picture.

✓ Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)

It's About: *A dancer who becomes involved with foreign spies.*

ELEANOR POWELL taps out with her nimble dancing feet an S.O.S. message that reveals to Government agents a plot to steal a mine by foreign spies. She also taps out messages that reveal to movie audiences she is by far the best woman dancer on the screen.

Red Skelton, her boy friend, is given some pretty hackneyed material, but somehow Red brings life, laughter and amusement to his role. Bert Lahr is comical as Red's stooge and Virginia O'Brien a cutie pie as Bert's heartbeat.

A pair of Negro dancers killed the preview audience with their round-hat-and-no-expression routine.

Your Reviewer Says: Funny bone-ish.

✓ Wings For The Eagle (Warners)

It's About: *Three workers in an airplane factory and how they find happiness.*

THE plot of this timely drama is subordinated to the exciting background of the busy Lockheed factory where the fighter-planes are built and the scenes taken there are most vivid and interesting.

Among the many workers is Dennis Morgan, who hopes the draft will pass him by because of his job. He goes to live with his old college pal, Jack Carson, and his wife, Ann Sheridan, the breadwinner of the family. The couple split up and both Jack and Ann also find jobs at Lockheed. There the two young men compete to win Ann, until Morgan changes his mind about evading the draft.

George Tobias gives a moving performance as the foreign-born foreman who loses his job because of his nationality. Russell Arms, as his son, also lends strength to the film.

For its exciting picture of the men who build our planes, we give it our one-check rating.

Your Reviewer Says: Timely and interesting.

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Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M)

It's About: *Maisie flops at vaudeville but does all right with her soldier boy.*

RED SKELTON joins Ann Sothern as *Maisie* in this latest episode of the series and the result is Iowa's main product—c-o-r-n. In fact, at times it grows so thick the customers feel the need of a plow. But it's good clean fun, we'll say that much.

Maisie meets up with Red, a stage-struck local yokel, after a harrowing experience with a knife thrower, of all things. Red convinces Ann he's a panic on the stage—that is, he convinces her until he gets there. And then it's the audience who grows panicked at Red's howlingly funny stage fright, with little *Maisie* carrying on as best she can.

The story, after a detour through a bond swindle, winds up in an Army camp which gives it an Uncle Sammy send-off. Allen Jenkins, Leo Gorcey and Donald Meek are a gleesome threesome

Your Reviewer Says: They Dood It.

Moonlight Masquerade (Republic)

It's About: *A boy and girl fated for marriage by a business agreement.*

DENNIS O'KEEFE either marries Jane Frazee, daughter of his father's business partner, or forfeits a fortune. And the same goes for Janey. The pair have never met, it seems, so Jane has her nutty secretary Betty Kean impersonate her at the arranged meeting. O'Keefe has the same idea. He has Eddie Foy Jr., who sports a phony title, impersonate him. Need we say more—except that Miss Frazee sings delightfully, Betty Kean dances keenly (no pun) and dancing colored boys go to town with their stepping.

Your Reviewer Says: They didn't fool us.

✓ They All Kissed The Bride (Columbia)

It's About: *A woman executive who trips over love.*

JOAN CRAWFORD comes to the screen in a delightful little comedy all about a stern woman executive, head of a trucking company, who tries to run everyone's life and gets all tangled up in love.

Joan is beautiful as the unbending executive and alluring as the woman who falls for the man she's determined to squelch, one way or another. You see, the man, who turns out to be Melvyn Douglas, threatens to write an exposé of her father's life and Joan is bound he shan't. When he turns up as an uninvited guest at her sister's unhappy wedding, Joan has him arrested, believing him to be her sister's real love.

That's when Mr. Douglas begins to cut Miss Crawford down to his size and the trimming provides some mighty amusing moments.

The jitterbug sequence between Joan and Allen Jenkins is an out-and-out riot and worth a million laughs.

Roland Young, Billie Burke and Helen Parrish are very nice people to have in any picture, too.

Your Reviewer Says: A good solid comedy.

Night In New Orleans (Paramount)

It's About: *A police lieutenant who is accused of murder.*

THIS is all too much for us. Everything turned black and there we were in a coma trying to figure out why Police Lieutenant Preston Foster should bother about his silly wife Patricia Morison and why Albert Dekker, another police officer, should think Foster committed a murder and why Cecil Kellaway had to be dragged in to complicate things. The biggest mystery of all is why we ever sat through this thing in the first place

Your Reviewer Says: It's the audience that gets murdered.

Flight Lieutenant (Columbia)

It's About: *A father who heroically makes restitution for a wrong.*

THE tried-and-true plot of this story is as familiar as an old shoe and just as comfortable. It tells of an aviator (Pat O'Brien) who, through drink, causes a plane crash in which his co-pilot is killed. His license revoked, the man takes to wildcat flying in Dutch Guiana to support his young son.

It's inevitable, of course, that the son grows up to fall in love with the daughter of the man killed through his father's negligence and that the result is heartache and disillusionment for all concerned.

Restitution comes when the father gives his life to save his son and supply valuable information to the Government. Glenn Ford is splendid as the son. Evelyn Keyes hasn't much to do as the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Trite but interesting

In Old California (Republic)

It's About: *East meets West smack on the nose.*

JOHN WAYNE is a young fella from Boston who comes out to Sacramento in the old pioneer days to open up a much-needed drugstore. Villainous Albert Dekker, inflamed by jealousy over his dance-hall sweetie's interest in Wayne, poisons the drugs and nearly succeeds in having Wayne lynched. The sudden hullabaloo over the discovery of gold saves him.

But, of course, the inevitable fight between the two nearly wrecks the town and the audience.

Binnie Barnes is a bit miscast as the dance-hall queen. Patsy Kelly and Edgar Kennedy are cute. Edgar is the cute

Your Reviewer Says: It's the same old West

Friendly Enemies (Edward Small-U.A.)

It's About: *Two German-Americans who trap a spy ring.*

OUTMODED as the hobble skirt is the story, taken from the play of twenty odd years ago, of two argumentative old German-Americans who talk themselves and the audience half to death. And do it with German accents, at that.

Charlie Ruggles and Charles Winninger are the friendly enemies. James Craig is the son who is thought to be lost at sea and Nancy Kelly his girl.

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Your Reviewer Says: Too much sauerkraut for our taste.

Sweater Girl (Paramount)

It's About: *Murder on a college campus.*

KILLINGS set to music is a novel idea to say the least. The fact the gruesome happenings occur during rehearsal for a college musical makes it even more incongruous, with Eddie Bracken and girl friend June Preisser trying to solve the mystery. Handsome Nils Asther gets himself suspected among others.

The hit tunes, "I Don't Want To Walk Without You, Baby" and "I Said No," the Liberty magazine song, even overshadow the plot with their catchiness.

Phillip Terry and cute songstress Betty Rhodes add to the doings.

Your Reviewer Says: Guess who dunnit while you tap those feet.

Private Buckaroo (Universal)

It's About: *A band in the Army.*

TOO much of a good thing has been done to a cinder in this story. Music, both instrumental and vocal, is strung together tighter than ten-cent store beads with very little room for plot. Jitterbuggers or those jive people will undoubtedly love the music of Henry James's band and especially Henry's trumpet playing. They will get hep (Are we saying this right?) when the Andrews Sisters warble their cute but numerous ditties and may even applaud Dick Foran's several numbers. But we can just see the look on Uncle Elmer's face while this is going on. If he goes back to the movies within a year it will surprise us.

Jennifer Holt, Joe E. Lewis and Shemp Howard try to squeeze a word in edgewise.

Your Reviewer Says: They said it all with music.

Rubber Racketeer (Monogram)

It's About: *A bootlegger of rubber who meets his just fate.*

TIMELY, at least, is this story of a released convict (former bootlegger) who organizes the racket of bootlegging cheap rubber. When a blowout from one of his bad tires kills a defense worker, the lads, led by Bill Henry, start an organized fight against the villains that results in a free-for-all fight in a warehouse.

The racketeer is played by Ricardo Cortez. Rochelle Hudson and Barbara Read are the girls.

Your Reviewer Says: New wine in old bottles.

Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)

It's About: *A naval lieutenant who deciphers an enemy's code message.*

GOOD heavens, how and why do they make such mixed-up pictures that serve only to waste the talents of capable players such as Lee Bowman and Jean Rogers?

Bowman, the naval officer who craves action but who gets a desk job of deciphering code, is far and away better than the material he works with. Jean Rogers, the female in his life, also deserves better fare. Spies Mona Maris, Carl Esmond and Blanche Yurka are so obviously spies it all becomes a bit ridiculous.

Your Reviewer Says: Sassafras!

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Lemon-aid

Catch on quick to this idea of Mary Martin's and maybe you'll owe your summer success to a lemon!

BY ANN HAMILTON

OF all the hot, sticky, enervating things to do, walking around the back lot of a movie studio tops the list. The California sunshine, of course, is responsible for the movies' being here, but as I plowed across the Paramount lot a few days ago I couldn't help wishing that it could be turned off occasionally, or at least have the heat sting taken out of its rays.

Then I reached the sound stage where the cabaret scene for "Happy Go Lucky" was being filmed and there at one of the tables, looking as though they'd never heard of a rising thermometer, were stars Mary Martin and Dick Powell. Kind-hearted creatures that they are, they called me over to join them, saying sympathetically, "You look as though you're in the market for a thirst quencher."

"I certainly am," I answered, dropping into the chair Dick pulled up. "What have you got?"

"The best one there is," Mary said enthusiastically. "Lemonade. Here I've always thought people drank lemonade just because they like it and it tastes good, but the Red Cross nutrition course I've been taking explains that lemons and all the other citrus fruits are so wonderfully good for us that we ought to drink it."

"You must like living in California, then, where you can pick your citrus fruits off your own trees," I said.

"I certainly do," Mary agreed. "Just last week we drove down to San Bernardino through those miles and miles and *miles* of groves. And those groves," she went on seriously—and for all her pert cuteness, when Mary is serious she is very, very serious indeed—"are as valuable to our national health and to our winning the war as—well, as a lot of tanks are, maybe, because citrus fruits are full of Vitamin C. And did you know," she went on, "that that's the Vitamin that the body uses right up and can't store, and the one that we lose when we perspire?"

"No, I didn't," I began, then I had an idea. "Why, that's one reason why lemonade—"

"Sure," Mary broke in. "It not only gives you the fluid you need, but it has loads of Vitamin C, too."

"And Vitamin C is the anti-fatigue Vitamin," I mused, "and you are one of the peppiest people I know. So may I quote you, Miss Martin, as saying that you owe your success to a lemon?"

We all laughed, but Mary said just as emphatically as ever, "Just the same, what you eat and drink has a lot to do with how you feel and *that* has everything to do with success or failure."

She's right, of course, and so enthusiastic about this whole business of good health as it is related to food that she has collected a whole stack of citrus fruit recipes. First of all is spiced lemonade—and made without sugar, too!

Spiced Lemonade

½ cup water
½ cup molasses
12 whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
6 lemons
1 qt. water

Boil together ½ cup water, molasses and spices for five minutes. Strain and chill. Combine with juice of lemons and water, pour over cracked ice and serve.

Another — and a nourishing — thirst quencher that is a favorite of Mary's is Orange Cooler, and, like the other citrus recipes she is so enthusiastic about, i can be made without sugar.

Orange Cooler

2 cups orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup maraschino cherry juice
1 cup ginger ale
2 tbls. honey
1 pint vanilla ice cream
2 tbls. sliced maraschino cherries

One of the grandest salads you hav ever eaten is yours if you will follo Mary's recipe for orange avocado mous

Orange Avocado Mousse

1½ tbls. granulated gelatin
6 tbls. cold water
3 small, soft avocados
3 tbls. lemon juice
1 tps. salt
dash of Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup mayonnaise
½ cup cream, whipped
1 avocado
2 or 3 oranges

Soak gelatin in water for five minute place over warm water and stir unt gelatin is dissolved. Keep mixture war while you peel and rub through siev three small, soft avocados. Cool gelati to room temperature and add lem juice, salt, Worcestershire sauce an mayonnaise and when well blended fol in whipped cream. Turn into ring mol which has been rinsed in cold water an chill until firm. Turn out on large che platter on bed of crisp celery or water cress. Fill center with orange section and avocado slices. Serve with Frenc dressing.

Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page* 19)

I WAS FRAMED—Warners: Michael Ames is framed by political crooks, but he breaks jail and flees with his wife, Julie Bishop, to another town where he becomes a newspaper editor. But he's blackmailed before he finally discovers he's been cleared of the former charge. (July)

JUKE GIRL—Warners: Appalled by the conditions of farmers and workers under racketeering Gene Lockhart, Ronald Reagan sides with farmer George Tobias, although his friend Richard Whorf throws in his lot with Lockhart. Ann Sheridan, traveling juke girl, falls in love with Reagan, and the two find themselves accused of murder. Dull. (July)

✓✓ *JUNGLE BOOK*—Korda: A pageantry of sound and color and beauty, with Sabu as the boy raised by wolves who is forced by the tiger to take refuge in a small village. There he finds his real mother, Rosemary deCamp, but when the greedy men of the village learn he guards the secret of hidden treasures they force him back to the jungle. It's delightfully fantastic entertainment. (June)

✓ *KID GLOVE KILLER*—M-G-M: Intelligent writing, acting and directing combine to make this B picture one to shout about. Van Heflin as the scientific crime detective, Lee Bowman, his friend, is a killer who places a bomb in the reform mayor's car, and Marsha Hunt as the girl who almost marries Bowman are all excellent. (June)

KLONDIKE FURY—Monogram: This is the same old story of a doctor, Edmund Lowe, who loses a patient while operating, flees the whole mess like a weakling, then is faced with the same operation in a new environment. Bill Henry is an embittered cripple, Lucile Fairbanks his sweetheart, and Ralph Morgan a backwoods M.D. (June)

LARCENY, INC.—Warners: Eddie Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Edward Brophy open up a store next to a bank as a front and then start tunneling under to the vaults. But they become so fascinated by their success as legitimate businessmen that they decide to give up robbing the bank, until Anthony Quinn, a pal from prison, decides otherwise. With Jane Wyman. (June)

MAD MARTINDALES, THE—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers attempts to capture her older sister's (Marjorie Weaver) rich beau to the distress of her young suitor Jimmy Lydon in this hokumy story. Jane deserves better material. (Aug.)

✓✓ *MALE ANIMAL, THE*—Warners: A man sized panic, this comedy of an English professor, Henry Fonda, his wife, Olivia de Havilland, and Jack Carson, ex-football player who returns to the college and almost breaks up Fonda's happy home. Fonda almost gets dismissed from college because he's accused of being a Red. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson add to the fun. (June)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Pretty farfetched is this, what with a corpse that's missing from its grave and Marjorie Weaver being so frightened that she pretends Lloyd Nolan, detective *Michael Shayne,* is her new husband so he can solve the mystery. (July)

MAN WITH TWO LIVES—Monogram: Edward Norris, following an accident, awakens from a deathlike stupor to be possessed with the soul of a gangster who was executed at the time of Norris's lapse from consciousness, and takes over the gangster's activities and his girl. It's finally all explained; but really, after all! (June)

MEET THE STEWARTS—Columbia: Warm and cozy is this story of a poor boy, William Holden, who marries a rich girl, Frances Dee, and their efforts to live on a budget. Frances is lovely and Holden, as always, gives a sincere and polished performance. (Aug.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST—RKO-Radio: It's Lupe Velez again, and Leon Errol impersonating *Lord Epping.* But when the real *Lord Epping* turns up, you can imagine the zaney results. Buddy Rogers is the handsome husband of Lupe. Loud and noisy. (Aug.)

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—Small-U. A.: Shirley Temple is cute as the young modern who executes a mean jitterbug and Dickie Jones is the rich young man who adores her. William Gargan is her father and Guy Kibbee her grandfather. (Aug.)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Universal: Reporter Kent Taylor witnesses the murder of a jockey as he's about to cross the finish line, so Taylor grabs a cab and trails the murderer. Don't waste your time. (July)

MOKEY—*M-G-M*—All about a misunderstood boy who gets into serious trouble, with Donna Reed handed the thankless role of a young stepmother who refuses to understand her husband's son *Mokey.* Dan Dailey Jr. plays his father. (July)

✓✓ *MOONTIDE*—20th Century-Fox: Jean Gabin is a sensation as a waterfront wanderer who rescues a forsaken waif, Ida Lupino, from her attempted suicide and discovers he wants to settle down with her. Thomas Mitchell and Claude Rains are excellent. Gabin and Lupino are unforgettable. (July)

✓✓ *MRS. MINIVER*—M-G-M: The best picture of the month and high among the best of the year is this charming and appealing story of an English family during this war. Greer Garson is *Mrs. Miniver,* mother of three children, and Walter Pidgeon her architect husband. It's a picture for Hollywood to be proud of. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE—Warners: Newspaperman Van Johnson sets out to find out why a convict was electrocuted one hour before the set time. With the aid of Faye Emerson and George Meeker, he uncovers a political frame-up that almost leads to another murder. Minor stuff. (July)

✓✓ *MY FAVORITE BLONDE*—Paramount: Howl of the month is this farce where British agent Madeleine Carroll, pursued by Nazi agents, takes refuge with vaudevillian Bob Hope and accompanies him West. Such a procession of mixups as these two get in and out of! You'd lose your breath if you weren't using it for laughter. (June)

MY FAVORITE SPY—Harold Lloyd-RKO Radio: Kay Kyser is a frustrated bridegroom who is yanked into the Army on his wedding day, then released as a secret member of the F.B.I. Ellen Drew, his bride who is unaware of his F.B.I. affiliation, believes the worst when Kay is jailed with Jane Wyman. (Aug.)

✓✓ *MY GAL SAL*—20th Century-Fox: In this gay musical Victor Mature portrays *Paul Dresser,* the songwriter. He runs away from home, joins a traveling show where he's befriended by Carole Landis, then meets the New York stage star, Rita Hayworth, with whom he falls in love. (July)

MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, THE—Universal: This is all very confusing, what with the body of Maria Montez being found in the river, but then Maria herself walks in as she's been erroneously identified. But then Maria really gets murdered. Patric Knowles is in charge of the case. (July)

NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK—Paramount: Chester Morris is a private detective honeymooning

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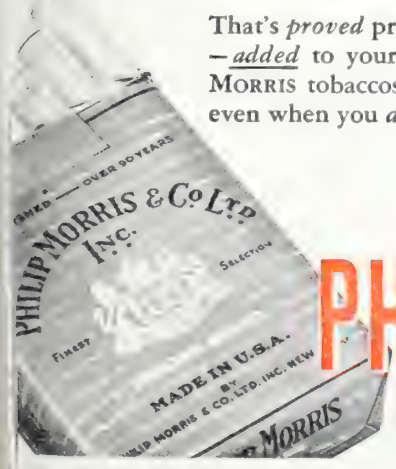

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with Jean Parker in Reno when the son of a wealthy rancher disappears, and Jean eggs Chester on to take the case. Dick Purcell, Astrid Allwyn and Rose Hobart round up the cast. (June)

ONCE UPON A THURSDAY—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt is the maid secretly married to employer Richard Carlson, but when Carlson returns from a trip he becomes engaged to Frances Drake, believing Marsha has divorced him. When they learn at the engagement dinner party that Marsha is about to publish a book of memoirs, the results are most amusing. It's a gay little picture. (Aug.)

POWDER TOWN—RKO-Radio: A stupid little number, with Edmond O'Brien as a scientist who invents an explosive and must be protected at all times by Vic McLaglen. But then both Edmond and his bodyguard are almost blown up. Girls wander around and get all mixed up in it too. (Aug.)

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR—Republic: Don Barry plays an irresponsible soldier who neglects his duty, thereby causing the death of his pal. Later, of course, he sees the error of his ways. Alan Curtis and Fay McKenzie are also good, but it's really the dramatic news flashes and timely inserts that keep the story alive and interesting. (Aug.)

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda, wage slave, meets Gene Tierney at a rich resort. Each thinks the other's wealthy, although Gene is just a front for swindlers Spring Byington and Laird Cregar. Amusing. (July)

✓ *RIO RITA*—M-G-M: Not the old "Rio Rita," but it does have Abbott and Costello. They've never been funnier as they blunder into a sabotage plot laid by Nazis in a Texas resort. Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll sing and romance. (June)

✓ *SABOTEUR*—Universal: Packed with suspense, this story holds your interest despite many loose ends. Robert Cummings is a defense plant worker accused of sabotage who escapes the police, picks up Priscilla Lane and makes his way to New York where he uncovers the real saboteurs. (July)

SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH—RKO-Radio: Guy Kibbee, as the small-town philosopher, *Scattergood Baines*, helps Kenneth Howell to get back his dead father's favorite horses by outwitting a small-town snob with a hen-pecked husband, Jed Prouty. It has a warm homey coziness. (July)

SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN—20th Century-Fox: British agent Lynn Bari calls for a mysterious letter at the Shanghai night club run by Preston Foster. Foster, who thinks she's employed by the Japs, gets into the fray and finally discovers the head man of the Japs. Noel Madison, Sen Yung, Miss Bari and Mr. Foster are swell. (June)

SHIPS WITH WINGS—U.A.: An English-made picture, expressing the importance of aircraft carriers in battle. The story has the usual heel who is discharged from the R.A.F. and eventually becomes a hero by blowing up a dam. The English cast features Leslie Banks, John Clements and Jane Baxter. The photography is remarkable and worthy of applause. It's fair war stuff. (Aug.)

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER—Columbia: Rich Jinx Falkenburg is mistaken for a taxi dancer and ends up as a singer with a band. Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, makes people laugh. (July)

SLEEPYTIME GAL—Republic: A hodgepodge about three hotel chefs, Billy Gilbert, Fritz Feld and Jay Novello, who help Judy Canova impersonate a night-club singer so she can win a contest to sing with Skinnay Ennis's band. (June)

✓ *SPOILERS, THE*—Universal: Alaska in the Gold Rush days, with John Wayne, beloved of Marlene Dietrich, owner of a gambling saloon, discovering that Randy Scott is attempting to steal the mine Wayne owns jointly with Harry Carey. There's a terrifically exciting fight. (July)

SUNDAY PUNCH—M-G-M: Connie Gilchrist runs a boarding house for prize fighters, and everything goes along fine until her beautiful daughter, Jean Rogers, comes home, and then comes Love. Dan Dailey, Jr. plays the janitor, and William Lundigan the college lad who wins Jean. The big fight climax is a thriller. (Aug.)

SUICIDE SQUADRON—Republic: Anton Walbrook gives a sterling performance as a Polish pianist on a concert tour through the States, where he marries Sally Gray, then returns to fight for Poland. The actual scenes, filmed from R.A.F. Spitfires, are exceedingly impressive. (July)

SYNCOPATION—RKO-Radio: This little ditty wanders around aimlessly and gets nowhere. Jackie Cooper marries Bonita Granville, a belle from New Orleans, joins a symphony orchestra and leaves it to organize his own band. The one and only redeeming feature is the aggregation of popular band leaders in the finale. (Aug.)

✓✓ *TAKE A LETTER, DARLING*—Paramount: A delightful comedy with Rosalind Russell as the woman advertiser who hires Fred MacMurray as an escort-secretary. But when Fred ogles charmer Constance Moore, Rosalind runs into the arms of MacDonald Carey until things straighten out. Robert Benchley is Rosalind's partner. You'll love it. (July)

TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—M-G-M: Johnny Weissmuller, the perennial *Tarzan*, comes to New York in search of *Boy*, who was taken to civilization by big-game hunters, and his adventures there result in thrills and chuckles. Maureen O'Hara as *Jane* and Cheeta the ape are with him, of course. (Aug.)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT—20th Century-Fox: The establishing of West Point Academy and the training of the first group of students under Major Laird Cregar make a more interesting story, but histrionically it's very weak despite the cast of George Montgomery, John Sutton, John Shepperd and Maureen O'Hara. Cregar is splendid. (Aug.)

✓✓ *THIS ABOVE ALL*—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power is the bewildered English soldier who deserts his regiment and meets and falls in love with Joan Fontaine, member of the W.A.A.F., and through her learns what England is fighting for. Both their performances have power and pathos, and the characters of Thomas Mitchell, Nigel Bruce and Philip Merivale are expertly drawn. We heartily recommend it. (Aug.)

✓ *THIS GUN FOR HIRE*—Paramount: The big news in this exciting melodrama is Alan Ladd, a newcomer who springs into the big time in his role of the killer. Laird Cregar is terrific as a slimy stooge, Robert Preston very good as the police officer and Veronica Lake proves herself an actress. It's thrilling and suspenseful. (Aug.)

✓✓ *TORTILLA FLAT*—M-G-M: This has fine humor, pathos. Spencer Tracy is a conniving loafer, John Garfield is the hot-tempered *Danny* who loves Hedy, a Portuguese girl with matrimonial ideas. Frank Morgan is the village recluse. All four are splendid characterizations. (July)

✓✓ *TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI*—20th Century-Fox: A whooper-dooper service picture that is bound to stir the patriotism of all Americans proud of their Marines. Smart aleck John Payne antagonizes his fellows, later proves himself a hero. Randolph Scott and Maureen O'Hara are good. (June)

TRUE TO THE ARMY—Paramount: Judy Canova sees a murder committed, so in order to escape the murderers she lands in an Army camp, where she's disguised as a soldier by her beau Jerry Colonna and stage star Allan Jones. Ann Miller's snappy tapping and William Demarest's bewilderment as a top sergeant are very good. (July)

✓ *TUTTLES OF TAHITI, THE*—RKO-Radio: A novel and refreshingly different story of the improvident clan of *Tuttles* who dislike work and have a whale of a good time. Charles Laughton is at his best as the lackadaisical head of the enormous family. Jon Hall is his sailor-son who falls in love with neighbor Peggy Drake. It's amusing and well done. (June)

TWIN BEDS—Small-U.A.: Too many husbands in one bedroom in this alleged comedy, with Mischa Auer and Ernest Truex skidding in and out of Joan Bennett's bedroom, just missing her husband George Brent, who seems quite unamused. (July)

TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD—Columbia: Racketeers Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy join the army and fall in love with the same girl, Jane Blair. It's gusty and rowdy. (June)

WHISPERING GHOSTS—20th Century-Fox: Milton Berle is a smart-aleck radio detective, but he runs into trouble when he tries to solve the murder of an old sea dog, what with Brenda Joyce, the murdered man's niece, in search of the hidden jewels, two ham actors hired to frame Berle and several shady characters around. (July)

WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER?—20th Century-Fox: Five women are suspected of being a secret political ringleader and spiritualist using the name of Hope Schuyler and wanted as witness in a bribery trial. Is she Mary Howard, Sheila Ryan, Jane Carter, Rose Hobart or Joan Valerie? You'll find out when almost everyone has been killed. With John Payne and Joseph Allen Jr. (June)

WIFE TAKES A FLYER, THE—Columbia: In Holland under the Hitler regime Allyn Joslyn, a Nazi Major, has dishonorable intentions toward Joan Bennett, about to divorce her absent husband, Franchot Tone, an R.A.F. flyer, is passed off as the husband, but has to be divorced the next day. Briefly, they make a monkey of the Major. (July)

YOKEL BOY—Republic; Alan Mowbray, Hollywood studio head, brings on Number One Movie Fan, Eddie Foy Jr., to advise on stories. Public Enemy Number One takes over and saves them from ruin. Gangster Albert Dekker and Joan Davis, his warbling sister, are good, but it's corn. (June)

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Color of Hair .....

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OCTOBER

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TURING IN THIS ISSUE 8 MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR

Story Behind LANA TURNER'S MADCAP MARRIAGE

"Only Tangee gives your lips Satin-Finish," says Constance Luft Huhn

"How often have you wished for a lipstick that would literally *smooth* on to your lips; that was perfectly balanced . . . *neither too moist,* nor yet *too dry;* that, once applied, would cling for hours and hours—a lipstick, in short, that would bring to *your* lips the lustrous, lasting softness of a true SATIN-FINISH?

"I can say with assurance that each of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks is a combination of *all* these qualities. Each one graces your lips with a softer, glossier sheen than you've ever known before . . . gives you the perfect grooming only possible with this exclusive SATIN-FINISH.

"And, remember, whichever Tangee shade you choose, it will do the most for you if worn with the matching rouge and Tangee's unpowdery Face Powder."

"Glamor-Girl, You're Kissing Your Career Good-bye—

There's no future in a smile that ignores 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

"It doesn't make sense, Lady! With your looks, you're a natural for the Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year—and what happens! 'Pink tooth brush' puts your smile in shrouds. It's oblivion for you unless you do something about that dingy smile!"

"Look at the glamor girls in any magazine. Their bright, sparkling smiles spell charm! And that's the kind of smile you can check up to healthy gums as well as sparkling teeth. I'm making your next booking—with the dentist!"

"Young lady, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's soft foods rob gums of natural exercise. They need more work." (Note: *A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.*)

"That photographer really was my friend! Ipana and massage each day—brighter teeth already—sparkling smile on the way! And when I massage my gums that stimulating 'tingle' seems to say, 'Your smile will soon be a picture for any magazine!'"

And sure enough, there came a day—

"O.K. Mr. Camera Man. Now let's see if you can really do justice to my sparkling new smile. And orchids to you and that dentist of mine for helping me win the honor of Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year. Yes, and a great big credit line to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Without that beauty treatment for my smile, I might have been minus a career."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"PINK" on your tooth brush calls for immediate action. It means *—see your dentist at once.*

He may tell you our soft, creamy foods have denied your gums the natural exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make gums firmer, stronger.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Let the regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're hearing on all sides that the motion picture industry is doing a great job—producing marvelous training films, morale films; the theatres are selling stamps and bonds day and night and the stars are everlastingly on tour or on the air.

★ ★ ★ ★

Meanwhile in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corner two feature films have bobbed their heads up with considerable bob. Like Tennyson's brook "Mrs. Miniver" goes on forever. The other picture deals with another "Mrs".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "The War Against Mrs. Hadley". This tale of a Washington diehard has already captured its early audiences. It brings a lump of laughter to the throat. A lump of laughter is the kind with a tear in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

The "ten-best picture" game, started with "Mrs. Miniver", spread quickly to the four corners of all newspapers. If the game was a strain on you, we are afraid you're in for more of the same. For "Random Harvest" is coming (advt.).

★ ★ ★ ★

"Random Harvest", as you all-knowing readers know, is the best-selling novel by James Hilton. *The* James Hilton. *The Goodbye Mr. Chips* James Hilton, *the Lost Horizon* James Hilton.

★ ★ ★ ★

But above all, the Random Harvest James Hilton

Ronald Colman, Greer Garson—Random Harvest stars. Mervyn LeRoy, R. H. Director. Sidney Franklin, R. H. Producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

In a column entitled "Picture of The Month" which runs in Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's and Newsweek, "Seven Sweethearts" is the choice.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many are screened but few are chosen. Congratulations "Seven Sweethearts". And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thus bringing to the fore three promising stars in Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm head over heels with joy at the crop of new films coming.

—*Leo*

One of the tricks of the trademark

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

OCTOBER, 1942 VOL. 21, NO. 5

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IT'S THE SENSATION OF THE NATION!
A RIP-ROARING COMEDY!
Here comes the hilarious Queen of Musical Hits that rocked Broadway stage audiences with laughter for a solid year. Radio riot Red Skelton and Blonde Bombshell Ann Sothern at their best! A happy screenful of talent, temptresses and tunes by Cole Porter and others.
QUEEN OF MUSICAL SHOWS!
PANAMA HATTIE
"I DOOD IT AGAIN!"
STARRING
Red SKELTON Ann SOTHERN
with "RAGS" RAGLAND
BEN BLUE
MARSHA HUNT
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
ALAN MOWBRAY
DAN DAILEY, JR.
JACKIE HORNER
Watch for: "THE SON-OF-A-GUN WHO PICKS ON UNCLE SAM" A Musical Number you'll be wild about!
TEN TOP TUNES including: "Just One Of Those Things" "Let's Be Buddies" "Son Of A Gun Who Picks On Uncle Sam" "Fresh As A Daisy" "Good Neighbors"
More talent than in 10 vaudeville shows including famed Berry Brothers, tops in taps!
Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

The enlistments of three top-bracket stars—Republic's valued Gene Autry . . .

. . . M-G-M's male box-office "best," the almost irreplaceable Clark Gable . . .

. . . and Fox's prize, Tyrone Power—have started great Hollywood arguments raging

IT can now be told that behind the enlistment of Clark Gable . . . behind the enlistment of Gene Autry and Tyrone Power . . . a brand new wave of arguments is raging. Hollywood has been rocked back on its heels by the effect of the step these three great headliners have taken . . . a step which throws into sharp highlight a question which until now has been more or less general, more or less theoretical . . . the question shall Hollywood's biggest name-stars fight?

They are deeply sincere, these three stars, in their wish to do their patriotic duty . . . as genuinely eager to give up all their wealth, their fame and their easy lives to aid our war effort as was Jimmy Stewart when he went in as a buck private, as were Ronnie Reagan, Gene Raymond and the rest of the Hollywood group who have already gone . . . perhaps by the time you read these words, the status of Gable, Autry and Power will have been settled and exactly the right branch of the service will have been found for them . . . but as I write nothing definite has been determined about them and both Washington and Hollywood are in a quandary that is fraught with the deepest significance. . . .

It is really you, the people who go to movies and who love them, who can answer the question that is now puzzling Washington . . . you can answer it by writing letters—now, directly—to your congressman or senator . . . the question is this: Are the top stars—not all actors, you understand, but those twelve to fifteen male personalities known to have definite box-office appeal and who thus have influence over the public—are they as valuable for our war effort when they are in the armed services as they are when they are on the screen, selling morale, selling entertainment and, off screen, selling bonds? . . .

In Washington, a sincere, honest fight is being waged over this question . . . it has boiled up over Gable, Autry and Power . . . and "Mrs. Miniver" plus the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee . . . the problem now is what is the most patriotic use for such men . . . not what do they want most to do . . . but where will they be most valuable . . . in service or on the screen. . . .

Hollywood, as you undoubtedly know, has been making various types of "morale" films for Washington . . . such men as Frank Capra and John Ford have directed them . . . important Hollywood writers have created the stories for them and important Hollywood technicians have worked on them . . . up until now, these films have been created in Washington . . . but again in comes "Mrs. Miniver" and as a result most of these film activities, still "morale" activities, are moving back to Hollywood. . . .

Why? . . . because "Mrs. Miniver," which was made strictly as entertainment, turns out to be the greatest morale-building film that could have been created . . . so great is its power for good in these dark days that President Roosevelt himself asked M-G-M to release it in the early summer, rather than in the fall as they had originally planned . . . and furthermore, orders have come from Washington to try to do a "Mrs. Miniver" in other locales . . . a Russian "Mrs. Miniver" . . . a Chinese "Mrs. Miniver" . . . a Dutch, or Belgian, or French "Mrs. Miniver" . . .

Such films will need actors, however, as well as actresses, top actors, since such actors are most persuasive . . . the question is, will they be better soldiers, as actors, than as soldiers in the line? . . .

When you take stars away from bond selling too, does America . . . this wonderful America of ours to which we are willing to sacrifice everything, including our lives . . . does it gain or lose?

I went around to the Victory Committee . . . that clearing house for stars' personal appearances on bond tours, camp shows, charity appeals . . . and these are some of the things I learned. . . .

On her two bond-selling tours Dorothy Lamour has taken in over one hundred million dollars . . . think of that . . . $100,000,000 . . . but do you know that (*Continued on page* 17)

"I CAN'T TELL A LIE" "BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART"

"LET'S START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT" "SONG OF FREEDOM" "EASTER PARADE"

"ABRAHAM" — "HAPPY HOLIDAY"

"PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR"

WHAT A HOLIDAY!

11 New IRVING BERLIN HITS

Hear BING CROSBY SING: "WHITE CHRISTMAS" • "I'LL CAPTURE HER HEART SINGING" • "BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART"

See FRED ASTAIRE (with 2 beautiful partners) DANCE to "YOU'RE EASY TO DANCE WITH" • "LET'S SAY IT WITH FIRECRACKERS"

Irving Berlin's HOLIDAY INN

starring Bing CROSBY • Fred ASTAIRE

A Mark Sandrich Production

A Paramount Picture with MARJORIE REYNOLDS • VIRGINIA DALE • WALTER ABEL

Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN

SCREEN PLAY BY CLAUDE BINYON

ADAPTATION BY ELMER RICE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

The Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

Fitting tribute: Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright as the Lou Gehrigs in "Pride Of The Yankees"

Major treat and a story with a wallop: Jean Arthur and Cary Grant in "Talk Of The Town"

✓✓ Pride of the Yankees (Goldwyn)

It's About: *The life story of baseball star Lou Gehrig.*

AMERICA'S favorite sport, baseball, could have had no finer screen representation than through the life story of its beloved star, Lou Gehrig. To the role of Gehrig, Gary Cooper brings all the gentleness and simplicity of the first baseman. His sincerity, his adherence to duty, his refusal to take anything for granted which drove him to endless hours of conscientious practice, are all skilfully brought out through the same qualities of the man who plays him.

Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig becomes the most important young actress in Hollywood. Her work is really something to revel in.

Babe Ruth and Robert Meusel, to the delight of all fans, play themselves, and Elsa Janssen and Ludwig Stoffel are exactly right as Lou's parents.

The exact words spoken by Lou at the great testimonial given him on the Yankee diamond a few months before his death will send you home with unshed tears.

Your Reviewer Says: A fitting tribute.

The Best Pictures of the Month

The Major And The Minor
Somewhere I'll Find You
Pride Of The Yankees
Talk Of The Town

Best Performances

Ginger Rogers in "The Major And The Minor"

Ray Milland in "The Major And The Minor"

Clark Gable in "Somewhere I'll Find You"

Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You"

Gary Cooper in "Pride Of The Yankees"

Teresa Wright in "Pride Of The Yankees"

Jean Arthur in "Talk Of The Town"

Ronald Colman in "Talk Of The Town"

Cary Grant in "Talk Of The Town"

Edgar Buchanan in "Talk Of The Town"

✓✓ Talk of the Town (Columbia)

It's About: *A professor of law and an escaped prisoner.*

THREE — count them, three — big names go awhirling around a plot that has good foundation if only the cement would harden. Nevertheless, there's a lot of wallop packed into the story of a dignified, bearded law professor, Ronald Colman, who arrives a day too soon at the country house he has rented from Jean Arthur and her mother, Emma Dunn, to find confusion and something intangibly unpleasant hovering about. This proves to be Mr. Cary Grant, who has escaped from jail, and is being hidden in the attic by Miss Arthur.

Mr. Colman believes in the head and mind theory of the-law-to-the-letter. Mr. Grant, who has actually been framed by the town's leading crook, belongs to the heart-before-cold-reason school. How they change their theories is the whole story.

Miss Arthur is as always delightful. The men, especially Edgar Buchanan as Grant's lawyer, are fine.

Your Reviewer Says: A major treat.

(*Continued on page* 98)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 102

Congratulations Errol Flynn

FOR YOUR VERY, VERY BEST WARNER BROS. PICTURE!

What a list of hits he has behind him! Yet for excitement unsurpassed, for pace unparalleled, for action beyond compare--for everything that makes an adventure-picture a life-long adventure for moviegoers, the top of the list is

ERROL FLYNN
thrillingly, stirringly teamed with fandom's favorite
RONALD REAGAN
to lead a 5-man Commando mission in a devastating dash to Berlin and back!

With NANCY COLEMAN · RAYMOND MASSEY
Alan Hale · Arthur Kennedy · Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by Arthur T. Horman

PRODUCED BY HAL B. WALLIS

Music by Max Steiner

September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES month at all movie theatres! Buy a War Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Enough to hypo enthusiasts for another Astaire-Rogers picture—this Mocamba tete-a-tete of Fred and Ginger

Cupid's Echo: The Vic Mature-Rita Hayworth romance has subsided to quiet dinners at home for two, *except* for sudden squalls that blow up, with Vic arguing on one end of a studio telephone and Rita furiously answering from the other. True love. . . .

By the way, it's wealthy New Yorker Steve Brody who's hastening the divorce plans of Martha Mature against husband Victor, Cal hears. . . .

George Raft and Betty Grable are furious over rumors of their split-up. Still, Georgie is seen about town solo more often than not. So. . . .

The sudden illness of Bonita Granville brought Jackie Cooper scurrying to her bedside, so it seems these two still mean it. . . .

Hereabouts: Ginger Rogers at the Mocambo with her hair atop her head, all bound up in a net, and wearing, as usual, a very greasy make-up, led some wag to declare Ginger looked as if she'd had a mayonnaise massage. Fred Astaire, minus his toupee and not caring (good boy, Freddie), posed for pictures with affable Ginger. In fact, the two indulged in so much earnest conversation, leaving Mrs. Astaire and Ginger's escort Randy Scott to chat alone, that gossip ran high that Ginger and Fred were discussing a new film to be made together.

All those eager to have an Astaire-Rogers reunion raise your right hands and say "Let's go."

Giggles of the Month: Mickey Rooney, like all males eager to show off before his best girl, had his wife Ava Gardner visit M-G-M to watch him make underwater love to Esther Williams for his latest Andy Hardy picture.

With a flourish Mickey dived into the pool, opened his mouth and sank squarely to the bottom.

Wifie took him home, chagrined to the teeth and wrapped in blankets.

Hollywood is in stitches over the star who made a spectacular entrance at a night club because as she stood at the entrance, poised, two moths fluttered from her bonnet.

She still doesn't know why people fell under the table laughing.

He Is — He Isn't: In the August issue PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR said Clark Gable would be making morale and instruction pictures for the Government, then the papers announced he was a major in the Air Corps. As of the present writing this is not even yet the case, Cal can assure you, for he has been doing some additional scouting and has unearthed the following facts: Clark did go to Washington and offered himself for active service. But with every branch of the armed forces wanting him, no decision has been reached, and Cal hears Clark is mighty disappointed over the possibility of his having to stick to making the morale pictures PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR said he would do.

They're Whispering: The engagement and marriage announcement of Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's right-hand man, to Louise Macy of Pasadena, left Paulette Goddard very much surprised. Anyway, Paulette has bought herself a farm in New York, not too far from Hyde Park incidentally, and expects to spend a lot of her time there. . . .

The Brian Ahernes have been reported as separating for lo, these several weeks. Both Brian and Joan claim the rumors are too silly for denial, but Cal's stubbed his toe on too many "silly rumors" not to report them . . . and also that other rumor that Joan is going to have a baby! No wonder Hollywood heads spin.

Around Town: George Montgomery may have dates with Hedy Lamarr, one hears, as long as he doesn't talk marriage. For Mr. Montgomery to mention marriage to Hedy is to put himself in his little dog house.

John Howard has ceased yearning after Hedy Lamarr to cast eyes in Fay McKenzie's direction. Fay is a Republic Studio cutie and Billy Gilbert's sister-in-law. . . .

News Letter to Our Boys: This little corner is dedicated to you boys in service and this month Cal hopes to give you a tip in case you want to write to a pretty Hollywood miss.

Unattached and unspoken for is a cute girl out at Universal Studios. Her name is Grace McDonald (she's

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Notable first night draws notable first nighters: Greer "Mrs. Miniver" Garson and her justly proud mother . . .

. . . Henry "Vicar" Wilcoxon of the U. S. Coast Guard and wife Joan Woodbury . . .

. . . Lt. James Stewart of the Army Air Corps, Kay Aldridge and Margaret Sullavan were on hand for the brilliant "Mrs. Miniver" openin

Ray McDonald's sister) and you couldn't find a sweeter miss in all Hollywood.

Another unengaged lovely at Universal is Jennifer Holt, Jack's daughter. Gloria Jean, now fifteen, is looking pretty grown-up these days, too. Universal Studio's address is Universal City, Calif.

Donna Reed, the farmer's daughter from Iowa, is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's young pride and joy. She's unaffected, sweet, and natural and you'd be crazy about her, fellows. Of course, there's Hedy Lamarr, too. The address of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is Culver City, Calif.

Paramount boasts Dona Drake—little, brunette and full of the dickens. And that reminds me. That blonde firecracker Betty Hutton is a Paramount cutie, too. And is she full of pep!

Of course, if you like your blondes—ash blondes, that is—tall, shy, and sort of retiring, there's Betty Jane Rhodes who sings as well. Paramount Studios is on Marathon Street in Hollywood.

The loveliest blonde of all, with twinkling eyes and a Miss America medal, is Shirley Patterson of Columbia Studios. Shirley is a local girl, loves dad and mother, and is sure to answer your letters. Columbia Studios is on Gower Street in Hollywood.

Twentieth Century-Fox, which is located in Fox Hills, West Los Angeles, boasts two of the sweetest girls in any town anywhere. We mean, of course, Linda Darnell and Anne Baxter, the latter of a socially prominent Eastern family. Anne's work in "The Magnificent Ambersons" means stardom for that young lady. Both girls are in their teens and both are charming, take Cal's word for it.

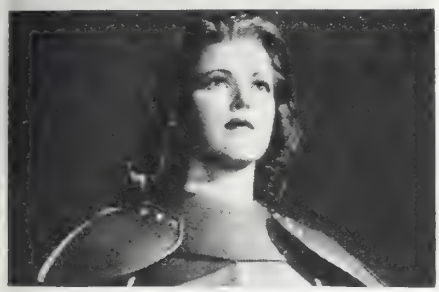
Tall blonde Alexis Smith and dark beautiful Olivia de Havilland, to say nothing of seventeen-year-old Joan Leslie, are Warner Brothers beauties, all heart and fancy free. So there you are, lads, if you yearn to write a Hollywood beauty we've given you the choice of lovely unmarried girls who could be your best pal's sister. That's how nice they are. What's more they'll answer your letters, we feel sure. Warner Studios are in Burbank, California.

SHE'S ALL THIS · · · and 21 TOO!

A Brand New Brilliant Barrymore!

She's Bewitching! . . . as a 12-year-old imp!

She's Radiant . . . as heroic Joan of Arc!



She's Glamorous! . . . as daring Sadie Thompson!

She's Magnificent! . . . as dynamic Queen Victoria!

Diana **BARRYMORE**

AND

Robert **CUMMINGS**

in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with *Kay* **FRANCIS**

JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT, GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES

Screen Play, Myles Connolly · True Boardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques Thery
Adapted by John Jacoby

Produced and Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**

Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETWEEN US GUYS—*She's Terrific!*

and when Diana goes all-out for Bob . . . it's a gay and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Michele Morgan and Jean Pierre Aumont, ex-Crawford contender (p. 66), at the "Free Peoples" dinner

Tall, dark and lovely Marie Windsor and tall, dark and devilish John Carroll go El Capitan Theater jaunting

Young man going places in uniform: Lt. Louis and Ida Lupino Hayward at the Mocambo just before he left to report for duty with the Marines

Advice to War Widows: As a war widow, Brenda Marshall has decided that "morale" is the most important word on the home front. Recent letters from her husband Bill Holden, somewhere with Uncle Sam's forces, have convinced her of this fact, so much so that Brenda worked out an alphabetical chart in hopes other war widows may care to use it as their victory code. It goes:

M is for money to buy war bonds.
O is for the Office of Civilian Defense.
R is for rumor-spiking.
A is for the armed forces.
L is for loyalty.
E is for entertainment on the home front.

News Notes: The frock worn by Olivia de Havilland in "Princess O'Rourke" should cause a rush to attics or department store counters or forgotten hope chests. It's made from an old-fashioned printed bedspread. Olivia herself was pleased as punch when she modeled it for Cal on the set. . . .

Myrna Loy's reported retirement from the screen will mean the end of the "Thin Man" series, we hear. Well, if the last few are the best the studio could produce we're all for dropping them. Myrna, who married John Hertz Jr. recently, claims eighteen years of movie-making are enough and now she'll endeavor to be the perfect wife in private life.

And a Little Child . . . : Jack Benny's daughter, Joan, who will soon be eight years old, has her own ideas about papa's movies.

Visiting her father on the set of "George Washington Slept Here," at Warners, Joan watched a scene in which Jack stepped on a loose board and was cracked with it on the back of the head.

Afterwards, Benny asked her what she thought of the scene.

"Oh, it was all right, I guess, Daddy," yawned Joan, "only it looks pretty much like kid stuff to me."

Next day Jack begged the director to cut out the scene.

A Snickeroo: "Do you still live in the penthouse atop the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel?" a photographer recently telephoned Dick Arlen. Dick said he did.

"Swell," came the answer. "I'll be up after a while, if it's okay, to shoot

"...and last year Nobody remembered"

A year ago only a printed remembrance from an insurance agent and a pair of gloves from "good old Helen." And now . . . all this!

There were Bill's flowers, Henry's orchids, an exquisite bottle of perfume from Loran, three telegrams, and a dozen other assurances that the awful year of loneliness lay behind her forever.

"How nice to see people and to be liked again!" she thought—and then, eyeing Bill's flowers, "How wonderful to be loved!"

Life was really worth living now . . . might have been all along if she hadn't been such a fool.

Looking back it didn't seem possible that a normally attractive and popular girl could have been so gradually yet so completely dropped as she had been. But that is the way gossip works—and a girl found guilty of this trouble* only once may be continually under suspicion.

And had it not been for Helen's friendly but brutal candor she might never have known what it was or what to do about it.

How About You?

No matter what your other good points are they may be overlooked if you have *halitosis (bad breath). Incidentally, anyone may have it. The worst of it is you may not know when you offend this way, so common sense tells you not to take chances.

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse every night and morning and between times, before business and social appointments? This wonderful antiseptic, with its delightful effect, not only freshens the entire mouth but makes the breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Countless fastidious people, popular people never, *never* omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are systemic, most cases, according to some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

A little loving care is what your teeth need and this delightful new dentifrice gives it.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for oral hygiene*

now Pour yourself a lovelier complexion

Be guided by the experience of over 2,000,000 girls who found MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the hosiery shades "tops" for sleek, bare legs. Now these same girls are fast learning the priceless beauty secret wiser glamour girls have known for years . . . that MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the flattering facial tones gives them that soft, glowing "knock 'em dead" look all men go for.

A perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily . . . camouflages blemishes . . . and gives your face a velvety smooth, gloriously fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Apply it, blend it . . . add loose powder or not, as you prefer . . . then forget repowdering, for hours and hours.

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades . . . Peach — Rachelle — Brunette—Suntan—Hawaiian—Nut Brown.

More women use MINER'S *than any other* LIQUID MAKE-UP! *Buy it! . . Try it! . . You'll love it!*

50¢ . . 25¢ Everywhere

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

If you prefer a Cake Make-Up . . . try

MINER'S Patti-pac CAKE MAKE-UP

Economy Size—39¢

© 1942 Miner's, Inc.

A.W.V.S.-worker Joan Bennett put on her uniform and cap, rounded up a group of enthusiastic stars that included sister Connie Bennett . . .

. . . Irene Dunne and Hoagy Carmichael and took them on tour to entertain service men at the six recreation halls just opened by the A.W.V.S.

pictures. Thanks." And he hung up.

Dick telephoned for an immediate cleaning of his rooms, had flowers sent up, arrayed himself in his very best finery and was all ready when the camera lad showed up.

"This is swell," the photographer said, looking around. "Great." And then he set up his camera on the balcony and shot views of Beverly Hills all afternoon.

Arlen, who has a terrific sense of humor, couldn't resist telling it on himself, adding, "I even had a carnation in my buttonhole, too."

Tidbits: In case you've ever wondered what happened to the Constance Worth that George Brent suddenly married several years ago, she's been working as a carhop in a Hollywood drive-in stand.

"People thought I had money, I guess," she said, "but I didn't. I had to work to live and believe me it's hard work, too. Some nights I averaged only two dollars in tips."

We're happy to report Constance has been handed a small part in a Columbia picture which may lead to a new lease on life.

Take Another Look, Fellows: This is a charming story told Cal and one we pass on to you:

Jean Gabin, in blue dungarees, and Marlene Dietrich, needing a permanent—but badly—were stopped on Beverly Drive by a soldier who said, "Pardon me, but could you tell me where me and my friends here from Texas could go to see some of these movie stars?"

"Why don't you try the USO?" Dietrich asked, trying to be helpful.

"We did," the boys replied, still not recognizing the couple. "But there weren't any stars there. Gee, we hate to go all the way back to Texas without seeing a one."

Gabin looked at Dietrich. Dietrich looked at Gabin.

"Tell you what," Marlene finally said, "I'll take you up to a star's home. I know this one well. Get in."

Eyes wider than moons and mouths agape the soldiers climbed into the car and were whisked off. "Wait here," Marlene cautioned. "I have to go in the back way."

Ten minutes later a slinky, gorgeous, sexy Dietrich, hair twirled high, gown

clinging, opened the door to three boys who gasped, gurgled, tripped over their feet, and practically fell dead.

We tell you this little story, friends, to reveal that even the most beautiful of stars often look like any housewife on a shopping tour. It's the glamour surrounding the personality, plus the beautification that does the trick.

It's the Bogarts Again: With a day off from the studio, Humphrey Bogart and his wife Mayo went down to Balboa to do a little work on his boat —the one Humphrey uses in his Coast Guard work.

While Bogie went ashore to buy the needed paints and varnishes, Mrs. Bogie decided to air out the contents of a locker.

Humphrey returned twenty minutes later to find all h--- had broken loose, with the chief boatswain's mate in charge of a naval patrol boat gesturing wildly. It seems Mayo had hung upon a line the signal flags that meant "Enemy Aircraft Sighted."

The Bogarts went back to town in a hurry.

Heroes For Hollywood: Hollywood really went to town on War Heroes Day, a celebration in honor of fifteen visiting war heroes from the American and British forces, with first a monster parade, then a great gathering in the Coliseum. The highlight of the celebration for the visitors, though, was the brilliant ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Skouras

Romance on the rebound? Anne Shirley, ex-Mrs. John Payne, Mocamboing with Edmond O'Brien, ex-husband of Nancy Kelly

"It's fun to sit out dances... but not when you sit alone!"

Peg: "But I'd rather solo out here, Helen, than sit on the mourner's bench inside!" ***Helen:*** "Peg, darling, you shouldn't be a wall-flower! You dance like a dream—and you *look* like a dream! You'll have partners galore, if you will let me speak up!"

Peg: "But underarm odor, Helen! Why I bathed just before this party. I always shower every day. Isn't that enough?" ***Helen:*** "Not if you want to be *sure,* Peg. Every day, before every date, I use Mum too!"

Peg: "Helen's right—and a pal to give me that hint! A bath washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come!* Tonight's another party! I'm playing safe, with MUM!"

STAY POPULAR with Mum! Mum protects charm—the minute you use it, yet it *lasts* all day or all evening! Without stopping perspiration, Mum *prevents underarm odor.* Mum is *sure!*

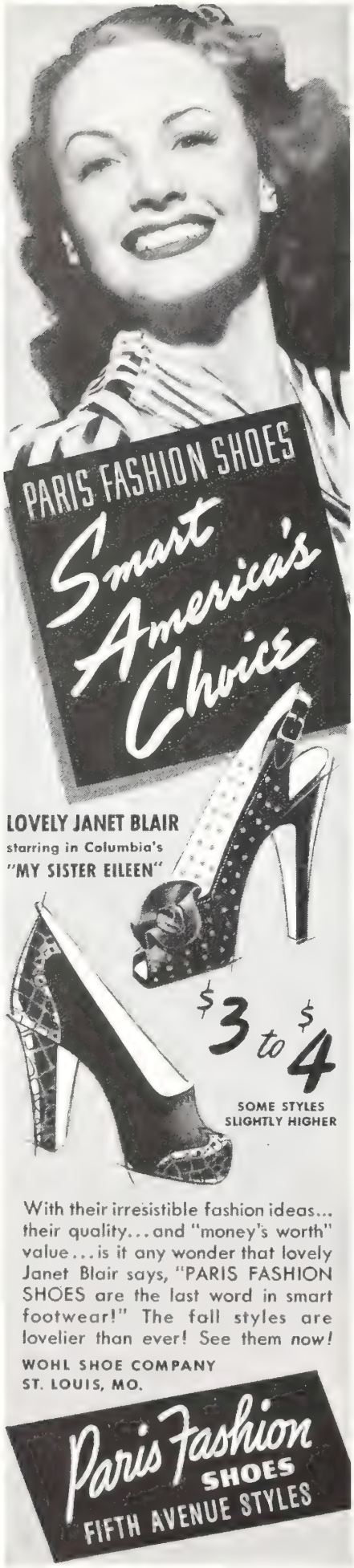
Mum is *handy, quick*—takes only 30 seconds to use. You can use it even after dressing, or after underarm shaving, because *gentle* Mum is kind to clothes and skin. Get Mum today!

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable! That's important in a deodorant for this purpose.*



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Heroes' night in Hollywood: Ann Rutherford, Lt. J. Michael Hall and Dorothy Lamour . .

. . . Lt. Thomas W. Boy Patricia Morison an Jean Rogers at the gal War Heroes ball o the Cocoanut Grov

and Mayor and Mrs. Fletcher Bowron, at the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, where Mrs. Colin Kelly and Mrs. Hewitt T. Wheless shared honors with the visitors.

Fifteen of Hollywood's top flight actresses were on hand to entertain the guests, and from a bowl in which the visitors' names were placed the stars drew their partners for the evening. Claudette Colbert drew the name of Second Lieutenant George S. Welch, with whom she led the grand march, and Ensign Donald F. Mason, whose laconic "Sighted Sub, Sank Same" is perhaps the most famous remark to come of World War II, was paired with Ruth Hussey.

The entertainment was in the A-1 bracket, with Eddie Cantor acting as master of ceremonies, Jeanette MacDonald singing "The Star Spangled Banner," delirious comedy by Mickey Rooney and Abbott and Costello, superb performances by Ethel Waters and her troupe and a moving reading of "America" by Pat O'Brien, with Freddie Martin's orchestra for toe-tickling dance music.

Last-Minute Flashes on the PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR Front: On page 5 you'll see a beautiful portrait of Zorin with a smaller shot of her as the far famed *Maria* in "For Whom The Bel Tolls." So she was at the time the pag was made up. But as we go to pres Zorina is no longer *Maria*. Paramoun has just announced after several days shooting that Ingrid Bergman wil play the coveted role.

Like so many things in life th means happiness for someone an heartbreak for someone else. But ma we offer this bit of comfort to th talented Zorina: It would have bee a tough assignment for Bernhardt t have bucked the choice of "The Bell's famous author, Ernest Hemingway From the very beginning he has pulle for Bergman. And he has a mighty hefty pull! . . .

The Jim Fleming whose story a Errol Flynn's stand-in appears o page 72 is none other than the celebrated guy who engaged in the strenuous argument with Barbara Hutton's butler at a birthday party given at Flynn's Mulholland Farm.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(*Continued from page* 4) the idea of going on those tours was originally all Dotty's idea?

This is the story behind it . . . it happened the night of California's first blackout, December tenth, which happens to be Dotty's birthday . . . Her family had planned a big party for her at Ciro's . . . and they were on their way to her apartment to pick her up when the blackout came. . . . Dotty sat home alone, half-frightened in the darkness and very lonely . . . she sat thinking of what war meant . . . of what defeat could mean . . .

"I'm only a woman," she thought, "and I can't enlist. But I could go sell things—bonds, for instance."

The next morning she went to Frank Freeman, the president of Paramount . . . she wanted to get a leave of absence from the studio . . . Mr. Freeman was so enthusiastic about her idea that he not only gave her time off, but called the Treasury Department in Washington, made all arrangements . . . thus Dotty started out . . . thus the bond-selling tours began for all the industry. . . .

You know, of course, all about the Victory Caravan, with its super cargo of stars and its terrific earnings, but do you know about the individual tours individual stars have made? . . . do you know that Mickey Rooney used his honeymoon trip as a personal-appearance tour of the camps and that one night in Boston, Massachusetts, by way of launching a USO drive, he appeared all alone at the Boston Garden, drew 27,000 people, kept a show going all by himself for an hour and a half and collected $7,500,000 for the USO? . . .

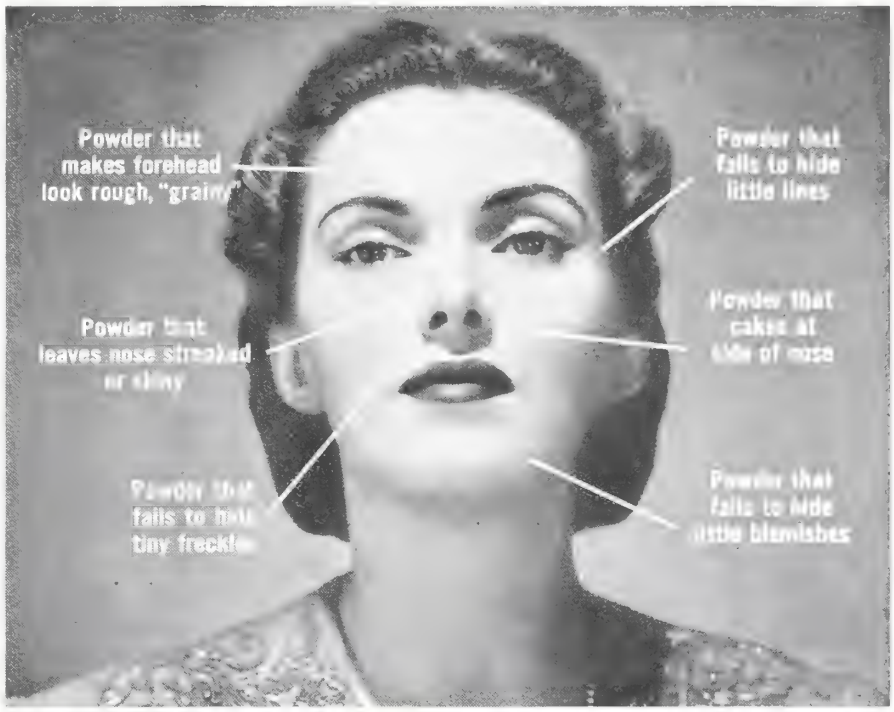
YOU'VE heard, I'm sure, of Bob Hope's ceaseless activity even to the extent of threatening his health.

As for Red Skelton, he drives the Victory Committee nuts . . . according to their records Red has played 160 shows in the last six months . . . that is, as far as they know . . . but they tell of the afternoon he saw six boys wandering around Beverly Hills, obviously lonely . . . near by was an alley, with some old packing boxes in it . . . in about five minutes, those boxes had been converted into seats . . . Red went into one of his vaudeville routines . . . the boys had the time of their lives . . . and the Victory committee collapsed, thinking of all that talent being used up on an audience of merely six. . . .

I could go on indefinitely . . . but it is up to you, the public, to decide . . . to let our government know in what service you feel stars will do the most to win our victory.

THE END

Which of these 6 "FACE POWDER TROUBLES" do You have?



New-texture powder helps end these troubles—makes skin look fresher, younger!

WHAT DO YOU SEE when you *repowder* your face? Does your skin look smooth, fresh, appealing? Or does the powder look caked on your forehead and chin? Does your nose look streaked or shiny? Do tiny lines around your eyes and mouth seem emphasized?

Don't blame your skin for what you see in the mirror: *blame your face powder!* For these are "face powder troubles"... and now you can quickly help end all these 6 troubles, just by changing to the amazing new-textured face powder!

Here is the secret of this new face powder

What is its name? *Lady Esther Face Powder!* Why is it so different? *Because it's made differently!* How is it made? It isn't just mixed in the usual way—*it's blown and reblown* by *TWIN HURRICANES,* blown until it's smoother, finer by far than powder made by ordinary methods!

Women who use this new-texture face powder for the first time are thrilled to see what a "baby-skin" smoothness it gives their skin. They say this new, smoother texture seems to hide tiny lines and blemishes, and even little freckles! They say this new-texture powder seems to change the whole appearance of their skin—seems to make it look smoother, fresher, and often years *younger!*

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and when you find the one that's most flattering to your skin, *you'll know you've found your lucky shade!*

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (80)
Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____
If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

"A DUET WITH MY CANARY IS A THRILL WE BOTH ADORE!"

CAROL BRUCE Starring in "OFF THE BEATEN TRACK" A Universal Picture

Do you long for a bit of extra sunshine when days are dark and troubled?

Then buy a Canary! Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song! You'll thrill to his prompt, cheery response that drives away care and makes you feel like singing, too.

There is no finer pet than a Canary...a pet *you* can keep with little cost or care . . . and the *only pet that sings!* Get a Canary — now!

Send for FREE 76-page illustrated book on Canaries. Just mail your name and address, on a penny post card, to the R. T. French Company, 2506 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

IN HOLLYWOOD

4 out of 5 Canary Owners demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED

Keep your canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S — today and *every* day!

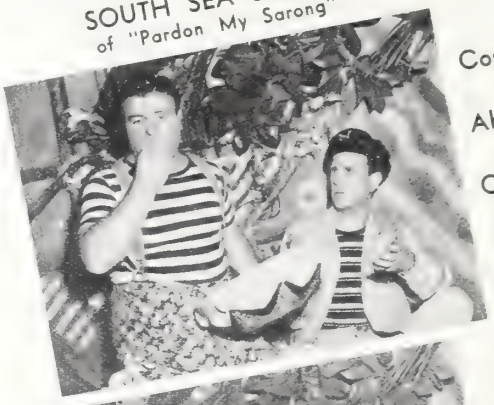
LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

SOUTH SEA SILLIES
of "Pardon My Sarong"



Costello: I don't like this stuff. What is it?
Abbott: Of course you like it . . . it's poi!
Costello: I don't care if it's girl . . . I still don't like it.

Abbott: Well, if you don't like that . . . here's a delicious dish . . . eat this!

Costello: (Chewing plate): Mmmmm! Not bad!

SHADOW STAGE

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AFFAIRS OF JIMMY VALENTINE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe is a brash young radio publicity man who dreams up a gag of locating a *Jimmy Valentine* to revive a drooping radio serial. He finds his *Valentine* all right, but it leads to murder. Gloria Dickson and Ruth Terry are very good. (July)

√√ *BAMBI*—Walt Disney-RKO: Disney's art at its greatest and best is attained in this stirring poem of beauty, and its message will touch both children and adults alike. Bambi is a little deer born in the forest, living unafraid amidst his friends and the elements until man, the villain, strikes terror into his heart and ruthlessly destroys his home. (Sept.)

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT—Columbia: Not quite up to their usual standard is this picture of the *Bumpsteads* in which they become the parents of a baby daughter. Penny Singleton as *Blondie* arranges with her husband's boss to keep *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) out of town until after the blessed event. (Aug.)

BROADWAY—Universal: George Raft plays himself in this remake of the stage play, a motion picture star who returns to New York and relates his experiences as a night-club hoofer. As the flash back unfolds, such characters as Janet Blair, his sweetheart, gangster Broderick Crawford, and assorted entertainers, gangsters and chorus girls pass in review. (Aug.)

CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN, A—Columbia: William Gargan, as *Ellery Queen* visits the lodge of Ralph Morgan and discovers that Morgan has two daughters, one of whom has been missing for years. Margaret Lindsay, Gargan's secretary, impersonates the missing daughter and then all the murders start. (Aug.)

CORPSE VANISHES, THE—Monogram: Brides mysteriously disappear all over the place until girl reporter Luana Walters sets out to investigate. She finally traces the brides to the lair of Bela Lugosi, where dreadful doings have been done. (July)

CROSSROADS—M-G-M: William Powell plays amnesia victim in this dramatic story of a French plomat who brings his blackmailer to trial only be met with almost convincing proof that he was th criminal and murderer earlier in his life. edy Lamarr is Powell's wife, Felix Bressart the mily friend, and Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor, d Margaret Wycherly are also very good. (Sept.)

✓ *EAGLE SQUADRON*—Wanger-Universal: A rring, thrilling tribute to our American boys who ined the R. A. F. Actual action shots of their uadron are incorporated into the story and lend a rilling effect. Robert Stack does his best work as American who joins the Squadron, and Leif ikson, Eddie Albert, Diana Barrymore as the nglish miss in service, and John Loder comprise good cast. (Sept.)

SCAPE FROM HONG KONG—Universal: Ger an and Japanese agents and American cowboys o Carrillo, Andy Devine and Don Terry mix it in a free-for-all before the bombing of Hong ng. They also get mixed up with Marjorie Lord. Aug.)

ALCON TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio: e popular screen sleuth, George Sanders, has his n talent for unearthing murderers, this time ard Bond. Lynn Bari is the gal who catches the nders eye. It's well done. (Aug.)

IGHT LIEUTENANT—Columbia: The famil plot of this story concerns Pat O'Brien, an iator who causes a plane crash in which his co ot is killed, so he takes to wildcat flying in Dutch iana to support his son. The son, Glenn Ford, ows up to fall in love with Evelyn Keyes, daugh- of the dead co-pilot, and heartache and disillu n result until O'Brien makes restitution. (Sept.)

RIENDLY ENEMIES—Edward Small-U.A.: ted as the hobble skirt is this story of two argu- ntative old German-Americans who talk them ves and the audience half to death. Charlie Rug- and Charles Winninger are the friendly ene- s. James Craig is the son who is thought to be t at sea, and Nancy Kelly is his girl. (Sept.)

✓ *GAY SISTERS, THE*—Warners: Different theme and idea is this picture, but we think you'll oy it despite the underlying current of ugliness. ad Barbara Stanwyck, covetous Geraldine Fitz- ld, and moody Nancy Coleman are sisters ose estate has been in litigation for twenty years, overishing but never beating them. George ent is the man responsible for their legal diffi lties. (Sept.)

ENRY AND DIZZY—Paramount: Jimmy Ly n, as *Henry Aldrich*, borrows a motorboat but ecks it. The efforts of *Henry* and his pal *Dizzy* harles Smith) to earn enough money to replace boat form the basis of the story. Mary Ander n is the pretty girl. Not up to standard. (Aug.)

HER CARDBOARD LOVER—M-G-M: In his y little number, Robert Taylor falls in love with rma Shearer who has hired him to protect her inst George Sanders. At times both Norma and bspread on the histrionics a little thick, but San rs is, as usual, terrific. (Aug.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—M-G-M: Much low the standard of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette acDonald is this bit of trivia taken from the stage ay. Nelson is a Budapest playboy who falls in e with an unsophisticated little clerk in his bank he night he dreams she's an angel. He awakes find not an angel but the girl he loves. (July)

OLD CALIFORNIA—Republic: John Wayne nes out West from Boston to open up a much- eded drugstore, but villainous Albert Dekker, dous over dance-hall queen Binnie Barnes' in- est in Wayne, poisons the drugs and nearly suc- ds in having John lynched. The sudden dis- very of gold saves him, and the inevitable fight ween the two almost wrecks the town. (Sept.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Warners: This unpleas picture about a selfish woman isn't Bette vis's best picture by a long shot. Olivia de villand plays Bette's good sister, Dennis Mor n is the man Bette drives to suicide, and George ent the man fortunate enough to escape her aly)

WAS FRAMED—Warners: Michael Ames is med by political crooks, but he breaks jail and es with his wife, Julie Bishop, to another town ere he becomes a newspaper editor. But he's ckmailed before he finally discovers he's been ared of the former charge. (July)

KE GIRL—Warners: Appalled by the conditions farmers and workers under racketeering Gene ckhart, Ronald Reagan sides with farmer George bias, although his friend Richard Whorf throws his lot with Lockhart. Ann Sheridan, traveling te girl, falls in love with Reagan, and the two d themselves accused of murder. Dull. (July)

AD MARTINDALES, THE—20th Century-Fox e Withers attempts to capture her older sister's arjorie Weaver) rich beau to the distress of her ng suitor Jimmy Lydon in this hokumy story e deserves better material. (Aug.)

(Continued on page 105)

For your "double life"

insist on Revlon Nail Enamel and Lipstick

Now that you are leading a "double life" . . . NUMBER ONE, the busy war worker; NUMBER TWO, charming companion to your man . . . why *shouldn't* you have the double lure of lasting Revlon color on both fingertips and lips? For Revlon's harmonizing lipsticks, like Revlon Nail Enamel, are world famous for their marvelous "stay-on" quality. Wear "1942," "Cherry Coke," or "Scarlet Slipper" now! Nail Enamel 60c. Lipstick 60c. 1.00. (Fashion Note: Today your nails are beautifully tapered . . . never shockingly long.)

✱ **"PREVIEWED"** *means that every single color of Revlon Nail Enamel is actually pre-tested 160 times on busy fingertips just like yours . . . before it is bottled for you! Tested and re-tested for that "stay-on" quality and beauty of color you have learned to expect in Revlon. Tested for Revlon brilliance, for fastest drying time consistent with longest wear. That's why we feel* "PREVIEWED" *is your guarantee that Revlon is the best nail enamel in the world. And that's why Revlon is the overwhelming choice of professional manicurists. Revlon Lipsticks are likewise* "PREVIEWED" *for perfection. Remember, only Revlon gives you the assurance of* "PREVIEWED."

Revlon

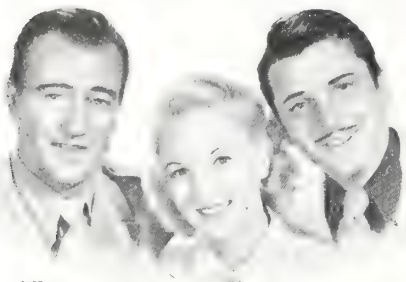
sets the fashion for a whole nation's fingertips and lips

It's a
BIG PICTURE

FLYING TIGERS SWEEP JAPS FROM BURMA SKIES!

NEWS!

Spine-tingling news, direct from the hotly-contested front where our boys have been battling the enemy since hostilities began!



Three top stars in a story of heroism, adventure, and romance, under the shadow of death from the skies!

JOHN WAYNE

JOHN CARROLL • ANNA LEE

FLYING TIGERS

PAUL KELLY
GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE
BILL SHIRLEY

The Flying Tigers daily risk their lives for you — keep 'em flying with War Bonds and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Speak for Yourself

Navy communique on Van Heflin: A smooth polished touch with an understanding of life in general

$10.00 PRIZE
Inspiring and Soul-Satisfying

IT has always been my special pride to turn a pretty phrase and fashion lovely words, but the emotion created deep within my heart by "Mrs. Miniver" requires greater outlet than mere words. I came away more vividly aware of the need for stronger effort, stern and grim, to win this war quickly.

Inspiring and soul-satisfying, the Minivers. The simplicity of their wholesome life, their gay camaraderie; his "shenanigans" when buying the new car, her adroit retaliation in disclosing the new hat. Life, as lived by this upper-middle-class English family, before the calamity of war, must strike an answering chord in every American heart. Then their high morale and indomitable courage through the tragedies of war!

Comforting to realize that the free democracies everywhere must be made up of people like the Minivers, even as you and I, and so long as we have inspired authors to write about them and Hollywood producers, through good actors, to portray them on the screen, bringing more forcibly to all of us the need to hold our cherished freedom and liberty, the Allied Forces cannot fail!

GRACE L. CALONGNE,
Tulsa, Okla.

$5.00 PRIZE
Budget Buster Bogart

THERE'S one actor who is responsible for upsetting my budget allotment for "Amusements." This allotment is used almost entirely for the movies; but now, because of *his* pictures, which are so outstanding they're worth seeing two or three times, my budget is pretty badly distorted.

Bogart's acting in "The Maltese Falcon" was captivating. Bogart (and he alone) made that picture the most outstanding of its kind, and "Big Shot" was a worthwhile picture because of Bogart's dynamic performance.

There is a fine, intelligent sincerity about all of Bogart's performances; his acting has a quality of splendid distinction that no other male star in Hollywood has yet touched.

How about a statuette for Bogart? Well then, as long as Humphrey upset *my* budget, how about a raise for *him*, Warner Brothers?

SUSAN C. OGARA,
Omaha, Nebraska.

$1.00 PRIZE
. . . And Still They Come

DEAR SIR:

Looking through the July issue I was astonished to find that no reply had been written in your magazine to the article "George Sanders Puts Women in Their Place." Mr. Sanders so generously "loves women—in their place." What a boon this great affection is to all womankind!

Mr. Sanders's opinions could be tolerated if he hadn't made the ambiguous statement: "I do not believe that woman as a sex is as intelligent as man." These are not the words of an intelligent, educated man. The men cited by (*Continued on page* 104)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize, $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unacceptable material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Hollywood Writes a Letter

IN the July issue of your magazine there appeared an article concerning Miss Betty Grable which we feel obliged and compelled to refute in all fairness to Miss Grable and anyone who may have read and been misled by the article. It was completely untrue, misinformed and ill-advised in every instance regarding Miss Grable's attitude toward the people she works with at the studio. We in the Music and Dance Department of 20th Century-Fox have worked more intimately with Betty than anyone or any other department of the studio. We see her in all her moods—we work with her under every condition, and always, in every phase of her work, she has displayed the essence of cooperation, cheerfulness and harmony toward all of us.

The minute Betty comes in—whether it's on a set—in a rehearsal hall or into an office—there's a different mood about the place. People sit up and are suddenly happier. They know they're in for laughs; she has the greatest sense of humor and wit of anyone in the world, and they know too, they're in for some great dancing and wonderful singing.

This is what we know about her, we who work with her, but we feel that our opinion is representative of everyone who comes in contact with her, as witness the names below. Therefore, in fairness to Betty Grable we feel that Photoplay-Movie Mirror magazine should publish this letter.

Yours truly,

A. T. Ericson
John Payne
Hermes Pan
Harry Warren
Wm. Le Baron
Cesar Romero
Geneva Sawyer
Irving Cummings
Virginia Magelia
Valerie Bradley
Angela Blue
Virginia Cady
Eileen Fenwick
Lina Neuman
Lillian Porter
Alice Faye

"Married — to an Iceberg"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT OFTEN RUINS A MARRIAGE.

1. At first, we were the most romantic couple! Happy as larks. But little by little, Dick grew neglectful of me. I couldn't think why his love had cooled off so soon.

2. Then my nerves cracked, and Dick's uncle, who's a doctor, guessed the truth. "Poor child," he comforted me. "So often a devoted wife is guilty of this one neglect. She's careless about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*). Now if that's your case . . .". And understandingly, he set me straight.

3. He told me how, today, thousands of modern women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine cleanliness. "You see," he explained, "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly*, and deodorizes, as well. Just follow the easy directions on the bottle—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."

4. Today, I use Lysol disinfectant regularly for feminine hygiene. I'm thankful it's *so* inexpensive, *so* easy to use, too. But best of all, Dick's kisses aren't icy—not any more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-1042. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Going Places...with a Smile

Marjorie Reynolds, three-a-day star, gives some tips on the importance of what's behind your smile

BY GLORIA MACK

PARAMOUNT was in a pale purple dither. They had a swell script, Irving Berlin had written some super-Berlin music and stars Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby and producer Mark Sandrich were all ready to start shooting on "Holiday Inn." There was just one trouble. They didn't have a girl. Of course there were lots of girls they could have signed for the picture, but this one had to be special.

She had to be beautiful and able to dance with Astaire and sing with Crosby—a combination which isn't easy to find even in Hollywood.

At last up spoke one executive. "Marjorie Reynolds could do it."

As soon as she appeared and smiled the warm friendly smile that is so characteristic of her, everyone knew that she had passed the beauty hurdle with flying colors—the colors being honey-golden hair, brown eyes and an ivory-tinted skin. Then she was tested. From five in the morning until ten at night she crooned with Crosby and danced with Astaire. When they told her she was set, Marjorie was, in her own words, "Flabbergasted with pleasure."

Movie appearances began for Marjorie when she was four, shortly after Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Goodspeed (Marjorie's family name) trekked from Idaho to Los Angeles with Marjorie and her older sisters, Dorothy and Beatrice. Then as her babyish talents developed her wise mother saw to it that she had dramatic and dancing lessons and later voice coaching was added. The comical part about all that study, Marjorie says, is that she finally decided she was never going to get anywhere with dancing and singing roles, so she switched to straight dramatic parts.

"When I made my test with Mr. Astaire, I hadn't done any serious dancing for so long that I thought I'd never be able to go through with it," she said. "I guess it was all right, though."

All the time she was talking I watched that quick, charming smile of hers and her perfect gleaming teeth and at last spoke about them.

"If you're going to sing you have to put expression into your face as well as into your voice," she said. "That means—smile, and that, in turn, means taking care of your teeth so that they will add to the attractiveness of your smile.

"Since my father is a doctor I got into the habit of taking care of my teeth at an early stage of the game, brushing them not only night and morning but after every meal as well, and especially after eating sweets.

"That may sound like a lot of trouble when you're working and eating away from home, but it isn't really. The ten-cent store will have a small container of your favorite dental cream or powder (be sure it's strong enough to cleanse thoroughly, but mild enough not to impair the precious enamel) and a small folding toothbrush too, and these can go into your purse or desk drawer ready for instant use—and the results will be more than worth the effort."

Take this first-hand tip from a girl who is going places. For Marjorie Reynolds is going places—with a smile!

To give you new glamour, more allure
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!

So romantic—*this lovely new "up" hair-do, designed around a center part. Before styling, the hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene containing hair conditioner!*

Improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, now makes amazing difference! Leaves hair far more manageable . . . silkier, smoother too!

Would you like the man of your heart to find you even more alluring? Then don't wait to try the new, improved Special Drene, which now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it! For if you haven't tried Drene lately, you just can't realize how much silkier and smoother your hair will be, because of that added hair conditioner. And far easier to manage, too, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

2 Triumphs!

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX, THE COMPANY THAT GAVE YOU...

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" AND "MY GAL SAL"

OUT OF THESE TIMES MANY GREAT STORIES WILL BE BORN...BUT NONE WILL BE GREATER THAN THIS!

NEVIL SHUTE'S mighty story of Today becomes the picture of the year!

The PIED PIPER

MONTY WOOLLEY
RODDY McDOWALL
ANNE BAXTER
and OTTO PREMINGER
J. CARROL NAISH

Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Irving Pichel

35,000,000 people thrilled to the story in Collier's, Reader's Digest and the best-selling novel!

IT'S YOUTH SET TO DANCE! LOVE SET TO SONG!... and Your Heart will beat the Rhythm!

SHE'S BETTY! WILLING AND GRABLE.

John PAYNE
Betty GRABLE
Victor MATURE

EARL MORAN

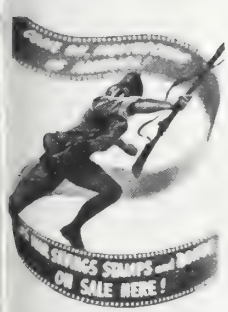
FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

with
JANE WYMAN • James Gleason
Phil Silvers • Cobina Wright, Jr.
Directed by Gregory Ratoff
Produced by William LeBaron

SONGS YOU'LL BE SINGING
by Robin and Rainger
"I'M STILL CRAZY FOR YOU"
"I'LL BE MARCHING TO A LOVE SONG"
"I HEARD THE BIRDIES SING"
"ARE YOU KIDDIN'"
"EXCEPT WITH YOU"

Coming soon to your favorite theatre!

Movie-goers—This Is Your Chance!



THE top sergeant who spoke with the softness of a Tennessee drawl sat in the air-conditioned movie theater, looked around him as the hundreds of civilians laughed at the light-hearted farce being screened, and shook his head in wonderment.

For a brief moment his mind went back to the front which he had just left on furlough. The only air-conditioning there had been the violent rush of air after the explosion of a screaming shell nearby; the only things to laugh about, the soldiers' own minor mishaps.

A question flickered across his thoughts: Was the whole nation really at war or were only those men whose numbers had been drawn from a fish bowl in the country's capital doing their share to win?

For thirty days every movie-goer in America has an opportunity to answer that question the top sergeant asked himself—answer it in the way this democracy has decided its civilian citizens can best participate in our total war.

From September first to September thirtieth, a billion dollars in War Bonds and Stamps will have been bought by America's movie-goers, if each of us who wants to be a civilian soldier will seize the weapon offered him. In every city and village, theaters have set up booths where we can buy bonds or stamps that are the bullets each one of us can fire at the hearts of our enemies.

In these thirty days, three hundred gigantic bond rallies will be held in cities throughout all the forty-eight states and the highlight of each of these mass patriotic meetings will be the appearance of a famous Hollywood star.

This is Hollywood's answer to what the movies are going to help win the war, for it is the movie industry that has accepted the challenge and the responsibility of acting as the spearhead in reaching the Government's billion-dollar goal.

Organizing the vast campaign are the best brains the motion picture industry has to offer, men and women working without pay.

It is important to Hollywood that this challenge has been offered and accepted. Hollywood frankly admits it welcomes this opportunity to prove that those whose business and whose life it is to make motion pictures are as capable, as mature and as valuable citizens as this country needs to win its great struggle.

Hollywood is also frank to admit that there are those who doubt whether this is so. There are those who say Hollywood's only motives are to be found in the profit side of their bookkeeping ledgers; that Hollywood is a greedy seeker of publicity, a scatterbrain.

Some of these are critics for the pure pleasure of finding fault. Others—some in the Congress of the United States—have political motives and find it advantageous to point accusing fingers in Hollywood's direction.

The fact remains that the motion picture industry welcomes an opportunity to demonstrate its worth in a time of national crisis.

Hollywood feels we must all meet the goal that has been set. "We" includes the stars making the three hundred personal appearances, the editors of this magazine, the millions who read it, and the many more millions who still have the leisure time, the money and the opportunity to go—ninety million strong—to the movies every week.

Ninety million buying bonds or stamps each week in the month of September—and the goal is reached.

When you buy your bond at the theater you will be given a postal card message to mail to a soldier or a sailor, a flyer or a marine which will say, "I just bought a War Bond and was thinking of you."

Perhaps one of these cards will go to the top sergeant with the soft drawl of Tennessee. It will be about the best news you could send him, for it will tell him that those whose fighting is being done on the home front are as much in the war as he and his fellow heroes are who stand and face enemy troops.

Ernest V. Heyn, Editorial Director of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, has been granted leave of absence to serve as a captain in the Army of the United States. As time and his duties permit, he will contribute special feature articles to these pages.

Ernest V. Heyn

What's Happened

WHAT'S happened to Errol Flynn these days?

You ask it as you would inquire after the welfare of a friend about whom you hadn't recently had news. You want to know the truth about his health, in the face of the disturbing reports in the papers. You want to know about his plans in connection with the war—this war that is close to the hearts of us all. You want to know how he's weathering the aftermath of his stormy divorce from the lovely Lili Damita.

And what happens at mention of him in Hollywood?

The eye goes vague, the facial expression grows blank. From the response you receive you'd think Flynn was a man who never inhabited the Hills of Beverly; was, in fact, little more than one of Hollywood's most colorful and successful inventions. It becomes increasingly evident that the once gaily articulate star is now wrapped in a curtain of silence.

So "Fearless" has undertaken to answer your questions. For, after all, if a man is ill, is it a crime? If he is prevented by circumstances outside of his control from doing his share with our armed forces, is it a dishonor? And if he has been shaken by the breakup of his marriage, is it a disgrace?

"Fearless" says—*on the contrary!*

WE might never have known of the health question if it hadn't been for the war. Flynn is not a man to load his personal burdens onto his fellow man. For him life is strictly a chin-up proposition and the devil take the hindmost. He once said, "Lili prophesies that I will 'pay and pay.' When that time comes I can only hope I will pay without squawking, decently grateful for the good times I have already had."

Flynn isn't squawking now. For a long time nobody had the remotest notion that health entered into the picture of the star chosen by experts as having Hollywood's finest physique; the man whose fame was built on the daring and strenuous exploits of Captain Blood, Robin Hood, the Sea Hawk, Custer and now the great prizefighter, Jim Corbett.

But you can't keep a serious heal problem under your hat foreve Word went quietly out that Flynn ha a bad heart. Eyebrows were raise in one or two quarters as it was re called that he was the best star tennis player in the colony, selecte in all first-run matches to represen Hollywood. Now, tennis is a game no calculated to go hand-in-hand wit a weak heart. However, many a grea athlete has paid the piper for prodi gally expending his energy in earl life with a case of "athlete's heart" i his not-so-later years. It could b Hollywood decided.

Then Flynn shoved off for Wash ington. This business of the war ha been eating under his skin for a lon time. Errol is neither a fool nor coward. Long before many of ou native-born Americans were con cerned about the threat to us of wha was going on abroad, Flynn was scan ning the international scene with troubled eye. He went to Spain i 1937 and briefly rubbed elbows wit the bloody Civil War which th Fascists finally won. Three years late he spent his vacation in South Amer

to Errol Flynn?

This is the story that is more difficult to get than any other in Hollywood today. When you read it, you'll understand why

BY "FEARLESS"

Flynn with the two who meant most to him in those days: Wife Lili and Arno, his dog

:a. On the surface it looked like a ala popularity tour.

But while the press gushed over the ffect Flynn was having on the Latin ıdies and vice versa, a very sober ıan returned to his house on a Holly-ood hilltop. He couldn't say much, andicapped as he was by the fact ıat he had not yet received his sec-nd American citizenship papers, but e did say this:

"Germany and Italy are getting ady to fight *us*—not just the British mpire—and they want to fight us ı our own back yard—South Amer-a. I know! I was there. I saw the reparations, the 'tourists,' the Fifth olumnists, the huge radio programs, ıe saboteurs. I fought them every ay I could. That's why I went—and couple of times I raised quite a lot dust in dark alleys."

Furthermore, there was the critical ıle his native Ireland has been play-g, not only through the dark days England's travail but now that merican expeditionary forces are on r soil waiting for the second-front ove-off. His own father, professor biology at Queen's University, Bel-fast, has been laboring to create a cordial feeling in the Irish toward the bivouacked Americans and to help solve the delicate problem entailed. If the Washington verdict was black for him on the matter of active combat duty, he might well join his father in this vital work.

Flynn went East apparently determined that one way or another he would reach a decision.

When the verdict came from Washington on the application of this movie hero for active service, it has been reported that it was what he had feared it might be—"request refused." This left a second, almost as urgent, matter to be cleared up. Johns Hopkins University Hospital at Baltimore is only a scant thirty-five miles from the capital. There he waited for a second verdict. When the report was ready for him it had grim undertones that perhaps even Flynn himself was not prepared for. It underlined what was already apparent, that his strength had been dangerously overtaxed. But that was not all. It warned, almost bluntly, of the devastating after-effects that could so easily follow, warned of a sickness which strikes quickly with over-exhaustion and which can be cured only with months and sometimes years of convalescence.

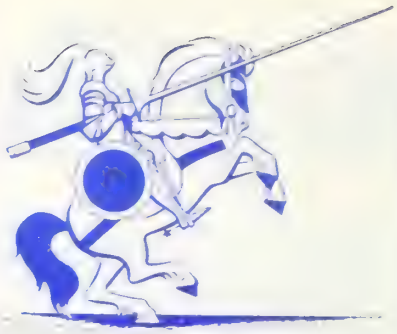
Though Flynn had known for some time he was anything but up to par, it is not likely that he was expecting anything so serious as this warning. And it came just as he must go immediately into the most physically exhausting picture of his career, the life story of Jim Corbett, world champion in the days when a prize fight was a massacre.

Without a word, Flynn reported at his studio. The grueling grind of fight shots began, the hours of training, of boxing with ring experts. Little wonder that he collapsed on the set during the hot days of filming. News filtered through the studio that the picture would be indefinitely held up while its star went to Arizona, where so many others have gone for recuperation, in order to gain back his strength.

There was a time when the slightest provocation was the signal for Flynn to set (*Continued on page* 72)

Six years John Payne worked for success. Now he stands alone, still looking for the things a man most wants

BY HOWARD SHARPE



The cradle age: Baby John (*right*) with brother (*left*) and their Virginia nurse

THIS is an unfinished story, just as John Payne himself is an unfinished personality.

Deliberate, slow-speaking, flamboyantly good looking, yet anything but complacent, he has at the age of thirty achieved such success in his profession that his fan mail is larger than that of any other Twentieth Century-Fox star (not excepting Tyrone Power and Victor Mature).

The personal history of John Payne who today, on the threshold of riches and brilliant fame, has no complete sense of fulfillment, is a unique history, in its way, being the tale of a boy's struggle upward out of riches . . .

His father, George Washington Payne, was a real estate broker and speculator in Roanoke, Virginia, and at the time John was born had

Bewildered Knight

The Life Story of John Payne, a Man Fighting to Find Himself

The Indian age: The Payne scion had a real Fort, the Payne home, in which to play Redskins

The military age: At six he switched sides to do his fighting with the Whites

The mechanical age: He built a glider, added a motor, lost the motor, rode for a fall

massed a fortune of over a million ollars. In the country outside oanoke was Fort Lewis, an enor- ous old house with thick walls and rim exterior, but with spacious ooms and magnificent grounds. eorge Payne bought it, called in a ang of architects and decorators and ransformed it into one of the most eautiful estates in Virginia.

John, who was born in 1912, the econd of three boys, spent his child- ood there. It was a completely nor- al childhood by simple American tandards, not all happiness but not ll unhappiness, either; no boy could omplain of such romantic surround- gs, where if you kicked a clod of arth an arrow-head or a blade of a omahawk was likely to fall out. here was a large swimming pool and e horses; and the woods in summer were a great, cool world where he could hunt and fish and let his imagination run riot. He could stick a handful of feathers in his hair, smear his face with mud and for the eternity of a child's afternoon go on the warpath against the Whites in the Fort.

In a family of cheerful, extroverted people John turned out to be the shy, the sensitive one. His mother, appreciating this, gave him especial attention, reading to him and teaching him music. He enjoyed these interludes but the world of his own making had a greater reality, peopled as it was from his own imagination.

The person who understood him better than anyone else, as he grew older, was Dr. Carl Block, a local clergyman who was also a great family friend. Dr. Block was the kind of minister who would appeal to a boy of twelve; he was the antithesis of the pale intellectual, being instead a hearty, robust fellow with a deep voice, who liked to hunt and fish and whose brand of religion was militant and strong. John thought of him as a Right Guy, and decided if this hero represented the ministry, he would like to be a minister too. He was still convinced that the church would be his profession when, two years later, his parents sent him to Episcopal High School in Washington, D. C.

For the first time he stayed away from home, which meant that, also for the first time, he discovered how the other half—or rather the other ninety-eight per cent—lived. Their lives seemed infinitely more exciting than his. Most of his classmates had to work during (*Continued on page* 88)

Stephen Crane came West six months ago, tried to break into movies, broke into a Turner wedding tune instead

THE STORY BEHIND *Lana's Madcap*

"Men interest me very little," said Lana, that night she eloped with Stephen Crane.

BY ROSEMARY WEST

AT noon on the seventeenth of this past July, Lana Turner was giving out one of her very rare interviews. Lana hates giving out stories, largely because time devoted to such things takes up time in which she might be having more fun. But at least when she does give an interview, she gives, and this was no exception. Her talk was high, wide and fulsome and her subject was men.

The innocent interviewer had just asked Lana about Howard Hughes, her most frequent escort.

"I wish people would stop asking me about men and romances," Lana said pouting, and thereby looking even more beautiful. "I am not engaged. I do not go out all the time as the papers insist. Men interest me very little. I take my career very seriously and I expect to give up more and more time, probably all my time to it in the future."

At midnight of that same day Lana eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and married Stephen Crane. Justice of the Peace George Marshall, who performed the ceremony, beamed when he saw her. "Well, welcome back," he cried, he being the gentleman who had united her in holy matrimony to Artie Shaw just two years previously. Answered the tempestuous Turner: "Bind it tighter this time!"

For once every columnist in Hollywood was caught off guard. They had no one but themselves to blame. For at seven the preceding evening, the press agent of Andre's, a new Beverly Hills night spot, had telephoned that Lana and Stephen Crane were there looking very romantic, and that Mr. Crane had just finished talking with his mother in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and had introduced Lana over the wire. Mother hadn't seemed overly enthusiastic. At eleven the press agent of the Mocambo had told all and sundry that Lana and Crane, together

Attorney Greg Bautzer's every wish was once Lana's law

Bob Stack was lots of fun, so Lana dated him—for a while. She gave him up for a dark-eyed reason

Turner into wife—temporarily. She married Artie Shaw the first night she dated him

Marriage

rprising? Not after you read this exposé!

with Linda Darnell and Alan Gorlon, a free-lance press agent, were here, looking even more romantic.

To these tips, the columnists, without exception, had replied, "Don't be illy. Turner is going to marry Howrd Hughes."

But this very kind of colorful, unredictable type of behavior, is why he is the most glamorous thorn that ver tore the flesh of that side of Hollywood which eternally yearns to e dignified. Hollywood would be erfectly happy if only Lana could go n being as breath-takingly beauiful as she is, pulling at the box ffice as potently as she does, yet beave as circumspectly as Queen Mary.

Lana went into a high-gear romance with Tony Martin, but the Navy put the brakes on

From Bautzer . . . to Shaw . . . to Martin went Lana—and then Tommy Dorsey blew his trombone and she stopped to listen to the tune

Lana would honestly like to cooperate. But what can she do, twenty-two years of vivid age, with a mind made of equal parts of stardust and firecrackers?

HER latest elopement may seem to echo of heedless, headstrong impulsiveness. It should, for all of Lana's actions have that same breathless quality of unbridled impulse.

Take, for instance, that bond-selling trip from which she returned just before her madcap marriage to Stephen Crane. M-G-M was delighted to comply when the Treasury Department asked for Lana to tour the Pacific Northwest and over to her home town of Wallace, Idaho, selling bonds. Lana was delighted, too.

At the mere thought of all the dignity that would accrue to Lana from the bond-selling trip, Metro practically rolled over and buttered itself.

They reckoned without their problem child. She wanted to sell a lot of bonds and her own generous impulses, her own lively imagination, did the rest. Without thinking to ask anyone's permission, she flamingly announced when she arrived in Portland, Oregon, late one evening, that she would kiss any man who bought $50,000 worth of bonds.

Before she had even had her breakfast next morning, five guys turned up, all with the necessary cash. In less than five seconds, Lana gave five kisses, took in a quarter of a million dollars. Metro shuddered. Of course, the papers went for it big and it was at once terrible and wonderful.

Or take the day that, right in the midst of production, Lana didn't like the color of the hose she was wearing. She wanted one certain shade, one certain quality that one certain store in Beverly Hills had. Now Lana, for all her madcapness, is a big star. In a recent popularity survey conducted by one of the country's leading public opinion experts, Lana ranked second among all feminine personalities!

When a big star wants anything so simple as one particular pair of stockings from one particular shop, she gets them, even if she wants to get them herself. Lana did want to get them for herself, so she went dashing away from the studio, over to Beverly, right to the steps of the store. There on the steps was a man selling a great Dane dog, a beautiful dog, a super dog. Uh-huh, that's what happened. Lana bought the dog, rushed back to the studio to show him off, completely forgetting the stockings. She's still got him, plus three others of three other breeds.

IT didn't really take her wedding to Crane to prove that romance and Lana are one of those combinations as felicitous and inevitable as moonlight and roses, coffee and cream, and champagne and laughter. Recorded in Lana's heart lines have been the names of Greg Bautzer, Artie Shaw, Tony Martin, Tommy Dorsey, Buddy Rich, Gene Krupa, Howard Hughes, Robert Stack, to mention just the more famous of them. One big name being awash with love over another big name always creates a story—regardless of whether or not the story has truth in it.

When Lana, still at Warners, started going with Greg Bautzer, the lawyer, Hollywood didn't care. That the pretty kid was completely in love was okay by the town. There are so many pretty kids under contract who never get anywhere. Bautzer wasn't any celebrity and if Lana was suffering from a generally unrequited love, Hollywood regarded that as her own agony.

The story at that time was that the Turner-Bautzer quarrels began when Greg wanted Lana to give up acting as the price of marriage, she arguing that why couldn't she be wed and still make one teeny weeny picture a year. At that time Lana was getting $10,000 a picture and that sum added to the nominal amount even the most successful young lawyers earn looked big to her. When finally they broke it off, any observer could see that Lana was the more hurt.

That separation was the propitious moment for Lana to have given up love for her career, as many an ambitious girl has done before her. But she chose to continue on her harum-scarum way mid the cries of the Hollywood venerables.

"I wish they'd let The Punk alone," said Mervyn LeRoy, discussing her and perhaps with the elopement fresh in his mind. Mervyn always calls Lana "The (*Continued on page* 76)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Lana Turner: Appearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You" *page 3*

John Garfield: Appearing in Warners' "Air Force" . . . . . *page 36*

George Sanders: Appearing in M-G-M's "Her Cardboard Lover" and Loew-Lewin's "The Moon and Sixpence" *page 5*

Maureen O'Hara: Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Black Swan" . *page 40*

Donna Reed: Appearing in M-G-M's "Apache Trail" *page 4*

Geraldine Fitzgerald: Appearing in Warners' "Watch On The Rhine" . . . . . *page 41*

Mary Martin: Appearing in Paramount's "Happy-Go-Lucky" *page 4*

Ida Lupino: Appearing in Warners' "The Hard Way" *page 4*

Lana Turner

Why Hollywood

Exciting reading! The columnist who has caused Hollywood feelings to run higher than the income tax takes the stand here in his own defense

TO BEGIN with, the title of t article is not my own, so let's one thing straight:

Hollywood does not hate me. P of Hollywood hates me. Whether part is big or small, I cannot say

But I have my friends in this to as I have my enemies. I am pro to say that the friends are just loyal as the enemies are loud.

Any man who speaks his own mi in Hollywood will have enemies. go that statement one better: A man who is *successful* in Hollywo will have enemies. This is the gre est place in the world for giving fellow a helping hand when he is the way up—then giving him a b when he is on top or on the way do

I happen to be a man who spea his own mind. My daily column paid for and printed by a string newspapers from coast to coast b cause I give my readers an hon opinion. I may be wrong now a then. I may even be wrong often, is any columnist trying to write morrow's news today. My opinio may not always be popular. But thing my readers have learned is th

Fidler didn't "intend to carry on a barbaric campaign against Marlene; it just happened." Right: So far as Lew Ayres goes, the columnist says, "Frankly, I think I risked my career for Lew Ayres."

Hates Me

BY JIMMIE FIDLER

(Right) As he was sworn in at the Senate Investigation

Tune in on Jimmie Fidler's Hollywood news broadcast—coast to coast—on the Blue Network Sunday nights

don't pull punches. I can't be ught off and I write news and com- ents as I see them. I don't care hat Hollywood thinks.

There is a combine in this big little llage that is actually a body of cen- rs. They meet regularly to discuss otion-picture policies and to decide w they may tighten their grip on hat is written and said about films d film people.

I do not criticize them for this. They e doing the job they are paid to do. it so am I and, as long as I am on is job, I'll do it to the best of my ility.

These men are actually news "sup- essors." For example, I recently d a clean scoop on the fact that ark Gable was on his way to Wash- gton to join the armed forces. But hen I tried to verify my yarn, it was phatically denied. Had I not been sitive of my information, I might ve accepted the denial on its face lue—and thereby lost a big news oop. Three days after I broadcast e Gable story, Washington reporters und him in Washington, where I had d he was, and the yarn broke big over the country.

I often hurt feelings because I speak and write frankly. Most of Hollywood—that part of Hollywood which hates me—can't stand criticism. I know, because more than once various Mr. Big Shouts of the film industry whom I have criticized have tried to influence newspapers to cancel my daily column. On many occasions, representatives of certain motion-picture companies have threatened to withdraw advertising unless my column was thrown out or my blunt opinions blue-penciled by editors.

It is to the credit of the American press that in almost all instances, editors have told these representatives off.

I suspect—although I have no actual proof—that some of the top gentlemen of the big companies must be included in the group who hate Fidler. I do not think this includes Louis B. Mayer whom I regard as the most brilliant executive in Hollywood and about whom I have rarely voiced even slight criticism. After all, a man who has lifted M-G-M's production to its present high level and who has assembled more talent—on and off-screen talent—than any two other studios combined, rates praise, not criticism.

But some other boys at that company may not care so much for me.

One gentleman in another company I suspect may be among the "we don't love Fidler" group is Darryl Zanuck. Mind you, I say "suspect." He has never been other than courteous and we always speak in public. It is quite possible that Darryl does have a respect for my frankness, just as I have a respect for his ability.

Why can't Hollywood take criticism? Here is my guess: Success in motion pictures comes suddenly and it comes *big*. In no other business or profession in the world can untrained people win such fabulous fame and fortune almost overnight.

But Hollywood pays off in more than fame and fortune!

Hollywood pays off in adoration and adulation. Stars get subservient attention that successful persons in no other profession get. Make-up experts, wardrobe workers, fashion designers, press agents, assistant directors and *(Continued on page 70)*

Listed on the "I like Fidler" side of the Hollywood ledger is Mickey Rooney's name

John Garfield

George Sanders

Who said

IN a recent issue, Photoplay-Movie Mirror published a vitriolic article entitled "George Sanders Puts Women In Their Place." In that interview, Mr. Sanders pulled no punches in voicing his opinion of women. He said, among other things:

"I believe it will be a sorry day for woman if she ever becomes our equal . . . No woman has ever touched the best man. Personally, I doubt that one ever will . . . I like women who flatter me . . . I like women to be coy, flirtatious, timid . . . I emphatically believe that woman's place is in the home—and nowhere else."

From the day we went on sale, our mail bags began to groan with protests demanding vindication of the feminine sex after the brash comments of Mr. Sanders.

So Photoplay-Movie Mirror sent a reporter to the woman in Hollywood most eminently fitted to shoulder arms for her fellow sisters.

Rosalind Russell, champion of careers and career girls, read the disturbing document with a glint in her eye and an amused twist of her mouth as she relaxed on the set of her current picture, "My Sister Eileen."

"I won't argue with Mr. Sanders," she told Photoplay-Movie Mirror. "But there certainly is another side to this question."

The other side is presented herewith. While hoping to remain impartial, the editors could not help feeling a sense of elation upon reading Rosalind's brilliant presentation of her case.

Calling all women! To sit here and grin while Roz Russell rolls up her lacy sleeves and takes up the issue raised by George Sanders when, in Photoplay-Movie Mirror, he raked women over the coals!

women aren't men's equals?

BY DORA ALBERT

ROSALIND laughed outright.

"The argument that women should stick to the boudoir, kitchen and parlor might be okay if they never had to earn a livelihood but could sit by candlelight at night and in beauty parlors by day.

"Some men say that they want helpless, fragile women, who are coy and flirtatious. I wonder if men ever stop to think that when women seem helpless, feminine and fragile, most of the time they are putting on an act?"

Rosalind paused for a moment to marshal her thoughts.

"There are two types of fragile, helpless women and a man who insists on this kind of wife or sweetheart has his choice. He can pick the gal who's just stupid and bovine—and what a chump he is if he does! I can't imagine her being a joy to live with. Intelligent women are aware of their faults, willing to admit and correct them. But Miss Helpless would burst into tears if anyone even hinted to her that her soufflé was just a trifle underdone or that her husband's boss didn't like it when she made eyes at him.

"Or else the lad who says he must have a helpless wife gets another kind of woman, one who is fragile and helpless on the surface but underneath is solid flint. Actually she is cunning, shrewd and conniving, or else how would she have been able to figure out the helpless act and then go ahead and put it over day after day?

"The man who insists on either type as a mate is the male with terrific ego who wants to be Number One in the house. He wants to be flattered. Little does he know it is actually more flattering to be picked by a woman with brains.

"I know of a man married to a woman who is both beautiful and brilliant. Wherever she goes, a flood of men follow her. Someone asked the husband one day if he didn't get terribly annoyed when these men—many of them former beaux of his wife—flocked around her.

"He grinned. 'No, I certainly don't get annoyed. You see, I got her. They didn't.'

"A man who wants to marry a fragile miss is a man who is fundamentally afraid of himself. It is the intelligent, knowing, shrewd men who can put up with a woman equally clever. I've seen clever men who've argued with brilliant women and when the brilliant women showed them up and were right in an argument, they beamed. 'Isn't she wonderful?' they'd ask, meaning it. But a man has to be big to react that way.

"If he is big, he won't object to the fact that the woman he loves wants a career in addition to her home. I think women are clever enough to have a place in the home and outside it as well. They are the only species on earth who can do it. A man can't do all three, run a home, keep a job and keep a woman. Why, the average man will agonize over it if he has to go to a lodge meeting at night after a hard day's work. Spend his time running a household and running a job, too? No man would attempt it. But women do and make a success of it."

Miss Russell is the perfect example of the type of women she champions. One of Hollywood's most attractive actresses, she is completely feminine and charming. But coupled with this is the ability to run a home—two homes, now that her husband is in the service and she keeps a home going for him at Laguna besides their Beverly Hills one. In addition, she manages a spectacularly successful career, devotes a great many hours to USO tours, bond-selling and local war efforts and has for some time been the backbone of Hollywood's relief for China.

"Some men say," continued Rosalind, "that American women are spoiled. And they imply that they're sorry, but they suspect that they themselves have spoiled American women.

"Spoiled? If that is so, why does every (*Continued on page* 78)

Maureen
O'Hara

Geraldine FitzGerald

Donna Reed

Mary Martin

HOW I LICKED MY BAD TEMPER

If you have ever said, "I don't know what to do. I can't control my temper," then you're the one to study Joan Bennett's simple and sane cure

BY JOAN BENNETT

As told to Roberta Ormiston

TEMPERS are indigenous to our family. Ever since I can remember I've had moments in which I was far too intent upon my anger to stop and think about the shame I would know when my temper had passed.

Injustice and stupidity—or what I feel to be these things—have a way of arousing my greatest wrath. Carmen, my hairdresser at the studio, used to edge closer to me immediately anything stupid or unjust threatened, cautioning, "Now, Miss Bennett . . ." Fruitlessly, too often.

About a year ago, following our introduction, a director with whom I was about to make a picture announced "I'm a little afraid of you actually!"

"Afraid? Of me?" I asked. "Why?"

"I understand," he explained, "that you're a sweet, charming, intelligent girl; but that you can turn like a tigress. A friend of mine insists you threw a chair at him!"

That told me who had warned him about me, of course. The chair-throwing episode, properly enough, had darkened my world for weeks. A few days before it happened I had taken time off to attend a funeral. I was feeling very virtuous (always dangerous!) because, although I'd been away only two hours on the day of the funeral I had, since, worked four hours after six o'clock, when my contract specifies I stop work at that hour. It was shortly before five when the director at whom I threw the chair approached me and said: "I'll have to ask you to work tonight, Miss Bennett."

"I can't, possibly; I'm giving a dinner party," I protested.

"Sorry," he said, turning away, "but I must insist you remain. Remember, you've still the time you were away for that funeral to make up!"

Carmen was quick to reach my side, imploring, "Now, Miss Bennett . . ." But I never heard her. And a few seconds later that chair skidded across the floor.

It would make what writers call "good copy" if I could say it was the remorseful hangover occasioned by this incident that cured me of my temper. But it wouldn't be true. The cure came about very differently.

A year ago last spring my doctor gave me adrenalin to counteract a bad reaction I was having to injections I had taken. The adrenalin set my pulse thumping against my wrist. It made my heart bang violently. It made my face purplish and swollen.

I was badly frightened. It didn't seem possible my heart or my blood stream could long endure the terrific assault being made upon them.

I turned to my doctor, ready to accuse him of rank carelessness.

Blissfully unaware of my fright and my fury, he said smilingly, "What is happening to you right now is pretty much what would happen to you if you were intensely angry. The emotion of anger causes our glands to release an excessive amount of adrenalin, accelerating our heart action, increasing our blood pressure and causing us to get very red in the face."

Only one thing horrified me more than the harm I had risked doing myself in the past—the harm I might still do myself in the future! Not all the humiliation I had suffered had ever so definitely determined me to curb my temper someway, somehow.

"Is it possible to overcome a bad temper?" I asked the doctor. "Or is there some way of keeping a violent temper within reasonable bounds?"

He was casually discouraging. "I know of nothing to stop anger rising in those given to violent reactions," he said, "except the letdown that sometimes comes with age. As for keeping anger within bounds—well, the very words and actions which arouse it also stimulate it, usually; and there's no magic that will remove such irritants, I'm afraid."

"Maybe not," I thought. "But in the future I'm going to remove myself from such irritants!"

IT began as simply and vaguely as that. Not being naturally slow to wrath I didn't have to wait long to put my plan to the test. The next time I felt anger surge I got up and quickly walked away. Unfortunately, however, while I put the actions and words which threatened my composure out of sight and hearing I didn't put them out of mind. I dwelt upon them. Consequently my anger grew. It wasn't long before, heart pounding, pulse thumping and very red of face, I returned to the fray.

I learned by that mistake. The next time I had occasion to remove myself from actions and words with the power to infuriate me I erased them from my mind too. Then and ever since then, as I get up and walk away, I concentrate madly on comparatively soothing things . . . upon the dresses Melinda and Diana require for "best," upon that wonderful mystery story I mean to write one day.

At first it wasn't easy to get up and quit what would have been scenes of combat had I remained; then to take my mind from those scenes too. But now—more than a year later—it's something I usually do almost automatically, without much effort at all.

THE END

Ida Lupino

THE HARD WAY

Katie was content just to be there by the river with Paul. Forgotten were the glamour, the gaiety, the promise of her Broadway career

Obedience is, oftentimes, the best way out for a woman. But, for Katie, it almost cost her the man she loved

Fiction version by LEE PENNINGTON

A Warner Brothers picture. Produced by Jerry Wald. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Screen play by Irwin Shaw and Daniel Fuchs. Original story by Jerry Wald.

"ARE you all right, Katie?"

Katie turned away from the clouds swirling against the plane window and through the heavy veil that swung from her small black hat stared dully at the anxious face of her sister. It was a face of strange contradictions, the granite determination suffused with deep affection.

"Why don't you try to read, darling?" Helen pressed again. "That would be better for you than just sitting here thinking."

Deep within her Katie felt a bitter desire to cry out, "When your husband is dead, when you're on your way to his funeral with a telegram in your purse saying that he has committed suicide, how can you keep from thinking about it?" But she knew she dare not let down that first bar to hysteria. Ever since she had received the dreadful telegram she had hung onto a sort of numb calm with clenched hands. If she hung on long enough, the threatened panic would pass. "Perhaps you're right, Helen," she said in a weary voice and picked up the magazine she held in her lap.

It was the latest issue of "American Stage" and on its cover there was a picture of a slender girl wearing a white dress. Bronze hair framed an oval face, dark brows arched over brown eyes and the toes of one dancing foot pointed to a line of type that said, "Broadway's newest singing and dancing sensation."

She studied the smiling face as one studies a stranger. Impossible to believe that she and the girl on the cover were the same. Stardom was so new, so bewildering, that she still wasn't used to it. Sometimes she thought she must be dreaming and that instead of being a real star and the discovery of the season's most brilliant musical comedy, she would wake up and find that she was still little sister Katie, living with Helen and Helen's husband in a drab smoke-grimed house in an ugly mill town and longing for a white organdie dress to wear at her high-school graduation.

Just a white dress. But it had changed the course of their lives, hers and Helen's. Hungrily they had stared at it through the store window. Katie had wanted that dress more than anything in the world and Helen, her intense green eyes alight with almost fanatic devotion, had said, "Katie, you shall have it. I'll make Sam give me the money, somehow, whether we can afford it or not."

But Sam had balked. Katie didn't get the dress, and now for the first time she began to sense that not getting it had changed her entire life. For if she hadn't been bitter about

"We'll have a white house with a lawn and a garden," Paul said. "That is, if you're really sure that's what you want, Katie."

Their names were known now in the theatrical world — Helen Chernen, the woman producer, and her star-sister Katherine

wearing a made-over rayon print she wouldn't have gone straight from the graduation exercises to a vaudeville show; wouldn't have seen the song and dance team of Paul Collins and Albert Runkel and wouldn't, a little later, have given an imitation of their act to amuse the customers in an ice-cream parlor.

Then in the middle of her impromptu performance Albert and Paul had come in. She remembered how embarrassed she had been until Albert, the big lusty one of the two, had walked over to her and said, "That's wonderful. I've seen dozens of girls in big-time vaudeville who aren't half as talented as you are—or half as pretty, either."

At first, she hadn't believed the honest admiration in his voice; couldn't believe that a real actor was complimenting her untrained singing and dancing. But what was even more incredible was that he had taken her home and had drawn her awkwardly into his arms, saying, "I've never met anyone like you, Katie." She had known then that he was in love with her, had understood the question he was too shy to ask and she had answered it by lifting her lips to his.

Helen had been furious until Albert, with the simple sincerity of the farm boy he was at heart, had said to her, "But I want to marry Katie."

A light had come into Helen's eye. "This is your chance to get away, baby," she'd said to Katie. "Maybe it's mine, too," she'd added.

THE CAST

Helen Chernen	Ida Lupino
Katherine	Joan Leslie
Paul Collins	Dennis Morgan
Albert Runkel	Jack Carson
Laura Bithorn	Leona Maricle
John Shagrue	Paul Cavanagh

Two days later, the new Mr. and Mrs. Albert Runkel boarded the train with Paul and Helen. Paul hadn't seemed very keen about the whole business—especially about Helen. With his athletic build and gay, if cynical smile, he was handsomer than Albert and far more quick-witted. Vaguely Katie was aware that barbed remarks were flowing between him and Helen, but it wasn't until after she had managed to wangle Katie into the act that his antagonism flared openly and he'd left them. Katie couldn't explain to herself the curious feeling of disappointment his departure gave her.

THE girl in the hat with the black veil slowly lowered the magazine in her lap as the plane sped westward. The eyes of her mind were turning back to those days when she and Albert hadn't done so well. The theaters had grown cheaper, the hotels dirtier. Through it all there was Albert's doglike devotion to break the falls.

Then Helen had pulled her wonderful stunt of landing them in the Casanova Club—for a single night, as it developed. But that was long enough for John Shagrue, the big Broadway producer, to see them. Certainly it wasn't Helen's fault if Shagrue picked Katie for the chorus of his new musical and had no place for Albert. Too bad, but as Helen pointed out he wouldn't want to stand in Katie's way. (*Continued on page* 83)

Beloved Lug

Being a few private remarks on Lloyd Nolan, the guy with the eyes a woman would trust even behind a burglar's mask!

BY
DENNIS SPRAGUE

IMPROBABLE as it may seem, if not downright impossible, there is such a thing, in motion pictures, as having too much of that ephemeral quality known as sex appeal.

It's an admitted fact that a plethora of charm is a marketable quality in the Robert Taylors, the Tyrone Powers and the Vic Matures of the shadow business. But in the case of a man's making his living being a lug, it can be positively harmful.

There's the case of Lloyd Nolan. His job is being very tough. He's so tough that normal human beings scan one of his movies and then go home and sleep with the windows locked and the covers pulled up over their toupees.

Nevertheless, he has become the subject of interminable mash notes from social-minded women who believe he ought to be saved. They point to the fact that he has a soothing voice and a pair of eyes that the average female would trust behind a burglar's mask and that no man thus equipped should be portrayed as bad.

This extraordinary regard for the smoothest of the cinema gangsters first became apparent when Lloyd made "Gangs Of Chicago." In this olio Nolan, a brilliant young law student, had become the mouthpiece for a Capone-like gang and had come into great wealth and power thereby. Eventually he perished in an ignoble manner, viz., attempting to hide behind the coattails of an upstanding pal with a conscience. Even as he squirmed in his property department gore, women were inditing letters to his studio (*Continued on page* 95)

Says Paulette Goddard:

"I think there's too much of this sort of thing and I think i woman's fault! Even when a girl has much more money than I don't approve of it. If she can't have a good time going places he can afford, she had better look about for someone he isn't the boy for her!"

Says Robert Stack:

"Absolutely not—unless a fellow loses his wallet or forgets it or there is some similar catastrophe. In which case, the girl probably would have to pay her way and his, too. Only until he could reimburse her, however. I can't see this man-and-gal 'Dutch treat' business—never could—never will."

Should a gir

Every young lady, on due contemplation,
Will find this smart treatise a great revelc

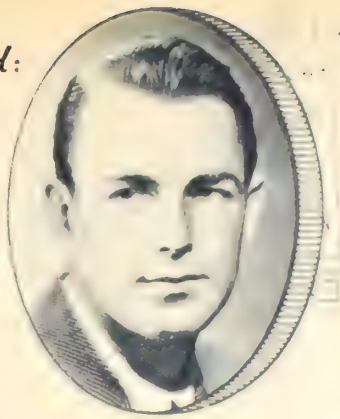
Says Ann Sothern:

"I don't think a girl ever should pay if there's any semblance of a romantic attachment. If it's purely business or platonic, it can be a Dutch treat. If a man can't take a girl out and pay the check, he shouldn't make a date."

Says Fred MacMurray:

"One thousand times, *no!* The girl who makes the man in feel like a big shot and a protector—that girl has something! it shouldn't make any difference who pays the bills—but it d the man, anyway!"

Says Alan Ladd:



It ruins a relationship between a man and a girl if the girl pays own way. I doubt any girl really likes any such state of affairs. it's a cinch no boy does. We men haven't adjusted to women's ependence as well as women have. I guess we're afraid we'll lose ure by it."

Says Susan Hayward:

"When both the boy and girl have about the same amount of money I think it's only fair for a girl to pay her own way, provided the boy spends all he has to spend on her and she's sure no two-timing goes on with the money she saves him. A girl has to be careful, I think."

ay her own way?

me dollar-and-sense thoughts from Hollywood sages,
By Adele Whitely Fletcher to brighten these pages.

Says Patricia Morison:

"It should be all right. But it does something to a man when a girl pays her own way. He may be horrified by the idea at first, but finally—too often—he's likely to be appalled by any other arrangement. I think it's dangerous to interfere in any way with the balance of power that exists beween the sexes."

Says Louis Hayward:

Better, I think—for the man's sake—that he and a girl share the doughnut he can pay for than that she should buy a second ghnut. Providing entertainment when we take a girl out is one of few things we men have left."

ROUND-UP OF Pace Setters

Getting strictly confidential about two men and two maids

Jack Carson lost all the ladies in the movies until he got a chance to win Joan Leslie in "The Hard Way." And then just see what happened!

Hollywood looked at and listened to Irene Manning in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and marked her for its own

BIG, BEWILDERED AND LOVABLE: There's something so girl-forsaken about Jack Carson on the screen it kills people. Especially in that picture "The Male Animal," with Jack so bewildered, so honest and yet so mixed-up. It's always that way with Carson—except in real life. There he got his girl; he knows whom he loves and why. Her name is Kay St. Germaine and Jack thinks she's wonderful. His nine-month-old son, Jack Jr., is also his pride and joy and no confusion about it.

Of course, on the screen Jack just *never* gets the girl, or seldom ever. In fact, he says he's had a whole career of losing Ginger Rogers over at RKO. Since Jack has moved to Warners he's still lost all the girls on the screen, but the roles have grown bigger and better, so what does he care? "We have our own hair, our own teeth and own name, and get nowhere with the women," he jests. Of course, in his new film, "The Hard Way," he actually does win Joan Leslie; but it's too much for him or something, for he up and kills himself.

There's an honest, good citizenship sort of something about Carson that's rather wonderful. He built his own patio out of brick, plays with his baby and loves his home, when Warner Brothers let him stay in it, which isn't often. With a weekly radio program

BY SARA HAMILTON

who changed the pace and the face of things in Hollywood

The only genuine RFD beauty in Hollywood —Donna Reed, farmer's daughter who made good in "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy"

He loves plaid shirts, seldom combs his hair and collects motorcycles. He's Leif Erikson, blond bombshell of "Are Husbands Necessary?"

to worry about and not more than a day or two off from movie-making in two years, Carson is always suffering from a slight case of homesickness. He doesn't complain. "You can't argue with success," he says. We can argue, however, with his barber-shop warbling in the Green Room dining room with Henry Fonda. When those two get together it's both fearful and wonderful.

American as hotcakes in his speech, mannerisms and ideas, it's amazing to discover he's not a Yankee at all, but a native of Canada. But Jack was brought to Milwaukee when he was very young, which accounts for much, and attended St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin, and Carleton College in Minnesota. He played football and even studied a bit until along came a fellow named Dave Willock who said, "You know, I think we'd make a funny team. Let's go into vaudeville."

So they went. They teamed up in an act ridiculing the good old worn-out Nineties and later originated the newsreel act. Jack's family was shocked. There hadn't been an actor in the clan, ever. But Carson went right on and, when the team split, Jack became a master of ceremonies throughout Midwest theaters.

When Hollywood took no notice of him whatsoever, (*Cont'd on page* 79)

Zorina comes to triumph . . . crops her beautiful hair . . . brings to life on the screen the far-famed Maria of "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Dennis Morgan fulfills his promise of singing stardom . . portrays an unforgettable "sheik" in "The Desert Song"

THEIR First Dates

Moonlight and roses the first time? Not on your Hollywood life! Rather, some red faces, some faux pas —and a lot of embarrassing fun

BY GLADYS HALL

Charles Boyer whispered soft words into Pat Paterson's ear on their date premiere. But he didn't mean what he said!

Gene Raymond had a mother-in-law mix-up with Jeanette MacDonald right at the start

"A FIRST date," Charles Boyer once said, "is nothing more or less than—a door. Open it, and it may lead to a blank wall, to transient adventure, or—to the altar. But its excitement is in the fact that it *is* a door which, you know, is the most exciting thing in the world."

Mr. Boyer's "door" was a luncheon date following his first meeting with Pat Paterson at the home of a studio executive the night before. Pat was working at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, and when Charles arrived, was still on the set. But he was directed to a table in the commissary where, he was told, Miss Paterson always lunched. What he was not told was that she always lunched with the cast. Furthermore, when Pat arrived, surrounded by movie men and maids, she had her script under her arm, with lines to be learned for a scene directly after luncheon.

"And so," said Mr. Boyer, "we spent our first date with me cuing her for a scene, a love scene, for which I spoke the lines her screen lover was to speak. We had, also, of course, an audience. But I think, perhaps, I put into those words some of my own inflections and some of my own emotion. And I had also the feeling that though she spoke back to me the words written in the script, she was speaking those words for herself and to me. This must have been so . . ." said Mr. Boyer, with an expressive gesture.

Tyrone Power was ready and willing to talk about the first date with his Annabella. "Annabella and I met,

Dennis Morgan turned teacher on his No. 1 rendezvous with his wife. He ended up learning something himself!

Ty Power had an answer ready for Annabella's wisecrack at their first dinner—but he didn't dare say it then

as I am sure everybody knows, when we were working together in 'Suez.' Came the day when I asked her for our first date. Dinner with me, the next night, I said? She agreed. I had my plans. Some quiet, leisurely place, soft music, excellent food, candlelight, a setting for what I knew, by then, was the real romance for me.

"Came the next day and six o'clock on the set, but instead of the free evening on which I had counted for my leisurely, loverly dinner, we were given three quarters of an hour to eat before getting back to the studio for some night shots. Result: We ate barbecued beef sandwiches, pie à la mode and coffee at a Beverly Hills drive-in. We wore our 'Suez' costumes and make-up. We were so busy eating we didn't have much time to talk and when we did, we continued playing a game we'd been playing on the set, a guessing game called Who Am I? in which, by means of such questions as 'Are you living or dead? What nationality are you? Are you young or old?' you arrive at the person in mind.

"Annabella kept giving me terrific hints, but the fact that she said the person she was thinking of was not only here but all over the world, was known and respected in every country in the world, completely stumped me. When I gave up she said, triumphantly, I remember, 'Fine American you are that you cannot recognize your *Uncle Sam!*' I remember how I thought of saying, 'But love makes all (*Continued on page* 74)

"I wanted to ask you long ago," Tod said, "but I wasn't quite sure I should"

Highroad to Hollywood

She had her choice—a brilliant Hollywood marriage, a chance at a star career; or a life as an Ohio housewife. Only after you've read Julie's story can you judge her right or wrong

BY DIXIE WILLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

The story so far:

JULIA BURNS, of Gladstone, Ohio, who amazes her home town by winning a nation-wide radio contest as *Miss America*, is treated to plenty of thrills when she claims her award, a trip to Hollywood to play in a Warner Brothers picture. Her devoted Gladstone admirer, sandy-haired Tod Jenkins, all but proposes at the last moment, then, instead, merely asks her to send him Hollywood ideas for a house which he, as a budding young contractor, is about to build upon a Gladstone corner where stands the spreading elm beneath which Julia's happiest play days were spent.

On the train the newest *Miss America* meets Miss Scott Hendricks, also on her way to Hollywood, and also hopeful of a screen career, although she has but one hundred dollars with which to work it out. The two girls, electing to unravel the mysteries of Hollywood together, thereafter share its skyrocket surprises and bitter disillusions. Their first month is spent in the luxurious apartment where Julia lives as the studio's guest during her enactment of the picture role. Afterward their address is much less pretentious, and days and weeks are increasingly disappointing. August finds them living in one room near a hilltop restaurant called The Chateau, where Scott, although occasionally called for extra work, has taken the job of waitress.

Back in Gladstone, Tod's house is finished, having been built to incorporate the ideas which Julie has sent to him. However, Hollywood has provided a new object for her affections, in the person of a good-looking young portrait photographer, Curt Melbourne. Curt's attentions have become a happy and important part of her days. Indeed, through despairing months there have been but two cheerful departures; play days with Curt and anticipation of the September premiere of the picture in which she played as *Miss America*.

But now, out of a clear sky, Warners Studio calls to offer lovely Julia Burns (her name long since changed to Julie Burnette) the small role of a city "debby" on a dude ranch. The part will be hers providing she can ride and can take a barrier on horseback. Although she has never been on a horse in her life she is so eager for the chance that she assures them she can qualify.

Cool as a cucumber, when the great day comes, she looks decidedly smart in her riding togs.

And when the director's whistle blows, she rides straight into the camera and over the gate . . . only to be left beside it, an unconscious little heap upon the ground!

The story continues:

THE next two hours were little more than a jumbled impression of white ambulance attendants, white nurses, white hospital elevators and sickening odors. There was a doctor, also in white, whom they called Dr. Mac. Julie was vaguely aware of asking him please not to cut Carmen's riding suit and not to send any alarming wires to her family. As for the rest, it was all pretty hazy until she wakened from what she guessed was a very long sleep.

Dr. Mac was still in evidence, although now he wore a business suit with a bright blue flower in his buttonhole.

"Good morning, young lady," he remarked cheerfully. "You're just in time for breakfast. How about some ham and eggs?"

Every inch of her seemed to be done up in bandages, splints or straps, and throbbing with dull pain . . . Her room was running over with flowers.

"I don't want any food," she said forlornly. "I spoiled the scene. I didn't think a horse could throw me. They'll never give me another chance in pictures. Never."

"How about letting me put in two or three cents' worth?" offered Dr. Mac. "I have a message for you from the director. He asked me to be sure and let you know that the shot was perfect, and that your finish improved it one hundred percent. He asked me to remind you that they hoped to get it in one take, and to tell you that they *did*. As I understand it, even the horse is satisfied."

Half a smile struggled into Julie's eyes.

"Is that really true?" she asked. "You wouldn't say it just to make me feel better, would you?"

Dr. Mac assured her that delusion was no part of his intentions, that he was quoting the director practically verbatim.

"Then I don't care if I did crack up," she sighed. "How many bones have I broken?"

"Fact is," replied Dr. Mac, "you haven't done much damage at all. Your right arm and a few ribs are a little the worse for wear, but you'll probably have the time of your life while they're doing their knitting. You'll be as good as new in three weeks. You can have anything you want to eat, and if you're interested in company, I'm told that a young man with the kind of good looks which will make every other female patient hate you, has appreciably worn down the corridor from the front door to the reception room."

Julie laughed in spite of the fact that she was obliged to utter accompanying little shrieks of pain. Dr. Mac was further explaining her bruises and broken bones when a nurse appeared in the doorway.

"May Miss Burnette take a telephone call, Doctor?" she wanted to know. "Gladstone, Ohio, is on the wire."

Based on "Hollywood Starlet" by Dixie Willson, the latest in Dodd Mead & Company's popular Career Book series

"How about it?" Dr. Mac inquired of his patient. "Do you want to talk with Gladstone, Ohio?"

"Oh, yes, please," she said quickly, "if you won't mind holding the telephone for me. I'm sure it's Mother. It would be grand to hear her voice."

Dr. Mac held the telephone. And Julie's guess was right. It was Mother, very anxious, very very much relieved to hear Julie report almost gaily on her state of health this morning.

"I'm really okay, darling," declared the young lady in bandages. "They say my tumble didn't even spoil the scene. Please don't worry. I . . . I'm not uncomfortable at all."

She made the last statement with a wry look at the doctor, as her mother informed her that someone else was waiting to say "Hello." The "someone else" was Mr. Tod Jenkins.

"OH how nice to hear you, Tod," Julie said. "Where are you and Mother anyway? . . . In your office in the lumber yard? It's a wonderful surprise. And there's a heavenly basket of mignonette and pink roses on the table beside my bed. I can see your name on the card. That was sweet of you, Tod . . . Do I remember what? Oh you mean when your car ran into the ditch and we walked four miles home? Yes, you're right," she laughed. "That was a good workout for the way the horse treated me. How's the new house, and my elm tree? . . . Yes, of *course,* I'd love to come home and see them, but I think I've really made a start in pictures at last. I'll write you all about it. The doctor is here saying that I mustn't talk any longer. Please make Mother believe I'm all right, Tod. Tell her that all the medicine I needed was talking to you two. . . ."

Dr. Mac replaced the telephone on the table beside her bed.

"What do you mean a basket of mignonette and pink roses?" he remarked. "Your nurse has spent most of the morning opening flower boxes with cards signed 'Tod.' And *I* spent most of it," he added, "explaining to young Melbourne why he couldn't see you until two o'clock. Better make up your mind who's head man."

"I wish I could," responded Miss Julie Burnette, "but the more I think about it, the more I *don't* know the answer."

BACK in Gladstone, Ohio, Mrs. Newt Burns sat beside Tod's desk giving her complete attention to Tod's report of Julie's end of the conversation.

"I'm tremendously cheered," said *Miss America's* mother, wiping quick tears from her eyes. "I think I'll hurry right along to the store and tell her dad. He has his grip packed to leave for Hollywood on a second's notice."

Tod escorted her to the street door, then returned to his small office to pin his eyes upon the telephone which had brought Julie's bright voice back to him. The goldenrod fragrance of late summer drifted in at the open window. The sound of humming saws and the slap-slap of lumber came up from the shop where Gladstone was contributing even in its small way toward defense building. Staring at his telephone Tod knew now, more than ever, that the only girl for him was the one whose voice had just made his heart turn cartwheels.

On first thought there didn't seem much chance for him, with Old Man Opportunity taking what appeared to be a personal interest in her career. On the other hand he found himself suddenly determined to play first fiddle instead of second. He didn't discount the possibility that Hollywood might have become more vital to this girl of his, than the things she had left behind; he even allowed for the possibility that Curt Melbourne, whom her letters so often mentioned, might be someone to reckon with. Nevertheless he dedicated himself here and now to bringing her home again.

However, he knew Julie well enough to know that nobody could merely suggest to her that she call it a day and come home. He could vision her small independent chin accepting the challenge and flinging back a defiant "Never!" But as there are maneuvers in war, so are there maneuvers in love. . . .

For the next fifteen minutes he gave the matter his most serious thought. Then a smile began to play in his eyes and he reached for the telephone again. This time he called his Aunt Sarah who was seventy-five yea old and who still made him ginge bread men with raisins for eyes.

"Hello, Sweetheart," he said, wh his precious old relative was at th other end of the line. "Did I lea my camera at your house? . . . Oka I'll be right over. And could you d me up an old tablecloth, Toots? Or that I could tear to pieces? . . . Y can? Attagirl. . . . No, I won't st for lunch, thanks. I've got somethi on my mind more important than foo In fact it concerns an annex heaven!"

SCOTT, Miss Henrietta Moe a Louie the chef, made it a ga day at The Chateau when Cu brought Julie home from the hospit She had done a good job of getti well, inspired, for one thing, by th fact that the premiere of the pictu in which she played *Miss America* w now but three weeks away, and wou bring back, for at least a night, th glory which had attended her unusu if fleeting, distinction. For the pr miere she was to wear the poi d'esprit in which she had done h most important scene, and she wou be presented "in person," added which Curt had planned that, rem niscent of her first scintillating ev ning in Hollywood more than half year ago, they would sound off dining at Ciro's.

Looking ahead, three weeks seem a century to wait, although Juli arm, withered and white and still a sling, needed all of that time to lo fit again. But the days passed all t swiftly, as from her chaise whi Louie moved into the sun each da Julie watched morning's blue ha change to bright afternoon, then sunset clouds of rose and amber li plumes designed to trim the purp mountain peaks.

Then three nights before the gre day, Curt saw the preview of "Ki Of Main Street"; saw Julie Burnett windblown and lovely, ride straig into the camera with a fall so "reali tic" that it brought forth a round applause from the audience. H scene with Errol Flynn was al smoothly, easily done. In other wor the young lady definitely contribut to the production.

With funny little apprehension she hadn't wanted to see the previe herself, though she made Curt prom ise that he would come immediate afterward and tell her all about Hot and cold shivers coursing dow her spine, she watched for the ligh of his car, and when they cam waited for him in the open door.

"Wipe the worry off of your fac Missy," he said, by way of a greetin "As an ingénue in jodphurs you' very okay. (*Continued on page* 91

Hollywood
is asking questions
about
JUDY GARLAND
You'll know
all the answers
if you read
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Watch for it soon!

You'll look at any lady who looks like this: Deanna Durbin, Universal star of "Forever Yours," wearing a Hunt-Brockner-Hunt black crepe dinner dress that sets the autumn evening pace. A chiffon yoke, a revealing-concealing bit of feminine witchery, is banded with narrow black velvet ribbon, has an added accent of pleated black and pink chiffon, a combination that gets a girl more dates on any dance floor. The evening gloves, elbow-length and cut-out, turn the final trick, make a sophisticated setting for the bow-knot diamond pin that matches smaller earrings. Jewelry from Trabert & Hoeffer, Inc.—Mauboussin, Beverly Hills

--with a ball future

Be a happy stay-at-home of a fall evening in slacks like Miss Durbin's Agnes Barrett outfit. The suit is beige with red stitching doing startling things at the yoke and a belt that's intriguingly brought from the back, crossed in front, buttoned on the sides with transparent red glass buttons. News below are the "Hollywood Scooter" hand-lasted red and blue slack shoes

Be a gay young gadabout, come autumn, in a suit like this: A Hunt-Brockner-Hunt black wool crepe with a jacket that has an all-over pattern of smart soutache ribbon. The Francois hat would turn any girl's head—a white coque bird perched on black velour. Deanna's jewelry, from Trabert & Hoeffer, Inc.—Mauboussin, Beverly Hills, is "Reflection" patterned scroll diamond clips worn separately or as a "single note" pin

You can look as smart

Dotty's soldier took one look at her suit when she got off the train and then rushed her right back to camp for dress parade. The outfit's of smart autumn plaid wool. The trick new trouser pleats in front and back give a swing to the skirt; the jacket has a special-cut neckline and big patch pockets. Said the soldier: "I'm going to see my sister gets one of those suits—even if I have to buy it for her myself!" He won't have to do that, because sister—and you, too—can have it at a budget price.

$5.95—skirt

$7.95—jacket

With brown, blue or green predominating in the plaid

as a star

ASHION SCOOPS

es you'll want to buy at prices you'll want y! Each month, we take a reader, dress up-to-the-minute clothes, pose her to give n advance chance at the headliners of the n. October's choice is Dorothy Nugent, tary to the dean at Newark State Teach- College. She trotted off to camp in these es to see her staff sergeant beau, came e with a lot of double-barreled compli- s from him and his envious khaki brethren

You can buy any of these three outfits at Saks-34th St., New York City. Just write, phone or go there—or, for quick, easy service, use the coupon on page 106.

A promenade to feed the camp pigeons—and a dress to make a lonesome soldier come back for more. Dotty wears the perfect date dress—soft rayon crepe with a yoke and skirt trimmed with chic black braid. The basque effect does things for any type figure; the general effect rates high in all uniformed male observation departments on land or sea

$10.95—dress

In red, green or gold with black braid

For a sport outfit that will look just as well at the "good-by" close-up as it did for the gay "hello" scene, Dotty chooses a velveteen dirndl skirt with big pockets, tops it with a round-neck jersey blouse; turns herself into a fall sports miss who will break all records, romantic or otherwise

$6.95—skirt

$5.00—blouse

Skirt in black, dark green, wine, royal blue or brown Blouse in gold, red, beige, blue, Kelly green or black

Cary Grant

Matrimony Deferred—

From worlds apart they saw each other, Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, and waited two long years to be united

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

WHEN Cary Grant married Barbara Hutton under a spreading oak tree at the home of his friend and agent, Frank Vincent, he had proved his love for her in a hundred ways. There was no obstacle too great, no problem too difficult for Cary to face for her.

In the two years he had known Barbara, Cary had undergone many changes. He had become the most generous-minded star in the business, he had taken chances with the career he had worked like a dog to achieve to risk antagonizing the press, especially the camera boys, and he had given up being an Englishman to become an American.

The weaving of the web that drew together the second richest girl in the world and a Hollywood movie actor, born in the dreary poverty of an English manufacturing town, began several years ago in London. The pair met, exchanged greetings, and parted with no definite impressions on either side. Cary, on the one hand, had been deeply interested in blonde Phyllis Brooks. Barbara, on the other, was in the midst of an emotional upheaval, having just divorced a husband for whose sake she had renounced her American citizenship to become a Dane. It was a sacrifice Barbara has regretted with all her heart and soul and one she is striving to adjust by taking out citizenship papers just as any immigrant would do. Just, in fact, as Cary himself did.

It wasn't until the two met, two years later, at the home of Dorothy di Frasso, that destiny took a hand.

"You've met Barbara, of course," Countess di Frasso said to Cary just before dinner. The dinner party was, in fact, a farewell to Barbara who was sailing with her son Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow next day for Hawaii.

Perhaps it was the heartaches and disillusionment each had undergone that pulled these two together. Or perhaps it was something deeper and less tangible. Whatever the souce of magnetism, the dark-eyed, dark-haired actor, who had once performed on stilts at Coney Island for a living, looked at the fabulous golden girl who had inherited millions from one of the great American institutions of five and ten cent stores, and instantly, worlds were crossed. They had to belong to each other.

Across the sea, 6000 miles away in London, in an underground vault lay the first obstacle. Millions of dollars belonging to Miss Hutton. The money had been set aside for the charity nearest her heart, the American Red Cross.

That desire to give the needed aid never could have been realized if Barbara had married Cary Grant when she first knew she loved him. He was still a British subject, which meant that Barbara also, according to (*Continued on page* 93)

Love is Laughter

JOAN CRAWFORD was supposed to marry (1) Glenn Ford, (2) Jean Pierre Aumont, (3) Lt. Lloyd Freeman, (4) a handsome gentleman in Florida, very rich, (5) a handsome gentleman in New York, ditto, (6) her art.

So Joan married Phil Terry, whom she had known vaguely for six months and intensely for six weeks, and she is in no mere Seventh Heaven about it. Seventh Heavens are for pikers. Joan is in an eighth, moonlight-drenched heaven, and as for Phil Terry, he who was the *Parson* of Panamint for Paramount, he is completely out of this world. To see them together is to know it was a most wise and kind Providence that decided love should never be one of those things weighed in scales like sugar or eggs or unpolished rice.

Because if you could put love in scales and balance it with neat metal weights, you would say, "How can a girl who has been so desperately disillusioned in love as Joan by two marriages fall this completely in love again?" You would ask, "Why Phil Terry, rather than all the other men who clustered about like moths against the flame of Crawford's personality and beauty?"

I saw Joan and Phil at noon of the day that they had been married. We sat in the complete madhouse that was, technically, her dressing room on the set of "Reunion." There were flowers arriving, there were telegrams arriving, there was the phone ringing constantly, there was Pupchen, Joan's dachshund, barking, there were top movie executives crowding in, Louis B. Mayer, Eddie Mannix, Joe Mankiewicz, who is Joan's immediate producer. There was Mrs. Ray Milland, calling about a wedding reception on Saturday, there was Judy Garland, hopping over from another stage, there was a wedding cake being whipped up in one corner and ice cream in the other. In the midst of all this, there were Joan and Phil, hardly aware of any of it because they were so intensely aware of Joan and Phil, wearing identical bands of wide, yellow gold on the third fingers of

. . . And how Joan Crawford has found it with the man she has just married is revealed in this exclusive interview with one of Joan's closest friends

"Ruthie," only writer to crash Joan's set on her wedding day, beams at the bride and groom.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

their left hands, their faces beaming brighter than a dozen movie premieres rolled into one.

Joan said, "Oh, darling (meaning, for the moment, your correspondent), I never knew such relaxed happiness before."

Phil said, "I'm thirty-three and I never could find the girl I dreamed of, until that night I walked into Joan's house six months ago and saw her."

Because, you see, it was love at first closeup with Phil, even though Miss Crawford didn't give him much more than a long look that evening.

This is the way it happened. Joan had just come back from New York, where she had been living for six months, to make "They All Kissed The Bride" and had invited one of her best friends, Harry Mines, a Los Angeles newspaper man, for dinner. Harry asked Joan if he might bring his actor friend, Phil Terry, along, and Joan agreed.

Joan was very tired that evening. She had played intense emotional scenes all day and had to get up at six the next morning to do another batch of them. Therefore, dinner in her exquisite Georgian dining room with the candles flickering and little Miss Christina sitting proudly alongside in her high-chair was very quiet. After Christina was safely tucked in bed, the three-sided conversation was subdued and Mines and Terry, sensing their beautiful hostess's weariness, took an early departure.

Joan went to work the next morning. She never gave the preceding evening a second thought. The next week she finished up the picture and went back to New York again.

She was talking then, with complete sincerity, of living entirely for her work and for young Christina. It was true that there was a man in New York who was desperately in love with her. When she had been in Florida a few months previously, there was also a man there who was desperately in love with her. That is the way it is with Joan wherever she goes. There are always men desperately in love with her and I suspect there always will be, even when her birthdays number eighty and she has developed into the greatest character actress the camera has ever recorded. For what attracts all types and classes of men to Joan in private life is exactly what attracts the public to her on screen. There is in her this amazing capacity to be always new, always vital, always growing and that, combined with her beauty, is pure fascination.

When she had first come back to Hollywood, leaving the gentleman in New York and the gentleman in Florida, and had gone to Columbia to make "They All Kissed The Bride," Glenn Ford of Columbia had taken one look at her—and wham!

He is a perfectly grand chap, Glenn, and Joan liked him very much and that was all there was to it, liking. Her name was linked with Glenn's in the columns, but she went briefly back to New York and that subsided. She returned to Hollywood to prepare for "Reunion." Then she met Jean Pierre Aumont, who is new on the Metro lot, and wham! There went

Turnabout: Joan was one of the first admirers of Judy Garland Rose's ring; now Judy returns the compliment

Mr. Aumont's heart. Joan liked him, too, and liking was all there was to that.

Then she met Lt. Lloyd Freeman and it was the same old pattern and then one night six weeks before July twenty-first, Harry Mines called up and asked if he could please bring his friend, Phil Terry, around again, on account of Phil Terry had never stopped talking about her since that first evening.

It was on the occasion of this second date that Phil reminded Joan that he had been in her picture "Mannequin" some four years previously and that that was when he had first started adoring her. Joan didn't remember him at all, understandably, because they hadn't met at that time. Phil was in scenes in which she didn't appear and before the film was released he was the face on the cutting-room floor. But he was under contract to M-G-M at that time himself, so he could see her from a distance, watch her lovely figure as it disappeared down the long shadowed streets of the lot, hear her exciting voice as she sang in her dressing room. Joan didn't notice him, and he never approached her since she was then Mrs. Franchot Tone.

THE party on Phil's second evening at Joan's was a fivesome, quite typically, Joan and four men. One of the men was a bit on the serious side and began expounding some long, dull theory. The whole idea was so stuffy that it began to amuse Joan. As a good hostess—and she is one of the best—she knew she couldn't laugh, but at that moment she caught Phil's eye across the room and realized he was collapsing with strangled mirth, too.

"It began right then," Joan explained to me. "I still insist that when two people laugh at the same things they are mentally in tune. The things about which one should be serious are pretty well established by custom, preaching and upbringing, but humor is an individual thing. When I realized that Phil was suppressing his giggles, just as I was suppressing mine —well, right then I knew I wanted to know him better."

That desire of Joan's was very okay by Phil. He called the next morning, which was the tenth of June, and they went out for dinner together that night. The day after that there were flowers, and the next day another dinner, and next day there were more flowers and by the following day they were reading Joan's next script together.

"I didn't want to study and he made me," Joan said. "He sat across the room and said, 'You must learn these lines. Now, I'll cue you and you go to it,' so I did. A little later, he said he was leaving so that I wouldn't be up too late. Suddenly, there was that atmosphere which all women crave and of which I've had so little: the mood of being protected."

They went on for two weeks like that, and as July approached they knew they didn't want to see anyone save each other. They read plays together, Phil playing the male lead, Joan the woman's. They walked together. They swam together.

The amazing history of Joan Crawford has been told many a time, but Phil wanted to hear it from the girl herself. As for Joan, she learned that Phil was that most amazing of Californians, a native son, born in Sacramento, educated at Stanford and brought up in Glendale. She learned how he had always wanted to be an actor, but how he chose to go to England rather than to Broadway to get his stage training, which accounts for a certain purity of accent in his voice, a certain charming reserve in his manner. He told her about his contracts with M-G-M and Paramount. They discovered that they were mutually ambitious to act in fine plays and fine pictures but that there was no jealousy between them as to which one of them might eventually be the "more important."

AT the end of the third week, they knew they were in love but it wasn't until Friday, July seventeenth, that they went up to Ventura County and took out their license to wed, under their real names of Lucille Tone and Frederick Kormann.

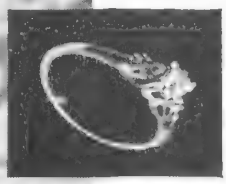
"There has been so much misinformation about this whole thing that I'd like you to get it straight," Joan told me, being very serious for the moment. "We were married at my lawyer's ranch in Ventura. He's Neil McCarthy, you know, and he had his friend, Judge Flynn, there at midnight Monday to marry us. Judge Flynn didn't even know what couple he was uniting until he saw us. Somehow, though there were only Neil and Mrs. McCarthy and the Ventura County Clerk there as witnesses, the news leaked out. The radio world heard Judge Flynn's name and broadcast not that he had performed the ceremony, but that I had married Errol Flynn. This morning some of the papers were almost as inaccurate. One paper said Phil was twenty-eight to my thirty-seven. Well, anybody who wishes to do so can go and see the license that proves that Phil is thirty-three and I am thirty-four."

"You know what," said Phil, interrupting. "I told Joan I wanted her to get married in a certain blue and white striped Irene suit she had because I loved the hat she wore with the outfit. Bride-like, however, she had to have something new. So she ordered another suit from Irene, in beige, but she had the hat I liked copied exactly, only in beige, to wear with it."

"Tell about our wedding breakfast," Joan said, laughing.

"We were married at five minutes after midnight," Phil began. "We got back home at two A. M. You know that Joan never drinks and I don't care if I never (*Continued on page* 90)

HONEY-BLONDE—WITH A FRESH-AS-WILD-ROSES COMPLEXION



Jane's Precious Engagement Ring is dear and sweet like herself. A Tiffany setting of gold holds the clear, sparkling diamond that once belonged to her fiancé's grandmother.

DAINTY JANE DRURY

of Leominster, Massachusetts—engaged to Loring Harkness, Jr., of New York and Connecticut. Loring was preparing for a teaching career—but, like so many boys now, he's working in a defense plant until the Army calls him.

Adorable, modern daughter of a distinguished New England family, Jane plunged right into war duties after college. She works like a beaver at her Civilian Defense job and nearly dances her feet off "hostessing" at U.S.O.

Wherever she goes, Jane has compliments about her lovely complexion. "I tell all the girls just to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Then they'll see why I say it's so 'super'—and makes your skin feel so soft and spandy clean."

Copy Her Soft-Smooth Complexion Care

First—Jane smooths Pond's Cold Cream carefully over her face and throat—pats with gentle finger tips to soften and release dirt and old make-up. Tissues off well. Next—she "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues it off again.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does—*every night*—for quick daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Miss Fernanda Wanamaker and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan use this soft-smooth cream—why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. At your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars!

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

They love to look at Jane!

Loring and Jane with two Army friends on leave. There's always a "sweet-as-a-pink" look about Jane's flower-fresh complexion. She gives Pond's lots of credit for helping to keep her skin so softly smooth.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

From the Cocoanut Grove's goldfish bowl Ruth Hussey drew the name of Ensign Donald F. "Sighted sub, sank same" Mason to be her dinner partner

Why Hollywood Hates Me

(*Continued from page* 35) a myriad of other male and female employees bow and scrape before the successful ones.

Pretty soon, the stars and executives begin to think that such servile adulation is their just due—that they actually *deserve* to be yessed and eulogized. Mind you, not all successful people have this feeling. Clark Gable, for example, never had it, nor has Crosby or Weissmuller or Judy Garland or Jimmy Cagney or many others I could but haven't time to name. The *regular fellows* never go fame-mad, or, as it has long been described, "go Hollywood."

At any rate, those who do feel that they are tin gods, not subject to criticism, resent adverse comment.

I don't know why they should. . I adhere to the old saying, which has been credited to P. T. Barnum, George M. Cohan and a few more show-world greats, that anything the press chooses to print is good publicity, so long as the name is spelled correctly.

IN this vein of thought, Marlene Dietrich (whom I like, and I think she likes me—now) once had her press agent ask me why I criticized her in my column.

Now, here let me explain that to a columnist—to this columnist, at least—yesterday is dead and gone. When I write today's column, I don't attempt to remember what I wrote yesterday. I am interested only in making today's column as interesting as possible. So, quite often I may write about the same stars or persons for several days in succession. The items may be humorous, critical, in praise, or satiric.

So it happened that for a brief period, I had written several pointed little darts that got under Miss Dietrich's skin. I hadn't intended to carry on a barbaric campaign against Marlene; it just happened.

So when her press agent asked me to have luncheon with the star, so she could straighten out whatever she might have done to make me dislike her, I replied:

"I will be delighted to have luncheon with Marlene; any male would be a subject for mental investigation were he to refuse such an alluring invitation. But as for my disliking her, tell the lady 'it ain't so.' And tell her this:

"A star has no need to worry when a columnist makes use of her name day after day, but not always in praise. The time for a star to begin to worry is when columnists regard her as no longer important enough to rate mention, good or bad."

That is something Hollywood doesn't seem to understand. I mean, that criticism is very often as good or better publicity than praise. This is why: Criticism starts controversy. Fans of the star resent criticism of their favorites, and such criticism always stirs up a period of special attention to that star. Well, special attention in the form of publicity or fan worship is what makes the movie players' world go round.

Frankly, I don't think criticism can hurt any star. I won't use names at this point, but I think the general public will remember that one actress kept a diary that achieved considerable newspaper quotings and another was involved in an affair with a director at a prominent night club. I haven't named them, but the two players were certainly called by their proper names in newspaper reports. Neither actress was hurt professionally by this most undesirable publicity; in fact, one of them was pulled back from near oblivion by a renewed public interest.

This seems to me a timely place to review what has been termed "the Flynn (Errol) incident" in my life. Readers will remember that there was considerable uproar some months ago because Mr. Flynn set upon this reporter in a Hollywood night club. Following that affair (which I regret because I don't like night-club brawls) newspapers were filled with greatly distorted accounts of the "fight," which wasn't a fight at all.

These accounts included so-called quotes from Mr. Flynn, in which he declared "he did it because he didn't like my testimony at the Washington investigation of the film industry." (Here is a fine place for me to explain, once and for all, that I was *subpoenaed* to Washington as a witness. I had no choice in the matter. One newspaper publisher, who was against the group of Senators conducting the investigation, said I should have ignored the summons.

Well, I am too much imbued with a respect for law and order to ignore a subpoena from the United States Senate. As a former member of the Marine Corps, I have a great respect for duty. I obeyed the summons to Washington, unquestionably, as I would do again.)

To return to newspaper accounts of the "Fidler-Flynn incident," it was claimed that my wife had attacked Flynn with a fork, and no few other weird assertions were made.

The truth is, none of these insinuations published was true. And today, although I have never taken the trouble to deny or reply to the printed statements, I have absolute proof of their falsity and of the organized campaign behind them. Some people wondered why I didn't resort to legal action to clear myself.

Well, I didn't mind. These untruths did me or my career no harm. That was fortunate, for untruths often do great harm, which is where they differ from honest criticism.

But if I should ever carry on a sustained campaign designed to tear down a star or executive, I would expect to be sued.

Fear of legal action, let me say here, is not the reason I have never carried on such a campaign. I have never done so because I have no wish to harm anyone. I do not take out personal peeves in my column or on my radio show. Once, when I was younger, I hot-headedly did such things, but age brings saner thinking and, unless a man is inherently mean, he soon gets over his desire to use his power, as a member of the press, to "get even."

On the credit side of the ledger, let me say in my defense that I have always tried to be helpful to the underdog. I may coin sharp satire at the expense of stars who are on top and can't be hurt by it, but I never do it when a man is down.

ON the contrary, I have gone to bat for veteran stars who were pushed around too much by the industry. For years, I conducted a campaign in favor of oldtimers that eventually *forced* studios and Central Casting Bureau to give these veterans, who had grown up in the show business and weren't equipped to work elsewhere, jobs, contracts and preferred calls on extra and bit work.

Frankly, I think I risked my career for Lew Ayres, who is one of the most regular fellows ever to come to Hollywood. When Lew, mistakenly advised, was shipped off to a Conscientious Objectors Camp, I felt that an injustice was being done. And as I read editorials and heard radio's barbed comments on his case, I decided that someone should move in and tell the truth about Lew.

I don't claim any nods of approval for my stand, because I am sure any other decent reporter, knowing as much about the case as I, would have done the same. The trouble with Lew's critics was that they didn't know all the facts.

At any rate, I learned through the Selective Service Board how Ayres might enlist in the branch of the service—The Medical Corps—that he wanted, and how he might have done it in the first place without all the sour publicity.

I talked with Lew over long-distance telephone and acquainted him with the facts I had unearthed. It was largely due to this activity and a campaign in favor of Lew which I carried on through my column and radio program, that he was taken out of the Objectors Camp and enlisted in the Medical Corps.

The reason I went to this effort, of course, was that I knew Lew was no coward. He was willing to be shot at by the enemy on any front, as a member of the Medical Corps. He simply was not willing to do any killing on his own.

I am sure Lew Ayres is not one of those who "hates Fidler."

The End.

Wherever he is, he thinks of you. So stay pretty for him. Dura-Gloss will keep your nails pretty, takes care of your fingers while your hands are taking care of war-work. Its special ingredient, Chrysolite, gives it exceptional wearing qualities—Dura-Gloss doesn't "get tired" easily, so whatever happens, keep yourself bright and shining—don't be without Dura-Gloss. It's only 10¢.

So little means so much

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion · Polish Remover · Dura-Coat

(*Continued from page* 27) sail from his studio, his home, from Hollywood, regardless of costly delays and the pleading of his bosses. Now, with a legitimate, urgent reason for his leaving the set, Flynn pulled himself together after a few days at the hospital and went back to work to finish the picture, at what cost to himself no one can altogether tell.

WHAT has happened to this man, Errol Flynn?

The answer in all probability is to be found in the breakup of his marriage to the piquant Lili Damita just at the time when Errol was looking forward eagerly to playing the new role of father to his son, Sean Leslie Flynn, born a year ago this past May. The star has remained steadfastly mute on the subject but those close to him say there can be no doubt that for the first time in his devil-may-care life Flynn was hurt, and hurt deeply.

Not that separations for the high-powered pair were a new development by any means. Periodically the newspapers were adorned with colorful accounts of their latest spats. There was the time when Lili chased his plane down the air field on his return after one of their arguments, shouting, "Come on out, honey!" But Flynn, with a swift glance, ordered the pilot to taxi further down the field, where he escaped in a studio car, leaving Lili to wend her way homeward alone.

On another occasion, as the sounds of battle reached a climax in the Damita-Flynn manse, Errol was heard to say distinctly, "In my home, what I say goes—or I go!" And he went—accompanied by his bags—to his athletic club.

But somehow we in Hollywood had come to expect a perennial reconciliation. It was the usual Flynn-Damita routine. Not, however, as matters turned out, in the year 1941.

Flynn was on the high seas when Lili made her announcement to the world that they were to become parents in May. His genuine happiness at the news was not mitigated by the fact that it came as a complete surprise. This, you might well say, is not the usual procedure for couples who have so intimate and personal a communication to impart. But then Lili and Errol could not by the remotest stretch of the imagination be classed as a usual couple.

Something drastic happened between that period of high elation and the day in May when tiny Sean Leslie Flynn made his appearance, for according to Lili's own testimony in her suit for divorce Flynn was not even by her side as she gave birth to their child but was again on his boat. What this final blow was no one knows.

CERTAIN it is, however, that it has left Flynn a changed man. In the old days he laughed at the hoary critics who hurled their scorn at him for his acting ability, because he considered himself an actor not at all. Acting to him was simply an easy way of making a good living and what he lacked in technique he compensated with a canny sense of showmanship before the cameras. If in the process he stepped on somebody else's toes that was too bad. Let them call him a lens hog. Pictures were a dog-eat-dog business at best, he felt, and there would be none to mourn his passing when he ceased to draw at the box office. What did it matter if his fellow workers called him stingy? Life was not to be lived entirely behind studio walls—not for him.

This is not true of Flynn today. Ronald Reagan was one to feel the change in their last picture together, "Desperate Journey," just before Ronnie joined his cavalry unit. He had never known Flynn well, but had suffered from being overshadowed by the Flynn name as has every young male player on the Warner lot.

They had been out on location and on their return Flynn invited Reagan to stop off at his Mulholland Farm for rest and a cool drink. Reagan stared about in amazement. Here was no swashbuckler's eyrie but the home of a man of quiet culture. Books on philosophy, adventure, the best fiction; trophies that bespoke travels in foreign lands; a musical library of the best symphonic recor for the radio-gramophone; everywhe the evidence of taste and though f living.

Omnipresent was Flynn in his eage ness to serve the comfort of his gue with his special gift of making one fe completely at home. Reagan mental revamped his idea of Errol. Here w a man with a capacity—and a need for friendship.

As to what Errol Flynn will final do about his share in the war, late reports say that after a brief peri of recuperation when his present pictu is finished, he will seek a post as fo eign correspondent on the Russian fro In any event, rest assured he'll be action somewhere.

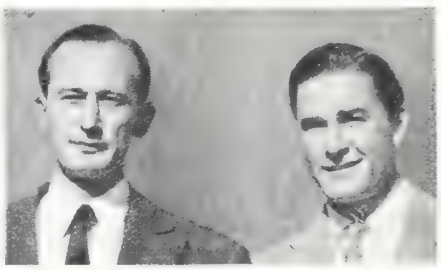
He's built that way.

THE END

In the Shadow of the Flynn Man

ANOTHER VIEW OF ERROL FLYNN

BY JIM FLEMING



Jim and Flynn

I AM Errol Flynn's stand-in. I believe that I have been more closely associated with Errol Flynn for over a longer period of time than anyone—since his arrival in Hollywood, that is.

My first recollection of Errol is that of a shy and rather reticent young man of fine build and handsome appearance. He had just finished "Captain Blood," the picture that had skyrocketed him to fame.

I had been interviewed by Lili Damita, Flynn's lovely wife, one day in January, 1936. Errol needed a secretary; he was doing quite a bit of writing at that time. I was told, "Come back at six this evening and meet Mr. Fleen."

I was there at six and "Mr. Fleen" showed up a little after seven. They lived in a hillside home and the living room was downstairs. The front door slammed with a bang. "Errol darling, come down here." Errol galloped down the steps and I was introduced as, "This is James. He does what you call the quick hand."

"Glad to know you, Jim," said Flynn with that warm smile of his. We shook hands. I liked him instinctively. "Well, I'll be seeing you," he said and galloped back up the stairs. I assumed that I was hired.

The first six weeks were rather hectic. I quit six times and was fired at least twice. However, things settled down to a roar and I've been around in one capacity or another ever since. I like to consider him as one of my best friends. In spite of anything anyone wants to tell you he hasn't changed much since that first day.

He is a much maligned young man. know him to be an honest and serio person, really unaffected by his succes He is appreciative, thoughtful and kind with those with whom he works, althoug a deliberately mischievous sense of hu mor often seems to belie this.

He takes the greatest delight in lous ing people up. In my case he tells som of the most fantastic stories about m to his friends. I never know exactl how I am going to be greeted by any on of them. It's liable to be "Fleming th Fighter," or "Sailor," or "Lover."

Very little ever escapes Errol's atten tion. He recalls the most minor detail and incidents. He is particularly goo at remembering names of people that h may not have seen for years.

On the other hand, however, this hap pens to him often: He phones someon whom he knows very well and then whe the person answers he forgets whom h is calling. In this event he gives a ver good imitation of a Chinese houseboy an says, "Long numba. Velly solly," an hangs us. When he remembers he call again with the name written on a pa

Flynn's nature is most friendly and hi manner is generally that of a "hail fel low well met" sort. But sometimes whe you meet him he may stare you right i the face and pass you by with no sig of recognition—just because he's so pre occupied he really hasn't seen you. Thi causes him no little embarrassment whe brought to his attention, and has als sometimes earned him the reputation o being "high-hat."

He used to frighten me somewhat wit his "What the devil do you mean" ex pression. I soon learned, however, tha this was a fake, used to avoid answer ing some embarrassing question or t gain his point. It works very well too

I have seen Errol in gay moods; I hav seen him in somber moods. The happies I have ever seen him was when he re ceived the news of the birth of his bab son, Sean (pronounced Shawn). Th most somber was during the conferenc with his attorney anent the separatio from his wife Lili Damita—a culminatio of unfortunate circumstances and confli of temperaments.

Errol does not throw his money away foolishly, much to the disgust of the would-be parasites and hangers-on that are always around high-salaried people. Yet he is very charitable. I wish that I could tell you of just a few incidents when he has befriended people in dire need. He is very reticent on this point.

He has a tendency to go overboard on gifts for his intimate friends. On the other hand, he takes keen delight in shopping around and drives a shrewd bargain. He bargained for three days a few weeks ago before buying a $15.00 bathroom scale. He saved a dollar and a half.

As to his supposed "conceit," this is strictly a cover-up for his shyness. Believe me—I know. Innumerable times people who have come to know Flynn have said to me, "Gosh Jim, he isn't anything like I'd imagined. He's really a helluva nice guy." And he is.

Recently a young player did a small part in Flynn's latest picture. He was so nervous that Raoul Walsh, the director, was doubtful of his being able to handle the part. "Leave him to me," said Errol. "I can still remember how it feels."

Thirty minutes later the boy turned in a fine performance. Flynn had taken him to his dressing room and regaled him with amusing stories of his own early struggles. He instilled confidence in the lad and made a friend for life.

Flynn actually is an adventure-loving person. He loves honest-to-goodness thrills, romance and danger. Studio restrictions placed on him of late years have irked him a great deal.

His adventures would make several good picture scripts if he ever had time to whip these stories into shape. He has a natural flair for writing and a good plot mind. He has sold three or four scenarios for pictures. The best of these, "The White Rajah," has not yet been produced.

CONTRASTINGLY enough, he loves the ease and comfort of his farm life, too. He lives simply though well. His house is rather large and is situated on a hilltop overlooking San Fernando Valley. There are four bedrooms in Mulholland Farm but he has converted his library into a bed-sitting room. His bed is a couch by day. Here is where he spends most of his time. It is a very lovely room reflecting Errol's charm, filled with ship models, books, paintings and trophies.

When Arno, Errol's dog and best pal, was drowned off Newport Beach, some caustic remarks were passed around town to the effect that Errol, who had used his dog to gain so much publicity, was too callous even to go and see his body.

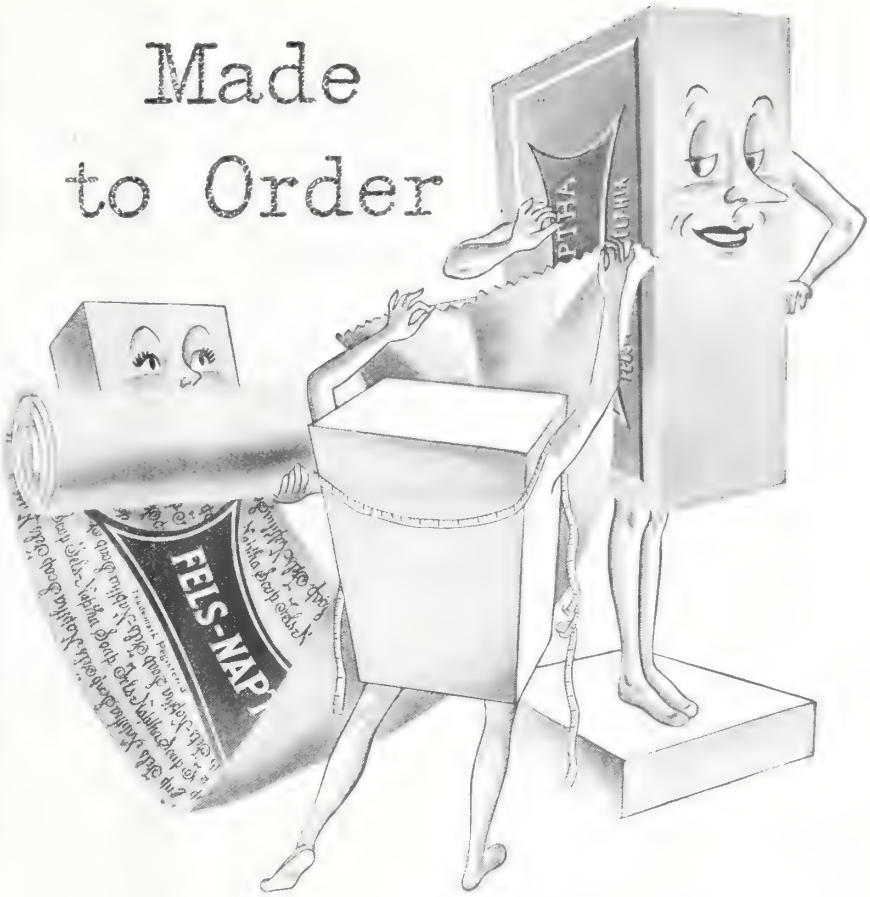
At the time "They Died With Their Boots On" was being filmed. One afternoon I took a phone call for Flynn. It was the Harbor Master's office at Newport. They reported finding Arno's body. He had been washed ashore. Errol was in his dressing room when I broke the news. All he said was, "Are you sure?" I could only nod. Tears welled into his eyes. "Poor little chap," he said huskily, "I hope you're happy, wherever you are." I eased out before I broke down myself.

Arno was more than a dog. To Flynn he was a friend. A loved companion that never failed or crossed him. Errol could not bear to see the ravaging effects of three days in the ocean on his pal. He prefers to remember him as he was.

A remarkable fellow, this Flynn, in the land of the double cross.

THE END

Made to Order



It's a fact. The washing and cleaning job in most homes today is 'made to order' for Fels-Naptha Soap. Take your own home for example. You have less time to give to housekeeping. It's hard to get help. And you can't just let things slide.

So you use Fels-Naptha for the family wash. To get grimy work clothes cleaner. To wash linens and dainty garments (especially baby clothes) whiter. To get the whole week's wash done quicker.

You use Fels-Naptha Soap to make windows and glassware sparkle. To keep paints and porcelains bright. To take the backbreak out of heavy cleaning. And always—*to save time.*

We hope you use Fels-Naptha Soap like this. We *know* it's what many other women do in these strenuous times.

IMPORTANT! Today's Fels-Naptha Soap is better than ever. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing wash-day wear and tear.

(*Continued from page* 55) deaf, dumb and blind, especially dumb, but didn't quite dare, not on that, our first date. I waited for the next one," smiled Ty.

"How it was with me," Jack Oakie came in on the beam, "I met Venita the way and the place a movie actor *should* meet his tootsie wootsie—at a dinner party given by a producer! Venita had come to the party with six other guys. I was dancing with Hazel Forbes at the time I first lamped her and, pronto, went on a campaign for an introduction. Finally, someone did the honors. Just as pronto I wanted to take her to dinner the next night. Even more pronto Venita told me she'd have nothing to do with me, she'd heard I drank and, she said, she didn't like drinking men. For a lesser man than Oakie, that would have been that. But it was Oakie operating and so I managed to get her telephone number, never mind how, and called her anywhere from six to sixteen times a day for three weeks, without result or response.

"At long last, as the Dook once said, I got her on the phone, said 'I'll be over for you in fifteen minutes,' and hung up before she could even tell me she already had a date. Well, I don't like to brag n' boast but she hung up the other date and went to the Cocoanut Grove with me where, ostentatiously, I drank so many chocolate ice-cream sodas she was afraid I'd be ill. And so was I. And I was. That was our first date and, with no disrespect to Venita, I don't know which made the deeper impression, her or that soda hangover I got. But as I also got Venita, what's the difference?"

THERE were quite a few of the "when we were a couple of kids" first dates.

"We were both going to the McKinley High School in Marshfield, Wisconsin, when we first met, my wife and I," grinned Dennis Morgan. "I was kind of big shakes on the basketball team at school and that gave me quite an 'in' with most of the girls but not, it seemed, with the one girl I wanted to knock wacky. I'd been watching her for a long time, wanting to make a date with her. But every time I looked at her, she looked the other way. I wasn't wise to feminine wiles in those days and got the idea she liked the view better when I wasn't in it.

"Came the day of the big game. I knew she would be there and I really knocked myself out that day. During a lull on the field, I got up nerve to send her a note, asked her if she'd meet me at the ice-cream parlor afterwards. She sent back one word, 'yes.' Gee, I thought, what've I been waiting for?

"But when I got there, darned if she hadn't brought her little sister along. And what was more, little sister had her homework with her and we spent our first date helping little sister with her lessons. You wouldn't think that date would open any door, now would you?" Dennis laughed.

GIRLS do seem to have a way of including others in just at the moment when, logically, you'd think, they'd include others out. Or maybe it's the come-on? Louis Hayward still doesn't understand why.

"Ida," he said, "was quite young when I asked her for a first date. I was to take her dancing, but when I got to her house and she opened the door, I found she'd assembled quite a party to go along, her mother, her sister and her best friend, Frances Robinson. So there I was with four women on my hands instead of one. I countered by calling my best friend, Felix Tissot, to join us and, since two men cannot very well dance with four women, mathematics being against it, we had a gala evening doing the concessions at the Venice Pier. But love works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, I must say, for it was when Ida clung to me, going through the dark and watery alleys of the Red Mill, that I got the idea I wanted her to cling to me through life."

"I MET Betty at school," Bob Young recollected. "We had our first date when I was fifteen and she was thirteen. In those calf days we were only allowed to go out on Friday and Saturday evenings. So, during class one day, I wrote her a note and asked if I could come to her house on Friday evening. She spelled 'yes' with her fingers, in the deaf-mute language.

"Come Friday evening, I arrived, we turned on the victrola and started to do a little rug-cutting, but literally. Presently her mother came in and, not unreasonably, I am sure, said we were making too much noise and, besides, were wearing out the new carpet. She suggested that we try the kitchen linoleum. Dancing the spots off the kitchen linoleum was, then, our first date. It was, by the way, our first date not only with each other, but with anyone. And Betty is still trying to teach me to dance and doesn't know, she often remarks, that I do any better at Ciro's than I did, in my calf days, on the linoleum!"

One of the most beautiful portraits of Ginger Rogers ever to be published is our November Cover

BOB TAYLOR'S first date with his Barbara was a dancing date, too, or was so intended!

"I asked her to go to the Troc with me," Robert recalled. "I know, now, that she'd heard I was no great shakes as a dancer as, indeed, I *was* not and *am* not. But despite the fact that she must have looked forward to an evening of booms-a-daisies, toe-crushings and other minor casualties, she dreamed herself up in a gorgeous white gown, slippers and all. I sent her flowers and we stepped out, à la mode and de luxe!

"Since it's turned out to be the love-that-led-to-marriage I can now say that both of us were, naturally, doing our darndest to make an impression on the other. So you may imagine her embarrassment when, just as we were getting out of my car at the Troc, the exhaust from the car ahead of us backfired and smudged her lovely white gown from hem to neckline. Meaner than heck though it was of me, I couldn't help feeling a sense of relief that here was the perfect excuse to sit out all the dances plus a fine chance for us to get acquainted. Barbara couldn't, after all, do a black-face on the floor.

"We," said Bob, with a knowledgeable wink, "got acquainted—and stayed that way. As a postcript: I am still no Nijinsky as a dancer and, after years of lessons, Barbara is still trying to teach me to do the rhumba. It's not so much that I don't take to dancing as that I can't get interested in it. 'But you sure sit out a beautiful dance,' Barbara said, not long ago. That's enough for me, let the others jive as they may."

"I MET Ilona, briefly, on the M-G-M lot when we were both under contract there," Alan Curtis reminisced, "but at that time I was still married, though separated from my former wife, Priscilla Lawton, and merely thought Ilona was so breathtakingly beautiful as not to be flesh and blood at all. Then, two years later, we found ourselves on a train bound for a preview at Sun Valley. Between publicity appearances we learned how to ski, took terrific tumbles, had our first date, you might say, up-ended in a snowdrift. And I found that, besides her almost inconceivable beauty, I was impressed with her intelligence, her Continental graciousness, her capacity for making everyone feel friendly and at ease, even on their ends in the snow—and I knew that I was in love with her, all the way, for all time.

"But not until we got back to Hollywood did I tell her. And I told her on the night of our first real date, when I took her to Ciro's one night. I recall that she wore a white dress trimmed with gold and looked just as queenly as she had looked gamin in her ski things. I was so much in love with her we just danced, and danced some more, and held hands, and talked in a language no one on earth but ourselves could have understood, mostly about how, when, how quickly, we could get married . . . our first date contained, besides such beauty as made the world all over for me, my proposal."

GENE RAYMOND, now taking direction from his Uncle Sam, said, "My first date with Jeanette was what you might call a flopperoo. We'd met just once before, at a party, and then I was invited to dinner at her home, which was our first date. Jeanette has since told me that she'd heard I was rather quiet. She rather likes quiet, reserved men so it was certainly not putting my best foot forward when I was so talkative no one else could insert a syllable into my verbal syllabus. What is more, I went to positive lengths to impress her mother. Mrs. MacDonald played up to me and the two of us practically excluded Jeanette from the conversation. When I left, so in love by this time that I was wacky, I turned to *Mrs. MacDonald* and said, 'I'll call you tomorrow!' then to Jeanette I added, carelessly, 'See you soon,' and was gone. Later events have proved that, eventually, I righted myself but that first date can only be described as a dilly!"

THE END

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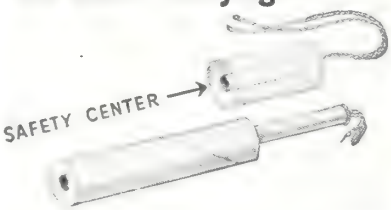

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The Modess Tampon

The Story Behind Lana's Madcap Marriage

(*Continued from page* 32) Punk," but the warmth in his voice when he says it makes you know that is only a disguise for the affection he feels for this girl who owes her career more directly to his belief in her talent than to any one person in Hollywood. "Hollywood started yelling at Lana in the days of her first hit and they've been yelling at her ever since. 'Be dignified,' they yell, 'be quiet.' Don't they know the ones who are big stars are always like that when they're young? I can remember Ginger Rogers when she was the same age. She was the same kind of a kid. Here's Lana today, just twenty-two. She works all day and then they expect her to sit home nights, in a library, I suppose. The kid is nuts for music, nuts for dancing. She's young and she loves a good time. What else did they expect?"

THE first night she ever dated Artie Shaw, she eloped with him. That marriage was bound to collapse as it immediately did. It is significant, though, that during its brief months Lana honestly talked of giving up her career for matrimony exclusively. Tony Martin succeeded in her high-gear affections. Probably if Tony had been a hit and stayed in Hollywood, they, too, would have married. But just about the time Tony joined the Navy, Lana met Tommy Dorsey. His music got her until she met Gene Krupa and fell for his drum beats. Gene thought she was going to marry him but she met Buddy Rich, another drummer boy. They do say that Buddy was so infatuated that he even brought his parents all the way across the country to meet what he thought was his affianced bride. But before Buddy or his parents knew what was happening, Lana was seeing Bob Stack, who plays no musical instruments, can't even croon, but who is a lot of fun, nevertheless. Bob lost out in the competition to that perennial millionaire escort, Howard Hughes. Howard Hughes was still head man—Hollywood thought—until the night of July seventeenth.

Yet with all this, she is calming down and growing up. After Carole Lombard's death, she was all tact and kindness to Gable on that "Somewhere I'll Find You" set. Ordinarily she clowns every minute, plays the record machine in her dressing room eternally, tells jokes by the score. But she was a deliberately subdued Lana those days and Clark appreciated it.

RIGHT now, she is going through the phase that Joan Crawford went through at her age. She is deliberately trying to improve her mind and be highbrow. "I like classical music besides swing," she announces proudly, all unaware that by the very use of the label "classical" she is admitting that such music is new to her. She is seriously taking up painting, oil painting, no less, and while her efforts in this field are as yet very amateurish they are nonetheless sincere. She had taken a demure house in the most collegiate section of Los Angeles, the so-called Westwood Village, and was living there with her mother.

Lana has now turned this house over to her mother for her exclusive residence and for the present she and Steve have taken a small Beverly Hills apartment.

Meanwhile, you undoubtedly are wondering what about Stephen Crane, where he came from, where Lana met him and how long all this has been going on.

Cake cutting ceremonies for the newly married Stephen Cranes have an interested spectator in Linda Darnell, one of the few people in the know about Lana's and Steve's wedding plans

So far, Hollywood doesn't know much about the fellow, except that he is handsome, very likable and ambitious. He came to Glamour Corners about six months ago, trying to break into movies. At that time, he explained that his home town was Crawfordsville, Indiana, and that his father was a wealthy Indiana tobacco magnate. A few unkind souls have since made cracks to the effect that Steve's only relationship to tobacco is via packs of cigarettes, but be that as it may, he seems to have much money. Certain it is that he was graduated from Butler University in 1936, that he worked for a time on both the New York and Chicago stock exchanges, and that, like Lana, this is his second marriage. He was divorced from an Indianapolis society beauty, Carol Kurtz Crane, two years ago. He is just twenty-seven years old.

He and Lana first met a year ago at the Beverly Hills Hotel, being introduced to each other by Sammy Weiss, the song writer. They kept on meeting at parties after that for the next four months, until the time came when Metro clamped down on Lana's going out so much. It was then that Steve asked Lana if he might call on her at home and it was then that he first met her mother, who liked him on sight.

AFTER that, things began really to speed up. Steve, who is now a junior executive with a Los Angeles beverage company, told Lana he wanted his parents to come West so that they could meet her. Then one night in June he formally proposed to her.

They intended to make it a formal wedding, late in July, but to keep the papers from learning their secret, they ordered their wedding rings made with the names left blank in the engravings. Steve's to Lana said "To ——— with all my love"; hers to him said, "To ——— I'll always be yours."

They began moving the wedding date forward, from the thirty-first of July to the twenty-first, from that Monday back to Saturday, from Saturday to their elopement on Thursday midnight.

They decided so late to fly to Las Vegas that they almost missed the plane. It was already taxi-ing across the airfield when they arrived, but stopped and came back for them. They were so excited they couldn't talk, so jittery that they couldn't even hold a cup of coffee still long enough to drink it. On the morning that they came back to Hollywood, Lana felt very fine and bridal, cooking Steve's breakfast in the small apartment they have taken in keeping with his salary rather than hers.

Late that afternoon of their first day of marriage, Lana took their wedding rings down to have the names inserted and at the same time bought Steve a very beautiful watch. She had it engraved, too, very simply. "To Steve, forever, Lana," it says.

Maybe it will be. Maybe the unpredictable Miss Turner will make up her wild, young mind and stick to her decisions.

But whatever happens I am willing to bet that ten years from now—even five years from now—she will be up there on the night of the Academy Award dinner holding an Oscar in her lovely hands, looking as dignified as all get-out and concealing with magnificent art the devilish light that will still be sparkling in her provocative eyes.

You might even bet that Stephen Crane will be at the dinner applauding with the rest.

THE END

Are you *sure* of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

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The movie colony has had an unusual opportunity to see and appreciate how fine a job the USO is doing for our men in the army and navy—through USO clubhouses, camp shows and many other services that make the life of service men easier and brighter.

Because we know this and believe in it so strongly, all of us in Hollywood are giving everything we can to support this great undertaking.

Won't you join us? Whatever you can give will help.

Bette Davis

Send your contribution to your local USO chairman or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

Who Said Women Aren't Men's Equals?

(*Continued from page* 39) European want to marry an American girl? Because the American girl has everything She has a sense of humor; she's alive awake and aware.

"Anyway, the argument that women wouldn't have stepped out of their boudoirs if they hadn't been spoiled by men is silly. More men have been spoiled by women than women by men

"Mothers, more than wives, spoil men. A boy grows up as the male in a household. He gets the education, the opportunities. All the giving goes to the boy.

"Then, boom, he falls in love and marries; and his wife takes over. Sometimes she has quite a job! Of course, if a woman's smart, she begins re-educating her man during the courtship stage.

"A woman who has stuck strictly to the parlor, wouldn't be able to handle these spoiled men properly—and I must admit, much as I love men, that the great majority of them are spoiled by doting mothers.

"Women are able to do everything. They have always been. But like everything else, women follow the law of supply and demand. When the demand changed, women changed.

"Why talk about what women didn't achieve in the days when they weren't allowed out of the house and weren't allowed to study? If a woman of even the past generation had a grammar-school education and could sew beautifully, she was considered fit. Fit for what? To be a wife and mother! What else did a woman have to be?

"And then suddenly the world was shaken by the first World War. Women whom men had previously thought of as helpless turned out to be as sturdy as stevedores, as capable of doing all kinds of work outside the home as men who had been trained for years.

"Women helpless? They proved during the last war, they are proving again during this war how far they are from being silly, coy, childish creatures. Ask the men who run the war plants. Ask the men who manage the airplane factories. The man behind the man behind the gun is often a woman!"

"In any crisis men need women far more than women need men. In a crisis such as war, women have always been equal to the tasks that men wanted them to perform. Some women have stepped ahead of the procession, and performed feats that men didn't dream they could do.

"It would be superfluous to list all the great women. Everyone knows that there have been women like Elizabeth of England and Catherine the Great of Russia and Joan of Arc and Clara Barton and Florence Nightingale. But here is one name I should like to mention.

"We have Elizabeth Kenny. For years the doctors have been trying to lick infantile paralysis. So who licks it? A man? No, Elizabeth Kenny does.

"The men just couldn't believe that a woman had discovered a successful treatment for infantile paralysis, when they themselves had failed. Now her methods are considered the best by the Medical Association. She is going to be decorated by the President. Maybe she should have stuck to the parlor. But you can't blame the thousands of victims of infantile paralysis for feeling otherwise."

There Rosalind Russell rested the case for the women.

THE END

Continued from page 51) he came on to nd out why and luckily enough began is career of losing Ginger Rogers in ix straight films, mainly to Ronald Colıan, much to his mother's disgust. "Why ıould Colman win her from a big strong oy like you?" she'd demand. The family, ou see, have become reconciled to Jack, ıe actor.

He met his wife when she appeared on is radio show as a singer. He rehearsed ıree nights a week and all day Sunday the radio station and made movies very day on the side, as it were. He ears a wedding ring on his finger, eats ery lightly, especially at lunch, and has ıanaged to take off forty pounds over period of two or three years.

He likes to argue, keeps his private life part from his work, thinks Madame chumann-Heink the warmest, kindest erson he ever met, liked his roles in The Strawberry Blonde," "Arsenic And ld Lace," "The Hard Way" and "Geneman Jim." In the high stiff collars and ght suits epics he's a riot.

He could be an Elk, a potentate of any hrine, a Kiwanis or member of a Bet- r Business Bureau, he's that natural, eal and—yes, by gum—American. Anyay, a little kid he used to play with p in Milwaukee thinks so. Only he's rown up now and is known as Dennis Morgan.

mall, Fair and Wonderful:

Irene Manning played *Fay Templeton* "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and leaped to instant movie prominence. Her voice, er twinkly eyes, her fine figure, her fair in and hair have marked her for movies' wn. There's no escaping it this time. We say *this time*, because Warners tried to sign Irene five years ago when they first thought of "The Desert Song." But the tests took too much time and Irene walked out to keep appointments in New York.

You will know, of course, the studio finally got over its mad-on at Irene when we tell you she is now making "The Desert Song" five years later and has a grand part in "The Big Shot" to start her on her way.

Irene was born in Cincinnati, the home town of Tyrone Power and the Reds. We mean the baseball Reds, naturally. But her real-estate father moved his family of two girls and two boys to Los Angeles soon after his wife's death and Irene, with her great urge to sing, grew up near movie city. But always her mind and heart were on her voice and after high school she graduated from the Eastman School of Music—and with grades that would make your hair curl, don't forget that.

Then came road tours, with Irene singing opposite such favorites as John Charles Thomas, Mario Chamlee and Paul Althouse of the Metropolitan. Road companies of "The Great Waltz," "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Gypsy Baron" and "The Chocolate Soldier" took her all over this fair and wonderful land of ours.

Radio, a job as church soloist and night-club entertaining in the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel have all been a part of her road up.

It was while she was appearing not so long ago in light opera in Los Angeles opposite John Charles Thomas that Warners decided that although they still were a mite peeved at Irene, they had to have her. They couldn't have done better.

She's the only girl we know who can wear her hair up, set an enormous hat squarely on her head and look utterly charming. While she looks delectable, believe us no truck driver could eat a bigger lunch of everything from steak to apple pie than Irene. What's more, she stays a measly 112 pounds. Good, healthful, nourishing food, sunshine and exercise are her beauty secrets.

She's married to Het Manheim, former head of a studio publicity department and now of Uncle Sam's forces, and happily so.

She is taking Spanish lessons preparatory to a South American tour (they'll go wild over her fairness) and in between her singing lessons and moving-picture work, she studies dancing, too. She's a busy little bee, this Irene, isn't she?

The sugar rationing frets her not a whit. She learned from John Charles Thomas to take honey in her tea and coffee. Good for the throat or something. Now she likes it and wouldn't have sugar if you coaxed her. We could, of course, say something about a honey using honey, but we won't. Not with the black looks you might send in through the mail.

Small, Terrific and Corn-Fed:

"Can she bake a cherry pie,
Billy boy, Billy boy?"

Yep, she can bake a cherry pie, she can preserve berries, cook for thrashers, milk a cow, plant a field and melt any number of male hearts on the side. Donna Reed, M-G-M's dark-eyed, dark-haired lovely, is the only genuine R.F.D.

When big hits get together

RAY BOLGER, CONSTANCE MOORE, BENAY VENUTA and RONALD GRAHAM—four bright stars in "By Jupiter" playing at the Shubert Theatre in New York City.

★ ★ ★ ★

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MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES

No. 1 beauty in the business, despite all those publicity pictures you've seen of other so-called farm girls. What's more, Donna's heard all about traveling salesmen (in Hollywood they call them wolves) but she has her own method of dealing with same. It consists of living at the Studio Club for Girls, the doors of which close at an early hour against late callers and male escorts.

She began where most people leave off —as a twice-crowned queen. At Denison, Iowa, Donna was crowned queen of the high school. Two years later, after she'd thrown her baggage into an old car and headed for an aunt and Los Angeles City College she again found herself queen of the campus. The morning after, her picture appeared in all local papers and Donna was besieged with phone calls from studios. But did she accept? She did not. She stayed on, graduated the following February and then took a month's extra work to brush up on diction and dramatics. You see, up until the offers poured in, Donna had concentrated on a secretarial course; but now things were different. When she felt ready for a try, she notified M-G-M who gladly gave her a test with Van Heflin, also a newcomer. Both were signed for the same picture "The Get-Away," but it wasn't until Donna made "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy" that she began to attract attention. Since then she's made "Shadow Of The Thin Man," "The Bugle Sounds," "Mokey" and "Random Harvest." She's always on the alert for new stories, talking to the publicity boys and directors about roles. She'll get ahead, that one.

Donna was born not Reed, but Mullenger, on an Iowa farm seven miles from Denison. Her early duties were to look after her younger brother Keith and her two younger sisters Lavonne and Billie. Of course, there was lots of time in between to ride her pony and snitch rides on hay wagons. As Donna grew older she helped in the kitchen when the thrashers came, helped in the orchards and berry vineyards and aided her ma with the great fluffy loaves of home-made bread. During the really bad weather Donna stayed in town with her grandmother and went to the town high school. Up until then Donna had attended eight grades in a little one-room country schoolhouse. Trips to town on Saturday nights were wonderful events in those days, with maybe a picture show thrown in. Always Donna dreamed of the day she'd be an efficient and clever private secretary in some busy city. Movies, of course, were just too beyond anything in this world even to mention in a whisper.

Back in Denison special seats are always reserved at all Donna's movies for the Mullenger family, who attend en masse, pleased as punch. Every week a telephone call keeps Donna in touch with the family she's about to see and visit with for the first time in over two years.

She still talks of her first and only real beau, Jack Naw, now a flyer for Uncle Sam. When the war is over Jack Naw may be remembering the little brown-haired girl who ran over the acres of her father's farm. From R.F.D. No. 1, Iowa, to Ronald Colman and Greer Garson is a long cry. But this is America where Cinderellas ride pumpkin coaches every day.

Big Blond Bombshell:

Leif (pronounced Life) Erikson makes a great big noise; boom-boom, raz-a-matazz. Like a young tornado he roars into one's life, whirls and churns like fury and then exits with lean-tos, cowsheds, pig stys and whatever happens to be twirlable, gyrating about his tremendous being. His 6 feet 4 inches of height, his wild and uncombed blond hair that stands up like a fright wig, his simply awful plaid wool shirts, his bright blue eyes are something to behold. Movies somehow fail to catch the roar and thunder of his personality.

He used to be married to Frances Farmer. That was back in his "political convictions" days. He doesn't have convictions any more, however. He doesn't have Frances, either, as far as that goes. In fact, he's got himself a new bride, Margaret Hayes, who used to be engaged to Jeffrey Lynn. And there's the calm before the storm for you.

He met Margaret, almost a stranger to him, at a theater in Hollywood. For some reason, he imagined her name was Emerson and tried all over town next day to reach her. Meanwhile, she tried and did get him by phone. Whoowie, did those pieces of dynamite connect! What a romance, with Leif getting his divorce in Reno, because Frances was busy, and then riding all the way back from the Nevada wedding on a motorcycle beside the new bride, who drove the station wagon.

He was born in California and attended military school and later Beverly Hills High, until one day he up and quit. "Okay," Dad said, "it's school or you're on your own." So our hero went to work ushering in local theaters, was doorman at one, sang bass in a midnight mission, harvested wheat in the grain fields of Texas, came back and acted as houseboy in exchange for lessons with a noted Hollywood singing teacher. Leif, in white coat, would open the door for Joan Crawford and other famous pupils, then rush around through another door and pretend to be a new pupil practicing like mad and then come back and admit the visitor. All this for effect, you understand.

One night in a Hollywood night club Leif got to feeling good and began to sing. Ted Fio Rito heard him and offered him a job as soloist with his band. Leif stayed a year and then tried out for a role in the Max Reinhardt production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" that started Olivia de Havilland on her way. He got the part and when the company finished its road tour, Leif joined the comedy team of Olsen and Johnson, tooting a bass horn or some loud brassy thing in people's ears as he paraded up and down theater aisles.

It was then an executive of Paramount, prowling through a drawer, came upon a photograph he mistook for Erikson. A wire had Leif on the next train for Hollywood and he'd almost finished his first picture and already signed a contract before the executive discovered his mistake. It was too late then.

Four successful years on the New York stage happily interrupted a movie career that was bad and growing worse. His career will be once again interrupted when the actor leaves to join the Navy Reserve as a photographer. Collecting motorcycles, which he rides like a wild man, is his hobby as well as photography. He liked best his roles in "H. M. Pulham, Esq." and "Eagle Squadron." His latest are "Pardon My Sarong," "Are Husbands Necessary?," "Arabian Nights" and "House Of Mystery," which he loves because he plays a sex maniac. Well, for heaven's sake!

And, oh yes, his real name is Bill Anderson.

THE END

Let's talk about Kisses

Mature technique, matched up to Latin Mapy Cortes in "Sweet Or Hot"

EVER think about the different types of kisses delivered by different stars on the screen? For instance, there's the "blitz" kiss that belongs strictly to Clark Gable. It's a sudden swift onslaught like a tank division in action.

The deliberate advance that led to decisive masterfulness belonged, of course, only to Valentino; a trick that placed him in a special niche in feminine hearts. Ask Mama about him, someday. His present-day runner-up is the fabulous Vic Mature who hypnotizes his victim with those smoky eyes, then moves in for the kill.

There's the I'm-a-patient-man-but this-is-it-sister kiss that belongs to Spencer Tracy; and there's the quiet, gentle kiss of English Ronald Colman; and the longer-it's-postponed-the-better-it-will-be kiss of Boyer.

The "grab" kiss typifies Cagney to a "t." It's grab and kiss as far as Jimmy is concerned and no preliminaries about it.

With Tyrone Power it's the thoughtful-procedure kiss and with Bob Hope it's the I'm-only-doing-this-for-the-laughs kiss.

This-can't-be-happening-to-me is revealed in every kiss delivered by Gary Cooper. Watch it carefully and you'll discover this fact to be true.

What really brought on all this retrospection is the fact we've just been informed Mickey Rooney received what is termed the "psychological kiss" from Esther Williams in "Andy Hardy's Last Fling." Esther slips up to Mickey while he's asleep, plants a kiss on his lips and then watches his psychological reactions. Might try it with the boy friend, girls!

If you like Rachel, you'll LOVE this New Rachel!

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

Fragile and Creamy as exquisite bridal lace . . . Pond's new Dreamflower "Rachel" powder is deftly keyed to your most exotic skin tones—the rich, luscious *ivory* tones. As you smooth it on, you'll see Dreamflower "Rachel" lend your skin a look of mysterious new beauty—delicate . . . creamy-clear . . . tender . . .

New Dreamflower Smoothness gives your face a dreamy "misty-soft" appeal—

"Pond's Dreamflower Rachel is the loveliest, creamiest rachel I've ever tried! It makes my skin look *different*, somehow—richer in tone, more dramatic—even *softer!*"
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Enchanting New Dreamflower Box—big dressing table size—only 49¢! Two smaller sizes, also. 6 shades—each *lovely!*

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Pond's "LIPS"—*stays on longer!*

5 gorgeous Stagline Shades. Wear Pond's "Lips" with new matching Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge).

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The past is behind us. The future is not yet here. We live in the present. Now Is The Time For Love. That was the great heartbreaking lesson that Bert and Monica had to learn. A lesson in life, more important than a diploma in high school, more impressive than a college degree. For it was a lesson in love, a lesson for every girl, every young man, every married couple, a lesson for everybody.

It has tears and sighs, kisses and promises, and a many colored rainbow. It's your lesson and my lesson. Now Is The Time For Love — a book length true novel, complete in the big new October True Story magazine — out now.

GROWING PAINS ALIAS "ROMANCE"!

"I'm 18 and I'm gonna take out *real* girls," Bud boasted! But what happened to his new-found confidence when he dated the town vamp — with a handful of restless soldiers on their trail? Read "Sweet Sorrow", a grand story of a boy who fell out of love with a thud!

RICH MAN—POOR MAN

Jeannie was looking for a prince with a golden chariot. Yet Tom's six-feet of plain goodness, millions of freckles and rough, red curly hair almost made her forget . . . until a flashing convertible coupe stopped beside her one day . . . Here is a girl, a boy and a dream man you'll never forget. Don't miss "*Rich Man — Poor Man*".

Wedding Rehearsal—You Are My Wife—Kisses That Claimed Me — In the Language of Sweethearts — All glorious stories of romance for dozens of delightful reading hours!

True Story

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(*Continued from page* 46) Too bad. The girl in the plane turned with a dry catch in her throat to the window. For the rest of her life would Albert's eyes haunt her as he'd said, "Why, sure, honey, you go ahead. I'll pick up the old act with Paul." She'd seen him off on the train and cried at the unhappiness in his face when he said, "I'll send for you as soon as your show closes." Like a man making a date to follow his date with the electric chair.

But it passed with the excitement and thrill of her first Broadway show. Rehearsals, which she had loved. Her irritation when Helen had insisted that she learn Lily Emery's songs and dances as well as her own chorus work. Her delight when Shagrue had told her that he had dismissed Lily from the cast and was going to feature her in Lily's place and her gratitude to Helen for having suggested that she rehearse Lily's role. Opening night and her realization that she and not the star was the hit of the show and the party in Shagrue's apartment after the performance. It was at the party that Helen had said, "Shagrue has promised me that he will star you in his next production." The party, the promise, everything came back to her mind now as clearly as though it had just happened, but with it came a bewildered fear that perhaps she had been selfish in wanting a career separate from Albert's.

He had hated the separation and the loneliness, had wanted her with him. The last time she had seen him he had asked her to leave the show so they could be together again. She had been annoyed by the realization that he was so jealous of her success that he wanted her to give it up, and she had refused. But then, he had been drinking that night. He wouldn't have been so unreasonable about her career or Helen, either, if he had been sober. She remembered how he had said, "It's Helen who's keeping us apart. She wants to separate us for good." Angrily she had sent him back to Paul and they had never had a chance to make up. Now she wondered whether they ever could have picked up the pieces of their lives and put them together again. If only their last meeting hadn't been a quarrel!

As the plane landed, Paul was waiting for them at the airport. His coat collar was turned up against the wind and he was bareheaded. Though his hair was just as dark as ever, his face as deeply bronzed, there was something about him which was strange to her, and all at once she realized what it was. He was grieving for Albert, who had been his best friend, and she had never before seen the cocksure Paul unhappy. But the familiar cynical mask returned as he came toward them.

"Hello, Katie. Hello, Helen," he said quietly and led them to a car that was parked near by.

They drove straight to the cemetery and during the ride she found herself wondering if Paul was glad to see her or if he had met the plane only out of a sense of obligation to Albert. She couldn't tell, but then she'd never known just where she stood with Paul. Sometimes he seemed to dislike her as much as he disliked Helen, but yet there had seemed at times to be flashes of friendship between them. But not once had she been able to get past his armor of cynicism to find out what the man inside was like.

During the short burial service she could feel his eyes on her. Were they accusing or pitying her? When it was over he walked with them to the car that was waiting to take them back to the airport. His conversation was studiedly impersonal, obviously devised to fill an uncomfortable gap. Not until he was helping them into the car did he turn to Helen and say, "We found Albert in the dressing room. There was a picture of Katie on the table and the victrola was still playing one of her records from the new show."

Some warning note sounded inside her while he was speaking, but before she could brace herself for his next words he said, "The world is full of murder."

Murder! She could feel the word squeezing her heart and brain until they were empty of everything except awareness of that dreadful charge. Paul felt she had murdered Albert! In vain she tried to tear her eyes away from his. Helen screamed, "Stop it, Paul!" and banged the door shut as they drove away, leaving him there.

But not leaving those eyes or their accusations. They followed her to New York; haunted her day and night. Paul hadn't meant to be so brutal, she told herself; he'd just been so upset by Albert's death that he hadn't realized what he was saying.

But somehow it didn't help much.

Her work began to suffer. She began to go up in her lines. One night she fumbled so badly that after the performance Shagrue reprimanded her sharply.

"What's the matter with you, Katie?" Helen asked when they got back to their apartment that night. "You're slipping."

"I know it, Helen," she answered dully. "I'm sorry." She stood looking out of the window, wondering if she dared suggest the idea that had been forming in her mind, and at last she said, "I want to leave the show, Helen. Give up my career."

"Give it up?" Helen said incredulously. "And go back to wearing made-over rayon dresses, I suppose," she went on in cold anger. "We haven't saved money enough for you to retire on, you know. Music and dancing lessons, clothes, this apartment—they've taken a lot of what you have made. Had you thought about that?"

"I'm so tired, Helen," she said in desperation. "You don't know how tired."

"I do know, Katie," Helen said in a sudden rush of sympathy. "But I can't let you throw everything away. Try to stick it out until the end of the show and then we'll see what we can do. Shagrue has commissioned Laura Bithorn, the best dramatist in town, to write a play especially for you," Helen continued more sharply. "It's all ready to go into rehearsal as soon as this one closes, but he won't take a chance on starring you again if you don't pull yourself together."

"But I don't want to go into another play, Helen," she said wearily. "I told you I wanted to get out of the theater as soon as this one is over."

"Well, you're not going to," Helen said flatly. "I've made too many sacrifices for you to have you throw everything away now."

Suddenly Katie felt as though the chains of the world were weighing down her arms and legs. Without the strength to protest further she dragged through the remaining performances, each one a little worse than the preceding one, and finally the closing night came.

Saturday night—
but NO DATE for Ellen

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?" cried Ellen as she gazed into her mirror. "Why don't the boys *ever* date me?" Just then Joan walked in. Joan, Ellen's best friend, worked in a beauty shop.

"Nothing's the matter with *you,*" Joan said. "It's your *hair!* It's dull and mousy-looking. Men go for girls whose hair is full of sparkle and highlights. Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled at the difference it will make in your hair." That very night Ellen used Colorinse and listen to what she told Joan—

"I NEVER THOUGHT my hair *could* look so lovely. Colorinse has given it a warmer, richer tone—filled it with highlights that catch the light and sparkle every time I turn my head. And now my hair's so much softer and silkier—easier to manage, too."

PLENTY OF DATES NOW! For Ellen's learned that *one guide to glamour* is hair made lovelier by Nestle Colorinse.

P. S. Take a tip from Ellen. Use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.

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"Why can't my friends and the calendar get *together!*"

SO it's happened again, young lady? The invitation says " . . . a week-end with us in the country." And all *you* can see is three bad days—three days of functional periodic pain, of headache, cramps and dull inaction.

But don't blame your friends and the calendar for not getting together. Just blame yourself, for never trying Midol!

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You, too, should discover fast and welcome comfort in Midol, if you have no organic disorder needing special medical or surgical care. Try it. Put confidence in it. Midol contains no opiates. Of its three active ingredients, one relieves headache and muscular suffering, one is mildly stimulating, and the third—*exclusive* in Midol—acts directly against spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

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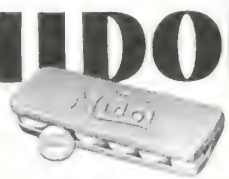

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

It was no surprise to Katie when Shagrue telephoned the next day and said that he had decided not to star her in the Bithorn play, and she didn't care. Not so Helen. She wasn't even interested when Helen called Laura Bithorn and asked her to have dinner with them that night, and she went with Helen to meet Laura only because she was so tired that it was easier to do that than to argue.

And that night Katie met Paul again. She was in a cocktail lounge with Laura and Helen. She heard Helen say vehemently, "Laura, I want to produce that play of yours. You wrote it for Katie and Shagrue is all wrong in thinking that she can't do it. She can, and I won't let him produce it with somebody else in the lead." And then, before Laura could reply, she saw Paul walking across the floor toward them.

At first she didn't dare meet his eyes, afraid of what she would see in them, but when he said, "Ah, the Angel of Death," she felt at ease. That was his old name for Helen and if he was going to spar with Helen he probably wouldn't bother with her. She was even able to smile inwardly at the startled way Laura opened her eyes and at Helen's baffled fury when she said, "Miss Bithorn and I are talking business," and Paul retorted, "Then it's lucky for Miss Bithorn that I came along to throw a monkey wrench into the works." It was that, she knew, that made Helen afraid he might really say something that would spoil her plans. And she knew Helen was afraid, for nothing else would have made her control her temper and say, "Katie, why don't you and Paul go over to the bar and have a cocktail?"

SHE found herself thinking, as they walked across to the bar, that it was the first time they had ever been alone together. After he had ordered cocktails, he turned toward her and for the first time she looked straight into his eyes. They weren't as she had feared they might be. Maybe he had forgotten that he had once accused her of murder.

Her tense nerves relaxed and when he began to talk she thought they might have been any two casual friends, meeting after a long separation. He told her he'd left vaudeville and started his own orchestra and that they were leaving the next day to play for a few weeks at the Cape Cod Hotel. "It will be a relief to get out of New York for a while," he said.

She smiled, thinking how wonderful it would be if she too could find relief on a quiet New England shore. Then she heard him say, "I've always thought I'd run into you like this someday."

"Why did you wait for that?" she asked. "You could have dropped in backstage or telephoned." He picked up his glass and looked at it thoughtfully. Her nerves tensed again. "Why didn't you?" she said challengingly.

"Maybe because I don't go looking for trouble," he said slowly.

So that was it. He thought she meant trouble, just as he'd thought she meant trouble for Albert. She'd been foolish to think he might have forgotten that. Strange that she didn't resent what he thought of her, that she could sit there, knowing what he was thinking of her, and feel no anger, but only dumb despair.

"This isn't a very sparkling conversation, is it?" he said abruptly. "Your regular beaus are probably much gayer."

"I haven't seen a man I've been interested in for over a year," she answered wearily. "I'm so tired all the time that I'm not interested in anything."

"I'm sorry, Katie." For a moment she thought the sympathy in his voice was real and then, with the cynicism she remembered so well, he said, "Poor little star. Penthouses and jewels and furs—and all she wants is to get away from it all."

She slid slowly off the tall bar stool. "I suppose I had that coming to me, Paul," she said, "but that doesn't keep it from hurting."

"Wait a minute." He caught her arm and she could feel strength and peace beating in his pulse so near her own. "I am sorry, Katie. Really sorry." They stood for a moment, close, and aware of each other as they had never been before. Then he said lightly, "Shall we call a truce and have dinner together?"

The invitation surprised her, but what was more startling was her own realization that she wanted to accept. "I'd love to, Paul," she said.

THEY had dinner at a restaurant near the waterfront where the decorations were terrible and the food delicious and when they finished they walked slowly along the docks with the June night warm against their faces. She felt peace stealing over her as it had when his hand was on her arm, so that she was content just to be at his side, with hardly a word between them. But as they walked a question formed itself in her mind and at last she had to say, "You thought I murdered Albert, Paul. Do you still think so?"

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "I wish I did know. I don't think so at the moment, but I've always been so mixed up about you—" he stopped and then said as though the words hurt him—"The first time I saw you, there in the ice-cream parlor, I thought you were wonderful. I wanted to run across the room and grab you."

Her pulse hammered in her throat, choking her, and her heart cried, "Oh, Paul, Paul! If only you had done that!" If only it had been Paul. Through the numbing misery of awareness of what it would have meant had Paul and not Albert walked toward her that night she heard him say:

"I didn't want to be tied down. Didn't want to fall in love. And by the time I found out that those were the very things I did want, you and Albert were married. I still thought you were wonderful, but, later on, when you wanted a career of your own, I didn't know what to think."

She waited, half-sick with longing to hear what he would say next, and when he said nothing at all she whispered, "I could still be that girl in the ice-cream parlor, Paul." In the darkness she could feel his arms moving toward her, then the violence with which he pulled them away.

"No, you couldn't!" he said harshly. "It's too late for that, even if you wanted to."

She wanted to scream at him, to tell him that that wasn't true. But she knew there was no way she could make him understand that now. His bitterness was like an armor and she knew no words that would penetrate it.

They didn't talk on the way to her apartment, then he said, "Good night, Katie. Maybe we'll meet in another year or so," and the cruel casualness of that was like a whip cutting across her face.

"Good night, Paul," she said quietly. She watched him until he was out of sight, but she couldn't see him very clearly through her tears.

Helen was pacing the floor with long, angry strides that made her

ıeavy satin housecoat stand out stiffly ıround her. Katie had expected Helen o be angry, but when Helen screamed, 'How dare you disappear with Paul?" he anger seemed so out of proportion o what had caused it that for the first ime it had no effect. She started toward ıer own room, without answering, but Helen caught her arm and said in that ame shrill voice, "You listen to me. 've sacrificed everything for you and I von't have you throw it all away on 'aul. I forbid you to see him again!"

Suddenly Katie's self-control vanished. 'orbidden to see Paul, who didn't care vhether he ever saw her again or not! She began to laugh at the irony of that, ıeard her laughter turn into long shudıering sobs that she couldn't control, hen she laughed more hysterically than ver when she saw Helen's face change wiftly from anger to fright and heard ıer say, "I'm sorry, Katie. I didn't mean o lose my temper. I didn't realize how ıervous and upset you are." She quieted lown at last and let Helen put her to bed, istening apathetically to Helen's running tream of apologies. But when Helen said, I think you ought to go away for a while, omewhere quiet so you can rest," she ıegan to work out a plan.

She thought back over the last few hyserical moments, trying to remember vhether she had said anything about 'aul's going to Cape Cod. She didn't hink she had, but to be on the safe ide she made her voice sound comıletely listless when she said, "Maybe 'ou're right, Helen. Maybe I'll go to 'ape Cod."

She left for Cape Cod two days later.)n the train she began to be afraid that ıe might send her away again—and he vas, she knew now, the one man she vanted to be with every moment of her ife.

He was on the beach when she first aw him. Quietly she watched him for moment, seeing as if for the first time he strength of his broad shoulders and he dark crisp hair, wanting and yet earing to call him. For he had to know, s soon as he turned and saw her, why he was there. He had to understand, vithout any words from her, that she ıad come because she loved him and ıecause she had put out of her life forver ambition and success and everyhing that stood between them.

"Please make him understand," she ɔrayed. Then she said, "Paul."

He turned around then and she saw he startled surprise in his face, saw t give place to radiance; and then she vas in his arms.

THE days that followed were the most perfect she had ever known. All of he past with its mistakes and misery ıad been wiped out and nothing had any neaning except the fact that she was vith Paul. He taught her to swim and o sail a boat and these were wonderful ıot only because of the fun of doing hem together, but because she would alvays have in her memory the picture of ıis bronzed face against a white sail or aughing at her from the waves. Most vonderful of all, though, were the monents when they talked and planned bout the future. "We'll have a white ıouse with a lawn and a garden," he said ıne day. "Are you sure you want that? Sure you wouldn't rather have your areer instead?"

She laughed in utter contentment. "I vas never surer of anything in my life," he answered. "I never want to see or hear f a career again."

In her happiness she had put off writing o tell Helen that she was going to marry

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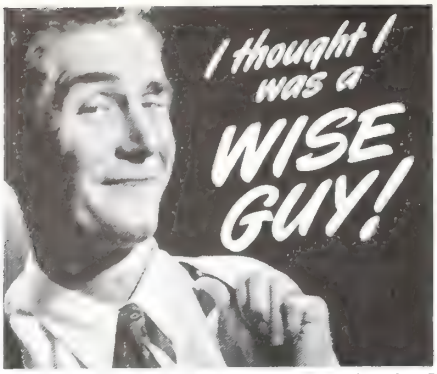

LIKE A LOT of other fellows, I used to take what I thought was a "he-man's" laxative. And, boy, what awful punishment I'd take with it. The stuff tasted terrible — and acted worse. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I SWITCHED to another brand. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded *that* so much if it had done me any good. Trouble was I didn't get the proper relief. It was just *too mild!*

FINALLY, A FRIEND suggested Ex-Lax!..."It's so easy to take," he said. "Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate and it works like a charm!" . . . Well, I tried it and I knew right away that I'd found *MY* laxative. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

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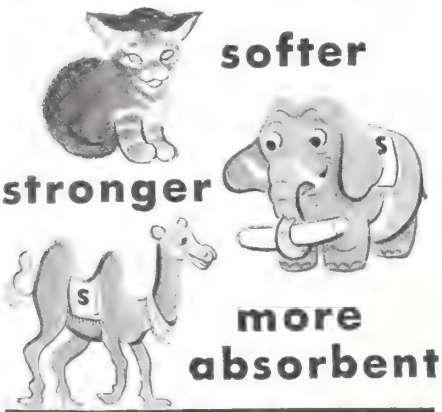

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Paul, and so it was that one day a tight-lipped Helen arrived unexpectedly. She held her temper in check, though, until she and Katie were alone, then she said peremptorily, "Go pack your bags. You're going back to New York with me this afternoon."

Katie shook her head. "Not this afternoon or any other time, Helen," she said distinctly. "I'm going to marry Paul. I'm leaving the theater." She sat quietly after that, marveling that Paul's love had given her the strength to listen to the recriminations and arguments that were pouring from Helen's lips and know that none of them was important. At last Helen's fury subsided into defeat.

"All right, Katie," Helen said. "Marry Paul if you like. But wait for just one more play. Laura Bithorn is letting me produce the play she wrote for you. If you will do that, we'll make enough for you to retire on, as you want to. But if you fail me we'll lose everything, because I've put every cent we have into it. Please, Katie, don't fail me now. I need you."

Katie knew then what she would have to do. She got up and started toward the door. "All right, Helen," she said wearily. "I'll do it. I promise you. But it's the last play I'll ever be in."

She found Paul on the beach and with his arms around her, it was easier to tell him why she must do this thing. "I know you don't like Helen," she said. "But she has made sacrifices for me and I can't let her down now. You understand, don't you?"

He kissed her very gently. "I understand, Katie," he said.

That afternoon, she went back to New York with Helen. As soon as she reached her apartment she put in a long-distance call for him, but when the connection was made she was told that Paul had turned the orchestra over to his assistant and left the hotel and that he had not left a forwarding address. She smiled happily. He must have returned to New York to be near her. He would probably phone her in a little while.

But he didn't call, that day or the next.

SHE began rehearsals for the new show and went through them doggedly, growing more frantic as days went into weeks and she neither heard from Paul nor could find any trace of him. Realizing that he had been hurt by her leaving him she knew that somehow she must find him and clear up the misunderstanding. Only this determination and the fact that she had given her promise to Helen carried her through rehearsals.

On opening night when they were sitting in her dressing room waiting for the curtain call she said to Helen, "I promised you I'd go through with this play, Helen, and I will. But as soon as it's over I'm going to find Paul and when I do nothing will ever separate us again." She picked up a powder puff and leaned closer to the mirror trying to concentrate but seeing only Paul's face before her.

There was a knock on the door, but it wasn't until she heard Helen say furiously, "How did you get in here?" that she looked up. Paul was standing inside the door.

"Why shouldn't I be here?" he retorted and even though she knew the answer was for Helen and not for her its contempt cut into her. "Isn't the whole world supposed to honor the new producer tonight?" She tried to call to him, to stop the dreadful savagery in his voice, but she couldn't utter a sound. "Helen Chernen, Broadway's newest producer," he went on relentlessly. "She's got just what she's always wanted. She's come all the way from Greenhill to Broadway, walking over everybody who ever stood in her way!"

"Paul!" She got his name out at last. He turned on her then and she felt the full fury of his scorn. "You're just as bad as she is," he shouted. "You knew what she was doing, knew she wanted power for herself and that she was using you and your career to get it. And you didn't try to stop her. You didn't care what she was doing, because you were getting what you wanted out of it, too!"

His words beat on her with all the savagery of physical blows, sickening her with their meaning. "Stop, Paul," she begged, "you've got to listen!" She caught at him frantically, clinging to him and using her body as a weight to anchor him so he would have to listen. "I can't let you go," she cried. "I need you, Paul. I love you! You can't go!"

"That's where you're wrong," he said, and his sudden quietness was more terrible to her than his anger. "I can go. I won't stay and let you destroy me as you destroyed Albert." He pushed her hands away and walked out of the room and she had no strength to stop him.

She stood where he had left her, unaware of Helen's anxious, "Are you all right, Katie?" Some part of her, automatic and well-trained, made her answer when the callboy called, "Curtain!" Made her go and stand in the wings and wait for her cue, and walk onto the stage when it came. But when she reached the center of the stage she couldn't remember what she was supposed to do or say. She heard herself fumbling for words that were never the right ones, saw the panic of the other performers, even saw the curtain go down hastily . . . .

She never knew how she got back to the dressing room and into her street clothes. She wasn't conscious of anything but her heart crying, "Paul, come back to me. I love you!" and of the terrible, quiet way he had said, "I won't let you destroy me." That was what her love meant to him. Destruction. But she was the one who was being destroyed.

It was the sight of Helen, slumped in a chair, rage and defeat making an ugly mask of her face, that brought her back to reality, that and Laura Bithorn's voice saying, "Helen, I told you I didn't think you ought to force Katie to do this play. I hope you realize now that I was right and that you won't try to make her do the other ones you planned for her."

IT took several minutes for her to realize what Laura's words meant, but as soon as Laura was out of the room she turned to Helen. "Were you planning other plays for me?" she demanded accusingly. "Did you tell Laura I was going to stay in the theater?" Helen didn't answer, but the very silence answered, and it created a suspicion that made her say, "Did you tell Paul, too, that day you came to the hotel? And is that why he left?"

"What if I did?" Helen's sullen response was an admission of guilt. "You never would have been happy with him."

Happy! She wanted to shout with the happiness that they had had together, with the happiness she felt surging over her again. Paul hadn't gone away because he had stopped loving her, but because Helen had lied to him and made him think she would rather go back to the stage than to marry him. And if she could find him again—when she found him—she would make him listen

ɔ her until he knew that it was all a lie.
"I knew you'd never be happy away
:om the theater," Helen said insistently.
I was doing it for your own good."
Doing it for your own good. How many
mes Helen had said that, and how cas-
ally she had accepted it. I'd sacrifice
verything for your career, Helen had
aid, and she had believed that, too, but
ow the word sacrifice took on a fright-
ning new meaning. She began thinking
ack over the past, remembering ob-
acles and people that had stood between
er and success and the magic with which
ıey had disappeared, and suddenly the
ɔalization that Helen had deliberately
emoved them came to her.
The very thought sickened her, but she
ad to know the truth and she said, "How
ıany people and careers have you sac-
ficed for my good, Helen? How many
eople have you walked over so that I
ɔuld be a success? Albert was the first
ıe," she went on relentlessly. "You
roke his heart so I could have my chance
ith Shagrue. Lily Emery was in that
:st show. Did you have something to
ɔ with her being dropped from the
ıst?" Other names, some of them half
rgotten, poured out, until at last she
as ashamed to go on.
"What difference do they make?" Helen
ied. "You were the one who had talent.
hey were stupid and weak!"
Stupid and weak. But no more stupid
ıan she had been, not to know what
as going on; no weaker than she had
een, not to stop it. She was agonized
ith guilt and remorse, with loathing for
ıe cruelties Helen had committed.
"Come on, Katie," Helen's voice cut
rough her thoughts. "Let's go home."
She got up and followed her out, too
ımersed in her own thoughts to think
ɔw strange it was that with all this
tterness between them they should be
arting home together as they had done
often in the past. Paul's words were
ıurning in her mind and when they got
it onto the street she stopped and said,
Vere you doing it for me, Helen? Or
:cause you wanted power for yourself?"
They were standing by a store window
ıd as the light fell on Helen's mask-
te face she had the feeling that she
as going to hear truth from those rigid
ɔs for the first time in years. "I
ought it was for you at first," Helen
id slowly, "but later on—I don't know.
aybe I was doing it for myself." They
ood in silence for a moment, then Helen
id, "I suppose you hate me."
"Yes, Helen, I hate you. Not for what
ıu have done and tried to do to me, but
r what you have done to everyone else."
ıe spoke without passion and Helen
ade no protest. It was as though they
th knew that their quarrels, Helen's
minance and her own submission, were
er. She said, "I never want to see you
ain." And then she walked away.
She didn't know that there was anyone
se on that deserted street, didn't even
e Paul until he stepped out of a door-
ıy and called her name. The miracle
his being there was almost enough,
t the greater miracle was to have him
te her in his arms and say, "I heard
ıat you told Helen. I've been waiting
: years for you to say that." He kissed
r then and for a moment she clung
him, half-hysterical with the wonder
having everything right between them
ain, and then they walked away to-
ther as they would walk for the rest
their lives.
They didn't look back at Helen. If
ey had they would have seen her
nding alone before the store. There
ıs a white organdie dress in the window.

THE END

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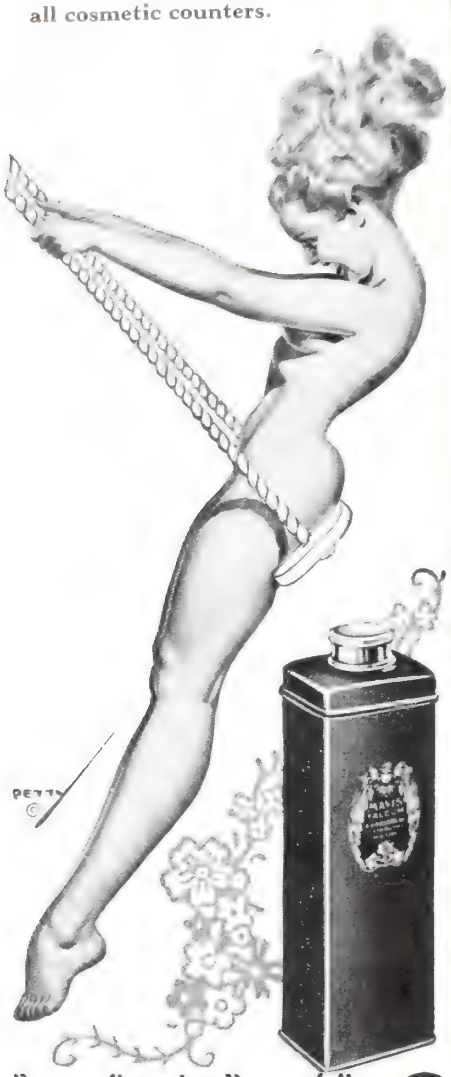

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Bewildered Knight

(*Continued from page* 29) the summer, and they had done things he had never done and knew things he had never heard of. He was fourteen, the age at which to be in any minority is torture, to be like the others, glorious and necessary.

Wherefore the following summer, faced with the prospect of another vacation at the Fort, he asked and got permission to spend at least a few weeks at Virginia Beach.

On the fourth day there, he was offered a job on a hemp boat, to Havana and back. Hemp, it appears, as it lies under the tropic heat, is liable to burst into flame. John's task was to foil the hemp by keeping it sprayed with water. In Cuba he had two weeks, a devouring curiosity and a few dollars. He got into three waterfront fights and won two of them. In the first, remembering the good Dr. Block's stern admonitions, he fought fairly, which was a mistake. One of his shipmates, a crusty old salt who had developed a protective liking for the lad, found him battered and half conscious in the shadows of a warehouse. The next few days were spent teaching John certain ingenious tricks which both horrified and intrigued him. Fortuitously, three nights later when he found himself embroiled in a free-for-all, he remembered them in time. As he stood bloody but triumphant over the recumbent forms of two thugs who had attacked him, he reflected that in this case at least it was indeed better to give than to receive.

In retrospect, however, the events of the summer bewildered him. When he thought of those fights he could feel still the mounting excitement that had swept him at the height of the melee, and it was impossible to reconcile this reaction with the turn-the-other-cheek philosophy of his religion. If he could not honestly feel or practice that philosophy, how could he make a life's work of teaching it?

The question remained unanswered during the following year. Much—too much—has been written about the strange mood of the Twenties, then half gone, but it must be mentioned here for the effect its tempo and its viewpoints had on John's personality. About him, during his most formative years, he saw the undisciplined standard formed by his generation, his companions, as they sowed the wild oat harvest F. Scott Fitzgerald waited to reap. Every healthy instinct of a lusty, inquisitive nature bade him pattern himself after those of his friends who went out of an evening with flasks in their hip pockets, to meet precocious little girls who did their hair like Clara Bow's.

BUT his shyness, his conviction that such antics were off the beam, and the still visible goal of the ministry combined to restrain him effectively. He turned to other activities as an escape-valve for his energies. In his room at night he read pulp magazines of the Amazing Stories variety, even began to write new ones for himself. Once he decided that the story he had just completed was good enough to sell, and it did. After that he write dozens per month, out of which he got a surprising number of acceptances.

The following summer he set about building a glider. It was such a success that a month later, having attached a two-cylinder motor and a home-made propeller to his glider, he prepared to expand his conquest of the air. Shortly after he took off, the motor broke loose and went whirling away on its own. Th plane, some twenty feet in the air, di hit tail-first and the rest came slappin down like a sack of meal.

In much the same way his world, as h had known it, let him down that autum when his father died.

GEORGE PAYNE'S estate, then at i peak in value, provided liberally f the education of his sons. John enrolle at Mercersberg Academy at Hagerstow Pennsylvania, and went there with pocketful of spending money and n clearer notion than ever of what h wanted to do. He found out very short ly, however, because he fell in love.

It was a boy named Jimmy, his tenn partner, who was indirectly responsib for this. All the way back from th courts, one afternoon, Jimmy spoke ec statically of his newest girl friend. redhaired honey who went to Stewa Hall, just over the line in Marylan "She's invited me to their pre-Christ mas dance next month," he said finall "Only there's one hitch. She's got roommate, named Jane Something-or other, and Jane hasn't got a date. Eith I bring a guy for Jane, or—else."

"I'm late for my biology lab," Joh said hurriedly. "See you next week."

Jimmy grabbed his arm. "You got do it for me. You *gotta*."

"But I can't dance. I never—"

"That's Jane's worry. All I have do is bring a fellow. John, I'll give yo ten bucks."

There had been that new racquet Joh had wanted, a week before his allowanc was due. "All right," he said.

"I suppose she's got buck teeth?"

Jimmy smacked him on the back. knew you'd do it, pal. She's probabl not so bad. . . ."

She was not so bad She did not hav buck teeth. She did have wide, cand gray eyes, a gay little nose with thre freckles on it, a figure that belonge in a bathing suit ad and laughter in h voice. She was stunning, in fact.

"I can't believe it," John told her, whe the introductions were over. "Blir dates never turn out like this."

The gray eyes regarded him, taking i his height and the breadth of his shou ders and the way his hair curled. was just thinking the same thing," sl said.

He had led her to the floor and ha even taken a couple of steps before I remembered. He stopped, looking mi erable. "I should've told you. I—I' never tried this dancing business be fore."

She smiled. "I knew that when w started. It's easy. Just walk at firs in time to the music. I'll show yo what to do."

By the end of the evening he cou manage a simple fox-trot, and she ha taught him the basic step of a new thir called the blackbottom.

As the months passed he discover that she was intelligent and sensiti to beauty in addition to everything els as a result, having fallen hard, he d not as usual with his first love boun normally back again after a reaso able time. This, he was sure, was They made their plans: To go college together, to be married. travel for a while, to live in New Yor He would go into business with his sha of his father's estate, he supposed.

The executors did not tell him wh had happened until he came home, afte his graduation from Mercersberg. Wh '29, land values had crumbled, carry

with them the structure of his father's fortune like a great edifice built on quicksand. There was enough left to keep his mother in comfort, but the Fort must be sold, even at a loss. As for John, he had $1000 in insurance and the AT&T stock he'd been given one birthday. Six shares, which he'd better hold until it went up again—the depression couldn't last forever, after all.

It took him two days to write his letter to Jane. After a dozen false starts he set down in simple terms the facts as they were, explaining that now he had to think of college as a training period for some profession or other, that the only thing he knew anything about was aircraft and that he had decided on Massachusetts Tech. Here was an end to their plans, at least until he'd finished school and got a job. He did not ask her if she would wait that long. If she wants to, he thought, she'll let me know.

Her wire came the next night. "I've only one life to live," it said, "and I want to live it with you." Reading it, he felt suddenly that the world was okay after all. His oyster, in fact. He would make it so, justify her faith in him. . . .

THAT fall he failed the mathematics entrance exam and Massachusetts Tech turned him down. He spent the next week in a kind of daze, making—and rejecting as fast as he made them—alternative schemes for a future which now unbelievably was without security. His confidence in himself was gone, at least for the moment. The one thing that remained, on which he could anchor his belief in a good Providence, was Jane and his love for her. This was eternal, this was sure.

He still had come to no conclusion when, one evening, she drove into the motor court of the Fort. "Let's go for a drive, and talk," she said. She slid over in the seat, leaving the wheel for him, and sat curled up in the corner saying nothing.

He found a hilltop, shut off the motor and the lights. "You didn't answer my letter," he said.

"I wanted to talk to you—have you got a cigarette?" He lighted two, putting one between her lips. "Johnny, now that Tech is out, what are you going to do?"

"I haven't made up my mind. Of course I'd like to write, and Columbia's got a good school of journalism. But that's in New York, away from you."

For a moment she regarded intently the glowing end of her cigarette. "Things have worked out differently," she said. "We've always been honest with each other. I—there's a man I met this summer in New Orleans. He's asked me to marry him." Sitting up, she flipped the cigarette away. "I told him I would. So you see, you can go to Columbia after all. It won't matter."

Weeks later, as he lay awake on the train that was carrying him to New York, he remembered the end of that evening. She had been crying, and he had put his finger under her chin, lifting it. "Stop it," he said. "I don't want to remember you bawling your head off."

And she had stopped at once. As she'd moved over and put her head on his shoulder, she'd said, "You won't have to remember that." For an instant—But he'd been suddenly aware that his throat was aching, that he was tired and that he didn't care, one way or the other.

He'd said, "Skip it," and started the motor.

Now, with the past gone and the fresh new future in New York beginning tomorrow, he thought about that and said

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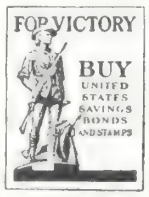

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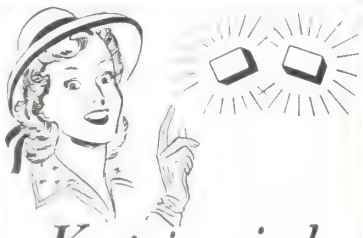

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ruefully aloud, "Payne, you're a fool."

The first year was an easy let-down from the old life to the new. He didn't meet any girls, which was an economy. Besides journalism, he studied music and a little drama, with emphasis on Shakespeare.

THE head of Shakespearian research, Mrs. Davis Coit, thought he showed promise and after watching him for some time at the school's laboratory theater got him a job in a production of "Hamlet" at the Roxbury, Conn., Little Theater.

Another teacher, Roy Campbell, with whom he studied voice, told him he had commercial possibilities as a singer; in the evenings, therefore, John began hanging around radio stations, filling in for regular performers when they didn't show up. He haunted C.B.S. and at last they offered him a spot three times a week, for fifteen minutes. He called himself the "South Singer" and was paid three dollars a broadcast.

When he returned from spending Christmas in Roanoke the following year he had, by selling the rest of his stock and borrowing a little money from his mother, the price of his tuition for one more year at Columbia. It was his last. Through the college employment service he picked up odd jobs, sometimes singing with a second-rate band, more often running the Columbia switchboard. That summer he went back to Roxbury for the summer theater again, and he enjoyed that. The other members of the cast were fun to know, particularly a lovely redhead who was a pianist and in whose company he managed a certain amount of rationalization.

When fall came he went back to Columbia broke, and let the employment office know he would accept any kind of a job it could find for him. While he waited he began wrestling again, giving a few exhibition matches with other undergraduates. Once, after he won such a match, a gentleman wearing a derby hat and biting hard on a piece of cigar came up to him, introduced himself, gave him a card and said, "If you ever feel like it, look me up and we'll do business, Bud."

John thanked him, explaining that he'd probably have no time for professional fighting. But he saved the card. The matches had another, though indirect outcome: the employment office called him to say that although there was a dearth of decent jobs because of the depression, they could get him one as a bouncer in a joint that sold chop suey and beer. It would be steady, and it would pay two dollars per night.

He grabbed it thankfully. Within a few weeks, however, the office had a request for a tall young man who owned a tuxedo and could sing a little. John qualified. When he saw that the address was a theater, he had an hour's grace in which to believe that the break had come at last; then he arrived at the marquee, which said MINSKY'S BURLESQUE in lights.

The first evening was not so bad. He had to stand near the wings and sing ribald little numbers while the girls did a strip act, and he found it amusing. Directly the number was finished the manager took him into his office for further instructions, remarking that he'd do. But the next night there was no escape. The girls, still damp from their exertions, swarmed around him; he was, after all, tall, dark, handsome and clean-cut, and they had not come so near his like since they had left the farm. When, having disengaged himself with some difficulty, he stepped out into the fresh air of the theater alley he felt queasy and in need of a bath.

HE went back the next night, and the next, irresistibly drawn, hating himself. On the fifth night, as he was dressing, the card the wrestling promoter had given him fell out of his billfold. He picked it up and stared at it. Finally he took off his dinner jacket, pulled on a sweatshirt and a pair of slacks. With the card in his pocket, he went resolutely out, pausing only at the dormitory phone to inform Minsky's that he was through.

From Minsky's to Hollywood via the wrestling route—a long hard road to travel, but a fascinating road, too, as John Payne will point out to you in the November installment of his life story in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

Love Is Laughter

(*Continued from page* 68) see another highball, so we sat in the kitchen and drank glasses of milk. Then Joan had to curl her hair, because she had to get up at six to be on the set at eight."

"He liked me even with those hairpins bristling all over my head," Joan said. They looked at one another and dissolved with laughter at the memory of it.

"Next morning we were so excited that we completely forgot to eat breakfast," Phil continued. "Then we came on the set and saw the garlic baloney and French bread Joan was supposed to eat in her first scene of the picture with John Wayne. I wish you'd seen her wolfing it down. I got so hungry watching her that I asked the prop man to bring me some too, and while she ate it on screen I ate it off screen."

Outside Director Jules Dassin called that Miss Crawford was wanted on the set. "The idea of making a bride work on the first day of her marriage," Phil said mockingly.

"Well, I get a whole hour and a half off for lunch," Joan remarked, and then they laughed again at the sheer ludicrousness of such studio generosity.

We left the dressing room together. Joan walked across the huge sound stage and over to the gate of it with me. I knew her when she was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and when she was married to Franchot Tone, and I have spent many an evening with her in recent months, with her and Christina all alone in her big house. So I think I understand her rather well and to say that I admire her and respect her is complete understatement. She has conquered handicaps that would have killed a dozen less valiant souls; conquered poverty, loneliness, disillusion, heartbreak; earned fame, fortune, and beauty in their places.

She leaned over to bid me good-by. "Oh, Ruthie," she said, "to be in love and to be laughing . . ." She paused. "Come back when I've got a little time, when I've become a little more used to the happiness of it."

Laughter is a gift no other man has ever brought Joan before. If Phil Terry with his protective love can keep on bringing Joan laughter, I think she will be his to have and to hold for all the years hereafter.

THE END

Highroad to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 58) Life or Hollywood or something has certainly taught you things about acting. I'll eat my last dollar if you don't get another studio call before this picture is a week old!"

He recounted every detail, answered all her questions, then, by request, told it all over again.

But when she wanted to hear it a third time, he registered an objection.

"Now look," he said, "you definitely rang the bell. The studio is pleased. I'm pleased. The public will be pleased. And that's that. But there's something else that needs to be talked about tonight. I want the dope on this fellow in Ohio. I want to know where I stand. Did he build that house out there because he expects to marry you? Are you going home to Gladstone or are you sticking with pictures? I was all set to go back with you, if going back was what you wanted, but according to Dr. Mac, maybe I'm not going to have the chance. I want to know the worst. Is it the other guy who's the lucky one?"

They were sitting on the doorstep, Julie wrapped in a rug, for California nights are chilly even in August.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "Tod has never *asked* me to marry him."

Curt's visage brightened considerably.

"Then I'm speaking my piece again right now," he replied. "Let's take the thrills and spills together, what do you say? The last time I brought up the subject, you said 'No.' But I hoped I could change your mind. I'll be putting on a uniform pretty soon now," he said, holding her two hands very tightly in his own. "I'd like to go away knowing you're the girl I've left behind."

Both Curt and Julie had expected that he'd be in khaki soon. Julie had also been pretty sure he would ask her, again, to be Mrs. Melbourne. She had pictured him many times as her man, going away. Despite which she felt that she must think it all over again, when Curt's hands were not closed about her own, when starlight was not above, with the eerie beauty of Hollywood lights below. So she asked for a little time . . . a day or two.

"Now there's a woman for you," Curt responded. "All right . . . but three days is the limit. I'll be after an answer, seventy-two hours from this minute, and that doesn't mean perhaps."

SCOTT was waiting up to hear about the preview. She was also entertaining thrills on her own account tonight, for after despairing months, she had just been called on an eight weeks' location in Sun Valley with her skis! Miss Moe had already engaged a substitute waitress. Scott was now packing her trunk. Julie took over folding undies into the top tray, as she reported on the preview, repeating the unexpected news that her performance had even rated applause! And then she confided that tonight Curt, about to leave for the Army, had again asked the all-important question.

"But how can I answer him," she demanded somewhat cryptically, "when Tod has never said a word, but I know someday he will?"

At that moment Scott was fitting her portable typewriter into its case.

"Pinch-hitting for Doris Blake," she remarked, pausing to rattle out two lines on a sheet of paper, "my advice is to mail the following."

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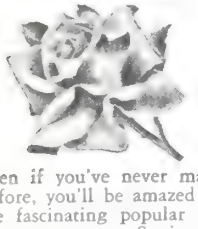

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For Julie's consideration, she offered a page which read:

> Dear Mr. Jenkins: If you intend proposing to me, kindly do so.
> Yours very truly,
> J. BURNETTE.

"Of course you're so close to the rainbow yourself tonight," laughed Julie, "that you couldn't possibly be any good to me in a commonplace matter like being in love. It's hard for either of us to consider the future in practical terms when the present is a thrill a minute."

Indeed, in true Hollywood fashion, these two who, little longer ago than yesterday, had dreaded waking to a day's new discouragements, now found good fortune materializing on every hand . . . Scott assured Julie she would give the matter of Curt versus Tod her best consideration, in order to be of help if possible. But hours raced by until time for Scott and her skis and her trunk to bid The Chateau a gay good-by. And on the very heels of this event came the premiere.

Julie was radiant and beautiful in the studio's point d'esprit and white fox fur, orchids nestling upon her shoulder. Curt was even a little bit more handsome than usual, she thought, in his tails and his topper. In fact tonight, Hollywood seemed more like a dream than ever as during a brilliant and glittering three hours, Julie was introduced to an applauding audience, thereafter seeing herself upon the screen; an important player in a picture boasting Miss Bette Davis as its star.

Yet strangely enough, as Julie told Miss Moe afterward, when she found that good lady waiting up to help her out of the evening's finery, she felt more like herself now that it was over, than at any time since the night in Gladstone when she had first heard the startling news that all this glory was to be hers.

"I think being in Hollywood is like going to a fascinating play, Henrietta," she said, sliding her feet out of satin shoes and chiffon stockings. "It sort of holds you in a spell and the final curtain has to fall before you can be yourself again. Now that tonight is safely over, I have a horrible feeling that it wasn't talent but only colossal good luck which brought me through two parts without embarrassing anybody . . . I'm afraid it's quite likely," she added, as Miss Moe turned down the bed and put her into it, "that a third performance would find me on the cutting-room floor!"

SHE intended sleeping until noon the next day, but she awakened at nine instead, to join Henrietta Moe and Louie in The Chateau. She was just finishing a breakfast of waffles and strawberries when the special delivery mailman arrived bringing a bulky envelope addressed to Miss Julie Burnette. Louie's carving knife cut the string, and Julie broke the seal to bring forth a dozen enlarged pictures of a house and its various rooms.

"Oh, it's *Tod's* house," she exclaimed. "Look how cleverly he's built it! Here are all the ideas I sent him, a sunken living room like Ann Sheridan's and a fountain in the library like Hugh Herbert's. Here's a round kitchen exactly like Zasu Pitts'. He even has Sterling Holloway's garage roof made of sod and flowers! . . . But why on earth is my elm tree cooped up in a space marked off with strips of cloth tied around little stakes!"

"Something is written on the back of the elm tree picture," remarked Miss Moe. "Let's see what it says." Turning it over, she read aloud:

> Here's the house, Dear, with everything you told me about excepting the oval swimming pool. I tried to find a spot for the pool without taking down the elm tree, but there's no other place, so I've staked it out as you see. We'll cut the tree down on Thursday and begin the pool right away.

Julie stared at the majestic old elm already looking caught and beaten in an enclosure of what appeared to be checkered tablecloth torn into ribbons.

"Cut that tree down!" she cried. "My hundred-year-old elm tree! When is Thursday?. . . I can get home by Thursday. And I'm going! Miss Moe will you help me pack? Louie, will you ring for a Western Union boy? I'll wire Tod to meet me at the Cleveland airport . . . No, never mind, Louie. I won't wire, I'll telephone . . . and reverse the charges!"

WITHIN the next sixty seconds she was calling long distance, asking for Mr. Tod Jenkins at the lumber yard in Gladstone. But there she was given the fantastic information that Mr. Jenkins was in Hollywood!

"In *Hollywood!*" she objected. "That's ridiculous! He can't possibly be in Hollywood because . . ."

But at that precise moment she saw a taxi arriving, Tod Jenkins climbing out of it and striding up the path to the open Chateau door. Julie stood transfixed beside the telephone.

"Hello, Beautiful," greeted Mr. Jenkins. "I see you got the photographs."

"I was just about to telephone for a plane reservation home," Julie replied haughtily. "Maybe you can build clever houses, but only God can . . ."

". . . make a tree," Tod finished, with the little salute he reserved just for her. "I kind of de*pended* on that swimming pool plan to bring you home. You see I had already sent the pictures before your letter came asking me to propose to you. When I got that letter I . . ."

"Scott mailed it, the wretch!" Julie cried.

". . . I didn't want to lose any time," Tod continued, disregarding the interruption. "I wanted to ask you long ago, but I wasn't quite sure that I should expect you to give up a chance in Hollywood for me . . . But *would* you?"

With restraint and dignity, Julie waited for one long minute before she replied. Then that sudden unexpected smile of hers heralded the answer.

"As a matter of fact, I'd love to," she said.

One second later the gentleman from Ohio had covered the distance across the room and Miss America was in his arms.

"Have you never noticed, Mr. Jenkins," she remarked, her head fitting ever so cosily into the hollow of his shoulder, "that in stories about Hollywood, the heroine always goes home in the end?"

Indeed she wondered how she could possibly have considered any *other* ending, when all the time she must have known that it would have to be this one!

THE END

(In "Highroad to Hollywood," any motion pictures mentioned as in production are purely fictitious.)

Matrimony Deferred

(*Continued from page* 65) English law, would have become a British subject and the money would have instantly become frozen—doing good to no one in its impounded, inactive state.

A greater love, then, than the love of this man and this woman, the love of helping humanity, stood between them. Barbara had not yet achieved her final citizenship papers. Cary, years before, had taken out his first papers but not his second ones. He couldn't. It meant derision, criticism, and scorn by those who would claim Grant was escaping duty to his native land at the time it needed him most.

But Cary was not the man to give up in the face of obstacles.

He began his campaign by carefully dividing between the two countries huge sums of money for war relief. There was a time when Cary Grant was not noted for his generosity. His early life, which had been anything but luxurious, had taught him some harsh lessons. Love worked its charm, however, and opened not only his heart, but his purse. A man earning huge sums of money, he gave lavishly, wholeheartedly to both causes, British and American. He applied for his final papers, not only because he wanted to make possible his marriage to Barbara, but because he wanted to be an American, to belong to her country, and despite the criticism directed at him by close English friends, he became an American.

With the United States at war, no one could any longer accuse him of trying to escape active service for his former country to hide behind citizenship in a nonbelligerent land. But Cary didn't let it go at that. He made sure that once he was an American he could fight for his new country, the one to which his true love was striving to come home. At the end of his present picture, "Once Upon a Honeymoon," Cary, we are told, will leave to bear arms for America as so many other Hollywood actors have done.

ARCHIBALD LEACH is a man of simple, honest, straightforward values. Hollywood, even when it changed his name to Cary Grant, failed to alter him. Everyone liked and had a good word for the lad who was co-operation itself. Cary knew the meaning of hard work, no jobs, awful jobs, hunger, and the slow climb to fame. He had gone through years of struggle, from the time he ran away from his none too affluent home in Bristol, England, at fifteen, to the position of being booked up for pictures two years ahead, all made at the choice sum of $150,000 a film.

To jeopardize the work he loved and struggled for meant something. And yet he faced even that when Barbara feared the publicity attached to being seen with a movie star might harm her with a press already antagonistic. So Cary decided to go Barbara's way even if it meant losing every Hollywood friend.

Many times Cary the clown, the life of the party, the pet of the press, walked to the door of a cafe, asked if he and Barbara might be allowed to enter quietly without being noticed or photographed. He knew it meant ill feeling from reporters and camera men. But he proved again his love for Barbara was greater than all else. If photographers drew near, he would leave the room. Once he created a scene that must have been humiliating to him by leaving hurriedly through the kitchen door of a cafe, infuriated photographers in hot pursuit.

He tried desperately to bring his

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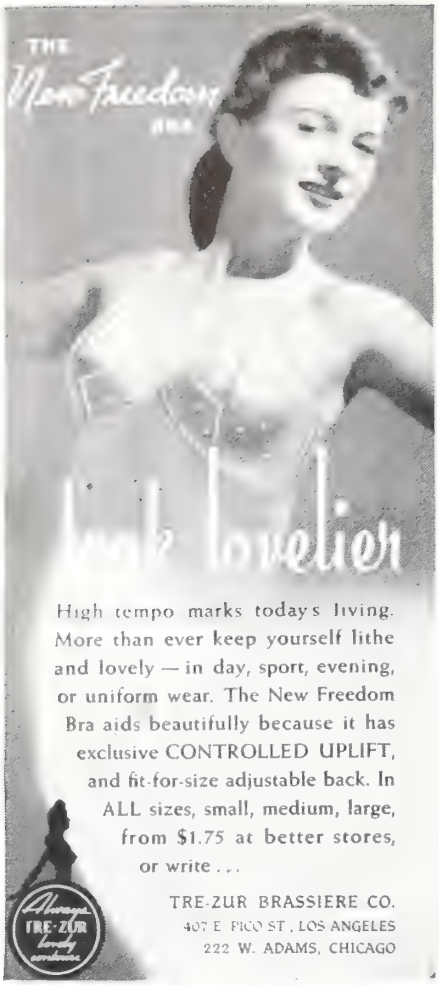

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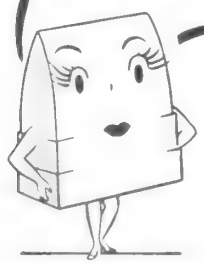

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world and Barbara's together by inviting in the press to meet the woman he loved. There is no doubt, however, that even if the press, the public, the whole world had turned thumbs down on Barbara Hutton, it would have made no difference to Cary.

Interviewers who had been friends with Cary met the same fate. When it came to talking about himself or his career, Cary was free, open and easy. One mention of the name dearest to him and he closed up instantly, risking misunderstanding and criticism on the printed page. He loved Barbara Hutton more than himself or his work, and he was proving it every hour of the two years he had known her.

Ten days after he was given the right to say "I am an American," on a Monday morning early, Cary telephoned a studio publicity head and invited him to lunch. Together they went into the small private dining room of the studio and closed the doors.

"Barbara and I are going to be married Wednesday," he said. "I have the day off."

The wheels of a great motion picture studio began turning quietly and efficiently. The secret must be kept at all cost. These two wanted no part of the usual Hollywood ballyhoo. Fame and wealth had taught them the value of simple things. They are simple people, Barbara and Cary, for all the glamour and notoriety that surrounds them. Those who know them well, know this above all, and appreciate their wishes.

For all the secrecy, Barbara begged to be allowed to mail a few notes to close friends telling them of her plans. There must be no element of the usual Hollywood elopement, either, as far as they were concerned.

On Tuesday evening Barbara, the several servants who had been part of her various households for years, and her close friend, Madeline Hazeltine, wife of the sculptor, motored to the home of Frank Vincent at Lake Arrowhead. That same evening, a car bearing the studio executive in whom Cary had confided, a studio press agent, cameraman and laboratory expert, pulled out from the studio sidegate. None in the car but the executive knew where he was going or why.

On Wednesday morning, Cary and his secretary left his beach home, for the last time, and started for the mountain lake. At a Beverly Hills florist shop they stopped for the flowers, Cary remaining halfway down the block in the car, while his male secretary did the ordering.

Orchids for the women, carnations for the men, and a bridal bouquet drew quizzical glances from the florist.

"My sister's getting married in Long Beach," the secretary fibbed. "I'm getting the flowers for her."

Then came the tussle to carry the boxes, with the florist winning by a mile, struggling all the way to the car. The cowering Cary watched the weird procession down the block with mingled surprise and humor. For all the world like a scene from a sophisticated Grant comedy, the two approached, still tussling with boxes, until the florist finally peered triumphantly in at Cary, and with an "Ah, hah, I thought so!" marched back to his shop.

Champagne and caviar from the groom reached the press boys at the Northshore Tavern, who still waited to be informed of their mission.

Several days before, Mr. Vincent had gone down to the San Bernardino courthouse and acquired a marriage license with the names left blank. Sealed within an envelope and placed unopened in Mr. Vincent's pocket, the license was never opened for the signatures until an hour before the wedding.

The ceremony was simplicity itself. A famous heiress and a great star standing beneath an Eastern oak tree, on a small terrace to the left of the porch; standing before the young Lutheran minister, repeating the words that made them man and wife.

Those who saw Cary's face when promptly at 12:30 Barbara, in her blue moire suit and cyclamen blouse, walked out the front door and down the steps to take her place beside him, those who saw the mist gather in his dark eyes when he said, "I, Cary Grant . . ." will not forget it.

The ring was a plain gold band. "But," as Cary said, sheepishly, "it's got things written in it."

Only he wouldn't say what.

With a shy gesture Barbara took a rosebud from her bouquet and presented it to the cameraman. "With so many thanks," she smiled.

The secretary and servant who had been with Cary for years, and Barbara's household servants, were present, invited guests at the wedding.

They came down to Barbara's home that night, Cary having taken over the lease. Young Lance, who has grown to love Cary, was waiting for them.

Until he leaves for the Army after his current picture, "Once Upon a Honeymoon," is finished, they will live like thousands of other young American couples, waiting for the parting that's so inevitable.

Until then, and beyond, all Hollywood wishes them well, knowing Cary Grant has married not only the woman who loves him, but the woman for love of whom he has won through every hazard.

The End

Ronald Colman and Lady Korda (still Merle Oberon to her fans) united to uphold British tradition at the Cocoanut Grove's War Heroes' ball

Beloved Lug

(*Continued from page* 47) consisting chiefly of "Don't."

The pictures, always trying to reflect the opinions of their public, although frequently by devious and confusing methods, decided that Nolan should do a goodie picture. Accordingly, he was cast as a good, true and generous character in "I Married A Nazi." At once the letters flooded in, demanding that he be retained in these parts and ninety percent of the letters were from women.

If his studio, however, was reluctant to surrender their top-flight thug to heart throbs, it wasn't half so backward about it as Nolan was about being surrendered. Nolan, a shrewd, cagey young man, knew, as he said, that he was no Robert Taylor. He also knew that his studio had access to Tyrone Power, John Payne and other male lovelies, whereas there was only one male goon in the top fan-mail brackets.

Moreover, he had an artistic interest in remaining where he was. He felt that if he portrayed villainous characters so as to excite sympathy for them, he was stirring a noble human emotion.

"To my mind," he says, "it's better to make people sympathize with other people, regardless of their degradation, than to make them hate."

It may be this vaguely Elbert Hubbardian gentleness that has made Nolan one of the personal enthusiasms of practically every player and director in Hollywood, male or female.

Off the screen he is a calm, straightforward, soft-spoken citizen with a variety of interests ranging from sports to giant avocados. His most compelling interest is his home, presided over officially by Mel Effird Nolan and unofficially by year-old Melinda Nolan, his only child.

Mel Nolan is a slender, vital gentlewoman. He met her in his first Broadway play, "Sweet Strangers." She was in the play, too, an office girl to his office boy. After knowing her exactly fifteen minutes, he was eminently satisfied with the sweet idea, but he couldn't reconcile himself to the stranger angle. So he began to rectify that and nine months later they were married.

The Nolan romance is one of the happiest in Hollywood. Mel Nolan is still youthful today, but she has no desire to return to the stage. She wants to be

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NEXT MONTH

Broadway and Hollywood's sprightly columnist DOROTHY KILGALLEN picks "My Ten Favorite Movie Men" and gives some intriguing reasons why

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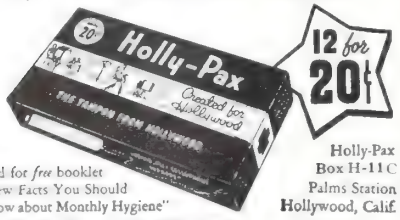

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Mrs. Lloyd Nolan and to have a son to complement the fascinating Melinda Nolan. They had been married almost a decade before Melinda arrived, but now that Lloyd's career is settled, only a son will give Mel the feeling of having accomplished her destiny.

Titian-haired, with brown eyes matching, to the tiniest fraction of a shade, the color of her hair, she is a stimulating foil for her husband. Her sense of humor is more ebullient than his. He chuckles at a joke. She laughs. She moves quickly, uses her hands in her conversation with effective grace.

Lloyd, on the other hand, is a static type, physically, when he relaxes. He speaks slowly, in his deep, rich baritone voice; has a habit of looking straight ahead as he talks. When he does elect to look at a companion, he looks at him steadily out of his level, friendly brown eyes. There is, usually, a suggestion of a smile around his mouth and when there isn't, and he grows too serious, Mel is likely to walk over to him and hoist his mouth up at the corners with thumb and forefinger.

Success in pictures, and on the stage, was not handed to Lloyd Nolan on a silver platter. Nor were any of the better things with which his talents have endowed him. He began life in a reasonably secure economic environment. His father was a shoe manufacturer. Lloyd went to good schools, became a good student and a fine athlete and was popular with his schoolfellows.

Five feet ten inches tall and surprisingly compact and muscular, he was a top-flight prep football player. When he entered Leland Stanford University he was looked upon as one of the best football prospects the veteran coach, Pop Warner, had picked up in years. Then, by one of those unaccountable breaks that are forever lurking about, his father's business collapsed and he was left without funds to continue his education.

He had become interested in the Ram's Head, a dramatic society at Stanford. He now had to earn his schooling, however, and he couldn't play football, make money and belong to Ram's Head at the same time. He chose the Ram's Head over football, amid the derision of the athletically minded in the student body. In his spare time he wrote for near-by newspapers, principally sports news, and in this way eked out a precario existence.

Troubles piled up at home. His fath broken by his financial reverses, fell i Lloyd had to leave school in his juni year to help support the family. Turni to the thing he felt himself best fitt for, he went East and, luckily, fou several opportunities in stock comp nies. He reached New York and an unc named O'Donovan, who owned a Ga gantuan bite of Greenwich Villag learned of his presence, sent for him a told him that he would advance mon for him to continue his schooling.

Lloyd hustled back to Stanford wit out delay, but by the time he had finish and was ready to repay his uncle, O'Do ovan had died. Finding no dispositi had been made, in the will, of his indeb edness and aware that the beneficiari of the document got more than plen Lloyd hit upon a plan for repaying t money that is, quite obviously, an ind cation of the character that has ma him the favorite he is with men a women alike.

He determined to pass the money to other students. Out of his scre earnings, he established a fund equal the sum his uncle had advanced hi plus interest and a contribution of h own. This singular foundation has no become one of the big interests of Lloy Nolan's life.

SO far as he himself goes, though, Nola is no profligate with his goods. Whi Mel, hospitalized at the time of Melinda arrival, was surrounded by three nurs at all times, he refused to have a speci nurse during a recent dry-docking be cause of an injured leg and the flu. I stead, he asked that the floor nurs attend him, which they did with a enthusiasm that frustrated his origin hope of privacy.

Although his income warranted th usual Hollywood architectural indulgenc in home-building, Lloyd Nolan and M were more conservative than is custo mary. They didn't build a new house all, but bought an old one in fashionab Brentwood and converted it to their ow taste. They're still converting, but the have, at a minimum of expense, succeede in putting together a home as livable a a pair of corduroy pants and as excitin as a peep show.

From bad man to gardener: Mel and Lloyd Nolan enjoy working in their lath house for plants almost as much as Lloyd's fans enjoy the Nolan super-villainy in M-G-M's "Apache Trail"

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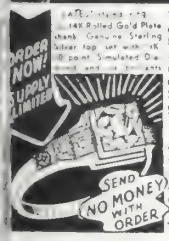

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They ignored a swimming pool (Melinda would find some way to get into it, extemporaneously, to her possible detriment), tennis courts, projection rooms and electricity operated entrances and concentrated on avocado trees, lath houses for sprouting plants, a library and comfort. They eschewed the gaudy modernistic trend in furnishings and concentrated on early Americanisms, acquiring these pieces as they came to hand, or could be had at a reasonable figure.

"I want a home for Melinda and that son, when I get him, that will be a home, not a showplace," he says. "I've always thought of a home as something you built from day to day, like the family in Louis Bromfield's 'The Farm.'"

He was asked if Melinda, or the hoped-for Nolan son about whom he speaks so gliby, would go into the theater.

"That's going to be strictly up to them," he said. "Once Mel said that she wasn't going to allow Melinda to be an actress. Then I asked her what would have happened to me if her mother had put her foot down and refused to allow her to become an actress. Since then, she's seen things the way I do. But whatever my kids are, I hope they're tops."

His closest friends in the movie colony are MacMurray and Oakie among the players. He has many friends among directors, producers and writers and often plays golf with them or regales them with tales of his behemothic avocados.

He has a passion for paisley dressing gowns. When he sniffs out one he likes, he buys it and a duplicate. Says he never knows when he might lose one, or a cleaner might lose it, or Melinda might eat it, or something.

As the most successful non-arrestable gangster in America, it would seem that Lloyd Nolan has done all right for himself. He is, however, restless and somewhat disappointed with himself. He admits that the success of his marriage is a partial alleviative, but he feels that he was intended to be, and do, more. And, believe it or not, regards becoming an author as doing more. He wants to write novels and plays. He'd also like to have them published after he writes them.

"When, and if, I make enough money to assure Mel and the kids (he adheres to the plural with ambitious tenacity) of everything they need, I intend to devote most of my time to writing," he says. "I'm not kidding myself about the life. I realize that it's tough and I may miss entirely. But I'm going to have the satisfaction of trying seriously."

He has a singular problem in the autograph field. Because, off the screen, his hair is quite gray, whereas his face is fuller and more youthful than with grease paint, he is likely to walk through a convention of autograph hounds (who'd beg the donkey in an Army-Navy newsreel for a signature) without being noticed.

When he is recognized, however, he is likely to be greeted with a "Please sign this, Mr. Shayne" (for *Michael Shayne*, his detective character at Fox).

He has, in his gallery of stage and picture memories, two outstanding mementoes. One is of the part of the hard-boiled reporter in "The Front Page" road company, which was his favorite role and the other is of the time he was billed over Bette Davis in a theater. In fact, Bette wasn't billed at all while he got a small, slightly-over-agate line on the program.

"It was in the Dennis Theater on Cape Cod," he explains. "I got a job there as a stage hand and finally they gave me some small parts. But I had billing over Bette. She was an usher!"

THE END

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Rancher to roleist: Lela Rogers was busily buying cattle for daughter Ginger's Oregon ranch when Paramount sent out an S.O.S. for her to return to Hollywood to play her real-life role of Ginger's mother in "The Major And The Minor." Oddly enough, though Lela is famous for coaching other players, this is her first appearance on the screen, so Ginger watches Wally Westmore's make-up routine with a critical eye

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page* 6)

✓✓ Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M)

It's About: *Two foreign correspondents and one blonde.*

THE first picture made by Clark Gable since his tragic bereavement comes out a honey with Mr. Gable proving himself a true hero in his adherence to duty; a duty that must have caused him suffering what with the pertinent lines and situations all reminiscent of his sorrow.

As the older of a brother team of foreign correspondents, Gable is human, believable and right up there at the peak in his acting. Robert Sterling as the younger brother takes three steps at a time up the old career ladder. Lana Turner, the beautiful corner of the triangle, looks too beautiful and continues to amaze (this reviewer at least) with her seasoned performance.

The action carries the trio from New York to India, China, and Manila with timely combat and heroism of our boys bringing a lump-in-the-throat finish.

Only criticism is the over-abundance of kissing (yes, kissing) between the principals. Fun is fun but a girl can't kiss forever, you know.

Lee Patrick, Pat Dane, Reginald Owen, and Charles Dingle round off the edges.

Your Reviewer Says: Love around the globe.

✓✓ The Major And The Minor (Paramount)

It's About: *A girl who poses as a twelve-year-old and wreaks havoc in a military academy.*

A DELIGHTFUL picture is this gay comedy, with Ginger Rogers deciding to leave off toiling in New York and go back home. When she finds that the fare has been raised, she disguises herself as a twelve-year-old and gets a child's ticket. In spite of her childish tricks, the conductor catches on, so she takes refuge in the compartment of Ray Milland, a Major returning to his post at a military academy. When Ray's selfish fiancée, Rita Johnson, grows suspicious, Ray persuades Ginger to go to the Aca demy with him to prove she's just child. All the boys at the Acaden promptly fall for Ginger, and she rais havoc with their affections and wi Ray's life until Rita finds out who Ging really is and she's forced to go home. high spot is Milland, in his fatherly wa explaining all about the moths and t flame to young Ginger.

Diana Lynn is very good as Rit younger sister who also knows the tru about Ginger but helps her, and Robe Benchley adds his special brand humor to all the fun. Ginger Roge real mother, Lela Rogers, plays her fil mother. Both Ginger and Ray are d lightful, and you'll love the whole thin

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss it.

✓ Invisible Agent (Frank Lloyd-Universal)

It's About: *An invisible agent among t Nazis and Japs.*

UNIVERSAL has had lots of fun wit its series of invisible men pictur (sometimes more than audiences have but now it produces one that everyone- actors, customers, and producers alike- will enjoy.

With the bombing of Pearl Harbo Jon Hall, who inherits the secret of in visibility, offers his services to his cour try, flies over Germany, becomes invisib and embroiled in some very amusing an intriguing escapades.

Ilona Massey is the girl spy. Sir Cedr Hardwicke, Peter Lorre, and J. Edwar Bromberg are the Axis agents. Albe Basserman has a heart-warming scene two. Keye Luke, a Chinese, becomes nasty Jap.

Your Reviewer Says: Now you see hir now you don't.

✓ It Happened In Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The exoneration of a baseba player.*

LLOYD NOLAN is terrific in this ex citing baseball yarn that should plea all fans from Coast to Coast. As th manager of the club that once ouste him as a player on trumped-up charge Nolan comes through in even better sty than usual.

George Holmes as the rookie befriend ed by Nolan shows great promise. Caro Landis, the object of young Holme heart, is very beautiful. Jane Darwel Sara Allgood, William Frawley an Robert Armstrong complete the excelle cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Play more ball.

✓ Panama Hattie (MGM)

It's About: *A big-hearted gal who mee a rich soldier boy.*

M-G-M's colossal headache turns ou to be a pleasant, inoffensive, not t say delightful-in-spots musical tha boasts Ann Sothern as star and a tri of comics, Red Skelton, Rags Raglan and Ben Blue.

Cameras on "Panama Hattie" bega turning almost a year ago, and at it completion the picture was prompt shelved, which means it was a very ba number, indeed. But some ingeniou

ıl has rescued it and brightened it up end, with the singing of Lena Horne, e dancing of the Berry Brothers, the onkey-shines of Red, Rags and Blue, e dead-pan warbling of Virginia Brien, and the swell trouping of Ann thern.

Little Jackie Horner is a beautiful tural performer and Dan Dailey, Jr., gisters as the soldier boy. Marsha ınt looks too "booful" as the admiral's ughter. It's all so much milarkey, of ırse, but Hollywood hasn't seemed to rn stage musicals do not always make best movies.

ır Reviewer Says: The lollypop in the prise package.

✓ Holiday Inn (Paramount)

About: *Two boys who meet two girls.*

HE tap-tap-tapping of Fred Astaire's ımble feet mingles with the doodle-m-de-do-ri-mi of Bing Crosby's voice l the blending is all to the good, ies and gentlemen, all to the good.

red, Bing, and Virginia Dale are a of vaudeville performers who get gled up in love. Bing is left in the ch by his fiancée, Virginia, who pre-s Fred. Bing leaves the act and tries ming but finds it too strenuous, so at does he do but turn the old farm an inn open only on holidays. To inn as a performer comes lovely rjorie Reynolds who captures the ırt of tried and true Bing. But Fred, o has lost Virginia to another suitor spots Marjorie and once again at-ıpts to steal Bing's girl.

t's the music, not the story, that ınts. Fifteen hit tunes written by that master of music, Irving Berlin, including the oldie, but goodie, "Easter Parade" make "Holiday Inn" a special super treat.

Louise Beavers "and staff" are very good. So is agent Walter Abel.

Your Reviewer Says: Dance and sing with Fred and Bing.

✓ Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A thug who becomes a Broadway star.*

YOI, yoi, yoi, what the balcony crowd did to Victor Mature in this one! Playing an overbearing egotist, he leads with his chin and reaps catcalls from the boys in peanut heaven.

You see, the story has Victor, a prize fighter, so blinded by his own charms, that he goes on the stage, ousts Cobina Wright, the star, from her role, substitutes his own choice Betty Grable and after doing that he simply can't understand why Betty should prefer John Payne, his sparring partner in the show, to him.

Incidentally, Victor is very good in the role. Payne hasn't much to do, Betty does several bang-up dance routines. The shadow boxing number is very clever.

Jane Wyman as Betty's girl friend hasn't much chance to shine. Phil Silvers is a comic who hasn't yet been given material equal to his talent. James Gleason as the producer is properly irritated. The songs are catchy and the routines cute.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough.

✓ Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)

It's About: *The marital woes of on average young couple.*

THE charm that went into the New Yorker's "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat" stories, the simple everyday events that made the life of this married couple so fascinating, somehow seem a bit out of focus on the screen. Perhaps because Betty Field, a fine dramatic actress, is not our idea of Mrs. Cugat, nor Ray Milland a perfect choice for the husband. This, however, in no way reflects on their work which is tip-top.

The little jealousies, the fibbing, the fruity imagination of Mrs. Cugat, the ordeals with the maid, the wife's interference with her husband's work, all add up to chuckly entertainment. Men will laugh because it's another man's wife who brings about such havoc. Women will laugh because they will feel infinitely superior to poor little rattle-brained Mrs. Cugat. Secretly they'll probably receive a few twinges of conscience at the feminine logic involved.

Charles Dingle, the bank president; Patricia Morison, the husband charmer; Eugene Pallette, the business man; Leif Erikson, the loud-mouthed friend; Phil Terry, the quiet one and Richard Haydn, the gentle but persistent wolf, all contribute mightily to a pleasant evening.

Your Reviewer Says: Giddy, gaddy, funny.

✓ Apache Trail (MGM)

It's About: *Two brothers in the old West —a no good and a real good.*

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WILLIAM LUNDIGAN—Bill to his friends—will earn fans and friends in his role of a stalwart, fearless young stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan.

Indians and uprisings, hold-ups and maraudings make this a really whoop-la Western; the kind that comes along only once in a blue moon.

Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, a knowing, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. Chill Wills scores as an old scout.

Nolan, who finally gives his life in redemption, turns in a super performance in this super little dooper of a movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Yippee, it's a goodie.

✓ Priorities On Parade (Paramount)

It's About: *A band that goes all out for defense.*

EVERYBODY sings, dances, cuts-up, works, rivets, carries on and goes to town. We never saw such talent and the kids are good, too, especially Betty Rhodes who sings well and acts like a top—or should it be the other way around? A young man who also makes his mark is Johnnie Johnston. Johnnie plays a band leader who seeks a job playing for defense plant workers. The whole band takes jobs in the plant in order to furnish the music, with Johnnie working under the capable tutelage of Miss Rhodes.

Ann Miller as the jealous dancer is blonde, peppy and snappy. Vera Vague (Barbara Jo Allen) and Jerry Colonna are the funny people.

Your Reviewer Says: Patriotism set to music.

✓ One Thrilling Night (Monogram)

It's About: *A love-frustrated bride and groom.*

WOO-WOO, Mr. Hays' office, where are you? Such goings-on, really! We blushed right out in the theater, but everyone thought we had turned pink from laughing, so that was all right. At any rate, listen to this for example: Bridegroom John Beal has twenty-four hours to honeymoon with bride Wanda McKay before his induction into the Army. But before he can so much as kiss the bride, into their room parade gangsters, cops and robbers, dumb house-detectives, hoodlums, and Indians. Well, no, not Indians, but everything else under the sun, we promise you.

Director William Beaudine is terrific. Good old Monogram should hand him a bonus right off. Tom Neal and Warren Hymer tickled us to death.

Your Reviewer Says: A bedroom riot.

Undercover Man (Sherman-Paramount)

It's About: *Hopalong Cassidy at the Mexican border.*

WE like the handsome silver-haired Hopalong Cassidy about as well as any serial character on the screen, if not better. Probably because William Boyd makes him so natural and believable and lends him such manly good looks. Therefore, we forgive him when one of the series slips a bit; and one does.

Down at the Mexican border a gr of baddies have Hopalong puzzled w they take turns impersonating, Mexicans and then Americans. T even go so far as to impersonate Ho and his host Antonio Moreno before catch is made.

Chris Pin Martin and Andy Clyde up cutely.

Your Reviewer Says: The kids will go

A Night For Crime (Producer's Releasing Corp.

It's About: *Murder of a movie star.*

IT wasn't meant to be an elaborate p duction, and it isn't. In fact, it's another of those murder mystery th with the victim a movie star. Lina E quette plays the murdered star. Gle Farrell is the newspaper reporter Lyle Talbot the studio press agent. Ne paper columnists Jimmy Starr (aut of the story), Edwin Schallert, Ersk Johnson, and Harry Crocker play the selves.

Your Reviewer Says: A starr to Jimmy

✓ Joan of Ozark (Republic)

It's About: *A hill-billy who become target for Nazi spies.*

JUST give it a moment's thought, pairing of Joe E. Brown and J Canova as a movie team, and you'll r ize the ludicrous antics in store. J sings several typical numbers after

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lands in Joe E.'s night club, where she's been brought from the Ozarks on a trumped-up patriotic deal hatched by Nazi spies in order to put Miss Canova in a peculiar situation known as being bumped-off.

Anyway it's a lot of fun, and our friend, producer Harriet Parsons, deserves credit. The airplane sequence is a howl. Eddie Foy, Jr., is swell. Jerome Cowan makes a convincing spy.

Your Reviewer Says: Corn, good to the taste.

Tish (MGM)

It's About: *The antics of three small-town spinsters.*

READERS of Mary Roberts Rinehart's beloved "Tish" stories will howl bloody murder at the unimaginative treatment given this screen version. Those three delectable sisters of fiction fame, played by Marjorie Main, ZaSu Pitts and Aline MacMahon, take on all sorts of foreign characterizations and the result is neither fish, fowl nor the good old elderberry wine the spinsters love to nip.

Lee Bowman and Virginia Grey furnish the romantic relief which is relief indeed from the exaggerated hokum about a fatherless baby that finally places Miss Main in the nut house. We felt like saying, "Move over, sister, we're next."

Your Reviewer Says: 'Tain't funny, McGee.

Hi, Neighbor (Republic)

It's About: *An agricultural school that turns into a lovelorn rendezvous.*

RADIO personalities such as Vera Vague (Barbara Jo Allen), Don Wilson, Lillian Randolph, Lulubelle and Scotty, with many others, cavort around in a homegrown number that ain't so good. Fact is, it's pretty weak and the sad part is, it can't be tuned out, either; it has no knob on its dial.

Janet Beecher, as sponsor of a school that becomes a lonely heart retreat, in the summer, is out of her place here. Her talents are too valuable to waste.

Jean Parker and John Archer are the inevitable twosome.

Your Reviewer Says: Back to the airways, boys.

Calling Dr. Gillespie (MGM)

It's About: *A thwarted attempt on the life of the famous doctor.*

NEWS: Philip Dorn replaces Lew Ayres in the Dr. Kildare series and scores a solid hit. But why shouldn't he? He's one of the best actors on the screen, even too good for this series, in our opinion.

Dorn plays a Holland-born doctor who hopes to become a psychoanalyst and does when a homicidal maniac roams the hospital seeking revenge on Dr. Gillespie, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore.

Nat Pendleton is an ambulance driver and Donna Reed is the sweetheart of Phil Brown, the young maniac. Mary Nash and Robin Raymond complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: We miss Ayres, do you?

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Lady In a Jam (Universal)

It's About: *A wacky heiress who loses and gains a fortune.*

DIRECTOR-PRODUCER Gregory La-Cava, noted for writing his productions on the cuff as he goes along, must have sent his shirt to the laundry before this one got going. Irene Dunne, and all connected with the screwy meatball, will be in more than a jam with movie customers unless they're inclined to laugh the whole thing off as just one of those things. Irene, they'd have us believe, is an heiress badly in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands in bankruptcy, heads west and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy out-of-this-world and Patric Knowles kind of stiffish as the Doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: It's just plain bad.

Pierre of the Plains (MGM)

It's About: *A rough and ready fellow of the North who finds himself accused of murder.*

THIS is the limit, really, and we feel sorry for all the good people in it. We feel equally sorry for the customers who sit through the story that has John Carroll, a devil-may-care French Canadian, accused of murder but too busy helping a friend escape another murder indictment to care much.

Ruth Hussey is shamefully miscast and Reginald Owen is scarcely cast at all. Bruce Cabot, Phil Brown, and Henry Travers are poor, weary, fellow travelers.

Your Reviewer Says: Pierre can take a running jump!

Baby Face Morgan (Producers Releasing Corp.)

It's About: *A lad who innocently head a gang of racketeers.*

HOW Richard Cromwell should hav been so stupid as to head a gang racketeers without knowing what he wa doing is beyond us.

Anyway, Mary Carlisle is the swe young thing who finally beats some sens into Cromwell's head, and Robert Arm strong is the bad man who almost blow it off.

Chick Chandler, Charles Judels, an Warren Hymer try hard, but it's no us

Your Reviewer Says: After all.

Beyond The Blue Horizon (Paramount)

It's About: *A jungle heiress who prove her claim to a fortune.*

ANYTHING to get Dorothy Lamour i a sarong seems to be Paramount' slogan, for this odd little tale is cer tainly "anything." It has Dottie a wil girl in a circus who is actually the chil of parents who have been killed in jungle by a mad elephant. No, we'r not making this up. It's in the story.

Anyway, the upshot of it is the whol circus crew, including Richard Denning a former jungle boy, Walter Abel, th scientist who discovered Dottie in he native haunt, Jack Haley, an unfunn press agent, and Helen Gilbert, who wen along for the free popcorn, trek back t the jungle to prove Dorothy's claim.

Narrowly escaping death by the ma elephant, they finally succeed in grab bing the papers that prove Dottie heiress.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, bananas!

Casts of Current Pictures

"APACHE TRAIL"—M-G-M: *"Trigger" Bill*, Lloyd Nolan; *Rosalie Martinez*, Donna Reed; *Tom Folliard*, William Lundigan; *Constance Selden*, Ann Ayars; *Senora Martinez* Connie Gilchrist! *"Pike" Skelton*, Chill Wills; *James V. Thorne*, Miles Mander; *Mrs. James V. Thorne*, Gloria Holden; *Ed Cotton*, Ray Teal; *Lestrade*, Grant Withers; *"Juke"*, Fuzzy Knight; *Amber*, Trevor Bardette; *Cochee*, Tito Renaldo; *Major Lowden*, Frank M. Thomas; *Judge Keeley*, George Watts.

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"—Paramount: *George Cugat*, Ray Milland; *Mary Elizabeth Cugat*, Betty Field; *Myra Ponsonby*, Patricia Morison; *Bunker*, Eugene Pallette; *Cory Cartwright*, Phillip Terry; *Chuck*, Richard Haydn; *Duncan Atterbury*, Charles Dingle; *Bill Stone*, Leif Erikson; *Dr. Buell*, Cecil Kellaway; *Laura Atterbury*, Kathleen Lockhart; *Mrs. Westwood*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Finley*, Charlotte Wynters.

"BABY FACE MORGAN"—Producers Releasing Corp.: *Virginia Clark*, Mary Carlisle; *Edward "Baby Face" Morgan*, Richard Cromwell; *"Doc" Rogers*, Robert Armstrong; *Oliver Harrison*, Chick Chandler; *Wise Willie*, Warren Hymer; *"Deacon" Davis*, Charles Judels; *Lefty Lewis*, Vin e Barnett; *Joe Torelli*, Ralf Harolde; *J. B. Brown*, Hal K. Dawson; *Mabel*, Toddy Peterson; *"Mouse,"* Kenny Chryst; *Gap*, Pierce Lyden.

"BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON"—Paramount: *Tama*, Dorothy Lamour; *Jakra*, Richard Denning; *Squidge*, Jack Haley; *Carol*, Helen Gilbert; *Thornton*, Walter Abel; *Sylvia*, Patricia Morison; *La'oa*, Abner Biberman; *Mrs. Daly*, Elizabeth Patterson.

"CALLING DR. GILLESPIE"—M-G-M: *Dr. Leonard Gillespie*, Lionel Barrymore; *Dr. John Hunter Gerniede*, Philip Dorn; *Marcia Bradburn*, Donna Reed; *Roy Todwell*, Phil Brown; *Joe Wayman*, Nat Pendleton; *Molly Byrd*, Alma Kruger; *Emma Hope*, Mary Nash; *Dr. Walter Carew*, Walter Kingsford; *Nurse Parker*, Nell Craig; *Susan May Prentiss*, Ruth Tobey; *Frank Marshall Todwell*, Jonathan Hale; *Dr. Ward O. Kenwood*, Charles Dingle; *Sally*, Marie Blake; *Mrs. Marshall Todwell*, Nana Bryant; *Clifford Genet*, Eddie Acuff; *"Bubbles,"* Robin Raymond.

"FOOTLIGHT SERENADE"—20th Century-Fox: *Bill Smith*, John Payne; *Pat Lambert*, Be:t Grable; *Tommy Lundy*, Victor Mature; *Flo D Vere*, Jane Wyman; *Bruce McKay*, James Gleason *Slap*, Phil Silvers; *Estelle Evans*, Cobina Wright Jr.; *June*, June Lang; *Doorman*, Frank Orth *Dresser*, Manton Moreland; *Porter*, Irving Bacon *Stage Manager*, Charles Tannen; *Dance Direct* George Dobbs.

"HI, NEIGHBOR"—Republic: *Dorothy Green field*, Jean Parker; *Dr. Hall*, John Archer; *Ha Greenfield*, Janet Beecher; *Mary Lou*, Marily Hare; *Dick*, Bill Shirley; *Amelia White*, Paulin Drake; *Mr. Brown*, Fred Sherman; *Prof. Ed Boggs*, Harry "Pappy" Cheshire; *Birdie*, Lillia Randolph; Lulubelle and Scotty, Barbara Jo Allen Don Wilson, Roy Acuff with his smoky mounta boys and girls all play themselves.

"HOLIDAY INN"—Paramount: *Jim Hardy* Bing Crosby; *Ted Hanover*, Fred Astaire; *Lin Mason*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Lillie Dixon*, Virgin Dale; *Danny Reid;* Walter Abel; *Mamie*, Lou Beavers; *Francois*, Marek Windheim; *Assist Headwaiter*, Jacques Vanaire; *Cigarette Girl*, Jud Gibson; *Vanderbilt*, Shelby Bacon; *Daphne*, Jea Arnold.

"INVISIBLE AGENT"—Universal: *Ma Goodrich* (alias Sorenson), Ilona Massey; *Fra Griffin* (alias Raymond), Jon Hall; *Ikito*, Pete Lorre; *Stauffer*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Heiser*, J Edward Bromberg; *Gardiner*, John Litel; *Schmi* Albert Basserman; *Sir Alfred Spencer*, Holme Herbert; *Japanese Agent*, Keye Luke.

"IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH"—20th Century-Fox: *Frank Maguire*, Lloyd Nolan; *Kathryn Baker*, Carole Landis; *Mrs. McAvoy*, Sara All good; *Sam Sloan*, William Frawley; *Danny Mitchell*, Robert Armstrong; *Mrs. Maguire*, Jan Darwell; *Roy Anderson*, George Holmes; *Squi* Scotty Beckett; *Walter Rogers*, Joseph Allen, *Shaunnessy*, James Burke; *Maguire*, Roger Imhof *O'Doul*, Matt McHugh; *Scott*, LeRoy Mason *O'Hara*, Pat Flaherty; *Stevenson*, Dale Van Sickel *Harding*, John Burger; *Judge*, Jed Prouty; *Collins* Robert Homans; *Mrs. Collins*, Mary Gordon.

"JOAN OF OZARK"—Republic: *Judy H* Judy Canova; *Cliff Little*, Joe E. Brown; *Eddie McCabe*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Philip Munson*, Jerome

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"LADY IN A JAM"—Universal: *Hope Palmer*, Irene Dunne; *Enright*, Patric Knowles; *Stanley*, Ralph Bellamy; *Billingsley*, Eugene Pallette; *Cactus Kate*, Queenie Vassar; *Milton*, Hardie Albright.

"MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE"—Paramount: *Sue Applegate*, Ginger Rogers; *Major Kirby*, Ray Milland; *Mrs. Applegate*, Lela Rogers; *Pamela*, Rita Johnson; *Mr. Osborne*, Robert Benchley; *Lucy Hill*, Diana Lynn; *Colonel Hill*, Edward Fielding; *Mrs. Shackleford*, Gretl Sherk; *Cadet Wiaton*, Raymond Roe; *Cadet Osborne, Jr.*, Frankie Thomas, Jr.; *Cadet Babcock*, Larry Nunn; *Cadet Miller*, Billy Dawson; *Cadet Shumaker*, Stanley Desmond; *Cadet Summerville*, Billy Ray; *Mrs. Osborne*, Norma Varden; *Bertha*, Marie Blake.

"NIGHT FOR CRIME, A"—Producers Releasing Corp.: *Susan*, Glenda Farrell; *Joe*, Lyle Talbot; *Mona*, Lina Basquette; *Hart*, Donald Kirke; *Hoffman*, Ralph Sanford; *Williams*, Forrest Taylor; *Carol*, Lynn Starr; *Arthur*, Ricki Vallin; *Telephone Operator*, Edna Harris; *Ellen Smith*, Marjorie Manners; *Head Waiter*, Joseph M. De Villard; *Frederick*, Niels Bagge; *Louise*, Ruby Dandridge; *Alice*, Florence O'Brien; *Coroner*, Bob Frazer; *Columnists:* Jimmy Starr, Erskine Johnson, Edwin Schallert and Harry Crocker.

"ONE THRILLING NIGHT"—Monogram: *Horace Jason*, John Beal; *Millie Jason*, Wanda McKay; *Frankie Saxton*, Tom Neal; *Dottie*, Barbara Pepper; *Pat Callahan*, Warren Hymer; *Sgt. Haggerty* J. Farrell MacDonald; *Pete* Ernie Adams; *Joe* Lynton Brent; *Duke Keesler* Jerome Sheldon; *Tubby* Jimmy O'Gatty.

"PANAMA HATTIE"—M-G-M: *"Red"*, Red Skelton; *Hattie Maloney*, Ann Sothern; *"Rags"*, "Rags" Ragland; *"Rowdy"*, Ben Blue; *Leila Tree*, Marsha Hunt; *Flo*, Virginia O'Brien; *Jay Jerkins*, Alan Mowbray; *Dick Bulliett*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Geraldine Bulliett*, Jackie Horner; *Lucas Kefler*, Carl Esmond; *Lena Horne*, Lena Horne; *The Berry Brothers*, James Berry, Warren Berry and Nyas Berry.

"PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"—M-G-M: *Pierre*, John Carroll; *Daisy Denton*, Ruth Hussey; *"Jap" Durkin*, Bruce Cabot; *Val Denton*, Phil Brown; *Noah Glenkins*, Reginald Owen; *Mr. Wellsby*, Henry Travers; *Celia Wellsby*, Evelyn Ankers; *Sergeant Dugan;* Pat McVey; *Inspector Cannody*, Frederic Worlock; *Crying Loon*, Charles Stevens; *Clerou*, Sheldon Leonard; *Clara*, Lois Ranson.

"PRIDE OF THE YANKEES"—Goldwyn-RKO Radio: *Lou Gehrig*, Gary Cooper; *Eleanor Gehrig*, Teresa Wright; *Babe Ruth*, Babe Ruth; *Sam Blake*, Walter Brennan; *Hank Hanneman*, Dan Duryea; *Mom Gehrig*, Elsa Janssen; *Pop Gehrig*, Ludwig Stossel; *Myra*, Virginia Gilmore; *Bill Dickey*, Bill Dickey; *Miller Huggins*, Ernie Adams; *Mr. Twitchell*, Pierre Watkins; *Joe McCarthy*, Harry Harvey; *Robert W. Meusel*, Robert W. Meusel; *Mark Koenig*, Mark Koenig; *Bill Stern*, Bill Stern; *Coach*, Addison Richads; *Van Tuyl*, Hardie Albright; *Clinic Doctor*, Edward Fielding; *Mayor of New Rochelle* George Lessey; *Hospital Doctor*, Edgar Barrier; *Lou Gehrig as a boy*, Douglas Croft; Veloz and Yolanda; Ray Noble and his Orchestra.

"PRIORITIES ON PARADE"—Paramount: *Donna D'Arcy*, Ann Miller; *Lee Davis*, Betty Rhodes; *Jeep Jackson*, Jerry Colonna, *Johnny Draper*, Johnnie Johnston; *Mariposa Ginsbotham*, Vera Vague; *Harvey Erkimer*, Harry Barris; *Sticks O'Hara*, Eddie Quillan.

"SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU"—M-G-M: *Jonny Davis*, Clark Gable; *Paula Lane*, Lana Turner; *Kirk Davis*, Robert Sterling; *Crystal McRegan*, Patricia Dane; *Willie*, Reginald Owen; *Eve*, Lee Patrick; *George L. Stafford*, Charles Dingle.

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN"—Columbia: *Leopold Dilg*, Cary Grant; *Nora Shelley*, Jean Arthur; *Michael Lightcap*, Ronald Colman; *Sam Yates*, Edgar Buchanan; *Regina Bush*, Glenda Farrell; *Andrew Holmes*, Charles Dingle; *Mrs. Shelley*, Emma Dunn; *Tilney*, Rex Ingram; *Jan Pulaski*, Leonid Kinskey; *Clyde Bracken*, Tom Tyler; *Chief of Police*, Don Beddoe; *Judge Grunstadt*, George Watts; *Senator James Boyd*, Clyde Fillmore; *District Attorney*, Frank M. Thomas.

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"UNDERCOVER MAN"—H. Sherman-Paramount: *Hopalong Cassidy*, William Boyd; *California*, Andy Clyde; *Breezy*, Jay Kirby; *Gonzales*, Antonio Moreno; *Miguel*, Chris-Pin Martin; *Louise*, Nora Lane; *Dolores*, Esther Estrella; *Bob*, Alan Baldwin; *Rosita*, Eva Puig.

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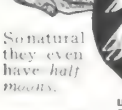

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS
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Speak For Yourself

(*Continued from page 20*) Mr. Sanders were undoubtedly among the great, but there are a few women who seemed to have slipped his mind. The following cannot be ignored: Stateswomen—Catherine the Great, Elizabeth, Victoria; nurses—Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton; poetesses—Sappho, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; novelists—Charlotte and Emily Bronte; humorists—Jane Austin and the contemporary Cornelia Otis Skinner; journalist—Dorothy Thompson; aviatrix—Amelia Earhart Putnam. These women are equaled by men, but not surpassed by them. And what man has met and conquered the enormous obstacles that confronted a woman like Helen Keller?

The medieval idea that woman is inferior to man is flattering to man's ego. Even Mr. Sanders admits enjoying flattery. This modern Jonathan Swift (also a great lover of humanity), if he actually exists in the way described in the article, must be either the most egotistical man in Hollywood or the loneliest.

Betty Lu Carwile,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

(*You'll find just the kind of reply you've been looking for, given by Rosalind Russell, on page 38.*)

$1.00 PRIZE
We Like 'Em, Too

IT is becoming increasingly apparent that Hollywood is improving in the matter of selecting new screen material. The young actors coming to the fore are *good.* These young men are bringing to the screen fresh, crisp personalities, combined with genuine acting ability.

When you view the latest performances of such newcomers as Van Heflin, Glenn Ford and Alan Ladd you'll see what I'm talking about. These up and coming young actors display a tremendous amount of sparkle, life and punch, and give forceful interpretations of the characters they play on the screen.

Heflin has the smooth, polished continental touch coupled with evident understanding of life in general. Glenn Ford is a winsome fellow with a rugged sort of boyish charm and a great sincerity. Alan Ladd displays such an intensity of feeling that it holds you absorbed at all times . . . These three gentlemen all have something different to offer; a quality which has the tang of real theater.

To the studios I say, give us more ability and less of the good looks and mighty torsos.

Bob Lauritzen,
Seaman 2nd class,
Pensacola, Fla.

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Is His Face Red?

"SHIP Ahoy" there, Red Skelton; listen to those cheers for that new brand of clean, refreshing comedy you are dishing out! Honestly, you're a wonder, in these movie days of sexy bedroom farces and vulgar wisecracks! Your type of humor doesn't offend anyone from great Aunt Min down to little sister Susie, yet the men go for you, too!

I hope you won't ever tire of hearing people refer to your "little boy" qualities, or to your "cuteness," because these are the very characteristics that make you outstanding. We may laugh uproariously at other comedians, but we don't really love them as personalities the w[illegible] we're all going to love you.

And please, M-G-M, see that H[illegible] continues to play "straight" at times [illegible] each of his pictures. His sweet sinceri[illegible] in love scenes and at other appropria[illegible] times was just as appealing in "Sh[illegible] Ahoy" as was his comedy in the rig[illegible] places.

Constance Parker,
Hollywood, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
We Never Said She Couldn't

WHO said Hedy Lamarr couldn't ac[illegible] And who was that man of wisd[illegible] who once remarked, "The play's t[illegible] thing?" Well, "Tortilla Flat" proves He[illegible] *can* act and it also proves Shakespea[illegible] was right, for the story, I suspect, is wh[illegible] makes the actors and actresses (most [illegible] Hedy) act. It's a film so warm, so huma[illegible] so full of fundamental philosophy, th[illegible] I think it should rate an Award!

Hedy should be awarded too, f[illegible] the girl gives a great performance ar[illegible] is as lovely as an April morning ov[illegible] Monterey Bay. Don't think that Spenc[illegible] Tracy lets us down either—did he ever[illegible] —or John Garfield or any of the splend[illegible] cast.

It's a picture carved right out of hu[illegible] manity's heart and, in these dreadf[illegible] days of war and worry, I want to recom[illegible] mend it—from my heart (and Joh[illegible] Steinbeck's).

Tee McM. Rose,
San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Stars and Stripes

EVERYONE has his favorite stars an[illegible] pictures, but I wonder how many [illegible] you get the thrill so many of us men i[illegible] prison feel when we see our favorit[illegible] stars and pictures?

True, we have lost our rights as citi[illegible] zens, but we are still proud to b[illegible] Americans, and when we see in th[illegible] newsreels our favorite actors—our son[illegible] brothers, nephews and friends—in thei[illegible] brave battles with the Japanaxis, th[illegible] extra pang of sorrow tugs at our heart[illegible]

We want to be with them, but sinc[illegible] we cannot, give us the newsreels, es[illegible] pecially "The March of Time."

Remember, we would gladly trade ou[illegible] prison uniforms for Uncle Sam's an[illegible] someday we may, but until then, keep o[illegible] giving us our favorite stars and movie[illegible]

Paul Edward Dunn,
London, O[illegible]

HONORABLE MENTION

THERE should be more films like "M[illegible] Gal Sal," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Lillian Russell" and the many othe[illegible] movies which show the era gone by[illegible] Pictures such as these make it possibl[illegible] for the youngsters of today to see an[illegible] catch up on some of the fun which they have missed.

Mary H. Knell,
Bellrose, N. Y.

DO I understand that Miss Hedda Hopper thinks Veronica Lake should ge[illegible] rid of her long hair with the lock ove[illegible] one eye? I think the way Veronic[illegible] wears her hair distinguishes her from the other stars. Veronica wouldn't b[illegible] Veronica without it.

Margaret Haase,
Toledo, O.

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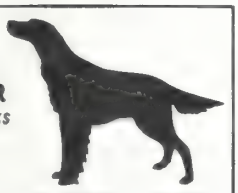

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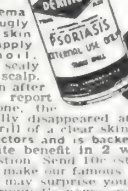

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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page* 19)

✓✓ *MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE*—RKO Radio: Orson Welles has made a magnificent picture from the Booth Tarkington novel, presenting it with rare originality in photography and story telling. Tim Holt comes into his own as the spoiled son who ruins his own and his mother's life with his selfishness. Dolores Costello as his mother, Joe Cotten as the man who loves her, Anne Baxter, and Agnes Moorehead are superb. (Sept.)

✓ *MAGNIFICENT DOPE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the yokel jerk who comes to New York to claim his $500 prize as the magnificent dope, offered by success school manager Don Ameche and ends up by out-smarting the smooth, fast-talking Ameche. Lynn Bari, as the girl, has ability, looks and charm, and Edward Everett Horton and George Barbier add a lot to the fun. (Sept.)

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—M-G-M: Pretty corny is this latest of the series, with Red Skelton a stage-struck yokel who convinces Ann Sothern that he's a panic on the stage—until he gets there. The story, after a detour through a bond swindle, winds up in an Army camp. Allen Jenkins, Leo Gorcey, and Donald Meek are a gleesome threesome. (Sept.)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE—20th Century Fox. Pretty far fetched is this, what with a corpse that's missing from its grave and Marjorie Weaver being so frightened that she pretends Lloyd Nolan, detective *Michael Shayne*, is her new husband so he can solve the mystery. (July)

MEET THE STEWARTS—Columbia: Warm and cozy is this story of a poor boy, William Holden, who marries a rich girl, Frances Dee, and their efforts to live on a budget. Frances is lovely and Holden, as always, gives a sincere and polished performance. (Aug.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST—RKO Radio: It's Lupe Velez again, and Leon Errol impersonating *Lord Epping*. But when the real *Lord Epping* turns up, you can imagine the zaney results. Buddy Rogers is the handsome husband of Lupe. Loud and noisy. (Aug.)

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—Small-U. A.: Shirley Temple is cute as the young modern who executes a mean jitterbug and Dickie Jones is the rich young man who adores her. William Gargan is her father and Guy Kibbee her grandfather (Aug.)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Universal: Reporter Kent Taylor witnesses the murder of a jockey as he's about to cross the finish line, grabs a cab and trails the murderer. Don't bother. (July)

MOKEY—M-G-M: All about a misunderstood boy who gets into serious trouble, with Donna Reed handed the thankless role of a young stepmother who refuses to understand her husband's son *Mokey*. Dan Dailey Jr. plays his father. (July)

MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe and Jane Frazee have to marry each other or forfeit a fortune. Since they've never met, Jane has her nutty secretary Betty Kean impersonate her at the arranged meeting, and O'Keefe has Eddie Foy Jr. do the same for him. Need we say more—except that Jane sings delightfully and Betty's dancing is swell? (Sept.)

✓✓ *MOONTIDE*—20th Century-Fox: Jean Gabin is a sensation as a waterfront wanderer who rescues a forsaken waif, Ida Lupino, from her attempted suicide and discovers he wants to settle down with her. Thomas Mitchell and Claude Rains are excellent. Gabin and Lupino are unforgettable. (July)

✓✓ *MRS. MINIVER*—M-G-M: the best picture of the month and high among the best of the year is this charming and appealing story of an English family during this war. Greer Garson is *Mrs. Miniver*, mother of three children, and Walter Pidgeon her architect husband. It's a picture for Hollywood to be proud of. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE—Warners: Newspaperman Van Johnson sets out to find out why a convict was electrocuted one hour before the set time. With the aid of Faye Emerson and George Meeker, he uncovers a political frame-up that almost leads to another murder. Minor stuff. (July)

MY FAVORITE SPY—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Kay Kyser is a frustrated bridegroom who is yanked into the Army on his wedding day, then released as a secret member of the F.B.I. Ellen Drew his bride who is unaware of his F.B.I. affiliation, believes the worst when Kay is jailed with Jane Wyman. (Aug.)

✓✓ *MY GAL SAL*—20th Century-Fox: In this gay musical Victor Mature portrays *Paul Dresser*, the songwriter. He runs away from home, joins a traveling show where he's befriended by Carole Landis, then meets the New York stage star, Rita Hayworth, with whom he falls in love. (July)

MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, THE—Universal: This is all very confusing, what with the body of Maria Montez being found in the river, but then

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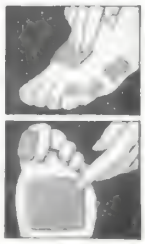

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Maria herself walks in as she's been erroneously identified. But then Maria really gets murdered Patric Knowles is in charge of the case. (July)

NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS—Paramount: Preston Foster is a police lieutenant who's accused of murder by Albert Dekker, another police officer. Patricia Morison is Foster's silly wife, and Cecil Kellaway is dragged in to complicate things even more than they are already. (Sept.)

ONCE UPON A THURSDAY—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt is the maid secretly married to employer Richard Carlson, but when Carlson returns from a trip he becomes engaged to Frances Drake, believing Marsha has divorced him. When they learn at the engagement dinner party that Marsha is about to publish a book of memoirs, the results are most amusing. It's a gay little picture. (Aug.)

PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS—*M-G-M*: Both Lee Bowman as a naval officer who craves action but gets a desk job of deciphering code, and Jean Rogers as the girl in his life, deserve better material than this. Spies Mona Maris, Carl Esmond, and Blanche Yurka are so obviously spies it all becomes a bit ridiculous. (Sept.)

✓✓ *PIED PIPER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley is an elderly Englishman in France when the Nazis invade. As a favor, he agrees to take two English children back to England with him, but the pair expand into a group as Mr. Woolley travels back through devastated France, and then the Nazis catch up with him. It's drama with a chuckle, a laugh with a tear; in fact, the picture's a gem. (Sept.)

POWDER TOWN—RKO-Radio: A stupid little number, with Edmond O'Brien as a scientist who invents an explosive and must be protected at all times by Vic McLaglen. But then both Edmond and his bodyguard are almost blown up. Girls wander around and get all mixed up in it too. (Aug.)

PRIVATE BUCKEROO—Universal: Too much of a good thing in this picture, with all the music leaving very little room for plot. Harry James' band plays, the Andrews Sisters warble numerous ditties, Dick Foran sings several numbers, and Jennifer Holt, Joe E. Lewis, and Shemp Howard try to squeeze a word in edgewise. (Sept.)

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR—Republic: Don Barry plays an irresponsible soldier who neglects his duty, thereby causing the death of his pal. Later, of course, he sees the error of his ways. Alan Curtis and Fay McKenzie are also good, but it's really the dramatic news flashes and timely inserts that keep the story alive and interesting. (Aug.)

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda, wage slave, meets Gene Tierney at a rich resort. Each thinks the other's wealthy, although Gene is just a front for swindlers Spring Byington and Laird Cregar. Amusing. (July)

RUBBER RACKETEERS—Monogram: Timely is this story of a released convict, Ricardo Cortez, who organizes the racket of bootlegging cheap rubber. When a blowout from one of his cheap tires kills a defense worker, Bill Henry starts an organized fight against the villains. Rochelle Hudson and Barbara Read are the girls. (Sept.)

✓ *SABOTEUR*—Universal: Packed with suspense, this story holds your interest despite many loose ends. Robert Cummings is a defense plant worker accused of sabotage who escapes the police, picks up Priscilla Lane and makes his way to New York where he uncovers the real saboteurs. (July)

SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH—RKO-Radio. Guy Kibbee, as the small-town philosopher, *Scattergood Baines*, helps Kenneth Howell to get back his dead father's favorite horses by outwitting a small-town snob with a hen-pecked husband, Jed Prouty. It has a warm homey coziness. (July)

✓ *SHIP AHOY*—M-G-M: Eleanor Powell is a dancer who becomes involved with foreign spies and through her tap dancing foils their plot to steal a mine. Red Skelton, her boy friend, brings life and laughter to his role, and Bert Lahr is comical as Red's stooge. Virginia O'Brien is Bert's heartbeat. (Sept.)

SHIPS WITH WINGS—U.A.: An English-made picture, expressing the importance of aircraft carriers in battle. The story has the usual heel who is discharged from the R.A.F. and eventually becomes a hero by blowing up a dam. The English cast features Leslie Banks, John Clements and Jane Baxter. The photography is remarkable and worthy of applause. It's fair war stuff. (Aug.)

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER—Columbia: Rich Jinx Falkenburg is mistaken for a taxi dancer and ends up as a singer with a band. Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, makes people laugh. (July)

✓ *SPOILERS, THE*—Universal: Alaska in the Gold Rush days, with John Wayne, beloved of Marlene Dietrich, owner of a gambling saloon, discovering that Randy Scott is attempting to steal the mine Wayne owns jointly with Harry Carey. There's a terrifically exciting fight. (July)

SUNDAY PUNCH—M-G-M: Connie Gilchrist runs a boarding house for prize fighters, and everything goes along fine until her beautiful daughter, Jean Rogers, comes home, and then comes Love. Dan Dailey, Jr., plays the janitor, and William Lundigan the college lad who wins Jean. The big fight climax is a thriller. (Aug.)

SUICIDE SQUADRON—Republic: Anton Walbrook gives a sterling performance as a Polish pianist on a concert tour through the States, where he marries Sally Gray, then returns to fight for Poland. The actual scenes, filmed from R.A.F. Spitfires, are exceedingly impressive. (July)

SWEATER GIRL—Paramount: Murders occur during rehearsal for a college musical, with Eddie Bracken and girl friend June Preisser trying to solve the mystery, and Nils Aster gets himself suspected among others. Phillip Terry and cute songstress Betty Rhodes add to the doings, and the hit tunes even overshadow the plot with their catchiness. (Sept.)

SYNCOPATION—RKO-Radio: This little ditty wanders around aimlessly and gets nowhere. Jackie Cooper marries Bonita Granville, a belle from New Orleans, joins a symphony orchestra and leaves it to organize his own band. The one and only redeeming feature is the aggregation of popular band leaders in the finale. (Aug.)

✓✓ TAKE A LETTER, DARLING—Param[illegible] A delightful comedy with Rosalind Russell a[illegible] woman advertiser who hires Fred MacMurray [illegible] escort-secretary. But when Fred ogles cha[illegible] Constance Moore, Rosalind runs into the arm[illegible] MacDonald Carey until things straighten out. R[illegible]ert Benchley is Rosalind's partner. You'll lo[illegible] (July)

✓✓ *TALES OF MANHATTAN*—20th Ce[illegible] Fox: The adventures of a dress suit from th[illegible] ment it left the tailor's shop to its ultimate fin[illegible] told in complete and separate episodes, some [illegible] some tragic, some stronger than others, and [illegible] an arresting cast which includes Rita Hay[illegible] Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry F[illegible] Charles Laughton and numerous other stars. [illegible] enjoy it. (Sept.)

TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTU[illegible] M-G-M: Johnny Weissmuller, the perennial *Ta*[illegible] comes to New York in search of *Boy*, who was t[illegible] to civilization by big-game hunters, and his a[illegible] tures there result in thrills and chuckles. M[illegible] O'Hara as *Jane* and Cheeta the ape are with h[illegible] course. (Aug.)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POI[illegible] 20th Century-Fox: The establishing of West P[illegible] Academy and the training of the first grou[illegible] students under Major Laird Cregar make a [illegible] interesting story, but histrionically it's very w[illegible] despite the cast of George Montgomery, John [illegible] ton, John Shepperd and Maureen O'Hara. Cr[illegible] is splendid. (Aug.)

✓ *THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE*—C[illegible] bia: Good solid comedy, with Joan Crawford a[illegible] stern woman executive who tries to run every[illegible] life and gets all tangled up in love. Melvyn [illegible] las is the man who cuts her down to his size. [illegible] the trimming provides some mighty amusing [illegible] ments. Joan's jitterbug sequences with Allen [illegible] kins is a riot. (Sept.)

✓✓ *THIS ABOVE ALL*—20th Century-Fox [illegible] rone Power is the bewildered English soldier [illegible] deserts his regiment and meets and falls in love [illegible] Joan Fontaine, member of the W.A.A.F., [illegible] through her learns what England is fighting [illegible] Both their performances have power and patho[illegible] the characters of Thomas Mitchell, Nigel Br[illegible] and Philip Merivale are expertly drawn. We hea[illegible] recommend it. (Aug.)

✓ *THIS GUN FOR HIRE*—Paramount: The [illegible] news in this exciting melodrama is Alan La[illegible] newcomer who springs into the big time in his [illegible] of the killer. Laird Cregar is terrific as a [illegible] stooge, Robert Preston very good as the polic[illegible] cer and Veronica Lake proves herself an ac[illegible] It's thrilling and suspenseful. (Aug.)

✓✓ *TORTILLA FLAT*—M-G-M: This has [illegible] humor, pathos. Spencer Tracy is a conniving [illegible] John Garfield is the hot-tempered *Danny* who [illegible] Hedy, a Portuguese girl with matrimonial [illegible] Frank Morgan is the village recluse. All four [illegible] splendid characterizations. (July)

TRUE TO THE ARMY—Paramount: Jud[illegible] nova sees a murder committed, so in order to [illegible] the murderers she lands in an Army camp, [illegible] she's disguised as a soldier by her beau Jer[illegible] lonna and stage star Allan Jones. Ann M[illegible] snappy tapping and William Demarest's bew[illegible] ment as a top sergeant are very good. (July)

TWIN BEDS—Small-U.A.: Too many husba[illegible] one bedroom in this alleged comedy, with M[illegible] Auer and Ernest Truex skidding in and out of [illegible] Bennett's bedroom, just missing her hus[illegible] George Brent, who seems quite unamused. (C[illegible]

WHISPERING GHOSTS — 20th Century-F[illegible] Milton Berle is a smart-aleck radio detective, [illegible] runs into trouble when he tries to solve the m[illegible] of an old sea dog, what with Brenda Joyce, the [illegible] dered man's niece, in search of the hidden je[illegible] two ham actors hired to frame Berle and se[illegible] shady characters around. (July)

WIFE TAKES A FLYER, THE—Columbia: [illegible] Holland under the Hitler regime Allyn Jos[illegible] Nazi Major, has dishonorable intentions towar[illegible] Bennett, about to divorce her absent hu[illegible] Franchot Tone, an R.A.F. flyer, is passed off [illegible] husband, but has to be divorced the next [illegible] Briefly, they make a monkey of the Major. [illegible]

✓ *WINGS FOR THE EAGLE*—Warners [illegible] plot of this timely drama is subordinated [illegible] exciting background of the busy Lockheed [illegible] factory and the scenes take there are most viv[illegible] interesting. Among the many workers the[illegible] Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson, whose ma[illegible] has broken, Dennis Morgan, and George To[illegible] the foreign-born foreman who loses his job. [illegible]

✓✓ [illegible] — W[illegible] This life story of the great star, George M. [illegible] is the best biographical musical to come [illegible] Hollywood and the best thing Jimmy Cagn[illegible] done in years. It's warm and sincere, an[illegible] Cohan music is unforgettable, as is the pict[illegible] self. Cagney, Walter Huston as his father, R[illegible] mary de Camp, and Joan Leslie are all [illegible] (Sept.)

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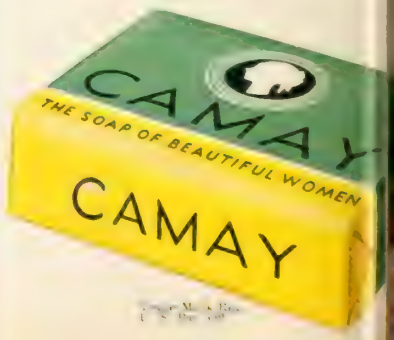

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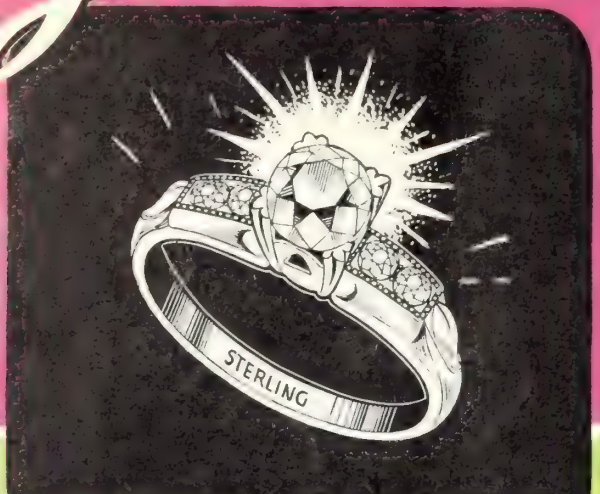

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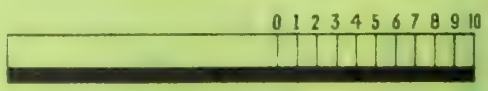
The solitaire is offered to you for only $1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only $1.69 . . . the perfect pair for only $1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit $1.00 for the solitaire alone or $1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, and postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then, if you can bear to part with your rings, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait, but mail the coupon, today!

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 47, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR RING SIZE

Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



Send a Letter or Order From Convenient Coupon

Ladies . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive dia ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of T have brought the diamond centers of the world to a standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting sky it might be a long, long time before your dreams come But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can o a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, nearly ¾- solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gor sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one o greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! S mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitair lica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delight every way, you need not lose a penny!

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED TO OWN A BEAUT EXPENSIVE-LOOKING REPLICA DIAMOND SOLIT

Just think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sen of true love as a solitaire . . . a replica diamond solitaire, gle in its crystal white beauty . . . exquisitely set in a sterling sil yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger . perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment . . . an adorable to love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new an fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in fla dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them ap you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail th pon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popula styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten day doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a

"The Perfect Pair"

The solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting is offered at $1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only $1.69. Mail the coupon today.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 47, 207 N. Michigan Ave., C

Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings below. I will pay the postman amount indicated, plus postage on understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days refund my money immediately without question.

☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire—$1.00 plus 10% Feder Ex
☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Rin For $1.69 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Size..... ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow G

Name.....
(print plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

all hearts respond to a radiant smile!

lake your smile the passport to new appiness! Help keep it bright and parkling with Ipana and Massage.

LANCE ABOUT YOU, plain girl! Who J are the bright stars of your own pecial intimate world? Are they all eautiful—all candidates for a screen st?

Of course not! But the chances are eir smiles are bright. For a sparkling nile can light up the plainest face—give a charm and a warmth no eyes can sist.

Make your smile the real *you!* But, remember, a bright, sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Play safe—if your tooth brush "shows pink," heed its warning.

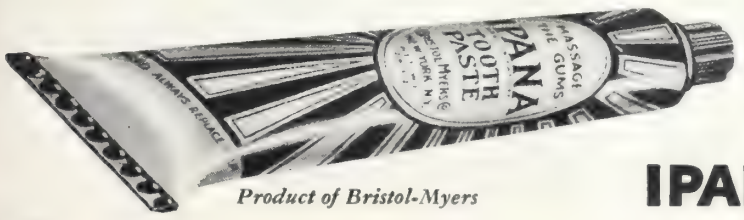
Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist right away.* It may not mean anything serious, but get his decision.

It's very likely he'll tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. His suggestion, like so many dentists, may be "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth to sparkling brilliance but, with massage, is designed to aid the health of the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation is increased in the gums, helping them to a hardier, healthier firmness.

Today adopt the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage and help yourself to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant, sparkling smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Our Department of Curious Statistics informs us that "Mrs. Miniver" has hung up the Lost Kerchief record.

★ ★ ★ ★

It seems that more handkerchiefs were left in the seats than in the case of any previous duct-draining cinema.

★ ★ ★ ★

A more solid statistic about this M-G-M masterpiece is that from all indications "Mrs. Miniver" will play to more people than any other single film ever released.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" is more than a movie. It's a message of moment!

★ ★ ★ ★

For a waggish lion we are sounding too terribly in earnest. If you'll promise to go and see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"—another "Mrs."—and another motion picture that's timely, topical and top-notch, we'll get on to lighter aspects of shadow life!

★ ★ ★ ★

As for instance "Seven Sweethearts" the charmer which brings out so many talented new faces, led by Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Red Skelton's new comic confection called "Whistling in Dixie", the ultimate in gaiety since "Whistling in the Dark".

★ ★ ★ ★

Red's maternal parent might be called The Whistler's Mother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Perhaps the best music since such things began will be Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal". Watch as well Gene Kelly of "Pal Joey" fame.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the most effective looking morsel ever to be shot by a photographer is Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo in "White Cargo".

We're pretty effective too—*Tonde-Leo*

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

NOVEMBER, 1942 VOL. 21, NO.

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Thankfully Yours ..... Hedda Hopper
The Romance Hollywood Doesn't Like ..... Ruth Waterbury
"I Won't Deny the Rumors" ..... Leon Surmelian
Joan Fontaine speaks on her marriage
Warning to Joan and Brian ..... Matilda Trotter
The Ten Most Attractive Men in Hollywood ..... Dorothy Kilgallen
The Private Life of Judy Garland Rose ..... Sally Reid
Don't Be a Doormat! ..... Helen Louise Walker
Play Truth or Consequences with Hedy Lamarr
Game Conductor—Kay Proctor
Holt & Sons ..... Cyril Vandour
Gentleman of Courage—George Murphy ..... Vivian Cosby
Blot Your Name! ..... Virginia Cloud
Why I've Changed .....
Ginger Rogers answers her critics
Bewildered Knight—John Payne life story ..... Howard Sharpe
Love in Exile ..... John Burton
Scoop exposé of the Carroll-Hayden marriage
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COVER: Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director — Helen Gilmore, Editor

Edmund Davenport, Art Director — Marian H. Quinn, Asst. Editor

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Another triumph from
M·G·M—the producers
of Mrs. Miniver

● From the vivid pages of James Hilton's love story comes a splendid motion picture.

Greer Garson as the girl who found love, lost it and found it again . . .

Ronald Colman as the shell-shocked hero who drifted into a romantic adventure of infinite beauty and tenderness.

RONALD
COLMAN
GREER
GARSON

JAMES HILTON'S
Random Harvest

Directed by MERVYN LEROY · Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

with

PHILIP DORN · SUSAN PETERS
HENRY TRAVERS · REGINALD OWEN
BRAMWELL FLETCHER

Screen Play by Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis · Based Upon the Novel by James Hilton
A Mervyn LeRoy Production · An M-G-M Picture

BY RUTH WATERBURY

It takes an actress to think up an idea like Mary Astor's and . . .

. . . it takes Hollywood to make a masterpiece of "Mr. Blabbermouth"

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

WHILE Hollywood, with the rest of our country, knows the war is of the most ghastly seriousness, it somehow manages to take all the situations that war creates with a degree of humor. . . .

Take blackouts, for instance . . . they are terrifying . . . but I know of nowhere else that you would have such wonderful, handsome comfort as discovering that your air-raid warden is Walter Pidgeon or Fred MacMurray or Gary Cooper. . . .

Take the air-raid warning service . . . it's a bit frightening calling up to warn of sounds overhead . . . but it is most soothing to hear a voice like Ty Power's answering the phone . . . that is, Ty did answer the phone before his enlistment until practically every woman in the Bel Air district, where he served, got wise to the fact that he was at the warning station every Thursday night . . . after that, the phones got so clogged with calls, with ladies apparently terrified by the trembling of a leaf or the mewing of a cat, that Ty had to get shifted to another job, where he was mute but willing. . . .

Every week end the town is simply packed with soldiers, sailors and marines all out for a good time and all of them having it . . . service men are the only strangers who now can get into studios for the mere asking . . . the ones smart enough to find out the addresses of their favorite stars have learned that by merely happening around they are always sure of food, laughter and in most instances a swim in a private pool . . . what they don't know is that Hollywood hostesses cherish them fondly, not alone because they are giving their all for the service but also because their presence means that for once Hollywood has more men than girls, a most pleasant state indeed. . . .

It takes an actress to think of an idea like Mary Astor's . . . Mary's husband Manuel del Campo enlisted, via Canada, in the R.A.F. . . . thus Mary came to know a lot of the R.A.F. boys and discovered, being so much farther away from home than our boys, they were proportionately more lonely . . . so she's turned her house into a post office for letters from their girls . . . each Saturday she turns her place over to any of the R.A.F. lads who may be in town . . . if they have local girls they can come and meet them there . . . Mary not only gives them the run of the place but she goes down and works the while at the office of the Civil Air Patrol . . . works as a typist, asking and receiving no favors . . . just being one of the girls. . . .

EVEN a war can't stop the Hollywood impulse that makes one studio try to top another . . . as you have probably read, the regular previews in theaters, which had been such a feature of Hollywood life, were dropped when the war started . . . the excuse was that the Fourth Interceptor Command was against large gatherings and bright lights . . . therefore, said the studios, films would be shown mid-afternoons in projection rooms right on the various lots. . . .

The truth was something else again . . . the truth concerned the list of "reviewers" . . . originally this list was supposed to be just the two hundred and fifty odd correspondents for magazines, newspapers and syndicates who were accredited by the Hays Office . . . these were the people who at the theater previews were invited to sit in the sacred, roped-off section . . . gradually, however, the list grew, faster than an unbalanced budget . . . in came the agents . . . in came the producers' relatives . . . in came the wives of a friend of a friend . . . it got to the point where the "preview list" actually numbered 1800 people . . . all of whom viewed the picture for free . . . all demanding the choice seats . . . thus the war offered the finest "out" on this thorny situation . . . the previews were abandoned . . . the films were shown in small projection rooms . . . nobody liked the new setup . . . everybody yelled murder until along came "Mrs. Miniver". . . .

You know about "Mrs. Miniver" and how she upset all calculations . . but you probably don't know that she brought the premieres back . . . this is how that cooked . . . M-G-M opened the film in New York . . . New York is a snazzy place and the largest city in the world . . . but nothing impresses Hollywood like Hollywood, so the film simply had to open big here . . . the VACS offered the proper excuse . . . the VACS—Volunteer Army Canteen Service, if you insist—are Hollywood's own war service de luxe . . . Mrs. William Goetz, wife of the vice-president of Twentieth Century-Fox and daughter of Louis B. Mayer, who is both M's of M-G-M, (*Continued on page* 96)

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

Fitting tribute to a heroine: Anna Neagle and Robert Newton in "Wings And The Woman"

Magnificent "must": MacDonald Carey, Robert Preston and Brian Donlevy in "Wake Island"

✓✓ Wings And The Woman (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The life story of gallant Amy Johnson.*

ANNA NEAGLE and producer-director Herbert Wilcox journeyed to their native England to create this beautiful monument to a great woman. The raging Nazi bombs outside the Denham Studios failed to alter in any way the beauty and charm of the production.

Miss Neagle, as Amy Johnson, the woman who dreamed and planned and achieved her dreams and plans to become the first great woman aviatrix, is so very good.

Robert Newton as Jim Mollison, the flyer, who married Amy and lost her, is outstanding. Edward Chapman as her father and Joan Kemp-Welch as her mother give beautiful performances. In fact, the entire cast is superb. But the red-letter performance is Anna Neagle's.

The end of the picture, in particular, will stir you to the depths. It makes you realize that British women in this present war have what it takes.

Your Reviewer Says: A tribute fittingly paid.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Wings And The Woman

Between Us Girls

Desperate Journey

Wake Island

Best Performances

Anna Neagle in "Wings And The Woman"

Robert Newton in "Wings And The Woman"

Fay Bainter in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"

George Sanders in "The Moon And Sixpence"

Lucille Ball in "The Big Street"

Henry Fonda in "The Big Street"

✓✓ Wake Island (Paramount)

It's About: *The gallant stand of the marines on Wake Island.*

THE records of the United States Marine Corps furnished the basis for this authentic picture of the magnificent achievements of the marines on Wake Island. Bringing home to us the great fight of fellow Americans against a foe better armed and greatly outnumbering them, it becomes a glorious tribute to the indomitable marines who gave their lives so valiantly, refusing to admit defeat until their ammunition and almost the last man were gone.

Brian Donlevy plays the major who commands the Island's defenses: Albert Dekker is the civilian engineer who refuses to leave: MacDonald Carey, the young flyer whose wife has been killed in the Philippines and who gives his own life to destroy a Jap cruiser. Robert Preston and William Bendix play the two marine buddies who provide the only comic relief. All performances are magnificent.

The magnificence of the terrific fight against hopeless odds is heart-rending and the spirit of fighting men will thrill beyond words.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture every American should see.

(*Continued on page* 101)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 110

It happens in the best of families

But you'd never think it could happen to her!

VARNER BROS.
sent their new dramatic triumph

BETTE DAVIS

re exciting, more radiant than ever—with her new co-star

PAUL HENREID

in

Now, Voyager

A story that surpasses 'Stella Dallas', by its author, Olive Higgins Prouty

A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION

with

CLAUDE RAINS

DYS COOPER · BONITA GRANVILLE · ILKA CHASE · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Music by Max Steiner · Screen Play by Casey Robinson

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The chorus of oh's and ah's went up from the sidewalk set for Bette Davis and husband Arthur Farnsworth at "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Eyes of all the Mocambo merrymakers were centered on Betty Grable and George Raft (left) the other night. Reason? Those rumors

Thought You'd Like to Know: The recurrent piffs between George Raft and Betty Grable may mean the end of a booful romance. And won't the Army, the Navy and the Marines be glad if Betty becomes heartfree again?

Kathryn Grayson, midst pleas, tears and promises from husband John Shelton, finally filed that divorce plea. Mr. Shelton promptly replied with a denial-of-charges proceeding. Latest reports say that once again the little Grayson has reconsidered in the face of John's early departure to war. So the marriage is due to stand—at least for the duration.

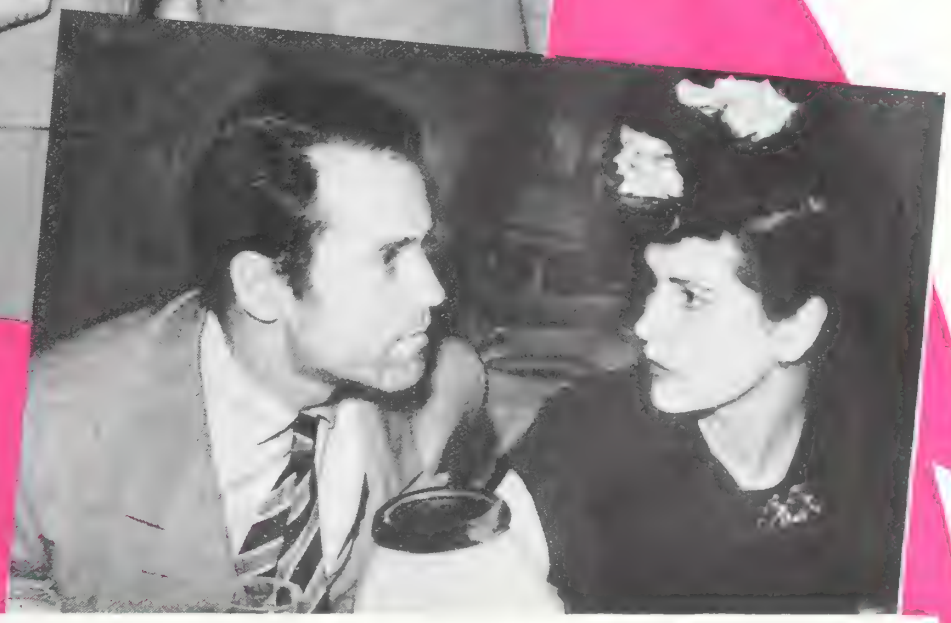
Hedy Lamarr with the new French star, Jean Pierre Aumont, and Charles Chaplin with Luise Rainer are taking in all the previews these days—and being taken in on speculation by Hollywood.

Marriage À La Hollywood: That blonde star who eloped recently with a playboy is regretting it, oh so much, one hears. When the first of the month rolled around and the bills poured in, it became apparent that the so-called wealthy groom had no assets but an overdue garage bill.

Wifey has taken on his support and isn't liking it. So watch the fireworks.

A few weeks ago Ava Rooney admitted to frequent quarrels with hubby Mickey but claimed they weren't serious.

Then, over Labor Day, it happened. Mickey announced he'd packed up and gone home to his mother's house. "I knew she (Ava) wanted a divorce and there was no chance for a reconciliation," Mickey said, not too happily.



Charity party found a gentleman bidding $5 for a kiss from Anne Shirley. Said Sgt. Edwards, "Cheap skate! I'll give $15!" He did; she did; Bob Hope wished he did. Right: Hank Fonda, bewhiskered for "Oxbow Incident," with Mrs. Fred MacMurray at the Mocambo

Our Chuckle of the Month: Red Skelton, who has made 200 personal appearances before soldiers, was approached the other day by a friend with something on his mind.

"Red, for heavens' sake," he said, "when are you ever going to take a vacation?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Red said. "I'm planning on taking my vacation next year in Tokyo. I'd thought I'd stay at the MacArthur Hotel on Doolittle Avenue, right across from Roosevelt Park. Sounds like I'd enjoy it there."

Incidentally, rumors of upsets between Red and his Edna are true, *but* when haven't those two scrapped? With their needing each other as badly as they do, we needn't be concerned over a definite break.

No Greater Friendship: "I wanted to be of service because my closest friend Jimmy Stewart was doing his bit." With these words Henry Fonda, without confiding to anyone, went down to a Los Angeles recruiting station and stood in line with the other boys enlisting as apprentice seamen. Behind him Fonda leaves his wife, the former Frances Brokaw, and his three children, Frances Brokaw, Jayne Seymour Fonda and Peter Fonda.

When a lieutenant spotted the tall gangling actor in the recruiting line, ready for the oath, he ran for his superior officer.

"This will be swell for morale," the superior grinned.

"Morale, the deuce!" Fonda grinned back. "Just give me service with the gun crew!"

Norma Shearer gets into print, marries Martin Arrouge. The wedding party, waiting at the church, attended by Otto Lang and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Norma's son, Irving Thalberg Jr., and small daughter Katherine Thalberg

Last-Minute Events: Norma Shearer, the cool, the calm, the practical, went into her marriage with the young ski instructor Marty Arrouge (pronounced Ah-rue-jay) with all the business acumen that has marked her career. Miss Shearer had her bridegroom legally waive all rights to community property and agree to place over the ring that marked her marriage to Irving Thalberg his own wedding band. Imagine wearing two marriage rings, if you please.

Little Katie Thalberg and Irving Jr. attended their mother, who, incidentally, was fifteen minutes late for her wedding. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. flew West for the event. Greer Garson caught the bride's bouquet. . . .

Alexis Smith announced her engagement to actor Craig Stevens just before his entry into the Army. Hollywood wouldn't be surprised if the pair became man and wife very shortly. . . .

Friends were delighted to learn of the marriage of Fay Wray to writer Robert Riskin in New York. Miss Wray has been sadly missed from the screen for some time. Mr. Riskin, now with the Office of War Information in Washington, worked in close collaboration with Director Frank Capra, writing some of his biggest hits. . . .

The report Spencer Tracy and his wife have definitely separated, with Spencer living in a Beverly Hills hotel, brought sadness to their many friends who hope it's only a temporary estrangement. The Charles Laughtons, on the other hand, who have parted and reunited several times seem determined to make it a permanent separation this time.

Farewell to a Grand Team: The legion of Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald fans may never see their favorite stars teamed again. Nelson has asked and received his release from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Jeanette has been on a picture to picture basis with the studio without a set contract for some time. At the present, Nelson is devoting his time to radio. Jeanette is making personal appearance tours at camps, hospitals and U. S. O. centers.

Good catch: Greer Garson, who's been seeing lots of Richard Ney, had her hands full with bride Norma's wedding bouquet at the reception which was held at Minna Wallis's immediately after the ceremony

LOOK AT ME NOW...

last week's "forgotten woman"!

"After weeks of being the 'forgotten woman' I was having the time of my life at the Watkins' party.

"I felt like shouting it to the world. I wanted it to be a slap in the face to those who had whispered behind my back.

"Not a man said 'Let's sit this one out' or 'Excuse me, I've got to make a telephone call.' I danced every dance—and there were plenty of 'cut-ins'.

"Moreover, midnight found me singing close harmony with the most interesting boys at the party—some of the old friends who had politely dropped me and some new ones who were plenty attractive.

"It just goes to show that a girl can win back the favor she sometimes loses through her own carelessness. And had I been careless! Oh, my! Thank Heaven, I found out what my trouble* was and did something about it.

"Perhaps in my experience there's a hint for you —and you—and you."

One of the worst handicaps anybody can have is halitosis (bad breath).* Once found guilty of it you may be under suspicion always.

How's *Your* Breath?

But why take chances? Isn't it just plain common sense to be on guard against this offense which detracts so much from your charm? Listerine Antiseptic may prove one of your best friends in this matter. This reliable antiseptic works two ways to purify and sweeten your breath.

1. It halts the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on oral surfaces; while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, say some authorities, are caused by such fermentation.

2. It overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

If you want to be at your best socially and in business, never, never omit the wholly delightful Listerine precaution. Use it night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

PERC WESTMORE, Head Make-up Artist at Warner Bros. studio

ANN, I'M TRYING TO TELL EVERY GIRL IN AMERICA WHAT WONDERS OUR FOUNDATION CREAM CAN DO FOR HER

ANN SHERIDAN, co-starred in "GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE", the Warner Bros. hit.

WELL I CAN VOUCH FOR THAT, PERC! AS YOU KNOW I USE IT CONSTANTLY... AND IT'S WONDERFUL!

Westmore Foundation Cream . . . wonder-working powder base in six skin-tinted shades (there's blending face powder, too!)

- Developed by the famous Westmores.
- Creates a smooth, even, glowing tone.
- Helps conceal little complexion faults.

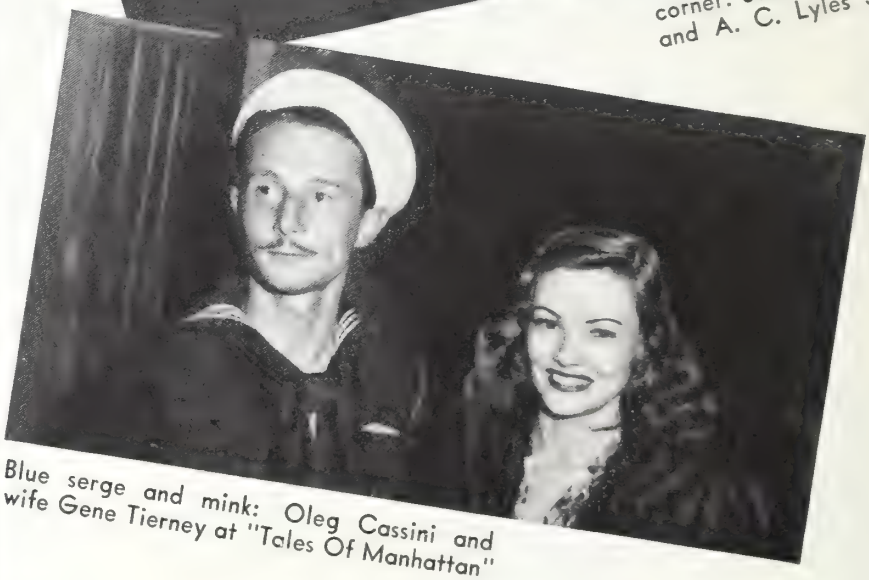
50¢

Regular size at drug stores everywhere. "Get-acquainted" size at variety stores. (Add 10% Fed. tax.)

House of WESTMORE Inc.
HOLLYWOOD

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Ermine and orchids corner: Jane Withers and A. C. Lyles Jr.



Blue serge and mink: Oleg Cassini and wife Gene Tierney at "Tales Of Manhattan"

News From Hollywood's Second Front: Lew Ayres, in the Medical Corps, was stationed in Honolulu when last heard from.

Corporal Gilbert Roland has made wife Connie Bennett very happy by being chosen for Officers' Training School.

Lt. Jimmy Stewart is stationed at the flying school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and one hears he won't be Lieutenant very long. Everyone is proud of Jimmy, who chose to come up the hard way.

Lt. Freddy Brisson is stationed at Santa Ana, Calif., about twenty-five miles from Los Angeles. Rosalind Russell has taken a small house there to be near her husband.

Beautiful Brenda Joyce cooks, sews, scrubs in her little house up north near the town of Atascadero, Calif., just so husband Lt. Owen Ward can have a home to come to twice a week. Brenda is expecting a baby soon.

Weep Not, Fair Lady: She came down from the high mountain location at Sonora, pale, bewildered, hurt. Zorina had been told after ten days' shooting that she would not do in the role of *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

Her eyes were wide with pain and disappointment the day she came back to town and all Hollywood feels the dancer-actress was needlessly hurt. To begin with, Zorina never seemed to Cal quite right for the role. Author Ernest Hemingway repeatedly stated he felt Ingrid Bergman the one star suited for the role. Director Sam Wood never fully approved Zorina's tests but reluctantly agreed to the studio's wishes in the matter.

Zorina herself made the sacrifice of permitting her long hair, so contributive to the artistry of her dancing, to be shorn close to her head for the role. She is now preparing a new dance routine under the guidance of

Glitter, glitter, little star: Carole Landis looks over a jewelry counter at Adrian's shop

her husband George Balanchine for a scene in "Star Spangled Rhythm."

Most stars have suffered like heartaches at some stage of their career and all of them have recovered. So weep not, fair lady. Tomorrow is still another—and most probably a better—day.

The Power and the Glory: On the same day two friends 3000 miles apart (see news of Henry Fonda on page 9) and unaware of the other's intentions walked into recruiting offices and enlisted in Uncle Sam's forces. Tyrone Power went down from his "Crash Dive" location in the East to Washington, D. C., and enlisted in the United States Marines without telling one member of his company. Previous plans in personalized Navy work had fallen through for the actor and the resultant publicity had been unpleasant.

At Camp Elliott in San Diego Power will undergo the rigorous Marine training. Annabelle, his wife, will remain in their Brentwood home.

An American Gentleman: We stopped on the "Once Upon A Honeymoon" set to garner a few bits of news.

Ginger Rogers took one look at us and immediately dashed for her dressing room.

Wondering if maybe we were the cause of the sudden exit, we sat down meekly to watch. Ginger's famous pal, Eddie Rubin, made another hurried exit. Then we were almost sure. "Ten to one, we're put out of here in another five minutes," we wagered with our accompanying publicist, who looked horror-struck at the very idea.

Then Cary Grant turned and saw

COME ON! WHERE IS IT?

I GOTTA DATE, MOM

••I have to have Noxzema for my Powder Base -it gives such a smooth, long-lasting foundation; as night cream it helps smooth and soften my skin -helps heal externally-caused blemishes.

I GOTTA SHAVE, DON'T I?

•••I can't do without Noxzema. It helps soften my tough beard, gives me a swell, cool, comfortable shave; and my skin doesn't feel tender and sore afterward!

I GOTTA HAVE IT FOR BABY

•••I wish all mothers knew how grand Noxzema is for baby's tender skin when it is chafed or irritated by "diaper rash." It cools and soothes so quickly and helps promote healing!

I OFTEN BURN MY HANDS... COOKING

•••and Noxzema's wonderful for those minor "kitchen" burns and for rough, chapped hands, too! Keep a jar in the kitchen, the bathroom, on your dressing table.

Let this famous family favorite help you, too!

• Try Noxzema as above—and for the relief of many similar externally-caused skin troubles. Over 15 million jars are used every year!

IMPORTANT! While the supply lasts, you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ *(plus tax)!* Due to wartime limitations, this yearly offer *may never be made again!* Take advantage of it. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter *today!*

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuf

They met on Broadway, we married in Hollywood: Dia Barrymore, John's daughte rings wedding bells wi stage actor Bramwell Fle cher. Rev. H. Paul Rome who married Cary Grant a Barbara Hutton, officiate The bride was attended her mother, Mrs. Harris Tweed. Sixty guests were Diana's house. Below: "O marrieds" of two years, Ma Martin and Dick Hallida make a Mocambo night of

us. "Hello, stranger," he cried and came over to shake hands and to talk a bit of his great happiness and his satisfaction in becoming an American and his hopes of getting into the Army very soon; then he was summoned to the phone.

While he was gone it happened. Mr. McCarey, the director, wasn't so well, we were informed, and would we mind leaving the lot.

We grinned at the unhappy publicist.

"Well, maybe Mr. McCarey *was* ill," the studio worker began.

"Maybe," we agreed. "Maybe we're wrong about Ginger!"

(Cal says Ginger has changed. Ginger admits she has. Furthermore, she gives an answer to Cal and her Hollywood critics on page 54.)

Down Romance Lane: Glenn For is the most ardent beau Eleano Powell has had since Merrill Py

"I love her very much," Richar Ney wrote to a friend from an Arm camp concerning Greer Garson, "bu I was most unhappy when I le Hollywood, for I felt my feelings fo Greer made things very difficult."

Mr. Ney doesn't say how or wh things were difficult.

Newsbits: Gene Autry is quite figure in his new uniform. Under stand Sergeant Autry will have hi life story translated to the scree Wonder who will play Gene—his riva Roy Rogers, perhaps?

Agent Sue Carol claims it was lov that prompted that sale of her hus band's contract to a rival agent fo $10,000. "Do you mean to tell me sh

ıld Alan Ladd for a mean little .0,000?" wide-eyed Gertie asked.

Hollywood is touched at the tribute ıid the late Carole Lombard by a ›ecial squadron of Navy air cadets ho have named themselves "The ombardiers." "The Lombardiers" ere recruited from Carole's native diana.

Charity events included the garden ırty for the California National uard Hospital presented to the state Marion Davies. The party, held in arion's beautiful gardens brought ıt Sergeant Gene Autry in uniform, ›sing with two arms full of Rita ayworth and Dorothy Lamour.

Ava Gardner (Mrs. Mickey Roon-) in uniform made a pretty picture. nne Shirley sold a kiss for fifteen ırd-earned dollars to a visiting ldier. (See page 9.)

Bob Hope, as auctioneer, kept the owd in hysterics.

Last-Minute Round-Abouts: Adrian's shion display was one of the high-ghts of the month. Mary Martin was pecially chic. Barbara Hutton (Mrs. ary Grant) bought most of the odels after the display.

Margaret Sullavan took the whole ing very seriously, while Carole ındis bubbled over at the beautiful ocks, jewels and shoes.

Spectators raised eyebrows at the ght of Paulette Goddard dining with -husband Charles Chaplin at the ayers. 'Tis whispered Charlie's new scovery, Joan Barry, flounced out the studio and home to Mama ıen the news reached her ears. cidentally, when Paulette went back her New York farm for a visit, she ipped her bantam car along as ex-ss baggage. Three gallons of gas d Paulette says she can go to the oon in it.

Hedy Lamarr goes previewing with Jean Pierre Aumont. Know him? No? Well then, see p. 66

"I may as well Work Overtime —I never Have a Date!"

Susie: "... so run along, Terry. Keep your date with dark and handsome! I'd just as soon stay and work as sit at home alone!"

Terry: "Susie! What a dull night life for a pretty girl! If I told you what dims your glamor—you'd have scads of dates!"

Susie: "An underarm odor girl—ME! Why, I bathe every day."
Terry: "But why expect your morning bath to last all day! I play safe, with Mum!"

"Pretty clothes and hair-dos don't mean much if underarm odor steals the show! Resolved: Each day it's a bath for past perspiration—Mum to guard the future!"

MUM HAS the advantages popular girls want in a deodorant! *Speed!* Takes only 30 seconds. *Safety!* No risks to sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving; won't harm clothes. *Certainty!* Mum clinches bath freshness, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor for a whole day or evening. Guard your charm —get Mum at your druggist's today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability —make Mum ideal for this important purpose, too.

"Arthur Murray Dancers Say "Active Women Need These Action Girdles"

Real-Form GIRDLES OF GRACE

Look fit, feel fit, with the perfect fit of Raschel Knit Real-Form! A miracle of comfort and control made with maximum Lastex permitted by W. P. B. Won't roll or "hike up". Guaranteed non-run. Illustrated, completely two way stretch panty girdle (or girdle) . . . $2.50. Other styles $2.50 to $5.00

* Send 10c in coin or stamps for Arthur Murray Dance Book Real-Form Girdle Co., Dept. P, 358 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

Speak FOR YOURSELF

Alan Ladd gets just what he deserves from a Cincinnati girl

$10.00 PRIZE
Good Luck, Gunner

WE can't help but beat Hitler—when men like Clark Gable are willing to give up fame and fortune to "do or die."

Clark is my idea of a regular guy. I came to that conclusion about ten years ago when I saw him, at the beginning of his career, on the Paramount lot making a picture called "No Man Of Her Own" with Carole Lombard. I was a U. S. C. student then and I'll never forget the sincere welcome I received from Clark. I was a nobody, but he made me feel as if he were personally interested in me. He told me that it had always been one of the regrets in his life that he hadn't gone to college and said that college students were as fascinating to him as movie stars were to me.

I cherish his autograph and that of Carole Lombard's because they stand as symbols to me of my contact with two fine personalities.

I believe Clark is going into the Army with the same sincerity he shows in everything else. Good luck, gunner!

RUTH E. EGGLESTON,
Denver, Colo.

$5.00 PRIZE
Everybody's Happy

LAST night on the screen, I saw an "actor."

I saw a young man hold an audience spellbound by making the character he portrayed definitely real and alive.

He is positively *not* the curly-haired glamour boy with the so-called sex appeal, but his glance holds more dynamite than a dozen Victor Matures.

He is not suave or debonair, but his voice has more appeal than a whole Charles Boyer script.

Besides all this, he can be dramatic without being a fanatic—and that makes a lot of people happy.

Briefly—last night I saw Alan Ladd!

ROSALYN WANG,
Cincinnati, O.

$1.00 PRIZE
Re Sour Apples

DO you suppose it would be possible that we might have an intelligent and mature picture about West Point or Annapolis? I have seen a great many service pictures. The only distinguishing feature is the title.

Sure, they drill beautifully at both places, but marching scenes don't make a picture. I think it would be a pleasant novelty if the heroes didn't always come in trios. I could see along all right without the smart-aleck chap who gets silenced, but by something pretty heroic redeems himself in the eyes of his companions and becomes an A-1 soldier (sailor). It's been my experience that sour apples remain sour apples.

Universal finale for all pictures—graduation scene. And I see that in the newsreels every year anyway.

They're doing great things at both places. They deserve a great picture.

MARION GOODWIN,
Andover, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
The Main Idea

THIS is a bit of a boost for that wonderful actress, Marjorie Main, who I am certain merits the stardom that is about to be given her. Miss Main may not be a glamour girl or one of those shapely front-cover models we see too much of, but she has more appeal in feminine charm than all of the movie actresses I know. It would please me very much if Marjorie Main were cast with Frank Morgan in a comedy. This team would most certainly go over big with the public.

So, let's see more of Marjorie Main, my favorite screen actress.

PVT. JOSEPH KUDASZ,
Fort Jackson, S. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star"

OUR Little Theater Group can't know you personally, but we can't help but form opinions. These opinions are taken from the things we read about you and the pictures you make. Here are a few of the candid opinions that scored a unanimous vote from our entire group.

Olivia de Havilland must hardly be human, she is always the picture of perfection . . . Please give Cary Grant something becoming to do with his hands . . . Can't someone muss George Raft's hair, just once . . . We'd like to see Joan Fontaine do something quite rash, like kick her husband downstairs. . . .

Everyone loves a fat man, at least we all love Eddie Arnold . . . Bette Davis is good. That's her greatest fault, she is good to the point of being stuffy . . . Jim Stewart gets our vote for the best actor in the business . . . And we'd team him up with Laraine Day. Now there's an actress. What can the (*Continued on page* 94)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One Single Jar!

My one 4-Purpose Face Cream, by itself, helps end all these 6 Skin Troubles

IMAGINE a face cream—one remarkable, scientific face cream — that does all these important things for your skin!

As though by the touch of a magic wand, it seems to cream away the cobwebs of tiny, tired lines around your eyes and mouth—little lines due to dryness. And it seems to help end the very condition that causes big pores—blackheads—oily skin—dry, flaky skin.

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

1. *Dry Skin*
2. *Tiny Lines*
3. *Big Pores*
4. *Oily Skin*
5. *Blackheads*
6. *Flaky Skin*

And here's the reason Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream can do all this! *It works with nature and helps nature.* This one cream, by itself, takes care of four essential needs of your skin! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, it thoroughly but gently cleanses your skin — it softens your skin and relieves dryness—it helps nature refine the pores—it leaves a perfect base for powder and make-up, smooth but never sticky.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Be sure to mail the coupon *now*, before you forget!

Lady Esther **4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**

LADY ESTHER, (18)
134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)

You lead the conga line at USO dances. You organize bond drives, scrap drives, charity drives. Your whole set follows your lead! Your perfume is, obviously, Varva's *"Follow Me"* ...the fragrance that beckons, leads, lasts!

Parfum, $1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, $1 to 4.50
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1
Bath Powder, $1
Bubble Foam, $1

"Follow Me" by

VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

Peace-cigarette; peace, it's wonderful! Dotty Lamour, Bob Hope in "Road To Morocco"

BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

√ *APACHE TRAIL*—M-G-M: A whoop-la Western, with Indians and uprisings and maraudings. William Lundigan is a fearless stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan. Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. (Oct.)

√ *ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?*—Paramount: The marital woes of an average young couple, played by Betty Field and Ray Milland, add up to chuckly entertainment, what with the little jealousies, the fibbing, the fruity imagination of the wife and her interference with her husband's work. Charles Dingle, Patricia Morison, Eugene Pallette and Leif Erickson contribute to a pleasant evening. (Oct.)

BABY FACE MORGAN—Producers Releasing Corp.: Richard Cromwell unknowingly heads a gang of racketeers, although how he could have been so stupid is beyond us. Mary Carlisle is the sweet young thing who finally beats some sense into his head; Robert Armstrong is the bad man. (Oct.)

√√ *BAMBI*—Walt Disney-RKO: Disney's art at its greatest and best is attained in this stirring poem of beauty, and its message will touch both children and adults alike. Bambi is a little deer born in the forest, living unafraid amidst his friends and the elements until man, the villain, strikes terror into his heart and ruthlessly destroys his home. (Sept.)

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—Paramount: Here's Dorothy Lamour back in her sarong again, playing the circus girl who's really an heiress. To help her prove her claim, the whole circus crew, including Richard Denning, Walter Abel, the scientist who discovered Dottie in the jungle, and Jack Haley, an unfunny press agent, go back to the jungle to search for the papers. (Oct.)

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT—Columbia: Not quite up to their usual standard is this picture of the *Bumpsteads* in which they become the parents of a baby daughter. Penny Singleton as *Blondie* arranges with her husband's boss to keep *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) out of town until after the blessed event. (Aug.)

BROADWAY—Universal: George Raft plays himself in this remake of the stage play, a motion-picture star who returns to New York and relates his experiences as a night-club hoofer. As the flashback unfolds, such characters as Janet Blair, his sweetheart, gangster Broderick Crawford, and assorted entertainers, gangsters and chorus girls pass in review. (Aug.)

CALLING DR. GILLESPIE—M-G-M: Philip Dorn replaces Lew Ayres in the *Dr. Kildare* series and scores a solid hit as the Holland-born doctor who hopes to become a psychoanalyst and does when a homicidal maniac roams the hospital seeking revenge on *Dr. Gillespie*, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore. Phil Brown is the young maniac and Donna Reed his sweetheart. (Oct.)

CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN, A—Columbia: William Gargan, as *Ellery Queen*, visits the lodge of Ralph Morgan and discovers that Morgan has two daughters, one of whom has been missing for years. Margaret Lindsay, Gargan's secretary, impersonates the missing daughter and then all the murders start. (Aug.)

√ *CROSSROADS*—M-G-M: William Powell plays an amnesia victim in this dramatic story of a French diplomat who brings his blackmailer to trial only

SHADOW STAGE

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to be met with almost convincing proof that he was both criminal and murderer earlier in his life. Hedy Lamarr is Powell's wife, Felix Bressart the family friend, and Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor, and Margaret Wycherly are also very good. (Sept.)

✓✓ *EAGLE SQUADRON*—Wanger-Universal: A stirring, thrilling tribute to our American boys who joined the R. A. F. Actual action shots of their squadron are incorporated into the story and lend a thrilling effect. Robert Stack does his best work as the American who joins the Squadron, and Leif Erikson, Eddie Albert, Diana Barrymore as the English miss in service, and John Loder comprise a good cast. (Sept.)

ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG—Universal: German and Japanese agents and American cowboys Leo Carrillo, Andy Devine and Don Terry mix it up in a free-for-all before the bombing of Hong Kong. They also get mixed up with Marjorie Lord. (Aug.)

FALCON TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio: The popular screen sleuth, George Sanders, has his own talent for unearthing murderers, this time Ward Bond. Lynn Bari is the gal who catches the Sanders eye. It's well done. (Aug.)

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT—Columbia: The familiar plot of this story concerns Pat O'Brien, an aviator who causes a plane crash in which his co-pilot is killed, so he takes to wildcat flying in Dutch Guiana to support his son. The son, Glenn Ford, grows up to fall in love with Evelyn Keyes, daughter of the dead co-pilot, and heartache and disillusion result until O'Brien makes restitution. (Sept.)

✓ *FOOTLIGHT SERENADE*—20th Century-Fox: Victor Mature is an egotistical prize fighter who goes on the stage, ousts star Cobina Wright Jr. from her role, substitutes his own choice, Betty Grable, and then can't understand why Betty should prefer John Payne to him. Betty does several dance routines, Jane Wyman plays her girl friend and James Gleason is the producer. (Oct.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Edward Small-U.A.: Dated as the hobble skirt is this story of two argumentative old German-Americans who talk themselves and the audience half to death. Charlie Ruggles and Charles Winninger are the friendly enemies, James Craig is the son who is thought to be lost at sea, and Nancy Kelly is his girl. (Sept.)

✓✓ *GAY SISTERS, THE*—Warners: Different in theme and idea is this picture, but we think you'll enjoy it despite the underlying current of ugliness. Proud Barbara Stanwyck, covetous Geraldine Fitzgerald, and moody Nancy Coleman are sisters whose estate has been in litigation for twenty years, impoverishing but never beating them. George Brent is the man responsible for their legal difficulties. (Sept.)

HENRY AND DIZZY—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon, as *Henry Aldrich*, borrows a motorboat but wrecks it. The efforts of *Henry* and his pal *Dizzy* (Charles Smith) to earn enough money to replace the boat form the basis of the story. Mary Anderson is the pretty girl. Not up to standard. (Aug.)

✓ *HER CARDBOARD LOVER*—M-G-M: In his gay little number, Robert Taylor falls in love with Norma Shearer who has hired him to protect her against George Sanders. At times both Norma and Bob spread on the histrionics a little thick, but Sanders is, as usual, terrific. (Aug.)

HI, NEIGHBOR—Republic: Radio personalities such as Vera Vague, Don Wilson, Lillian Randolph and others cavort around in this weak little home-grown number, with Janet Beecher as sponsor of a school that becomes a lonely heart retreat in the summer. Jean Parker and John Archer are the inevitable twosome. (Oct.)

✓ *HOLIDAY INN*—Paramount: The blending of Fred Astaire's dancing and Bing Crosby's singing is all to the good and Irving Berlin's tunes make this a special treat. Bing leaves their act to run an inn open only on holidays. To the inn as a performer comes lovely Marjorie Reynolds and Fred tries to steal her away. Virginia Dale is also involved. (Oct.)

IN OLD CALIFORNIA—Republic: John Wayne comes out West from Boston to open up a much-needed drugstore, but villainous Albert Dekker, jealous over dance-hall queen Binnie Barnes' interest in Wayne, poisons the drugs and nearly succeeds in having John lynched. The sudden discovery of gold saves him, and the inevitable fight between the two almost wrecks the town. (Sept.)

✓ *INVISIBLE AGENT*—Frank Lloyd-Universal: Jon Hall, who inherits the secret of invisibility, offers his services to his country, flies over Germany, becomes invisible and gets embroiled in some very amusing and intriguing escapades. Ilona Massey is the girl spy; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre and J. Edward Bromberg are the Axis agents. You'll enjoy it. (Oct.)

✓ *IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH*—20th Century-Fox: An exciting baseball yarn, with Lloyd Nolan terrific as the manager of the club that once ousted him as a player on trumped-up charges. George Holmes as the rookie befriended by Nolan shows great promise and Carole Landis as the object of young Holmes' heart is very beautiful. (Oct.)

(*Continued on page* 106)

"And your Face

IS SO SATIN-SMOOTH"

"EVERY NIGHT" Care for Dry Skin

Cleanse expertly with Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Then apply a light, all-over film of this new cream and leave on all night. Admire your fresh, smooth, younger-looking skin next morning.

Unnecessary to let Pathetic Dry Skin Wrinkles come too soon

TAKES no time to have complete smooth-skin care every day—if you use the new Jergens Face Cream!

This is a clever new face cream—made by the same skin-scientists who make that lovely Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Face Cream—

(1) cleanses swiftly, exquisitely
(2) helps soften your skin
(3) makes a silken powder foundation
(4) acts as a Night Cream, so helpful against worrisome dry skin.

A "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment! You'll love your fresh, younger look when you use Jergens Face Cream every day.

ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

Love Line-Up

Love, the real thing: Evelyn Ankers and Richard Denning, two youngsters with their hearts in single time, get the Hollywood date spotlight just because they look so happy together at the Mocambo

Love for the sake of a Beverly Tropics headline: Kay Williams, blonde model from New York, came to Hollywood, started going places with George Montgomery. Admitted the lady quite openly that the "romance" was for publicity sake

Friendship, fatal-attraction department: Two Latins who love to dance and love to laugh, get together to have a good time at "Mrs. Miniver"—Carmen Miranda and Cesar Romero

Friendship, young-set sample: Alan Gordon and Linda Darnell make a pretty face-front at the movies

"I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT ONE OF THE MOST ENTERTAINING AND EXCITING MOTION PICTURES I HAVE EVER SEEN"

— *Walter Winchell*

"20th Century-Fox has really reached into the heavens for this one. They scooped up all the stars and put them on the same screen . . . Yes, the greatest collection of stars ever assembled in the same motion picture: CHARLES BOYER, RITA HAYWORTH, GINGER ROGERS, HENRY FONDA, CHARLES LAUGHTON, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, PAUL ROBESON, ETHEL WATERS, 'ROCHESTER', THOMAS MITCHELL, EUGENE PALLETTE, CESAR ROMERO, GAIL PATRICK, ROLAND YOUNG, ELSA LANCHESTER, GEORGE SANDERS, JAMES GLEASON, J. CARROL NAISH, THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR and a score of other film favorites.

"To match the brilliance of these stars, the finest writers in Hollywood fashioned the story. It takes you from a tenement to a penthouse . . . from Park Avenue to Hell's Kitchen . . . a story blending drama, comedy, music, romance and stirring action into a big-time show.

"Orchids to these great stars for their brilliant performances and orchids to 20th Century-Fox for bringing to the screen . . .

TALES OF MANHATTAN

"Your reporter tells you now over his by-line . . .

"It's as thrilling as New York's skyline"

Directed by
JULIEN DUVIVIER

Produced by
BORIS MORROS *and* S. P. EAGLE

Written and Adapted for the Screen by: Ben Hecht, Ferenc Molnar, Donald Ogden Stewart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Alan Campbell, Ladislas Fodor, L. Vadnai, L. Gorog, Lamar Trotti, Henry Blankfort.

BUY A WAR BOND AS A SALUTE TO YOUR HEROES!

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

100% American Beauty

Should I stop buying metal lipstick cases?

Does the valuable alcohol in cologne now make that taboo?

You're Uncle Sam's sweetheart if you have Dottie Lamour's answers to these!

BY GLORIA MACK

1. The Government needs metal; shouldn't I stop buying metal compacts and lipstick cases?

No! As long as metal compacts and lipstick cases are in the stores, the metal in them was not needed by Uncle Sam. Once made up, the Government does not want to reclaim the material and make the manufacturers carry this loss. So you'll really help business by buying what's on sale.

2. Colognes contain valuable alcohol; shouldn't they be taken off the market?

Colognes, as well as other cosmetics, wouldn't be for sale if the Government didn't approve. The U. S. hasn't stopped the sale of alcohol, they've just cut down on it. So go ahead and buy your bottled beauty.

3. What about hand lotions? I thought they contained that all-important glycerine.

They do—but in a very small Government-approved amount. Moreover, chemists have worked out finer emulsions of vegetable oils that are of even more benefit to the skin than glycerine. Now you can buy—and use—just as much hand lotion as is necessary for proper returns on the hand-holding market.

4. Wouldn't it be better if I made the sacrifice supreme of giving up all cosmetics and saving my money instead?

Lady, lady—remember that ten percent Federal tax you're paying so cheerfully every time you buy cosmetics. That helps Uncle Sam ten times more than hoarding of your pennies—and a pretty face is the just reward of every weary warrior.

5. There's a fat-saving campaign on, yet I go ahead and buy creams and lipsticks that contain fatty products. Is that right?

One hundred percent right for any American Beauty! Most of the fats in cosmetics are not the kind the Government needs. In cases where they are, chemists have worked out substitutions that leave your skin—and your conscience—clear.

6. Just what should be my cosmetic code during wartime?

Here's an answer from the sweetheart of the Army and the Navy—and the Treasury. Dorothy Lamour who looks beautiful in "Road To Morocco" and pays off beautifully in her amazing War Bond-selling tours, those fabulous tours during which, to prevent stuffy formality, Dottie had her name embroidered for easy identification on her dresses.

"Women have a big job now," says Dottie. "There are thousands of jobs women have to take over from men. But we've got to keep on being attractive women, too. There mustn't be any grimness about our attitude.

"I know—I meet the boys in camps all over the country. Don't let any girl think she's being patriotic by skinning her hair back, leaving off make-up and gritting her teeth as she gets to work. This is the time, as never before, to pay attention to detail in your appearance.

"Remember, regulations in make-up apply long before cosmetics appear in the stores, so you're supposed to buy what you find there and use it the best way you know how. Keep as pretty as you can for that man of yours; he needs your prettiness now!"

For that well-groomed look men admire
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO MANAGE!

Darling of the Campus! *New, well-groomed version of the college casual hair-do with only a slight wave breaking its gleaming smoothness. That smart scarf tucked inside her sweater says "Bundles for America".*

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bathtub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Thrilling results with wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo containing hair conditioner! Leaves hair lovelier . . . far easier to arrange!

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to look its loveliest, you really ought to use the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair silkier and smoother and far easier to arrange neatly—right after shampooing! If you haven't used Drene lately, you'll be amazed at the thrilling difference that added hair conditioner now makes.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, use Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

"I was that close to JOAN BENNETT!"

"And, my dear, she has the love-li-est complexion! You never saw anything like it! All peaches and cream! And what do you think...

"She takes an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL every single day. Uh-huh! With Lux Toilet Soap. Smooths the nice, gentle lather into her skin and...

"Rinses with warm water—then with cool. My dear, it's simply marvelous! All dust and dirt and stale cosmetics are gone quick as a wink and your skin feels so wonderfully *fresh*—

"Pat to dry. That's all! It's the grandest way to help your skin stay soft and smooth. I guess that's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

"It lathers in any kind of water—hard, cold—or what have you. And one cake lasts so long—it saves money. You ought to try it!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—

It's **PURE**
It's **MILD**
It has **ACTIVE** *lather*

Speaking of Heroes—

THERE isn't a movie-goer among us who didn't respond with quick emotion when Clark Gable enlisted as a private in the Air Corps of the United States Army, or who failed to feel a sense of elation reading the news less than three weeks later that Tyrone Power had been sworn in as private in the Marine Corps and that Henry Fonda, without advance word, had enlisted in the Navy.

These men gave up adulation, riches and fame to be-ome soldier, marine and sailor without rating. This did ot make them heroes, but it did something else. It gave s all inspiration in the knowledge that they had vol-ntarily exchanged pleasant jobs at large weekly salaries r humble, dangerous work in the ranks.

Yet there are those in Hollywood who say that neither able, nor Power nor Fonda should have enlisted. Those ho say this speak from honest conviction and a sincere esire to prevent any harm to the motion-picture in-ustry and its tremendous morale value during war. ey say simply that without its stars Hollywood cannot ntinue to produce great movies such as "Mrs. Miniver."

It has been asked before on this page: Should stars given deferment, forced to accept deferment so that ey can continue their movie-making? It is no longer academic discussion. Stars are leaving every week. ould they be left free to seek their place in the uni-rmed ranks?

I think so. Those countries who already have tasted e bitter tears of total war have taken their movie and ge heroes into the armed forces. English and Russian rs serve in the front lines, sharing the deadly peril hurling back the Nazis and, as another part of their ty to their nation, return on leave to appear in films. Clark Gable, on leave from active service, can play e part of air corps fighter with honesty and realism. Tyrone Power on furlough can be cast as marine and both he and audiences will know that his interpretation of the part does not come only from a knowledge of how to apply grease paint.

There is no gauge with which to measure the depth of a man's inner conflict, but it was obvious to those near Clark Gable this past spring and summer that he was a man torn by emotions. With the attack on Pearl Harbor he was ready for immediate enlistment. Only tremendous pressure forced him to wait. After Carole Lombard's death, he stayed on to finish a film that was already begun. But with the last possible retake finished he took the step he had decided he must, and that day the weeks of quick, bitter temper and aching restlessness disappeared.

I HAVE been told that the morning he was to be sworn in, he was so impatient he forgot to eat breakfast until halfway to the induction center. Stopping at a counter for coffee, he caught his coat and jerked a button off. He felt he couldn't be sworn in that way. Hurriedly he searched the neighborhood for a clothing shop and found one a block away run by a wrinkled, irascible proprietress. When he asked if she would sew on the button for him, she refused indignantly. They sold suits in her store, they did not repair them. He pleaded with her, saying he was about to be sworn into service and that he couldn't appear with an unbuttoned coat. It was then the lady looked up in her anger and recognized him. Instantly she was out on the sidewalk spreading the news. An excited crowd gathered and solemnly watched as the button was sewed back into place.

Public instinct in a democracy of free people is sure, the only true force for right. The public has welcomed Clark Gable, soldier; Tyrone Power, marine; Henry Fonda, gob—just as the public will welcome these citizen heroes when the time comes for them to return from their war roles and assume their peacetime roles once more.

Fred R Sammis

Thankfully Yours

Hedda Hopper

Peek-a-boo, Veronica Lake. Hedda's happy—two ways — about you

WITH the turkey gobbler just around the corner, it's high time for this gabbler to get started. It's our season for thanksgiving, and by heck, I'll give thanks for something if it uses up all my adjectives—'cause don't think we haven't an awful lot to be thankful for this year—we have.

First of all I give thanks daily for my sense of humor, which remains unimpaired after lo these many years in this wacky village—and without which I could never write this!

Those soldiers and sailors were mighty thankful to Metro for putting Hedy Lamarr into a "Lurong" (see page 44) judging by their carryings on at the preview. She's a tasty-looking dish and that black make-up made her eyes shine like the Aurora Borealis and her teeth look like pearls from Paradise—and that's where they'd all like to take her.

Joan Crawford's thankful she met up with a guy like Phil Terry and that he fell in love with her. Joan tells me he's the first man in her life who ever offered his shoulder to her. In her other marriages her shoulder had to do the work for both. Now, when she's upset over some nasty crack taken at her, Phil says, "What does it matter, honey? It's just Hollywood letting off steam. If they

Hollywood be praised for Irene Dunne—and then some, says H.H.

Orson Welles gets a "thanks be" for something—and it's not what you're thinking

A beloved "gabbler" views the Hollywood scene and finds some happy and spicy events to celebrate in true Thanksgiving fashion

David Selznick's singing paeans for Ingrid Bergman

veren't poking fun at us they'd be taking it out of some ther poor guys' hides—so let's be thankful it's us—'cause ve can take it!"

Norma Shearer's thankful she found a man like Martin arrouge, who not only taught her to ski, but also to be appy again, which she hasn't always been since Irving's eath.

We are all plenty thankful that those men who got hemselves commissions early in the war and thought hey'd occupy desk chairs in Washington for the duration ave been sent into active duty. At Thanksgiving, the rest f you enjoy stuffed turkey with the trimmin's, but it ooked like the Hollywood turkeys were stuffed shirts, with ne trimming in the form of gold braid, all on the outside—o we're thankful for our men like Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable and others. They began at the bottom and worked p, just as they did with their careers. And we're thankful or men like Directors John Ford and Willie Wyler who, nstead of opening recruiting offices in their studios when ne call came, went directly into active service and let the ther guy take care of his own conscience.

We're thankful, too, that now so many of our men have oined the colors, our women will finally get a chance to et and not the way they did in (*Continued on page* 73)

, fall windfall caused the praise-be grins f Ronnie Reagan and his wife Jane Wyman

Certain people thought they'd be thankful about Nelson Eddy, but they're pretty overcome instead

THE Romance Hollywood

THEY are the most striking couple in Hollywood these days, Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature, or at least they were until Vic went into the Coast Guard. You would have expected Hollywood to have gone for their dating, for Rita is distinctly Hollywood's current favorite daughter and Vic, though he is definitely not its favorite son, is at least its most fearfully conspicuous.

Yet, when it was known that Vic was actually in service, dizzily sentimental Hollywood gave forth a sigh of relief. In a joyous voice it shouted, "The Coast Guard may have saved Hayworth!"

There is always one romance in Hollywood that blankets all the others in interest. A thoroughly nice girl like Ruth Hussey can marry a thoroughly nice young agent like Bob Longenecker (you'll find the romantic details of that on page 68) and the union is so right that nobody gives it a second thought. A madcap like Lana Turner can elope with a Stephen Crane and receive no more than a passing grin, everybody expecting Lana to turn up in the divorce court any day thereafter.

But a romance like the Hayworth-Mature combination has all those elements that make for color and excitement, that make for conversation, as once did the romance of Norma Shearer and George Raft, as briefly did the romance of Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery.

The night of the premiere of "Tales Of Manhattan" in which Rita stars, Vic got leave from the Coast Guard to attend. Rita was wearing a big ring that night. She insisted it isn't an engagement ring, though she admitted Vic gave it to her. It's a flashy ring, its center stone a semiprecious peridot, which is cool, light green in color, surrounded by diamonds and rubies.

But more important than the ring sparkling in the premiere lights was the radiance Rita wore that night. It is like that now, whenever she is with Vic. There is a light in her lovely eyes that heretofore have always been a little sad and almost frightened. Now, with her arm through his, she is a most beguiling sight, this girl of the exquisite figure and provocative face and the gentle soul.

All this works into the kind of setup that Hollywood usually dotes upon, yet this time the town has never wanted the Mature-Hayworth romance to develop into love and marriage.

The reasons that it is opposed to

You'd think the Hayworth-Mature duet would have everything Hollywood loves. But Hollywood taboos it—and not for the usual reason

BY

RUTH WATERBURY

Doesn't Like

When Vic recently joined the Coast Guard, sentimental Hollywood gave a sigh of relief—

Rita's becoming the third Mrs. Victor Mature are not fear of box-office losses, not interstudio rivalries, or any of the usual hoodoos.

THE story that is generally told is that Rita and Vic were introduced on the first day's shooting of "My Gal Sal," that they took one look at each other and boom went their hearts in double time. That yarn is merely just so much publicity for the picture. Actually Rita and Vic had encountered one another on the Twentieth lot when she was making "Blood And Sand" and at night clubs several times before that, but it is true that it wasn't until "My Gal Sal" that they became really acquainted.

Rita was free then for the first time in her overly protected life. Before Rita married (*Continued on page* 75)

"I won't deny

Joan Fontaine speaks exciting and surprising words on the subject of her marriage to Brian Aherne

CERTAIN homes pack an emotional wallop. They make you realize that life can be made into a thing of beauty and joy. They may be humble cottages or mansions in Beverly Hills; it's the quality and relationship of the people in them that counts.

Such a home is Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne's. It's attractive enough architecturally—white, simple, serene, on a quiet, palm-lined street. Yet what distinguishes it is the pervading air of grace, dignity and of things loved. As soon as the door opens, a little poodle springs forward with friendly barks. In the living room are the wedding portrait of Joan and Brian on the piano, well-worn books and the latest magazines, the bowls of fresh-cut flowers, a large dream-colored painting of a young girl on the wall.

Here, indeed, one says, a girl has built the castle of her dreams.

But this was a less pleasant mission than to fall bemused under the spell of a room. For there had been all too persistent rumors that the castle of Joan Fontaine's dreams was crumbling, that the marriage she and her husband so obviously had cherished was breaking up.

The object of this visit was to ask Joan, in so many words, the truth of these stories.

Joan and Brian were busy digging in their garden. A swimming pool which they built last year flashed in the sun like a sheet of blue flame. Birds sang in the trees. It was more a girl in her middle teens than an Academy Award winner who looked up and waved; a girl in red shorts, wearing pigtails caught with red ribbons. Her face, with its elfin beauty, was tanned and a little ridiculous with a luxuriant crop of new freckles.

"We returned from our camping trip to Oregon yesterday," she called cheerily, "and found that our Victory Garden needs some work."

Brian also looked as though he had absorbed a lot of sunshine. For a while the conversation was on the new novel Joan had been reading on war, and Joan's newest movie, "The Constant Nymph." Then Brian excused himself and went into the house.

Promptly Joan launched into an account of their vacation. "We decided to have a last vacation together for the duration," she said. "Both of us are devotees of the gentle art of fly-fishing. We camped out, slept in sleeping bags on the bank of a river. We did all our cooking and Brian tells me I'm still the best cook that ever hit Beverly Hills. We had fresh cream and churned butter from the farm next door, crisp vegetables grown right there. For breakfast we had lovely trout. At night we lay under the stars and a low-hanging full moon and fell asleep listening to the music of the crickets, which to me is like the music of the earth's dreams. It was wonderful. We did much the same thing during our honeymoon trip three years ago, but now we couldn't help having a guilty conscience about it and asked ourselves time and again: What right do we have to enjoy all this when thousands are dying, the world is burning?

"Brian has received his first draft questionnaire. He has a flock of dependents whom he has been supporting for years, but he, too, may have to go. He can instruct fliers, but other than that I don't know what he can do except act. We have bought ambulances. Brian has built several air-raid shelters in England and he, Olivia and I have each adopted a British war orphan. But when others are giving their lives or suffering all kinds of privations these aren't even worth mentioning. I hope before the year is over the Government will draft every one of us in the industry, men and women, to make propaganda pictures—good ones.

"Take me. I am all right in a play, but otherwise I suffer terribly from stage fright. Much as I'd like to, I can't get up and make speeches. Recently I spoke before a women's club in Glendale for British War Relief. I thought I was doing quite well, when I heard a murmur in the audience. It grew louder and louder. I was mortified. I wondered what was wrong with me. As I looked down, I saw that (*Continued on page* 32)

the rumors—"

BY

LEON

SURMELIAN

WARNING TO JOAN AND BRIAN

Matilda Trotter, who has forecast many of Hollywood's most dramatic events months before they occurred, reads in the stars danger ahead for the Brian Ahernes

IT isn't always enough to be in love. You, Joan Fontaine, have seen Photoplay-Movie Mirror's reporter and have told him how priceless is your marriage to Brian Aherne; you have said that the rumors about your breakup don't deserve the dignity of denying them.

I am glad because as I study your horoscopes before me I see that the stars chart a stormy course for your marriage this fall. I am writing now to tell you that you will need self-control and trust if you would have your marriage breast the waves of trouble from your planets.

Because there have been whispers about discord between you, it is important for you to know that there are external influences working against you. Perhaps another time these rumors would not disturb you, but now any aspect of your lives might be the match that would light a flame of unhappiness to threaten you.

You will be under dynamic influences all through October and November when you should guard against poor judgment, false accusations, nervousness. Your house of prestige is threatened and you must be on watch against unsympathetic publicity. Take no one into your confidence, be more discreet than you have ever been. In your horoscope, Uranus is unfriendly to Neptune at birth. You both always will be in danger of sorrow from scandal. In lesser degree, a second period of danger exists from March 9 to April 18 of next year.

To you, Joan, I want to suggest:

Put your marriage before your career always; control any quickness of your temper, confine your acting to the studio; disguise whatever imperious streak you have; laugh at your own expense often.

To you, Brian, I want to say:

Watch out for dark moods; praise your wife whenever she deserves praise; watch your temper and control any inclination to be sarcastic; be more discreet than you ever thought possible; stress the affable side of your temperament and camouflage what may seem to others to be your haughty side.

To both of you, I say: You can beat your stars. The captain of a ship who sails the seven seas without a chart is asking for disaster, but if he sails with knowledge, skill and courage, he can go through the worst storms and find port in safety.

Back yard of a Beverly Hills house on a quiet, palm-lined street—the swimming pool. Near by is the Victory Garden, sown, weeded and watched over by gardeners Joan and Brian

my knees were shaking so that my skirt flapped! I'd like to sing and dance if I could—that would be more entertaining—but I can't. So I hope I'll be drafted to make pictures for the Government."

IT was time to explain the real and urgent reason for this visit. Joan smiled her crooked little smile when the frank question was asked.

"Friends have been calling me long-distance from New York and Philadelphia and asking me this same question. Is it true we're breaking up? Others phone me and say in a sweet, diplomatic way, 'Do let me know your new address when you move.' It's funny."

She sat back in the gaily striped hammock. "They are so silly I wouldn't care to deny them. If I came out and said, 'No, 'tain't true,' people would think there must be something to these rumors after all.

"But in your case, how did these rumors start?" we asked.

"How do I know? I suppose because I spent a few weeks in my little cottage at Pebble Beach with the British consul and his wife, who are close friends of ours, and Brian couldn't be with us every day because he was making a picture at the time. He came as often as he could. The same thing happened a year ago. Doctors advised me to take an ocean voyage for my health. I went to Tahiti—and the gossips concluded that Brian and I had quarreled. I was entranced by Tahiti—by the swaying palm trees, the coral reefs, the beaches of jet-black sand, the sunsets, the moonlight nights, the native girls with the grace of wild animals, wearing hibiscus flowers in their hair. But I could hardly wait to get back. I think it's a very good thing for married people to take a little vacation alone now and then. It makes them appreciate each other more and brings them closer together.

"I'm lost without Brian. I can't sit down and read, I can't concentrate, I feel something is wrong when I realize Brian isn't with me.

"I don't mean Brian and I never have any differences. We argue sometimes, but I'm always glad to give in, even though he's so stubborn—and I love him for it," she laughed.

MRS. AHERNE sipped her tea, sitting on the edge of the hammock, dangling her legs, little-girl fashion. She smiled again, as if remembering something funny.

"Before these rumors of our separation we were supposed to be expecting a baby. One writer calls me up every three or four months and asks me if I'm going to have a baby. I was shocked the first time!" She became serious and added dreamily, "It would be pretty nice to have a baby. I hope he would have Brian's nose, Brian's eyes and Olivia's mouth."

"And your what?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . he'll have my love, anyhow."

Suddenly her attention was diverted to a hummingbird fluttering over her head, its wings catching the late afternoon sun.

"Right now," she said earnestly, as if reminded by the contrast, "planes are crashing, ships sinking, men burning in tanks, women and children dying of hunger. Now is the time for each and every one of us to live according to the rules of the new world we are fighting to make when the war is over. But how can we hope to have this new world of peace and harmony when we refuse to allow our neighbors peace and harmony?

"We are helping our enemies when we criticize somebody in a destructive way. The home is the foundation of our civilization. Malicious gossip has wrecked many a home, especially in Hollywood. I am not opposed to a certain amount of publicity, even of our private lives, for as actors we are in a sense public property.

"What I object to is malicious gossip and destructive criticism. Brian and I won't ever let such gossip and criticism penetrate our lives. And the time I think has come to put a stop to all these rumors, all these whispering campaigns that destroy homes and create internal strife."

As we left Miss Fontaine and crossed the living room again, we glanced once more at the picture of that young girl on the wall.

"This is the house of my dreams," she seemed to say.

THE END

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Paulette Goddard: Appearing in Paramount's "Forest Rangers" . . . . . page 33

Mickey Rooney: Appearing in M-G-M's "A Yank At Eton" . . . . . page 36

Ann Sheridan: Appearing in Warners' "George Washington Slept Here" page 37

Brenda Marshall: Appearing in Warners' "You Can't Escape Forever" . . . page 40

Humphrey Bogart: Appearing in Warners' "Casablanca" . . . . . page 50

Robert Young: Appearing in M-G-M's "Cairo" . page 41

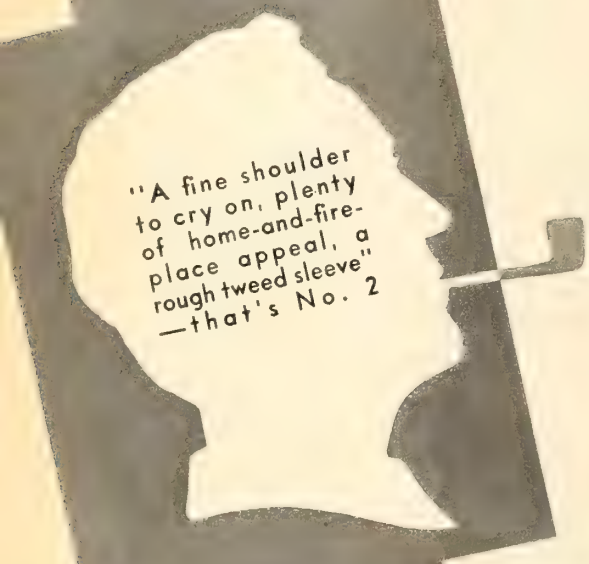
Betty Jane Rhodes: Appearing in Paramount's "Priorities On Parade" . . . . . page 41

Hedy Lamarr: Appearing in M-G-M's "White Cargo" . . . . . page 44

Paulette Goddard

THE TEN MOST ATTRACTIVE

A first-fiddle columnist puts in a favorite-male order that will delight all females



OF course one girl's dream prince is another girl's Karloff, and a fascinating fellow in December can prove a droop by May; but as a close student of the cinema cavalier both at toil and at ease I have concluded that there are ten Hollywood heroes who top all the others in sheer masculine grace and glamour—and I even think I know why.

So if you will pardon me while I retire behind my bullet-proof screen, I shall name them.

One, Humphrey Bogart. It took years for the screen to discover that Bogie had more sex appeal than any other actor in Hollywood, probably because producers are men and men can't quite understand why a girl would swoon over Bogie when the world is so full of boys with scalloped profiles. Bogie hasn't got dimples, but he doesn't need them; he has the appeal of a good detective story on a rainy night or beer and sandwiches in the kitchen.

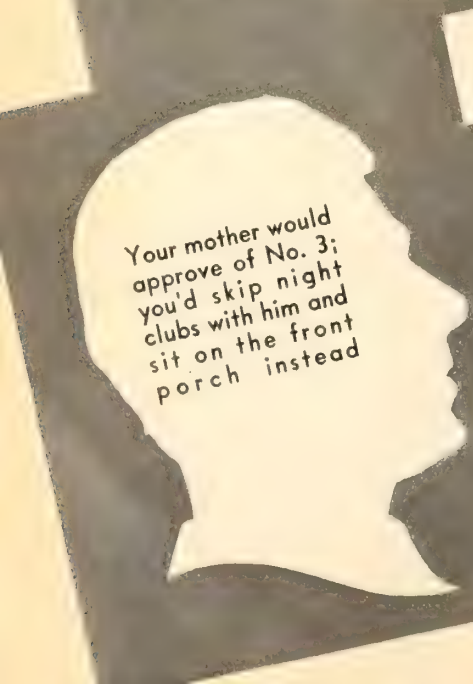
He has a wonderful quality of contempt that comes through even in his love scenes; and no matter how many gunmen he plays, he can read and write and maybe you would be safe to bet that he has done more of both than most of the boys who toy with grease paint.

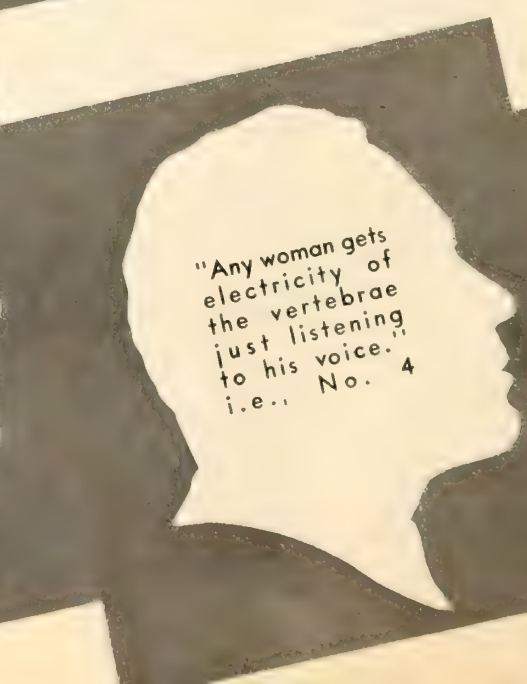
But he's not walking around in platinum armor; he represents love in bloom in a furnished room with fire escapes, and the only kind of music you'd make with him is the kind you hear in night clubs, very late, when the apache team comes out and the guy starts wiping up the floor with the girl.

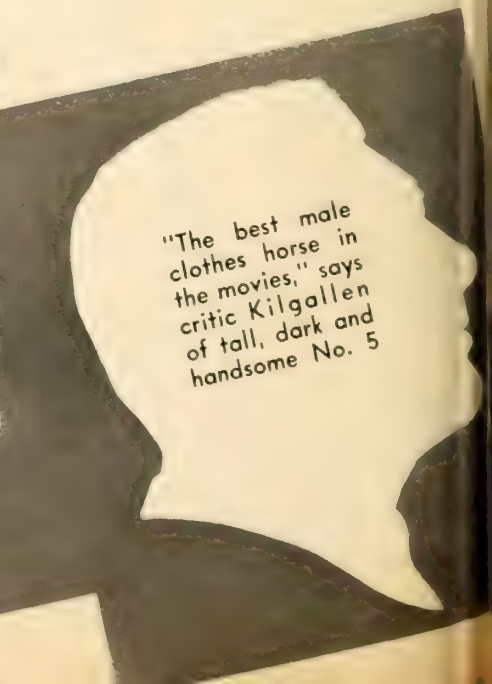
But he's fascinating.

Two, Walter Pidgeon. I can probably come out from behind my armor-plated vest while I toss his name into the ring, because any girl would like to be stranded in a penthouse with Pidgeon. Strength is what he's got; a fine shoulder to cry on, plenty of home-and-fireplace appeal, a rough tweed sleeve, and a gentleness that is devastating in anyone over six feet two. When all this is combined with a gleam in the right eye, you've got something. (You've got Walter.)

He's the attentive kind, the sort who would remember wedding an-







MEN IN HOLLYWOOD...

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

niversaries with violets, always notice your new hat, and buy you champagne at ten in the morning if you were on a lark together.

Of course he's the kind you could trust with your best friend, too—but you couldn't trust her with him!

Three, Ronald Reagan. He's the clear-eyed, clean-thinking young American in uniform. You can see a montage of American Background when you look at him—debating teams, football, ski parties, summer jobs in a gas station, junior proms, fraternity pin on his best girl's sweater, home for Christmas, home for Easter. Your mother would approve of him. Your dad would talk politics with him while you dressed.

Ronald's the kind who'd send candy and roses—not orchids and diamonds. He's the type to go window-shopping with, looking for furniture for an ideal suburban home.

He'd be wasted in night clubs and noisy places; it would be more fun to go halfies with him on a chocolate soda and afterwards sit on the front porch swing in the summer dark and talk about his ambitions and your own.

Four, Leslie Howard. Any woman with half the customary quota of vitamins gets electricity of the vertebrae just listening to his voice, and when you add the wise, rather tired twinkle in his eyes and his beautiful assurance, the total is terrific.

He has intriguing circles under his orbs and is capable of turning on a special glance that would make Broadway Rose think herself Helen of Troy.

Leslie is cleverer than most cinema heroes because he is versatile in approach and his appeal is successful with an unending variety of types. He could make a dull woman feel clever and I am sure he has caused many a clever woman to pull in her horns. He could make the oldest woman in the world want to waltz and he could make a schoolgirl feel like a vamp on a black satin sofa.

Howard is very subtle dynamite. You don't (*Continued on page* 108)

The "most male male" Miss Kilgallen—and a lot of other girls — has ever met. Just one guess on No. 10!

No. 9 of the Attractive Ten is a guy who has a way of looking wistful, who's glib and full of sly whimsy

No. 6 "has everything that Boyer has plus quite a few inches in height." Your clue: He's Austrian

"Even in a night club he looks as though he had checked his sword along with his hat!" Who's No. 7?

No. 8: "There's a great Irish tenderness in his eyes even when he's giving you the back of his hand."

Ann Sheridan

"Gee, isn't it beautiful!" say Judy and Dave about their living room

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF *Judy Garland Rose*

AUTOMOBILES, due to war priorities, may be limited in mileage and speed, but the Gar-Rose railroad is still running on schedule around an exclusive Brentwood estate. Of course, it doesn't get its passengers anywhere in particular but it goes like sixty behind the playhouse, past the living-room windows, out to the edge of the cliff and back again.

Occasionally, people in cars will glance upward and see a procession of heads moving like fury at the edge of the cliff and then suddenly and mysteriously disappearing around a turn. Visitors to Hollywood will stand and stare open-mouthed at this phenomenon until someone explains, "That? Oh, they're riding on the miniature train that belongs to Dave Rose and Judy Garland. It runs around their estate. You ought to see the thing go."

When Judy and Dave set out on their search for a home, they considered first a place for the train. Sometimes the house was ideal, but the grounds were too small for the Honeymoon Express. Real-estate agents, quick to adjust themselves to Hollywood's demands, began telephoning, "I have a wonderful place I want you to see. The grounds would be swell for the train."

The house that Judy and Dave finally found, they bought for its comfort, beauty and for the grounds, large enough for the Express to take the bends at forty miles an hour. After a year and a half of marriage, theirs is the story of most any pair of modern and successful young Americans, each with his own career, meeting the everyday little problems happily, facing the big ones of a war-racked world bravely. For the time is now drawing close when Dave will be joining the Army.

Hollywood hasn't always been content to let Judy and Dave go their quiet way. Rumors of their separation have continued to crop up, like mushrooms after a heavy summer rain—or like whispers after a quarrel.

Judy says, "I won't give life or dignity to any such reports by denying them," and goes back to practicing her scales. Her music teacher is exacting. She must know her lessons

Judy and Dave's miniature railway, the Honeymoon Express, revolves around their Brentwood dream house, a home that a big problem may force them to give up in the near future

This is about two young people who love chocolate ice cream, and music, and each other—in a way that will best answer those rumors you've heard about them

BY SALLY REID

or get her fingers thoroughly kissed between chords. Her teacher, of course, being her musician husband who is teaching his wife to read by note.

This is the culmination of an entire life for Judy which does not encompass so many years but is filled with the drama of a girl who fought her way from Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and a family name of Gumm to Hollywood, its fame and its sudden riches. It is not likely that she would let anything but catastrophe itself rob her of the man she says she loves most in all the world and the endearing relationship of marriage which she so treasures.

The private life of Judy Garland Rose is sweet, simple and filled with the things that are nearest to her heart. Judy and Dave bought most of the furnishings with the house.

The living room, dining room and Judy's bedroom and dressing room were bought just as they stood. Room was found for their own favorite pieces of furniture in the den, the music room and Dave's bedroom. It's the first time Dave has had a music room of his own and its steel filing cabinets and record cases are his special delights. It was Judy's idea to have a huge bright red music cleft painted on the jet black linoleum that covers the floor and sets off the grass paper that covers the walls. In this room Dave does his studying and arranging for his four weekly radio shows.

It's in the comfortable den with Judy's favorite chairs and couches the two do most of their living. Together they'll go to the living-room door and look in at its beauty, its rich blue carpets, its occasional chairs of silver and crimson, and say: "Gee isn't it beautiful?" But the only time they've ever really used the room was when they gave their first and only big party for some twenty people.

That was a time! The very day before the party, the maid walked out and left Judy flat. Almost any experienced housewife knows the awful feeling of panic such an event can produce. (*Continued on page* 91)

Brenda Marshall

Robert Young

Betty Jane Rhodes

Don't be a doormat!

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

AFTER Rosalind Russell had spent four years in Hollywood, playing the same brittle, uninspired and uninspiring roles in pictures, she began to get her dander up. Time after time rumors of a meaty part came her way—a part just screaming, she thought, for the Russell touch. Not only was she not invited to make a test for any of these enticing roles, but her polite, tentative offers were given an equally polite brush-off.

One day she decided that the Time Had Come To Find Out Why. There was a part in a picture then being cast at her home studio. Roz had her hair done, put on her most fetching frock, did a really artistic job with a lipstick—and proceeded to beard the producer in his bleached-mahogany-and-chromium office.

She mentioned the role and then asked bluntly, "Why not me? I want to know! And I want to know now!"

There was a little of the old hem-and-haw and then the producer, an honest gentleman with his heart hung on straight, told her. "You're not the romantic type. That's what it boils down to," he admitted. "Now, this woman has to have warmth and crackle. . . ."

Rosalind burst into heated conversation, the gist of which was, "How *dare* you say I'm not a 'romantic type?' What right have you to deny me warmth and—and even crackle, whatever that is? You've never let me try! I've thought I was learning my job all this time, patiently and conscientiously, and that my chance would come. Now you tell me I'm not to have that chance. Don't you think I'm ready? Or do you think I'm just going to go on being a doormat forever?"

History doesn't record whether or not the producer, faced with this lovely fury, hid under something. But it does record that Roz got her test, won the role and proved herself; and that things have been different for her ever since.

And Rosalind says, and says it earnestly, that every career girl must learn that she mustn't be a doormat all her life. It's important to get along with people. But that isn't enough. You must learn to assert yourself. You must learn when to do it—and how. Ah, there is the catch. That when—and that how. Let's consider.

MARY MARTIN was amiable. Gee, she was amiable! You probably know all about how Mary came to Hollywood, sang at the Trocadero, hunted and hunted for the job she knew must be waiting for her in pictures, made use of all those introductions.

What you don't know, because she hasn't told it before, is how she went out one night and walked along Hollywood Boulevard, telling herself that being nice didn't pay. She would, she said childishly, teach herself to say "Phooey!" to Hollywood Boulevard—and Hollywood. "I'm ready," she kept telling herself. "And I'll show 'em they can't snub *me!*"

So she went to New York "to show 'em" and the musical show she had thought to appear in folded without opening and presently she was walking along fabled Broadway—late one night—muttering, "I'm ready! And I'll show 'em . . ." She had studied ballet and had worked her tonsils out in voice lessons. But all she could get was a job replacing June Knight in a strip-tease number in "Leave It To Me." And here is where something important happened.

"If I can't do what I planned to do—what I want to do—then I'll do what there *is* to do," she told herself ferociously. "And I'll do it so much better than anyone else could do it that I'll count for something anyhow!"

You know what happened. It's been written and written. Mary did what there was to do and did it so well that all the things she had hoped for came pouring in on her. She says now, "If you can't get a chance to show what you can do in the line you've chosen, then for goodness' sake, grab a chance to do something else—if you can do it well. You may have to fight even for your chance to do *that!*

"Because there comes a time when you must fight—even if you aren't fighting for what you would choose to fight for! If that sounds crazy—just think it over for a minute. It isn't crazy, at all! Sometimes it's the *time* that counts."

OF course, the right time is important. But how you think about yourself is important, too. Olivia de Havilland told of a secretary she knew. "She was good at her job," Olivia related. "She had ideas. But she was too timid to mention them to anyone in her office. She just took orders. One night at a party she found herself expounding, being positively dramatic, about theories she had for improving her own organization. She was amazed to find people listening to her with respect. But she felt pretty silly when someone asked, 'Well, what does your boss say about all this?' Of course she'd never mentioned it to him! But the attention people paid her that night, (*Continued on page* 98)

It's handy for other people's shoes but it won't get you anywhere, say these stars who learned to make spunk pay

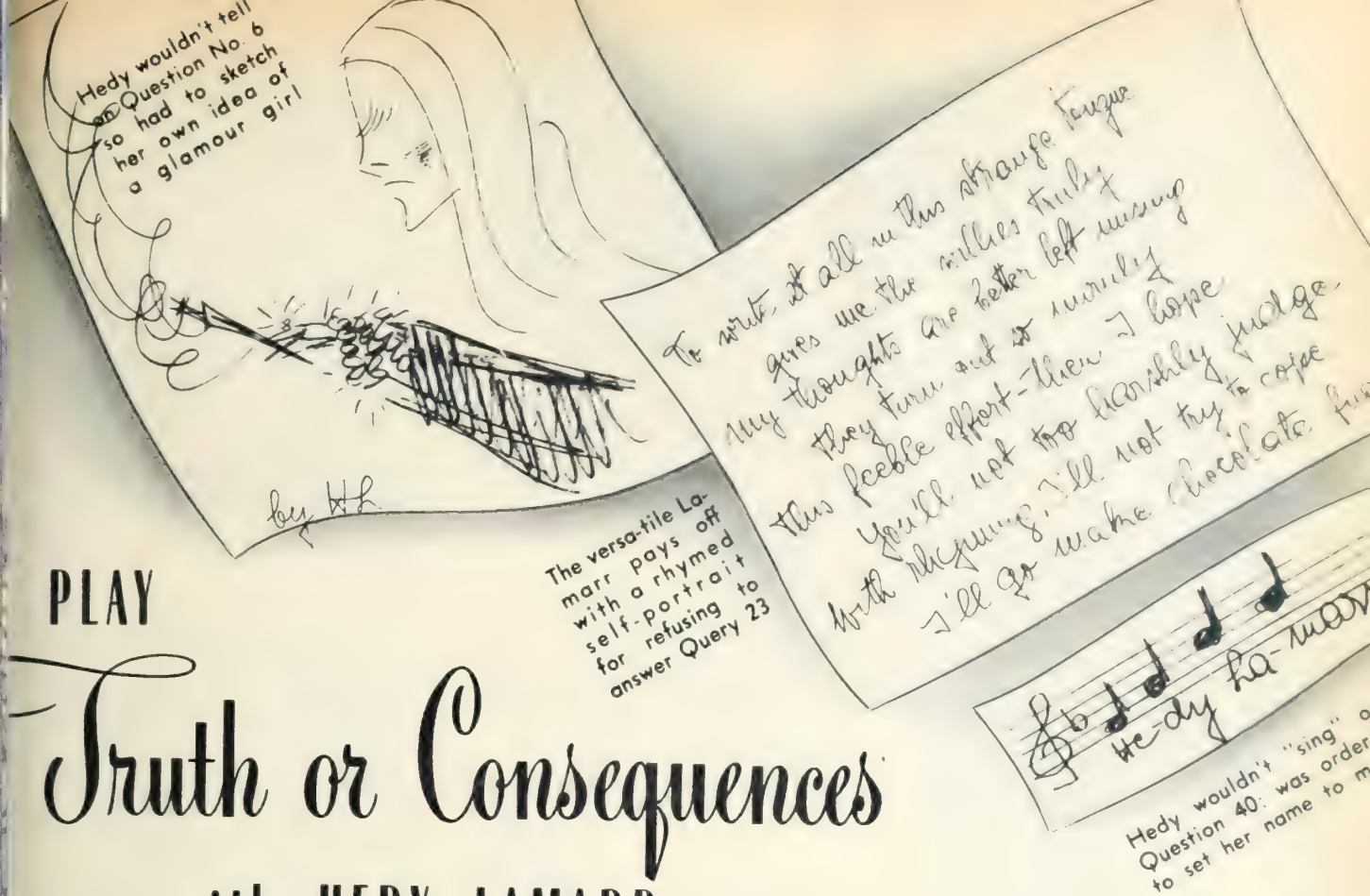
"How dare you say I'm not the romantic type!" stormed Rosalind Russell to a startled producer

"You can't be a sophomore all your life," said Miss de Havilland, as she went into action

"Why not assert oneself—in a ladylike way," pondered Lana Turner to herself. That's how the rumpus started

"I'll show 'em they can't snub me!" Mary Martin, from the bottom rung of the ladder, shook a determined finger at Hollywood

Hedy Lamarr



PLAY Truth or Consequences with HEDY LAMARR

A Game Girl tells some colorful truths. But our penalties for evasion left her red-faced, too!

Game Conductor KAY PROCTOR

1. (Q) Do you think of yourself as a *femme fatale?*

(A) Heavens, no! Not even when I read my publicity. I'm probably less conscious of my face than anyone I know.

2. (Q) What happened to George Montgomery?

(A) I think that can be answered in one word—Hollywood.

3. (Q) How do you think you would earn a living if you were not an actress?

(A) I wouldn't. I'd be a darned good housewife and let my husband earn the living for both of us.

4. (Q) Do you remember your first kiss?

(A) What girl doesn't? I was not quite sixteen and it was in the Vienna woods. His name was Hans and he was the director of a chain of shoe factories. My girl friend and myself both imagined ourselves in love with him and I had met him in the woods to warn him not to hurt her.

5. (Q) What is your definition of glamour and its value to a woman?

(A) I think glamour is a mixture of grace, sophistication and culture. Value? Fifty-fifty.

6. (Q) How many real glamour girls are there in Hollywood?

(Hedy took the consequences. Draw us a picture of your conception of a glamour girl.)

7. (Q) Do you always know how much money you have in the bank?

(A) Frankly, no, and I don't care. Maybe I ought to marry a bookkeeper.

8. (Q) Without peeking, what is the license number of your car?

(A) I haven't the faintest idea. I know it has red leather seats and H. L. on the door. That's enough for me to identify it.

9. (Q) What was the greatest luxury you ever owned?

(A) The dinner service of gold which I had when I was first married in Vienna. I felt like Cinderella, eating off gold plates.

10. (Q) How many pairs of silk stockings do you usually have at one time?

(A) Never more than six pair and all of the same color. But I usually wear bobby sox or go barelegged.

11. (Q) Why do you wear slacks so often?

(A) I like to sit on the floor.

12. (Q) What was the greatest personal sacrifice you ever had to make?

(A) I never have made a "sacrifice." By that I mean nothing I have done or given has seemed a sacrifice to me because I always have wanted to do it or give it.

13. (Q) What was the most exciting moment of your life?

(A) The putsch in Vienna when Dolfuss was killed. I was driving into the city and did not know whom I would find in control when I arrived.

14. (Q) Do you like to see women wear military uniforms?

(Hedy took the consequences. Give us a picture you had "killed."

15. (Q) What was your happiest and unhappiest moment since coming to Hollywood?

(A) My happiest was when I received the final adoption papers on my son James. The unhappiest, the depressing periods last year when everything seemed to go wrong in my private life and I lost all confidence

Hedy balked at Question 14; had to come across with this picture she once refused to have published

No. 32 was too embarrassing for Lamarr; the consequences—an unpublished baby picture from her past

in myself and the future.

16. (Q) Did you ever set your cap for a man?

(A) No, I prefer to live by that wise saying, "The things that are mine I shall have, so I can wait and dream until they come." Once in school, however, I suddenly developed a terrific interest in mathematics when I learned a certain boy was a "math" shark.

17. (Q) How much sugar did you have on hand at ration time?

(A) Twelve pounds—and said so. And I have one spare tire—on the car!

18. (Q) What is your favorite way of loafing?

(A) Like Ferdinand, I love to lie under a tree and smell the flowers. I had a favorite tree, not very long ago, but they built a house there.

19. (Q) What punishment have you never forgotten?

(A) The spanking my father gave me when I cut bangs. He liked a "classical brow."

20. (Q) Which is the blackout room in your home and how is it fixed?

(A) The den. It is fixed with heavy wooden shutters. The simplest answer, however, is to turn off the lights and just wait for "All clear."

21. (Q) What do you wear in bed?

(A) I prefer a nightgown rather than pajamas. Sometimes on chilly nights I wear a light wool bedjacket over it.

22. (Q) Do you kick off your shoes in a theater?

(A) Yes—and have the usual trouble retrieving them, alas!

23. (Q) Did your career interfere seriously with your marriage?

(Hedy took the consequences. Give us a self-portrait in rhyme.)

24. (Q) How did you and Ann Sothern become such close friends?

(A) I thought Ann was a jitterbug and she thought I was a glamour girl. We were so amazed to discover how wrong we both were we became pals at once.

25. (Q) Are your closest friends men or women?

(A) Women. Among them are Ann; Olive Blakney, who plays *Mrs. Aldrich* in the movies; and Frances Dawson.

26. (Q) If you accidentally acquired a black eye, would you bluff it out or go into retirement?

(A) If I got it in a fight which I won, I'd brag about it! Otherwise I'd go on as usual and tell the truth to anyone who asked.

27. (Q) Have you ever had a row with a neighbor?

(A) I've never had a neighbor.

28. (Q) What do you think is your best quality?

(A) I'd say it is that I face things, however unpleasant. I also think I see myself in my true colors and don't ever close my eyes to my faults.

29. (Q) What is your worst fault?

(A) By all odds, it is my impatience. Impatience with everything!

30. (Q) Do you go to fortunetellers?

(A) I'm a sucker for them! In fact, I'm a sucker for any form of the so-called supernatural, except in a religious sense.

31. (Q) Do you save sentimental souvenirs?

(A) No, because I refuse to live in the past. I don't even keep a scrapbook.

32. (Q) With whom would you like a date in Hollywood?

(Hedy took the consequences. Give us an unpublished picture from your past.)

33. (Q) What is your idea of a perfect date?

(A) I must eat! A movie and a hot dog at a drive-in stand. Honest!

34. (Q) What was the most successful party you ever gave?

(A) Tea for two.

35. (Q) What was the strangest coincidence in your life?

(A) My meeting with George Montgomery. We both got stuck on a torn-up street—and the street was named Monte Mar.

36. (Q) What can you do best with your hands?

(A) Eat! Seriously, though, I can sew, knit, embroider, fix gadgets, carve, paint, sculpt and dress hair, but my friends seem impressed with my doorstops covered with needlepoint. I carve them from heavy wood, weight them and then make the needlepoint to fit.

37. (Q) What quality do you admire most in a man?

(A) Honesty.

38. (Q) Whom do you think is the handsomest man in Hollywood?

(A) Bob Taylor. And he's one of the nicest, too.

39. (Q) What self-improvement have you effected?

(A) Punctuality. For years I was lazy and late.

40. (Q) How much money should a man be prepared to spend on an average date?

(Hedy took the consequences. Set your name to music.)

41. (Q) Have you ever lived within a budget?

(A) I've never had to—which is lucky for me. However, I must say there are few things I covet and it honestly doesn't bother me whether I own things or not. It would bother me if I couldn't do the things I want to for others; I get my greatest happiness from that.

42. (Q) Have you ever felt Joan Bennett was a rival?

(A) Not in the least. I am flattered that she chose to copy me.

(*Continued on page 77*)

HOLT & SONS

It's a growing concern, with young Tim at the head—and these two undercover silent partners

BY CYRIL VANDOUR

"Good, now we'll have at least one actor in the family!" said Jack when young Tim was signed

Below: The boss of Holt & Sons, three-year-old Lance, his mother, the former Mae Ashcraft, and famous-father Tim

THE RKO commissary was crowded with stars, cowboy actors, gaffers, prop men, script girls, office boys, publicity writers. It was a farewell party for Tim Holt, who was leaving for active service as a cadet in the Army Air Corps. The hall was decorated with bunting, flags, slogans. There were speeches, songs and the inevitable gags. But beneath all that hilarity there was solemnity, too, and a deep, driving purpose.

The proudest man at the party was Tim's father, Jack Holt. He didn't make a speech, but his eyes shone. This was an unforgettable climax in the most heart-warming case of father-and-son relationship in Hollywood.

Like his father, Tim is reticent about his personal life and hides his emotions. But now, on the eve of their separation, he spoke of how he feels about his dad.

"We've been so close," he said, his voice a little husky. "Dad has been both father and mother to me. Until I married I lived with Dad in his ranch house near the Uplifters Club in Santa Monica."

He smoked silently for a few moments. "Dad was my childhood hero and I've always wanted to be like him. I think he is a great man and a great actor. He has always played clean parts, he has always stood for what's right, both on and off the screen. So few people really know him. Though he has lived in Hollywood, he has never been a part of it. You never see him at parties and premieres, he never goes to night clubs. I guess he has lived pretty much like a lone wolf."

Tim grinned reminiscently. "When I was first put under contract by Walter Wanger, Dad said, 'Good, now we'll have at least one actor in the family.' And he has been in the business for only thirty years! He never encouraged (*Continued on page 89*)

A "let's give thanks" item: Sonja Henie comes skating back to the screen in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Iceland"

What all ladies like to know: Glenn Ford does his romancing best in his new Columbia film, "The Desperadoes"

Gentleman of courage

Today, George Murphy, a top-notch American dancer. At sixteen, left, a husky football hero. In between—long years of fighting a physical handicap

"Love performed the miracle," says George Murphy. We think the gentleman did it himself

BY VIVIAN COSBY

THE high-school football game was in the final quarter of the biggest game of the season. The score was tied. Sixteen-year-old George Murphy had the ball. He sprinted down the field, sidestepping and dodging his way. He was in the clear; then suddenly from the rear a big tackler brought him down. Most of the opposing team piled on. When the pile was finally unscrambled, George lay very still. The coach threw some water in his face. After a few minutes, the lad opened his eyes, shook his head and slowly got to his feet. He limped a little, but in spite of that he insisted on staying in the game, a display of pluck for which he paid heavily. The next day one of his legs was swollen to four times its natural size.

He was rushed to the hospital, where for weeks he lay in bed. His days were spent in submitting to varied painful treatments which the doctor hoped against hope might check the infection. The nights were spent battling the torturing question, "Will I ever get well?" In his mind he would replay the football game during which he was injured. He wondered if he would ever be able to play football again and the fear that he might not was almost unbearable.

His fear was justified. The doctor's treatments failed.

One morning the doctor told George he would have to lose his leg. The boy stared at the man unbelievingly for a few moments, then turned his face to the wall. Gradually he began to realize the full import of the doctor's words, cruel words that shattered the dream of his life—to follow in the footsteps of his father, Mike Murphy. For Mike was a famous athletic coach, first at Yale, then at the University of Pennsylvania, and he was credited with the development of many top-notch athletes. Hardly a career a cripple could expect to follow . . . A cripple . . . the word kept pounding and pounding in George's brain. Then some inner strength gave him the determination not to accept the doctor's decision.

The next day, a little fearfully, he informed the doctor that he was not going to have the operation. The doctor gently explained why George's decision was impractical, but the boy refused to change his mind. The doctor's eyes showed plainly the futility of the situation.

Undaunted, George started fighting. This took real courage. It is easy to be brave under the spur of emotion, but to go on fighting day after day, week after week—that spells another and greater sort of courage.

George's faith and indomitable spirit won. A few years later he was again playing football, this time for Yale.

Life, however, had still another blow in store for George. During a vacation, he was working as a laborer in a coal mine. At quitting time one day, he was coming up the shaft when one of the coal cars broke loose above him. There was a "trip" which was supposed to keep the cars from rolling, but it did not catch until the car was practically on him. Then it proceeded to dump tons of coal in his lap.

This meant another stay in the hospital. For the accident caused George's old leg injury to flare up and once more he was forced to go through weeks of suffering and inactivity. In the face of this second setback, George could see little sense in putting up a battle. What was the use in winning a fight only to get knocked down again?

For weeks he was in this frame of mind. Then one night while he was lying awake wondering what life was all about, a bit of philosophy came to him. Life was sort of a game—and sometimes it piled a lot of troubles on you to see how much you could take and to develop your stamina. In the long run you were bound to win if you had faith and the will to win.

IN the days that followed, the doctors and nurses were amazed to see their formerly listless patient start doing strenuous exercises to strengthen his injured leg muscles. Fate just couldn't get this courageous gentleman down. Again his persistence won. Soon he was walking without even a slight limp. George (*Continued on page 77*)

George met a lady named Julie, she asked him to dance—and the miracle happened. Below, with Julie, now his wife; right, with the author

Clark Gable

blot your name!

All you need is a pen, paper and ink to read your own future! A new trick—Blottographs—offered exclusively to you, with five Hollywoodites as glamorous guinea pigs

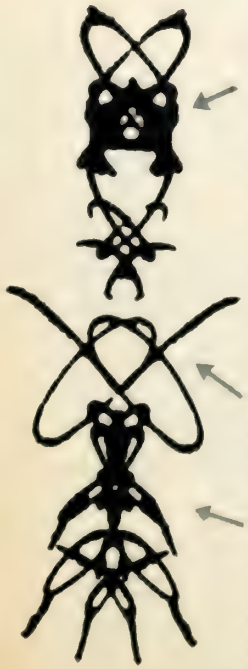
Rosalind Russell

BY VIRGINIA CLOUD

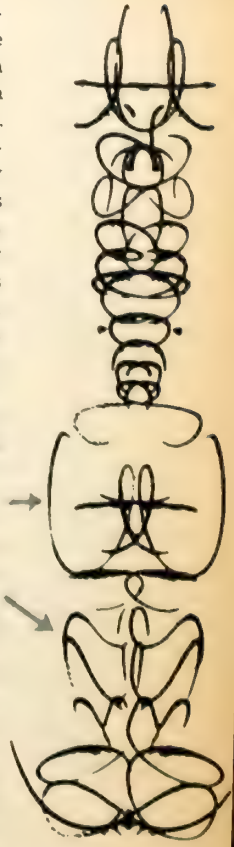
THE blottograph is a first cousin of the autograph. It is the sophisticated member of the autograph family and by far the most decorative one. To make a blottograph write your name in ink near the crease of a piece of paper, then fold the paper to blur the ink into a design. Turn the paper to the right so that the imprint of the first letter of the name is at the top of the sheet. Then read down.

To the reading of characteristics as revealed in handwriting the blottograph adds a note of prophecy. There was once a belief that the effect produced by the name when thus written could be interpreted to represent one's life—the three names representing the first, middle and last parts of one's life.

The superstition was first introduced to me by an old colored nurse who would entertain us as children with fantastic interpretations of our "ghosts" as she called them. All the imagination of her race and great age was brought to play in the reading of these signatures. Much of that I have remembered and to it have added my observations gathered from graphological reading of hundreds of signatures during the past years. Through a study of Chinese symbolism and teacup-reading symbols, I have come to recognize certain "signs." Many weird things may be seen in these designs—faces, stars, hearts, butterflies, birds, flowers, trees, and every kind of animal.



IN June of 1941 I was given this blottograph of Clark Gable. My first reaction was that the two small monk-like figures hovering over the arrowhead foreboded tragedy. At the time, this idea seemed fantastic. With the crash of Carole Lombard's plane in January, 1942, those two monk-like figures began to make sense. As for the future, it seems that Clark Gable, always one of the best, will become even a greater person for having gone through this tragedy. Near the center of Clark's blottograph is a perfect heart —in few names have I seen it more clearly—indicating that he has known real and genuine love, which memory alone should be worth more than success. The figure that looks like a man on a horse may suggest that Clark should devote more interest after the war to horse-breeding, in which he would find a certain back-to-earth satisfaction never quite realized in the emotional world of acting.



OF all the blottographs I have seen, dazzling Rosalind Russell's is the most fantastic, the most paradoxical. It shows a person who could accomplish anything sincerely attempted. The symmetry of the pattern indicates faultless taste. The many curves and interwoven circles show a personality exciting in its contradictions. No one will ever know this girl completely. This is the writing of an intellectual whose independence of spirit is evident in the bold forceful strokes. She will always be surrounded by wealth, sophistication and glamour, yet there is nothing affected about her. A grotesque face resembling an ape suggests gossip or scandal, but directly following this are two birds that look like doves which foretell a pleasant outcome of the situation. Roz will always attract interesting men, but romantic disappointments are evident. She is inclined to cloak her deeper feelings in laughter, and wit and great romance seldom go together. I believe her future would amaze Roz herself if she could but see ahead, for her greatest success is yet to come, as seen in the many small circles

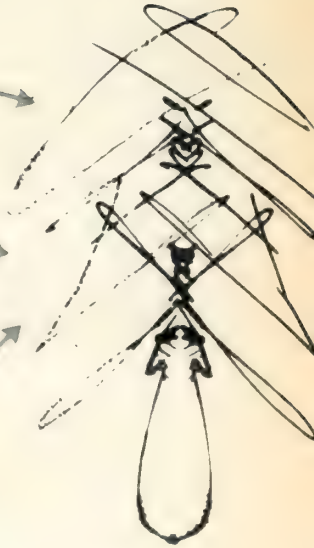
Mickey Rooney

EFFERVESCENT, go-getter Mickey Rooney writes with a vim and vigor characteristic of alert, yet sensitive thinking. There are a keen sense of rhythm and an often unguessed need for reassurance here. The underscored "R" shows romantic depth. At the very beginning there is something that resembles a lyre then a crown over a small face showing early success from entertainment associated with music. As we know, musical pictures, plus "Andy Hardy," provided his first big break. Also, his own musical compositions are regarded very highly. Several heart interests are indicated, yet none appears to bring full realization, of Mickey's dreams. I say this in all fairness to Ava and to Mickey; for his is a temperament loomed to misunderstanding romantically—because he is extremely intelligent and the intelligent rarely are romantically satisfied. The figure resembling a movement in conducting suggests that he will become an orchestra conductor. I believe this will bring him more satisfaction than acting. His late years will be even more colorful than his youth, for there is no letdown in this pattern.

Hedda Hopper

HEDDA HOPPER'S is the writing of an exceptionally brilliant woman, her sharpness of wit being indicated by the two crossed pins dominating her blottograph design. "Sharp as a pin," that's Hedda. The romances she has inspired have been legion, for again and again there appear these incompleted hearts but I'll wager her wit and humor have played havoc with her romantic life. I say this because people who have a keen sense of the ridiculous are seldom successful in romantic matters. I suspect her early life was colorful but not too happy. Then matters became very complicated followed by a period of tribulation, doubt and uncertainty, then by success, indicated by small circles which has not yet reached its height. In this design I feel the force of an individual with the will to fight with all she has for those things in which she believes. Her handwriting shows honesty, courage and shrewd perception.

Robert Taylor



ROBERT TAYLOR'S signature, combining very large and rather small letters, shows reserve and shyness, yet great ambition and pride. The squares in this design symbolize peace and comfort and his willingness to undergo criticism to maintain them. Throughout this pattern is the suggestion of flight—wings and propellers If he is not an excellent aviator then his greatest success will come through films centered on flying. His contribution to World War II, I understand, is to be in aeronautics and it would not surprise me, after the war, to hear of his giving up acting for flying. For while he is a fine actor, he is not the typical actor. Therefore, I think he will be much happier if he concentrates his later ambition on less ephemeral things than acting. Two small hearts early in his life were important, but not dominant. Later on, romance plays a secondary role in his interest. For our romantic-looking Bob has a depth of character unsuspected by many of his would-be critics.

For those of you who want to analyze your own signatures, turn to page 80 for a list of the meanings of some of the signs which appear most frequently

"Why I've changed"

Ginger Rogers, facing the charges Hollywood has made against her, gives William F. French an answer for her critics

"Rogers is losing her glamour!" said censors, watching freckles appear from behind once-perfect make-up

Gone is the girl that once was—the old Ginger with the smile and the quick word for everyone. In her place—a reserved Ginger who makes herself practically inaccessible on a walled-in estate (right) on a mountaintop

"OF course I've changed. Who hasn't?"

That's how Ginger Rogers answered the charge that she isn't the same any more.

For some time Hollywood has echoed with stories of how different the happy redhead who once had laughed and danced her way to stardom has become.

Limelighted by success, she is a ready target for criticism. The press accuse her of being high-hat and unco-operative. Extras say she no longer mixes with the hoi polloi and is getting exclusive. Hollywood citizens see her nose get shiny, her freckles come out from behind her once-perfect make-up and wonder at the sudden lack of glamour.

Those who had known her as a youngster with an ambition to play the tragic role of *Joan of Arc* and the spunk to get a better part in "Gold Diggers Of 1933" by singing "We're In The Money Now" in pig Latin bemoan the loss of such a sense of humor. It seems a shame to them that a girl with the ingenuity to appear at her studio as a famous English star and make a test that fooled her own producer into trying to sign her for the part of *Queen Elizabeth* should let her importance overwhelm her. Where is the girl, they ask, who once disguised herself in a black wig, a French accent and a vacation tan and applied for a job in her own picture, so successfully that Bill Seiter, her director, failed to recognize her and Oscar Levant, equally taken in, sat at the piano and played French songs for her to sing?

Gone is the girl with the smile and quick word for everyone; in her place, a person of unknown quantity. How and to what extent has this Academy Award winner really changed? And why?

"Because," says Ginger, "I was trying to accomplish something and you can't accomplish things without changing. That's the first rule of progress, isn't it? If we develop or better ourselves we change. And if we don't better ourselves we also change—for the worse. Nature doesn't permit anything to remain unchanged. Not even the desert or the mountains. And the business of living makes as great a change in us mentally and temperamentally as it does physically.

"THAT doesn't mean we must abandon our natural personalities or drop our best qualities. Nor that as a movie star I can't have the same feelings, ambitions and principles that I had when I was dancing one-night stands in small-time vaudeville. Because, to a great extent, I have. And I still love many of the things I loved then.

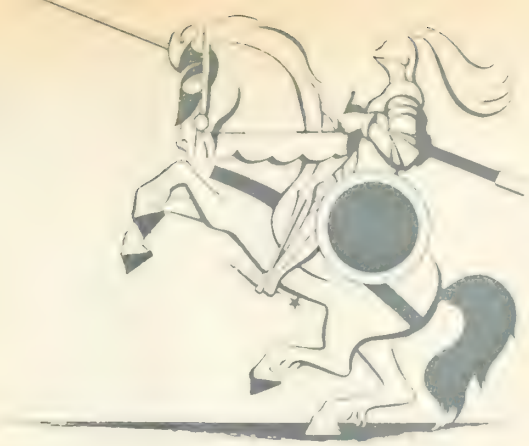
"But it does mean we must change in many respects, all of us. How much, depends on what we do and learn. And what life does to us. If Jennie Jones back on the farm or Mary Smith in the bargain basement did what I have done and had experiences such as I have had, they would change as much as I have. They couldn't help it.

"We just can't do things without having them leave their mark on us; whether it's falling in love, studying law or going in for long-distance swimming. (*Continued on page* 72)

Bewildered Knight

The life story of John Payne, a man fighting to find himself

He found his lady fair, Anne Shirley. But she couldn't win this tournament against life for him. He's closer to the prize now



BY HOWARD SHARPE

WHEN John Payne came to New York for the first time, in 1933, he sat from nine in the morning until two p.m. on a bench in Grand Central because his cousin, Tim Cassidy, who was supposed to have met him, did not—and John was afraid of getting lost in the great Outside. At last, however, he found a cab driver who took him to a hotel, in the lobby of which he ran into a singing teacher from his home town, one Walter Niven, who in turn took him to a speak-easy. It was the first speak-easy John had ever entered, and the three Manhattans he drank to make up for the lunch he had missed were the first liquor he had ever tasted.

Thus, when sometime after dark the two friends emerged onto Broadway, at 52nd, the Great White Way appeared as a more than usually dazzling spectacle to John, since he was seeing two of it. Clutching a near-by pedestrian for support, he waved in the general direction of Times Square and shouted, "See that? Some day I'm gonna *run* that street! . . ."

Two years later he went to the same beverage house as a sentimental pilgrimage and had a double brandy. He needed it. He had just broken his ankle in a wrestling match, for which he had been paid twenty-five dollars, all the money he had in the world. With tonight's accident, it obviously was unlikely that he would make any more for weeks. He would have to move tomorrow from the college dormitory at Columbia University, where he had spent these last two years in the school for journalism.

"Well," he said, raising his glass, "to the untimely end of Alexei Petroff, the Savage of the Steppes, sometimes known as Tiger Jack Payne."

"What?" said the bartender, mildly amazed. As well he might be, for there was little about the powerfully built young man before him or the strange words he spoke to indicate the far road he had traveled. Not to the naked eye was it apparent that here was a lad who had been born to a million dollars, before the depression swept it away; who was once heir to a fort near Roanoke, Virginia, which his father bought and turned into a luxurious residence. Who, indeed, would know that "Tiger Jack Payne" was the shy, thoughtful introvert in a family of three sons; a boy who wanted to be a flyer but failing his math exams had turned to journalism at Columbia University where he had had to finance himself with odd jobs at wrestling and still odder jobs singing in Minsky's burlesque show.

In the days when Anne Shirley was "Hollywood's youngest bride" and her marriage to John Payne was the happy talk of filmtown

THE new abode turned out to be under the Third Avenue "El." It was bearable at all because he could share it with another fellow, just as broke and with as few prospects, but possessed of a sense of humor. It was this roommate who, one evening, said casually, "With that ankle, Payne, all you're good for is a sitting job. You ought to put on a starched cap and hire out as a nursemaid for people's babies."

"Thanks," John said. He meant it He put an ad in the Times the next day: "Reliable college student, will watch children evenings. Low rates. Calm disposition." It was astonishing how many New York parents were waiting for just such an opportunity to get a night off.

He was seldom bored during these evenings, however, because when he chose he had an assistant who, free of charge, helped him heat a baby's formula or simply kept him company. This was a girl named Sybil, a recent graduate of a musical comedy chorus and before that of Columbia, where he had met her. Being between jobs, Sybil willingly assisted John in his vigils.

"It's almost more than I can do," she said once, wistfully, as she collected the scattered toys of the child they had just put to bed, "to keep from playing house. I catch myself pretending. . . ."

"Yeah," he said. Later that evening, when they were free and eating spaghetti in a little Village cafe, he picked up the conversation again. "You ought to be looking about you,

Payne played a marine in "To The Shores Of Tripoli," was so impressed with the Corps he may soon wear the Marine uniform himself

baby. At the rate I'm going, you'll be stuck with a washout and no prospects for the future. With your looks and without me, you could be counting your diamond bracelets."

"I'm a sucker," she admitted cheerfully. "I'm fool enough to think you're going all the places there are. Leave mama," she added, patting his hand, "to her foolish dreams."

When he got home that evening there was a wire from an agent, whom he had met at a party several months before and who, he recalled, had spent most of the evening staring at him with thoughtful eyes. The telegram was terse enough. It said: "Do you want a job? Call me."

He found the number in the directory and called it.

"It's a stint with the Shubert show. On the road. Forty a week," the voice answered.

"Look," he panted, "I'll see you tomorrow. Don't give it to anyone else."

AFTER that the pattern of his life changed as quickly and as completely as a radio program on the hour, when the dreary, trouble-laden soap show fades out with a moment's dirge of organ music and is followed by Cab Calloway. He called Sybil the next day, making a date for dinner at the 57th Street Automat; and when he found her, waiting at a table near the door, he dumped a handful of white camellias in her arms and led her out of the Automat, up two blocks to Central Park South and into the sidewalk cafe of the St. Moritz.

"Champagne cocktails," John said to the waiter, recklessly. He took Sybil's hand in both of his. "It's a job," he told her, grinning all over his face. "With the Shuberts in Detroit."

He thought she was just a moment late with her congratulations, that her face had twisted suspiciously before it lighted up for him. "What did I tell you?" she said then. "Isn't it what I said would happen? With those shoulders, and your talent. . . ."

THE letter was from the boy who had shared the Third Avenue room with him and although it bore an airmail stamp John didn't get it until his third delirious day in Detroit.

". . . it seems Sybil got just a trifle high the night you left. She went out with the Powells. They ended up at some hotel and Sybil turned just as they reached the elevators and started running. She hit the revolving doors like a bat—somehow or other the glass in one of the panes broke . . ."

He tried not to remember this too often during the weeks that followed. The plastic surgeon at the hospital had told him, over the long-distance phone, that she'd be all right; that there wasn't anything to worry about except the one long cut, near her eyebrow, on the left side. And that with a little luck, although he couldn't make any promises. . . .

For the first time since his father's attorneys had told him the truth about the estate, John had an income. He had a wonderful time. Remembering the period now, it seems to him the best of all those years: the afternoons spent lazily reading or wandering around a new city; the rehearsals, noisy and confused and nervous; the satisfactory moments on stage, when he knew that by a inflection or an impromptu gesture he had brightened his bit or stolen a scene; the after-theater nights, spent mostly with one or another of the girls in the show. These were a sort of girl Roanoke had never seen: shapely and tireless, with awake gay eyes and sulky, too-red mouths and an endless store of patter to which he could listen or not, according to his mood.

Then one autumn evening, having stopped at the railway station lunchroom for dinner, he heard the juke box playing "I Love Life." The mechanism stuck and played "I Love Life" four times, until the manager came and shut it off. For some reason, this impressed John as a significant coincidence. That was the tune Roy Campbell, John's voice coach during his Columbia University days, had chosen for his new pupil's "piece" and with it Payne had got his first radio job as the South Singer. Furthermore, come to think of it, the pianist in the little spaghetti joint had been playing "I Love Life" as John had walked out of the place, the night he found the agent's wire

He had had little truck with the usual actor's stick of superstitions—but this was different. He was sick, at last, of the road.

He paid his check, rang the director of the show from a pay telephone booth and said he wanted to quit. "All right," the director said. And, "No, I don't care about notice. Good luck."

Somewhat deflated, but still sure of his hunch, he called the airport. Detroit to New York: thirty-seven dollars. It was somehow the perfect sum. With the $3 that were left he and Sybil could breakfast at Rumplemeyer's, with creamed chicken on little waffles and pots of coffee, and talk, and make their plans. With the strains of his tune still ringing in his ears, he caught the plane to New York that night.

It seemed he was in the nick of time. "There's the Bea Lillie show," his agent said. "They need a boy who can sing a little. It may be you're the boy."

And he was.

HIS new personality, the new John Payne, was almost finished now. The season with "At Home Abroad" put on the finishing touches. He bought his first tails, that winter, and his first opera hat, which did magic when he touched the hidden spring in it and which he wore not once to the opera, but endlessly to the Rainbow Room, El Morocco, the Stork and sometimes in the early morning to black-and-tan ballrooms in Harlem. He took an apartment overlooking the Park (if you leaned far enough out of the bathroom (*Continued on page* 83)

A new winter wonder-worker is this smooth black dress worn by Rita Hayworth of Columbia's "You Were Never Lovelier." It features the new peg-top drape and a high-style belt of black cord with a rich black fringe tassel. Rita's hat is a vivid fuschia, darker tipped at the feather edges. If you're wondering how the smart peg-top style would look on you, just turn to page 63

A Paris Fashion Shoe for furlough fun. Black suede platform sandal with tank heel

Tip-to-Toelines

This go-everywhere winner of magpie blue wool worn by Rita Hayworth would give an autumn girl ideas. It has a modified peg-top drape; the neck is trimmed with a single twist of self material and two rows of the twist accent the shoulder broadness. The self belt has a clever gold trim

A Paris Fashion Shoe for your tailored life: "Boomps Toe" Spec of military tan calf. Also in antique red or black calf, black or brown suede. With high or midway heel

Right: A warm tan stripe accenting the waist and a narrower stripe of sand make this chocolate brown hand-knit dress something to look at on Rita Hayworth—or anyone else. The high round neck gets a bit of effective high-lighting by a broad gold necklace that matches Rita's bracelet. A pert little draped hat is knit to match, finishes things off nicely with a stiff brown veil. Below: Go sporty; look smart in an all-wool Linton tweed jacket striped in blue, brown, beige and white with reverse stripe flaps on deep pockets. The skirt is blue; a gold clip accents the lapel

A Paris Fashion Shoe with a smart casual look. Lo-heeler of military tan calf with flap bow, moccasin toe. Also in pine green or cherry red calf, or in black suede

Miss Hayworth's dresses and hats from exclusive I. Magnin and Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

All Miss Hayworth's shoes are Paris Fashion Shoes available at leading stores from coast to coast

Star-Smart Fashions

AT BUDGET PRICES

Take a soft red gabardine dress with a wide gold-star-studded belt, peg pockets and fly front, sling over your shoulders a Timmie Tuft coat, the campus rage, so soft, so smart, so warm, and you have an outfit that's something to look at. Mimi's coat is white woolly fabric with gay red binding on collar and front

The dress, a New York Creation, $8.95 at McCreery's; the coat, a Judy Nell model, $24.98 at Bloomingdale's

Coat also in brown with beige trim; beige with red; white with green. Dress also in military blue, patriot green or military tan

All hats displayed on these pages on sale at leading N. Y. department stores at $1.98

The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores specified. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 110

Corduroy comer—this red Juke coat that goes smartly over slacks, over your fall wools, over your tweeds to make a special outfit. The lines trim your waistline into nothing; the large patch pockets and a little slit up the back make it a fall style-setter

Coat, $5.59 at Macy's; slacks, $6.50 at Stern's

Coat in red, brown, kelly green; finely tailored slacks, all-wool flannel, in gray, brown or navy

You can dress as smartly as a star! Mimi Clancy, Photoplay-Movie Mirror reader who's studying music in N. Y., shows you how by posing in six penny-saving prize winners

Mimi loved the dress Rita Hayworth wears on p. 59; she wears a N. Y. adaptation here—complete with pegtop, tassel belt

Dress, $13.95 at Estelle Dress Shop
In black, brown or purple crepe

A classic that goes everywhere is Mimi's soft yellow rabbit's hair wool suit with a dirndl skirt, a cardigan jacket bound in matching grosgrain ribbon at the front and three-quarter sleeves. Wear it under a fall coat, through the winter as a bright-note holiday dress

Skirt, $4.95; Jacket, $6.95, sold together or separately at Lord and Taylor's

In aqua or yellow

Setting an autumn pace: tri-toned outfits. This one—a rose shirt, dark purple skirt, dark green belt. With it, the popular zip 'n' snap natural coat: Snap the lining out for fall; snap it in again for a winter coat

Dress, $12.98 at Stern's; coat (in fleece or tweed) $23.98 at Bloomingdale's

Dress: Also in gold shirt, brown skirt, dark green belt combination; or tan shirt, dark green skirt with tan belt

Two-gun salute for this military-minded blue gabardine that shows up to show off Mimi with a jacket trimmed by military metal buttons and trench pockets. The skirt is gored and has a front inverted pleat. Wear it with open or closed neck

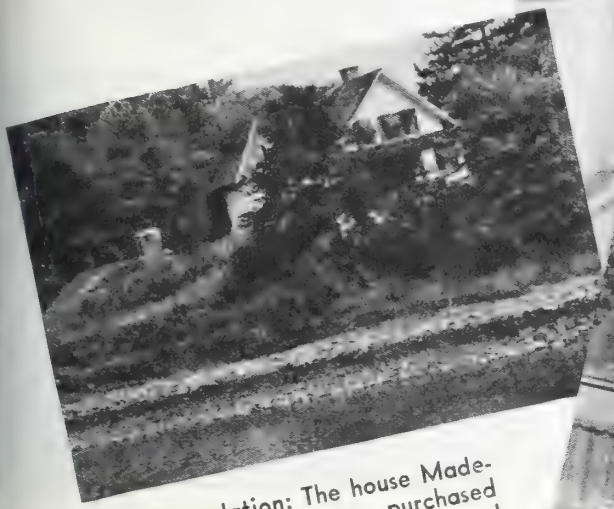
A New York Creation, $8.95 at McCreery's

Also in red, military tan and patriot green

Dress rehearsal: Gene Tierney, black-haired, green-eyed box-office bait of Fox's "China Girl"

Love in exile

A scoop exposé of the secret marriage and hidden honeymoon of Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden



Family foundation: The house Madeleine and Stirling have purchased at Darien, Conn., on the Sound

Honeymoon hideaway: The low rambling home near Greenwich, Conn., which newspaper men sought frantically to find

BY JOHN BURTON

YOU know now that Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden are married because Stirling officially said so in the presence of the startled press at Nassau in the Bahamas, thus ending the twisting trail of conjecture that had followed these two since their romance first caught the fancy of the public.

But the full story of this jealously guarded love match only now can be told in all its romantic detail—the love story of a bright star who was drawn out of the Hollywood heavens and put down in a secluded New England cottage where she waits for the man she loves to return from the sea.

This love story began to reach a climax the day Madeleine Carroll had finished "My Favorite Blonde"—finished it with the help of a doctor and a nurse in constant attendance on the set. For the past year and a half, life had been piling one emotional crisis after another on her slender shoulders.

There was her clipper flight to Europe just as France was going through the final agony of defeat, with Madeleine searching frantically for her aviator fiance in the streaming hordes of refugees from the French front; then her return to this country after the futile journey because she had given her word to appear in time for the filming of "Virginia." There, on location in the soft rolling hills of Virginia where France seemed so very far away, she came to know Stirling Hayden.

Scarcely had she returned to Hollywood, when word came that Lieutenant Richard de la Roziere was alive and on his way to see her. The town buzzed with excited questions. Would the English girl marry the dashing French aviator to whom she had been engaged or would the tall young American with the power of driving seas about him win her heart? Then, just before the time of Roziere's arrival, all thought of romance was driven from Madeleine's mind, for word came through the censorship that her much-loved sister had been killed in an air raid over England. Overwhelmed by grief, Madeleine was unable to face the present with its implications and Roziere, his permit to stay in the United States expiring, left for Canada where he joined the RAF Ferry Command and began the hazardous job of flying bombers across the North Atlantic.

Madeleine remained in Hollywood to make another picture, "Bahama Passage." Stirling Hayden was its male lead. The company went to the Bahamas on (*Continued on page* 87)

Illustrating the zany whirligig of Hollywood romance was the Gabin-Dietrich episode in which Marlene used the long-distance phone plenty—and with potent results. Below: Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball's first dates were duty dates, turned into something that left one biggie burned. Lower right: Bruce Cabot, one of the famous "big three," with Ann Cochran

THE *Truth about*

Did you know Hollywood girls send the boys flowers? No, you didn't

THE truth about the stars' dates is that there is not a single one of them that wouldn't drive Emily Post wacky.

Hollywood Boy meets Hollywood Girl in the darndest places, sometimes in bed (for movie love scenes, we hasten to add), sometimes in one another's arms (also for movie love scenes), more frequently in the publicity department of the studio to which they are mutually under contract, quite often by the accepted and usual method of being introduced to one another by mutual friends.

Blind dates are impossible in Hollywood, in the sense of not knowing what you may be going to run into, since everybody in Hollywood knows how everybody else looks, or can most easily learn.

The technique of the glamour girls in meeting their desired escorts must make their grandmothers dizzy in their graves. They telephone them violently. They send them flowers. Yes, you heard me, the girls send the boys flowers. There is the classic story of one glamour girl who wanted very much to know a certain star. She was taken to his studio by a mutual friend, introduced on the set to the star. She was very polite and formal until just as she was leaving. Then as she shook hands in farewell, she slipped a cigarette lighter in the star's hand. He picked it up and noticed it had a slip of paper inside. O the paper was a telephone number.

P.S. The star still didn't call.

The girls are great hands for sending presents. You can't entirel blame them, particularly when it becomes a case of a more important gi star and a still unknown but alway handsome young actor. Many Hollywood tailor has been give many a blank check, good to Mi Newcomer's credit, for any numbe of suits, said check nicely endorsed b some prominent beauty. The gir are very aware that it practicall wrecks a young contract player's ac count to take them out to such place as they should be seen at (it's a cau tious man who can swing dinner fo

Outsiders labeled the marriage of Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey "ideal." Hollywood uses it as a shocking lesson for young hopefuls. Below: Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith dated for the sale of sweet publicity, now are selling something for Cupid. Lower left: Around town they're grinning at Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell dates

Stars' Dates

You'll find out a lot more astonishing things from this eyeopener

By "Fearless"

two at the Mocambo inside $20) so they try to balance the budget in this manner.

Of course, they get exploited. There are around town quite a few unscrupulous business people who see to it that the rich girls meet the poor boys. There is one sports instructor who is really a lonely heart's bureau. He may get to a star's house by way of teaching her to swim or to improve her golf stroke, but he always stays long enough to tell her of Johnny Climbing-Ahead, who would so like to meet her, in fact Johnny has a crush on her and sees all her pictures, and may he bring Johnny by someday to meet her. The girls are lonely and every one of them is wild for flattery, so Johnny is brought, the instructor is in right with both sides and everything is swell until the big quarrel comes, or the night flight to Las Vegas.

Another introduction center is almost any Hollywood restaurant. Any successful restaurateur in Hollywood must, of necessity, know everybody, past, present, and most particularly future. The lady who wishes to be met, or the gentlemen who wishes to meet, has only to appear often enough, and the polite hurdles are soon overcome. There is, in fact, one small Beverly Hills spot that practically survives on this trade. It's really a cocktail spot, rather than an eating place, though they sell some food there. Its manager, however, is a charm boy. He meets everybody and at introductions he's really de luxe. As the lights are low at his establishment, as the booths are very small but sheltered, acquaintance soon flourishes.

It is simpler with the boys who want to meet the girls. Often they merely telephone the girl, saying who they are, how much they admire the girl, her beauty, her art (this latter is a foolproof approach), how sad it is that they know no one in common, but could they meet, and how's for Tuesday (*Continued on page* 79)

DESTINATION—*Happiness!*

This is a love story, the very odd love story of Ruth Hussey and Bob Longenecke

Bob took one look at this picture of Ruth (left), wrote something on it, then started out to make that amazing sentence come true

BY DORA ALBERT

SHEETS of rain poured down against the adobe mission in Pala, California, where Ruth Hussey and Robert Longenecker, the radio executive, were to be married.

But in spite of the rain, Ruth Hussey's face was radiantly happy. "I'm rather glad it rained," she laughed. "See how cool it is? Why, we probably would have roasted to death otherwise."

Now ordinarily Ruth Hussey isn't a poisonously sweet "Glad Girl" or a professional Pollyanna. It was just that she was so happy on this particular Sunday that nothing could disturb her.

She herself had raced to the Mission at eleven o'clock that very morning with a group of her closest friends, so that she might have a hand in decorating the church where she was to be married.

They had carried the tall candelabra with them and the white candles, the white gladiolas, the baskets of asterines and the white asters which they had banked in ferns. Ruth herself had placed the gladiolas and the asters just where she wanted them.

And now she stood beside Bob at the altar lit by seven tall white candles and as Father Julian pronounced the solemn words of the marriage ceremony, her eyes were like stars.

How beautiful Ruth looked, Bob was thinking. It wasn't just the Irene blue gabardine suit with the pale pink blouse (see page 86); it wasn't just the large blue felt hat with the soft grosgrain ribbon; it was something else that made Ruth look out of the world. Bob, gazing at her, was glad that they hadn't waited, despite the fact that he would be in the Army a few days after the wedding and that the time they would have together for the duration of the war might be all too brief.

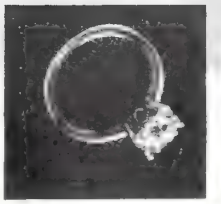
Though Bob and Ruth had known for weeks that they wanted to marry each other, Hollywood was nevertheless thoroughly startled at the news. For the papers, during the months before Ruth was married, had carried announcements about her supposed romance with Lincoln Fogarty, a childhood sweetheart whom she had met while she was at Pembroke Co lege. Lincoln was a senior at Brow University and captain of the footba team—and Ruth probably did have college crush on Lincoln.

Years later, they met again, whe Ruth, a successful movie star, ha gone back East to attend the Pres dent's Birthday Ball. They renewe their friendship—and the Hollywoo columnists called it love. Definite an nouncements were made that the planned to be married.

MEANWHILE, fate stepped in an pulled some very funny trick Over at Myron Selznick's thrivin agency, they were very proud of o of their young men, Robert Longe necker, who handled their radi clients with a tact and gallantry tha led a great many stars to fall all ove themselves trying to get Myron Selz nick's agency to manage their radi programs. It didn't hurt Bob a bi in their estimation that he was hand some and tall, with blond hair an level blue eyes, with a clean, manl look about (*Continued on page* 85

MARTHA AND FIANCÉ on campus of Clemson College, S. C., last spring before Niles became an Aviation Cadet, and she went into training for her mobile laboratory work. She's just as sweet and feminine looking now in her crisp lab uniform, so flattering to her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

GUARDING HEALTH OF BOYS AT ARMY CAMPS while her fiancé flies for Uncle Sam . . . Martha is at Fort McPherson now in the Field Laboratory of the Fourth Service Command.



MARTHA'S RING is unusually beautiful—a 2-carat diamond in a simple platinum band.

She's ENGAGED!

MARTHA GAFFNEY'S engagement to Henry Niles Nelson, Jr., unites two fine Southern families. She is great, great, great grand-daughter of the eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun.

MARTHA'S HEART is with her aviator fiancé—but her skilled hands and highly trained mind are given to her important war job with the Fourth Service Command's mobile laboratory.

"We work like mad," she told us. "We do blood and disease tests regularly, of course—and test just about everything in sight as well—water, milk, ice cream—anything that might contain harmful bacteria and cause illness among the boys at the camps."

Martha has a particularly lovely complexion—creamy smooth and white. She says: "My lab work makes me a stickler for cleanliness. That's why I'm so fond of Pond's Cold Cream. It *cleanses* so thoroughly—and leaves my skin feeling *soft* and *dewy*."

• • •

Use Pond's Martha's way, *you'll* love it, too. First—pat Pond's Cold Cream on your face and throat—gently, quickly. Tissue it off well. See how it softens and releases dirt and old make-up. "Rinse" now with a *second* lovely Pond's creaming. Tissue off.

Do this *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. Popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

The Bette Davis Prize Letter Contest

Bette Davis is happy (Mr. Hitler isn't!) to let you see these two letters that came to her

This is my boy — Bette Davis

Washington, D. C.
July 25, 1942

My dear Bette Davis:-

Your stories in August Photoplay Magazine are indeed soul-searing. I have a treasured one of my own which I am happy and proud to pass on to you. This story is only half mine; the other half-the far better half- belongs to its little hero, Tommy,--or was it Dickie,-or Harry?

Life in our Nation's Capital, the o hectic war days, goes on at a fast pace. Vital, important things are constantly happening about us and we are hardly aware of them. But every now and then, something--perhaps some very little thing-happens to heighten our patriotic glow to the realization that "we are all in this 'fight' together"!

A couple of weeks ago I dropped into one of Washington's many self-service markets. I soon had the few items I needed and looked about to see which service line was the shortest. I decided upon one and found myself directly behind a little boy. He carried no merchandise or packages, but as we moved along, I noticed he tugged and pulled at a huge carton, easing it along into position as he advanced to the pay-counter. The carton was bulging with empty bottles of all sizes and descriptions. I smiled and wondered where in the world that little fellow could have picked them all up. He must, indeed, have been out on an intensified salvage hunt. He was only about seven or eight, but sturdy and self-reliant, and completely engrossed in his particular business at hand. His manner was determined and matter-of-fact; he looked neither to right nor left, but kept his eyes and his attention right on his bottles. Soon it was his turn and the clerk came around to help him lift the heavy carton to the counter. "Well, what have we here, son?" he asked good humoredly. "Just bottles", the lad volunteered, while the clerk set to sorting them into little groups, counting as he lined them up. Finally he placed the last bottle. "Forty-eight cents, son". Simultaneously he began writing out a slip for that amount. But little Tommy-or was it Dickie-or Harry?--shifted his weight from one foot to the other, dug his fists hard into his pockets and let out an incredulous "Gee whiz!--only forty-eight cents?--for all those bottles?" He seemed terribly disappointed. The clerk pointed out that those bottles there were not even theirs,-and that the e here were worth only one cent each,-making a total of 48¢. "Aww gee", the little boy countered,-"can't you even make it 50¢?" "No, sonny boy, I can't", the clerk explained tolerantly, "I must account for every bottle we take back".

I stood by very much interested in watching this little incident unfold. Quite impulsively I reached into my change purse and slid two bright pennies over to the lad. It didn't occur to me then that that may have been the wrong thing to do,--that it might have encouraged extra pennies' worth of indulgence in sweets or such. I only knew I would ever be an incurable 'push-over' for small boys with serious faces, and I felt strongly that any little chap who went to all the trouble and expended the time and energy it entailed, to collect so many empty bottles and then cart them to the store, as this little boy had done, was certainly deserving of what he expected.

And was my faith in the boy's efforts rewarded by the dramatic climax that was to come to light! The little fellow looked up at me grinning from ear to ear. I saw that his eyes were sparkling blue, that shaded brown freckles were playing tag across the bridge of his celestial nose, and that he had a nice small-boy Irish face. "Gee, thanks, lady". His quick little fingers then slid the pennies along towards the clerk and you could have knocked both him and me down with a feather when the lad said,-"Alright, give me two of those 25¢ War Stamps!"

As he carefully bedded his stamps down in a grubby little case, he turned to me again and said,-"Thanks again for the two pennies". "How are your stamps coming along, son", I just had to ask, feeling all the time like I could hug him hard. "Aww swell,-I'll have my first book soon now--I hope"-- this last he added with another initiatic grin. Then we both laughed and we both felt very happy, and said good-bye.

Yes, he was a darling,-that little Tommy-or was it Dickie-or Harry? And won't he get a great big thrill when he holds in his own hands his very own first War Bond,--his precious little, hard-earned "big contribution" to the war effort.

Sincerely,

Marie-Teresa Hass

In the August issue of PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR, Bette Davis wrote a story, a story of the big things the little people of America were doing during these days of supreme tests of sacrifice. Then she asked you readers a question, "Do you know stories like these? If you do," she said, "write and tell me about them." The editors and I will choose the best letter; the writer will be awarded a $25 War Bond. The letter that won the Bond is at the left; the runner-up below, both with Miss Davis's comments.

Couldn't we print this too?
Mammy Lee is right!

504 Highland Avenue
Albany, Georgia
July 11, 1942

Miss Bette Davis
c/o Photoplay-Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood, California

Dear Miss Davis:

The home-spun quality of patriotism that thrives in the heart of our good Southern negroes is indeed inspiring.

A deeply religious old Mammy puts it this way:

> "Yas sah! I's givin' Onkle Sam one-tenth! To do it, I's havin' to borrow de tenth dat I's been givin' to de Lawd ever' Sunday. But frum what I hears, de Lawd din in near as deep right now as Onkle Sam is, an' we's all gotta pitch in an' help!"
>
> "De Good Book says, 'De Lawd helps dem what helps derselves', an' so, we's all gotta keep buyin' Stamps pastin' 'em in our li'l books. I b'lieves if we jes' doin' dis we can knock dat man Hitler down an' STAMP slam to death!"

This appealing old soul earns a very small sum each week, but she has learned one great lesson of life; a lesson with worthwhile message at any time, but a truly heartening message in these days of war-tradegy, "De Lawd helps dem what helps derselves".

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. William E. Pickard

Rita Hayworth CO-STARRING IN "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"

A Columbia Picture

Color Harmony Face Powder!

1...*it imparts a lovely color to the skin*

2...*it creates a satin-smooth make-up*

3...*it clings perfectly—really stays on*

Blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads.. you can add loveliness to your looks with your Color Harmony shade of this famous powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

The very first time you make up with this remarkable face powder you'll note how the Color Harmony shade created for you accents all the beauty of your type. You'll note that your skin looks more youthful, more attractive. You'll marvel how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and how this powder clings perfectly and really stays on. Try your Color Harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...make a new beauty discovery. One dollar.

★ ***COMPLETE your make-up in Color Harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick.***

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 54) That is the principle on which Hollywood operates when it puts girls through courses of training for motion-picture work. Many people take voice culture, dramatic expression, all sorts of specialized study for the sole purpose of changing or improving themselves. Frankly, I've never done that because preparing for the pictures and the parts I am to play has taken care of it for me.

"It isn't indifference to what people think that stops me from protesting when I hear remarks about my 'being different,' but the realization that a change may have occurred without my being conscious of it.

"Even the element of time enters into it. Have you ever noticed the difference in the attitude of the lad who suddenly has so much to do he races from one thing to another? Before he got that new job he was easygoing, friendly and always had time to stop for a little chat. But now—there's barely time to say hello before he's on his way again.

"And how about the girl who is cramming for her finals at college? You'd think she hardly knew you, with her thoughts a mile away when you tell her about the new boy friend.

"RUSHING from one picture to another, trying to develop characterizations and learn parts while I'm talking story with a director, having fittings and taking tests have all made me give a pretty good imitation of a girl wrapped up in her own affairs. I don't want to give that impression and there are times when I'd like to toss aside the script I'm studying or 'ditch' a rehearsal and join a group of extras having a high time in the corner.

"But that's one of the ways I've changed: Because there isn't time, I don't do it. And neither would any one of those girls having so much fun in the corner, if she were in my place."

When a dancer and bit player who knew the happy-go-lucky Ginger of ten years ago heard of this remark, she said: "It's just ducky to have fame and success 'develop' you, but if I had the sense of humor that kid sported when we were working in 'Gold Diggers' or during her first pictures with Astaire, I wouldn't trade it for a hundred Oscars."

When Ginger heard what the girl had said, she observed, "Neither would I. Losing your sense of humor isn't developing; it's shrivelling. One thing I'll never lose is my love of a good laugh. Because laughing isn't only the world's best medicine; it's the most democratic thing to do. If you can laugh, you can take it."

When Ginger was told that a girl who had worked with her when she played small parts said she didn't have time to be friendly any more, Ginger replied: "Oh, but I have. Tell her to come over some morning before I have my hair done and we'll have some laughs."

That would be about six-thirty A. M.—and the girl hasn't shown up yet.

BEING about the most-in-demand actress in Hollywood, Ginger Rogers has been operating under high pressure, with only a few days off between pictures. Fox had to postpone the shooting of the Ginger Rogers sequence in "Tales Of Manhattan" to allow her Christmas week off after "Roxie Hart" which she spent in resting up on her ranch in Oregon. One week after finishing "Tales Of Manhattan" she started "The Major And The Minor" at Paramount. Ten days after her last shot in that picture she went before the camera at RKO for "Once Upon A Honeymoon." She'll have two weeks between this and "Lady In The Dark" at Paramount.

"When 'Lady In The Dark' is finished," Ginger said, "I will come back to RKO to do a picture I have long wanted to make, 'The Gibson Girl.' Interpreting Gibson's famous American girl has bee a dream of mine and now I'm going t get my wish."

Because of her willingness to take o any role that challenges her and becaus she never lets down her fellow worker those who are not her critics call he "The Champ." They tell the story how not long ago two writers came her and asked if she would let the tell her a story. She did and heard th plot of the picture, "The Major And Th Minor."

Would she play it? She would.

Would she let one of the writer Billy Wilder, direct her in it? Wilde had never directed a picture and h needed a break. Ginger remembered th times when she needed someone to hav a little confidence in her. It wasn't sure-fire dancing part. She would hav to play the part of a little girl and g without hose and wear flat-heele shoes—just when she felt that a nic dose of glamour would improve her die

For the first time in years she was ner vous during the opening days of shooting Not for herself, her friends say, but fo Billy. She tried hard to put him at ease to help him, but still leave the authorit with him. The current success of the pic ture is incidental. What is important, sa her friends, is that she gave a helpin hand to a man when he needed a lift.

GINGER accepted a lot of responsibilit in playing "The Major And Th Minor" away from her own studio unde those conditions. But responsibility is on of the things that come with success.

"Responsibility," observed Ginger, "ha probably changed me more than anythin else. Believe me, it can do it. Fo example; suppose you are out of a job have an old battered car and no ban account. If you park that car on th street are you going to lie awake worrying about somebody's stealing it or running into it and suing you? Hardly But suppose it were a new car, that yo had a responsible position and owne property: Do you think you'd be quit so carefree regarding it?

"Circumstances also make us chang our viewpoints and our habits," Ginge resumed thoughtfully. "Everybody wants some degree of privacy.

"There was a time when I could hav privacy on a Coney Island beach, on a public tennis court or on the corner o Vine and Hollywood Boulevard. Late to have that same privacy and to do just the things we formerly did, I had to build a private tennis court. Not because I wanted to be different, but because I wanted to be the same."

On that fleeting and ephemeral thing known as the heart, romance or what you will, the lady who defends change had this to say:

"I don't believe normal development causes a girl to outgrow her natural romantic tendencies or her desire for a husband, a home and children. It certainly hasn't in my case.

"But experience teaches us not to wear our hearts on our sleeves and not to be as girlishly enthusiastic about romance as we were at sweet sixteen, or," and she smiled knowingly, "quite as confiding. Even though we feel as deeply, we aren't likely to be as anxious to tell the world about it. At least," and she paused significantly "I'm not."

And that's one subject, says Ginger, on which she won't change.

The End.

The "changed" Ginger Rogers goes partying at The Players cafe; her party dinner partner is Major Anatol Litvak, brass-buttoned biggie

Thankfully Yours

(*Continued from page* 27) "The Women," either. You're going to be seeing more pictures like Amelia Earhart's life in "Stand By To Die," "Nurse Kenny" and "The Woman's Volunteer Army." Not so long ago our girls took a back seat while such charmers as Marlene Dietrich not only had one leading man to a picture but a whole flock of them trailing after her, nibbling at her heels.

I'm thankful for the amusement Veronica Lake's afforded with her peek-a-boo bob and that she had the courage to tell her studio to go sit on a tack if they didn't like the way she talked about her husband and her baby. It may not sound very glamorous for her to admit that she prefers them to all the careers in the world—but she told the truth and got away with it.

I'M thankful, too, for women like Irene Dunne, who's even-tempered and whose name never finds its way into gossip columns (in fact, she's rotten copy) but whose fans grow more loyal with the years. It's rather a sad commentary on things today that the people who achieve the most attention are those who've failed in their duty, both to themselves, their fellow beings and their country—and I wonder sometimes why more people in this town don't try to follow Irene's example. I'm also thankful that she's said good-by to those screwball comedies like "Lady In A Jam," just as she did to the first picture they ever put her in, "Leathernecks." If that wasn't a stinker, I never saw one.

Jane Wyman's thankful that husband Lieutenant Ronnie Reagan's back in Hollywood and what a laugh she got out of reading her own story, which she wrote when she was a lonely war widow weeks before he was transferred. By the time it got into print, she was a-sittin' beside him holding his hand and he'd been working at her same studio for weeks and both of them happy together, back in their Valley home with their baby.

The country at large is thankful for Dottie Lamour and the good she did on her Bond-selling tour and tour of the camps. To make sure that all formality had gone with the wind and that she'd be recognized, Dottie had her name embroidered (see page 22) on the outside of all her dresses.

Hollywood doesn't quite know whether to be thankful or not for Melvyn Douglas. It was, when he entered the OCD and gave up pictures for the duration. But Melvyn is the kind of guy who can't stay at any one thing indefinitely. Like all the rest of us he needs a change and when the war job got boring, he rushed right back 'neath the wings of the Hollywood eagle, which drops those golden coins, leaving his wife, Helen Gahagan, in Washington to keep a finger on the political pulse.

We're all grateful that Alice Faye and Phil Harris had that baby. It was nip and tuck as to whether the child would arrive before the proud father talked himself and his public to death about it!

Olivia de Havilland's grateful that the John Hustons have separated, which should remove the last obstacle in the way of her romance. And everybody's thankful that Cary Grant finally got his Barbara Hutton. Incidentally, Barbara will be a happy girl if she has a baby, cause few people know how crazy she is about children. That goes for Roz Russell, too. She tells me she hopes to have a dozen. Well, they couldn't be

I'm a Busy Woman

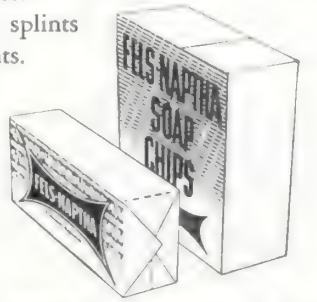
I have a family to raise and a home to keep ship-shape. I'm learning First Aid and training for Ambulance Duty. And I've got a part-time job that makes our budget a better fit.

It's exciting and completely satisfying . . . but it takes a bit of doing. I've had to learn new ways—and quicker ways —to get through the endless household tasks that use up so much time and energy.

For instance, I've just installed the Fels-Naptha Soap System. I use this wonder soap to clean bric-a-brac, to brighten silver and flatware—and for all sorts of time-killing cleaning chores that keep a conscientious wife 'tied down.'

My precious silk and Nylon stockings last longer under the Fels-Naptha Soap System—and they're easier to do. I wouldn't trust my baby's things with any other soap. As for the family wash—I've just whisked through that and I'm off to another round of traction splints and pressure points.

Yes, I'm a busy woman and thanks to Fels-Naptha Soap—I love it!



Golden bar or Golden chips_**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

This tampon was really your idea!

Women have *always* longed for the kind of freedom internal protection makes possible today. That's why tampons were first made. But it was because modern-minded women like you wanted a *better* tampon—that Meds were made. Yes, *this* tampon was *your* idea because . . .

You wanted real protection!

That means *quick, sure* absorption! So Meds designed an exclusive "safety center" feature—to make absorption *fast* and *sure!* Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

. . . combined with comfort!

Meds were scientifically designed—by a woman's doctor. So comfortable, you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges, pins, odor, chafing. Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—so sanitary, so easy to use!

. . . at no extra cost!

Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! So, try Meds—the tampon designed for *you!*

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ · BOX OF 50 — 98¢

The Modess Tampon

mothered by a nicer girl.

Metro expected to be thankful when Nelson Eddy was no longer under contract to them, because all of his recent pictures with Jeanette MacDonald have created headaches that nearly ended in spontaneous combustion, but now the studio's busting out in a rash on account of the avalanche of irate fan mail that's all but smothered 'em.

We were thankful to get our glamour girl, Paulette Goddard, safe home from Washington and, so far as I know, there haven't been any kicks from the nation's capital, either.

DAVID SELZNICK'S thankful that Ingrid Bergman got the part of *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." He'll be more thankful still if he can get her the Academy Award for her performance, as he did for Joan Fontaine last year and for Vivien Leigh two years before. And don't think he won't make every effort to bring this about. It will be no mean achievement if he does so, because to take three girls practically from obscurity and make them into Award winners takes some doing. There's a lot more to it than just idle dreams. It takes judgment, vision, faith, not to mention a little charity and plenty of good hard work.

I'm thankful that Orson Welles has been entirely vindicated in his South American trip. Our town thought they'd have a field day over him. So did RKO, which couldn't wait for him to get down there and were even more anxious to get him back. Before that happened they announced to all, except Orson, that they wouldn't be responsible for his debts and would have nothing more to do with him. But the country at large is thankful that he did such a good job for Latin-American relations. You may not like Orson—lots of people don't—but when it comes to that good old banana oil known as "diplomacy," he's got everyone I've ever met up with, outside of our President, licked.

Mrs. Colin Kelly's thankful that Hollywood's the place where she got a job—not in a studio, mind you, but in a defense industry as a secretary at fifty dollars a week. But it's given her a home where she can live happily with her son and brother. Hollywood doesn't even know she's here and if they did they wouldn't care—that is, the side of Hollywood that I'm *not* thankful for!

Patricia Collinge and Ruth Gordon, two of our finest New York stage actresses are happy that they again got a note from Hollywood and played parts that may have their names up again for an Academy Award.

I'm thankful that we've finally opened the Motion Picture Relief Fund's new home and for people like Jean Hersholt, the Jimmy Gleasons, the Ralph Morgans and all those others who worked tirelessly and without pay to make that dream come true; and for citizens like Kay Kyser, Bob Hope, Jimmy Cagney and Bing Crosby, who've given so generously of their time and energy.

Paramount's thankful they got Ilka Chase off the lot before the arrival of her ex-husband, Louis Calhern, 'cause what she wrote about him in her book was anything but flattering and Louis is aiming to let her have both barrels next time he sees her. Then, too, Ilka became a copycat and got herself a toy French poodle, as near like the one Claudette Colbert has as two peas in a pod. Well, there wasn't enough room on the set for the two rivals, so Claudette kept hers at home while Ilka's had the run of the place.

And now I come to my real thanksgiving, one that is shared, I know, by all who read these lines. I'm thankful that God has given me the privilege to live in a free country, among men and women whose lives are not shadowed by the twin nightmares of want and fear. I thank God, in these dark and troubled days, for the good fortune to live in America and for the right to call myself—an American!

The End.

Our December Cover Girl

Greer Garson

who has made Mrs. Miniver the most famous woman in the world today is revealed in one of Joseph Henry Steele's word portraits, as human as loving, as intimate as a cozy little tete-a-tete

in the December issue

The Romance Hollywood Doesn't Like

(*Continued from page* 29) Ed Judson at the age of sixteen she had gone out just once with exactly one boy. Until the time of her marriage, her life was all work. There were rehearsals and dance routines, in the company of her father, Eduardo Cansino, who was her dancing partner. There was her work before the cameras in the studios. Even her meeting with Ed Judson wasn't romantic. He introduced himself to her by telephone. Then he came to meet her in the company of her parents. When he proposed to her that they should elope, telling her that he saw in her the possibilities of stardom, she was entranced. Her married life was practically a duplicate of her girlhood, all work, only on a higher plane of success.

Rita and Ed stayed wed five years and during that interval he lived up scrupulously to the letter of their contract. He gave Rita the benefit of his worldly knowledge and sophistication. He saw to it that she was perfectly gowned, perfectly presented to the public. He taught her poise and the tricks of charm and he saw her rise to stardom. Under his tutelage she grew up from little, scared girlhood to vivid, glamorous womanhood. She and Judson were husband and wife, manager and star, business partners. But romantically it all added up to a relationship as exciting as a slice of bread without butter to a girl all youth, fire and loveliness who almost daily for five years had worked in scenes in which she made the gestures and received the caresses of love.

It is characteristic of Rita, of her shyness, her sweetness and her inner longing that her favorite photograph of herself during all these years was one in a bridal dress. Even when she separated from Judson last summer, she carried that picture with her to her new "bachelor girl" apartment. It really was a lovely picture and if you didn't happen to remember that Rita had flown to Las Vegas to be married and had worn slacks for the trip, you were completely deceived by it. For while Rita looked the enchanting bride in it, the truth was that the photograph had been made to illustrate an advertisement for silverware.

SHE was a visibly wretched young thing last fall when her marriage was finally over. I shall always remember one whole day I spent with her at that time. She wanted to be co-operative. She tried to talk, but the tears would well up in her eyes and her voice would shake while she leaned back against the satin couch in her living room and looked too weary even for emotion. She had come through her toughest and most successful year that had started with "The Strawberry Blonde" and "Blood And Sand" and had ended with her Fred Astaire co-starring picture and she had not only lost her husband but had not had one day of vacation. Even on that day, the wolves were calling her. Her telephone, which was supposed to have a super-dooper private number, rang incessantly. All the standard callers at such a time were on that wire, Howard Hughes, Errol Flynn and the rest of them, and to all of them Miss Hayworth was out.

So she went into "My Gal Sal" and met Mature, the perfect setup for a gent whose heart is always ruled by his headlines.

Vic at that time had gone with everybody he could, and the ones he couldn't go with, he advertised for. He had dated

Are you in Love?

Ann Rutherford and George Montgomery featured in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Orchestra Wife." Want such soft romantic hands?

Ann Rutherford's Adorable Hands. Ann protects the confiding softness of her hands by using Jergens Lotion. "The simplest, loveliest hand care," she says.

THE ROMANTIC stars in Hollywood cultivate this "dream girl" softness in their hands. They use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You *protect* the rose-leaf smoothness of your hands with Jergens; this lotion helps *prevent* common-looking rough, chapped hands.

Of course! It's like professional care for your hands. Many wise doctors aid hard-used skin to divine softness with 2 special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. Notice—Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling. Give your hands "Hollywood's Hand Care;" use Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

YOUR HANDS *Are Lovely*

Naturally!

Nature gave you soft, smooth hands and skin — the baby's skin you envy. If they become harsh, discolored, unlovely, it's not nature's fault — it's your own for not giving them the care they deserve.

Chamberlain's Lotion is an ideal aid to keeping your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely — the very way nature intended they should be.

Chamberlain's is clear, golden—a lotion which dries with convenient quickness. Buy Chamberlain's Lotion today! Use it. You'll welcome the aid it gives you in keeping hands and skin as nature meant them to be.

WINTER PROTECTION
Women the country over acclaim Chamberlain's Lotion the ideal aid in the prevention of chapped, roughened hands and skin due to wintery weather.

YOUR HANDS *Are Always Out In Front*

Buy it at all Toilet Goods Counters

Chamberlain's
LOTION

Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Liz (Millions) Whitney, Lana Turner, and he had tried to date Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. He told two individual columnists about his yearning to meet these ladies. One printed the fact about Vic's longing for Crawford, another obliged with his yearning for Shearer. Neither responded. When all the talk about "The Life Of Valentino" sprang up and Vic thought he would like to play that role, he discovered Pola Negri was in town and he even dated Pola. What's more, he saw to it that these datings were immediately known to the greatest number of people. His best chums were an editor and a press agent and they served him well. Even he admits that few people could have been as smart as he was about his marriage to Martha Kemp, the ex-New York debutante, widow of Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader.

IT was in New York, while Vic was playing with Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady In The Dark," that he met Martha and proposed to her. She accepted and they set the date at a certain Fifth Avenue church, all of which facts were duly recorded in the papers. The urbane manager of New York's favorite night club, the Stork, even agreed to be best man, which was another publicity natural. All that space would have contented most men, even have embarrassed them, but not Vic. He wanted more. So he thought of a dilly. He thought of standing Martha up.

"If I were married that day, it was just another wedding," he proudly announced. "But if I stood her up, I got that story. And then if I married her another day, it was still another story." So that was how life's supreme moment was eventually solemnized for Mr. Mature. Unfortunately, it also came out in the papers that Vic had been married once before and this was the only time he didn't like news about himself getting printed, because that first time he hadn't been smart enough to marry anyone important.

So then Vic came West, thundered into Twentieth Century-Fox and, taking a leaf from the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita technique, began that "Are they going to divorce or are they not" routine. Martha and her baby came West. The Matures parted and reconciled, reconciled and parted. And right then, Rita Hayworth, newly free, the nicest girl in town and the best publicity catch, walked on the set of "My Gal Sal."

You get it, don't you? You understand why everyone in Hollywood who loves Rita—and everyone who has ever met her does love her—hoped Rita wouldn't take Vic seriously, that she wouldn't get hurt? At the studio the news of her freedom from marriage made her already heavy fan mail pile up five times as high. With the release of "My Gal Sal" and now "Tales Of Manhattan" there is no denying her authentic stardom. And meantime, Martha Mature did actually start divorce proceedings and Vic, always in front of interviewers, was forever calling a mysterious "Miss Agnes" and then letting it slip out that "Miss Agnes's" name was Rita, or taking Rita to such hideaways as the Brown Derby and the Navy Relief Ball.

Of course, it is possible that Vic has been utterly sincere, but Hollywood doesn't like to think that this might be the case. Even though Rita has certainly been happy, Hollywood quickly points out the fact that there is in Rita a great ambition and that she knows she is more important at the box office as a single woman. So Hollywood hopes that she may hold back from matrimony. Rita has had one misfortune in love. In the year that must elapse before she could marry Vic, she may discover a man truly chivalrous, intelligent and worthy who would adore marrying her. To Hollywood the man should not be Vic Mature.

Just like any other small town, it wants its darling daughters—and Rita is its darling—to make ideal marriages.

THE END

Look at this!

Vic Mature gets into Coast Guard uniform; the light of his life, Rita Hayworth, follows suit, joins forces with the N.A.A. in Hollywood war work

Play Truth Or Consequences

(*Continued from page* 46)

43. (Q) How serious are your dates with John Howard?
(A) We are *very* good friends—but I never will marry him, if that is what you mean.

44. (Q) Is your hair naturally black?
(A) Yes.

45. (Q) What picture are you sorry you made?
(A) I wasn't very happy about "I Take This Woman," but we all make a few mistakes.

46. (Q) What was the most and least you ever paid for a hat?
(A) I never wear hats, but I think it was $50 for a model in Paris and $.50 for a beanie in Hollywood.

47. (Q) What was your most embarassing boner while learning English?
(A) I only can give you a hint. It had to do with my thinking there was a feminine form of the word adult.

48. (Q) What are you doing for national defense?
(A) I am buying War Bonds, doing Red Cross work and appearing on radio programs.

The End.

Gentleman of Courage

(*Continued from page* 51) had again found that courage pays.

We asked him how he had happened to pick dancing as a career. George lays the whole choice to the old slogan, "Love performs miracles." Several years ago, he fell in love with a girl named Julie. She danced beautifully and had aspirations to become a professional. George didn't take her ambitions seriously till one day she told him she had a job with a show that was going on the road. He pleaded and offered to do most anything to keep her in town. Finally Julie told him if he would become her dancing partner she wouldn't go away.

"Dancing!" exclaimed George. "With my injured leg it was the last thing in the world I had ever thought of doing. I had been forced to give up the idea of being an athlete—now Julie wanted me to dance. The idea was impossible. With all the eloquence the Irish are supposed to have, I tried to get her to change her mind, but it was no use. But when the time drew near for Julie to go with the show I realized I just couldn't take a chance on losing her—so, as I said before, love performs miracles.

"During the first rehearsals I was ready to cry uncle many times. And to make matters more complicated, I was working in a Wall Street office in the daytime and practicing strenuous dance routines at night.

"I think the belief that our first engagement would be a flop," continued George, "and that then Julie would lose interest in the dance team idea, was the only thing that kept me going. But I was wrong about the flopping. Our first engagement in a Chinese restaurant was a big success. To my surprise, we received an offer from one of the better night clubs. But in spite of this, I still held on to my job on Wall Street. You see, I thought our success was only a flash in the pan.

Can twins be divorced ?

The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.

"We're typical twins, Athalie and I. Look alike, dress alike, share the same problems of mistaken identity. We've always been together on everything...except once. That was the time I 'divorced' my twin . . . for test purposes only. I switched to Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Athalie went right on using another well-known brand."

"Even when we dressed alike, people began to know us apart. My teeth became *twice as bright* as my twin's . . . thanks to Pepsodent! It was easy to tell who was who . . . but not for long. Athalie had enough of our trial separation. So she switched to Pepsodent, too. And is she glad! Nothing but Pepsodent for us from now on."

Davis twins confirm laboratory proof that

Pepsodent Powder makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE ON TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile...
use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year

THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men ...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc

CHERAMY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

"One night the thing I had always feared happened. Julie and I came gliding onto the night-club floor. I took her in my arms and started to whirl her about and—over her shoulder I looked straight into the eyes of my Wall Street boss.

"Needless to say, the next day I had to make a decision. Either dancing or my Wall Street job. I decided to stick to dancing.

"Julie and I were married and, with the optimism of youth, we determined to be an outstanding dance team. During the first years of our partnership the going wasn't always easy. It was during the tough times I was grateful I had learned how to handle trouble when I was ill.

"You know if you can meet adversity with a smile you've got fifty percent of the battle won before you even start to fight."

THE prop man on the set of "The Navy Comes Through" interrupted our conversation to show George a couple of tap steps he had been practicing. It seems that on the picture George had accidentally acquired a tap-dancing class.

It all started on a very cold morning when everybody was standing around beating his arms about to keep warm. George lined them up and taught them a few dance steps. Now, it's become a regular morning ritual.

He claims it not only gets their blood circulating, but makes them start the day cheerfully. George insists there's nothing like dancing to chase away the blues.

If you're feeling awfully lonesome sometime, just turn on your radio and dance around the room. It really works. George knows a girl who made this trick for curing loneliness pay dividends. She was living in a strange city, working in the office of a big department store. She had no friends and no money to spend on entertainment. Her evenings were very lonely. In desperation she began turning on the radio and making up steps to the rhythm of the various dance bands.

The department store decided to put on a big amateur show. The girl did one of the crazy dance routines she had made up to while away the time. A Broadway producer happened to be in the audience the night of the show. The girl was a terrific success! The result was a week later she left the department store for a successful Broadway dancing career.

GEORGE thinks dancing is a cure for anything! He even knows of a time when it played Cupid. A supposedly successful married couple had come to the parting of the ways. They were in the living room discussing their plans for a divorce. A dance band was playing on the radio. Unconsciously, the husband's feet began to keep time. Impulsively he got up and took his ex-wife-to-be in his arms and began dancing her around the room.

As they danced they both remembered the many happy times they'd had during their courtship. The memories, music and laughter made them forget their divorce plans.

For those in ill health George believes dancing adds greatly to the restoration of physical vitality and strength.

"Naturally," he claims, "no one wants to be ill. But if it does happen and you have to put up a fight—don't get discouraged. Everything has its compensations. Why, it might be the best thing that ever happened to you.

"Having to battle to walk again," George continued, "gave me, I feel, a brand-new outlook on life. And lots of people pay me the compliment of saying I'm good-natured. Well, my illness gave me that. Wait a minute! Don't think I don't get upset about things, for I most certainly do. But when things get a bit thick I generally go for a long walk. I think back to the time of my injuries and it gives me renewed strength both physically and mentally.

"It's true I never realized my ambition of following in my father's footsteps. But I'm grateful for the good that resulted from my illness and the love which led me into dancing. If it had not been for them I would not have the privilege now of putting my feet at the disposal of Uncle Sam—to dance my way across the country selling War Bonds."

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wouldn't you like to know him better—

The man who is Hollywood's latest rage?

Then don't miss the story in our December issue. It's as gratifying as a personal introduction

Van Heflin

The Truth about Stars' Dates

(*Continued from page* 67) dinner? The usual method, of course, is the friend-of-a-friend route. Hollywood being such a small place, it is practically impossible not to find one person who knows the person you desire to meet. Steve Crane met Lana Turner at a dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel. They had a mutual friend, who was in Lana's party. Introductions followed, and that was that. Lana met Artie Shaw when they started to work together at Metro. Linda Darnell met Pev Marley, her frequent escort, when he was assigned to the camera work of one of her early pictures.

Extra men being at the premium they are in social Hollywood, practically any man can get anywhere and meet anyone. Sometimes the dates don't work out right. There is a true legend of Hollywood that concerns the young man who called on a star—and then fell in love with her mother!

ONCE having met, no holds are barred, neither age, religion, social standing nor coin of the realm. A mere matter of one or the other's being married is completely ignored. The fact that the lady or gent may be technically tied up in an engagement with some other member of the opposite sex is automatically brushed aside.

Boy dates girl in Hollywood for political reasons, for ambitious reasons, for photographic reasons and—for this thing called love.

Nothing, perhaps, could better illustrate the zany whirligig of Hollywood's romance standards than the triangle that not so long ago embraced Ginger Rogers, Jean Gabin and Marlene Dietrich and which threw its glittering shadows simultaneously on the figures of Michele Morgan and George Montgomery, which in turn reflected upon Hedy Lamarr and Victor Mature and which finally lighted upon the saucy figure of Martha Kemp Mature, who, for goodness sake, didn't seem to be going with anyone, not even her husband Victor!

Back in France, Mr. Gabin had gone with Miss Morgan. There is also some talk that back in France there is also a Mrs. Gabin, but we wouldn't know about that and oceans are so wide. At any rate, Mlle. Morgan got here first and it was expected when M. Gabin arrived among our local palm trees that they would take up where they had left off.

Practically the moment he got off the train, however, Miss Marlene Dietrich (or Mrs. Rudolph Sieber, if you insist) saw him and grabbed. Twentieth Century-Fox, to whom M. Gabin was under contract, didn't care for this much. Dietrich wasn't their star and while they wanted to give M. Gabin the build-up on the publicity romantic route, they wanted to do it with the deliberate aid of one of their own starlets. However, they were very busy fostering the romance of Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery, a home lot boy, they let the Gabin-Dietrich romance slide, hoping it would die the natural death of Hollywood romances that are deliberately overlooked on the publicity side.

The Montgomery-Rogers romance was doing big and Mr. Montgomery was reaping much benefit therefrom. Up until this romance, he had been strictly a cow-and-stagecoach star but now they saw he could be given an "A" picture grooming. George co-operated marvelously and, even as he dated Ginger, he also called on varied charmers as Greer Garson

With deep pride and affection

Revlon

christens its new color of nail enamel and lipstick . . . the

"Mrs. Miniver Rose"

In the impersonal stillness of a motion picture theatre, we in America have met Mrs. Miniver and loved her completely. And like the gentle old station-master who grew the beautiful Mrs. Miniver Rose and said, so staunchly, "There'll always be roses," we of Revlon know there'll always be women like Mrs. Miniver. And so, we christen our proud new color of nail enamel and lipstick the "Mrs. Miniver Rose" . . . as a small, shining tribute to gallant women the whole world over.

PREVIEWED

Remember . . . only Revlon gives you the assurance of PREVIEWED!
Nail Enamel 60¢. Lipstick 60¢, 1.00

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and Jane Withers on the telephone. Most important of all, he got the lead in "Roxie Hart" opposite Ginger, while that flirtation lasted.

The thing that blew it up was Ginger's getting within the Gabin sphere of influence. She saw, Gabin seemed on the verge of a conquest, Marlene pouted, and Ginger went East. Gabin went East, too. Strangely enough, they both ended up in New York at the same time and at many of the same parties. The love birds began twittering on every syndicated line.

Marlene, however, has apparently learned something about tenacity. Absence not only made her heart grow fonder, but it made the telephone and the telegraph people grow richer, for almost every hour on the hour of every single day that Gabin and Rogers were in New York together, telegrams followed Jean everywhere. Long-distance calls pursued him, at lunch, at dinner, at supper clubs, out on the dance floors. Private people may be able to hide out when they are in love, but celebrities are highly visible and so the messenger boys and the long-distance operators always found Jean, and usually with Ginger. Marlene's messages were masterpieces of devotion.

Meanwhile, back in Hollywood, was Michele Morgan weeping her seductive eyes out? She was not. She was using them for flirting with Victor Mature and Vic was calling around regularly, even though he was protesting to the papers that reports of his separation from Martha Mature were most inaccurate. And meantime what was George Montgomery doing but dating Hedy Lamarr, queen of the glamour girls, who currently is going about with Jean Pierre Aumont, another case in point of Hollywood's gaudy dating.

Do you recognize Jean Pierre's name? Do you know another thing about him save that he dated Joan Crawford and a couple of other girls? You don't, because, practically speaking, that is all Hollywood knows him. However, that date routine has served to establish his identity with millions of people.

THERE was at one time a high-powered star in hot pursuit of Tyrone Power. She had prestige enough to be either of great help or great damage to a young actor's career. But the smooth Tyrone managed to elude her so successfully that today they are actually friends. Jimmy Stewart, following shortly afterwards in the lady's ambitious affections, dodged gracefully also. Jimmy is a dodger-de-luxe, anyway. Just as everybody had him married to Olivia de Havilland, he began going with Ginger Rogers and, when that got a bit torrid, the draft came along. Jim still sees Ginger the most frequently of any of his Hollywood "leave dates" but he's even not exclusive about that. He dates other Hollywood girls, too, on his returns.

Of course, the absolute Midas of the Hollywood dating system is Howard Hughes. It's as good as an unknown girl's getting a leading role to be seen with him at a leading cafe. It means she's launched and no two ways about it. Hughes seems to make only one demand —that the girl be beautiful. He never does date the girls who work in his pictures, but he gets around to all the others, if they meet his glamour standard, and that's a high one, indeed.

But true it is that Pat di Cicco, he who married Gloria Vanderbilt, Bruce Cabot, who still apparently hopes to marry Liz Whitney, the wealthy ex-wife of Jock Whitney, and Errol Flynn, who not so long ago was dating Doris Duke, the richest girl in the world, once made up very fancy stag line indeed. It probably irked Bruce and Errol when Cary Grant walked off with Barbara Hutton. Th this was truly a love match only ma the pain all the fiercer for those othe They rarely get mixed up with Hollywo girls. They play strictly society.

If the stag line seems to be spoken in the past tense, blame that on the wa There used to be a good one about tow but it is gone now, really today bei just a line composed of Flynn, Cab and Hughes. The younger men are eith in service or keeping most discreetly o of sight.

A girl seen with any one of the thr leading "stags" is thereafter pursue by the whole lesser wolf pack. But wh a lot of people don't know is that works reversely with handsome me Once they are seen dancing with certa glamour girls, all the other glamour gi pursue them, too.

Not that many of the ambitious your heroes around town don't develop th situation deliberately. Victor Mature the loudest example of this, swiftly se onded by Montgomery. Around tow they grin at young Glenn Ford and h swift dating of Joan Crawford, Hed Lamarr, Eleanor Powell and many other Glenn's much more sincere than th other two, but certainly his name r mantically linked in so many colum hasn't hurt him.

WHEN Desi Arnaz was brought o from Broadway to star in "T Many Girls," RKO wanted to build hi up romantically. But no studio likes build a star except with one of its ow stars, so Lucille Ball was chosen as th girl to be overcome with Desi's charm At that time Lucille was engaged marry Director Al Hall. She and De dutifully dated, again and again. Th studio was delighted. Everybody wa delighted, except Al Hall—for you kno what happened. Lucille broke the en gagement and married Desi.

Exactly the same setup happened re cently with Alexis Smith and Cra Stevens—except that Alexis wasn't en gaged to anyone. They met in th Warners publicity department, went o together for the sake of sweet publicit and Cupid got them.

Or take the case of Alan Curtis. Righ at the very start of his career a certai glamour lady desired him. Alan snubbe her, married a girl he had known bac in New York. The lady, who had gre influence, told everyone Alan was im possible. That reputation stuck to hin His career did not advance, his marriag failed. Twentieth finally borrowed hi from Metro. Alan started dating Sonj Henie, also of Twentieth. Meanwhile however, he had met Ilona Massey There was absolutely no advantage i their seeing one another. There was, i fact, everything against it, for Ilona wa quietly and gently dropped from th Metro contract list. But there wa love. They were wildly, passionatel in love, Alan and Ilona. They still are But since they have been Mr. and Mrs Curtis neither one of their careers ha amounted to anything.

It is just such cases as this that mak publicity departments take young star lets aside, point to such lovers, and say "See? You do what we tell you abou dates."

And it is because they do follow th publicity department's advice that many a starlet does advance—and why so muc of the time so many of them are bitterly unhappy.

THE END

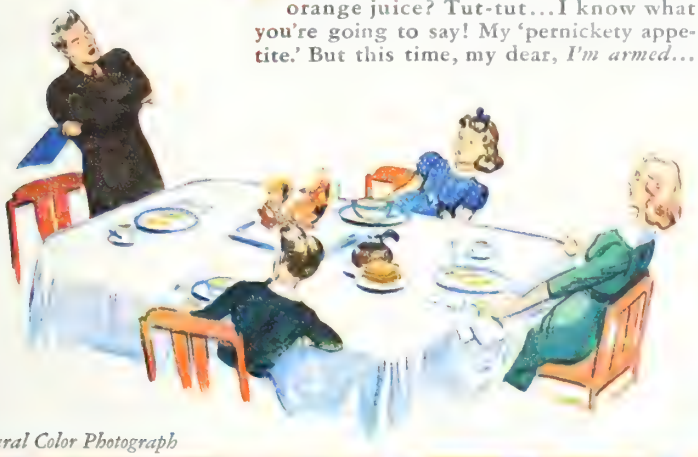
blot your name!

You can analyze your own blottograph by following directions on page 52, then by checking with this list of signs that appear most frequently in written designs

Arrow.....Bad news by letter or telephone
Bayonet..... Illness
Bell.....Unexpected news
Boots..... Success
Butterfly..... Inconstancy
Cannon.....News of a soldier
Cat..... Gossip
Circle.....Money, success
Clover..... Prosperity
Corkscrew.....Trouble caused by curiosity
Crab.....An enemy
Dog.....A true friend
Dove..... Peace
Duck..... Felicity
Fish..... Abundance
Flag..... Danger
Fox...An enemy in one you trusted
Fruit..... Prosperity
Goat.....News of a sailor
Greyhound.....Good fortune ahead
Hare.....Long life
Heart..Romance if complete, if incomplete, disappointment
Jockey.....Success in speculation
Knife.....Broken friendship
Lion..... Courage
Mermaid....Good news from the sea
Monkey (or ape).....Scandal
Pig..... Poverty
Rat..... Meanness
Scissors..Trouble between married couples, usually divorce
Snake.....Evil, cunning
Star.....Hope, success, fame
Tree..Progress, long life, background
Triangles..... Mystery
Vase..News of recovery from illness
Vegetables..Present unhappiness to be followed by content
Violin..... Gaiety
Wedding Cake..News of a wedding
Wheelbarrow..Meeting with an old friend
Windmill..... Change
Wolf..... Cupidity
Zebra.....Travel in far-off lands

CAN HUSBANDS BE RIGHT AFTER ALL ?

1 "Where," explodes Mr. J, "is my morning orange juice? Tut-tut...I know what you're going to say! My 'pernickety appetite.' But this time, my dear, *I'm armed...*



From Natural Color Photograph

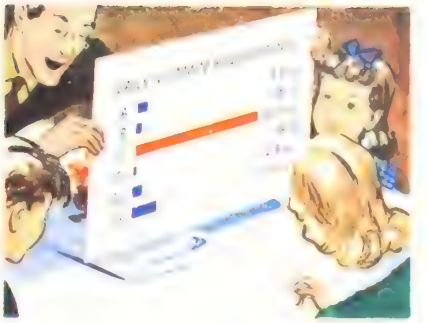
GET YOUR VITAMINS THE NATURAL WAY

Oranges make it the delicious way, too! In these times, the protective foods (fruits, vegetables, dairy products, eggs, meats, certain cereals) are *more important than ever.* Oranges are your best practical source of vitamin C—and also give you valuable amounts of vitamins A, B_1 and G, calcium and other essential minerals.

NO SUGAR NEEDED! Oranges in salads, desserts and lunch-boxes satisfy your sweet tooth without the use of sugar. Mail the coupon for the free book of over 100 recipes.

At home or soda fountain, fresh orange juice is delicious and refreshing—a healthful *lift!*

"Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 P. M., E. T.—Mon., Wed., Fri.



2 "Look. The U. S. Government says you need vitamin C every day—because you can't store it in your body. For good health, you need at least 75 milligrams of it—that's a lot as vitamins go!

3 "What's more, it's a scarce item—not found in most foods. Open cooking destroys it in a hurry. So chances are pretty slim of getting enough—unless you have plenty of citrus fruits.

4 "An 8-ounce glass of fresh orange juice gives you all you need for the *best* of health. So!—pernickety appetite or not—I want my orange juice! And I want *you* to have it—*and* the youngsters!" (And Mrs. J just smiles, without ever telling Mr. J that orange juice is also a valuable source of vitamins A, B_1 and G, and calcium!)

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? Then buy more oranges each time. *They keep!* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California growers.

Sunkist

***California* Oranges**

Best for Juice —*and Every use!*

Year-round Freshness."

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

"My face is in the pink-and-white stage—it's creamy and Pond's new Dreamflower Rachel flatters it to perfection."
FERNANDA WANAMAKER

Every girl who loves Rachel MUST try this new Rachel!

So flattering-sweet—Pond's new Dreamflower Rachel! Fluff it on—and you're conscious of no powder at all . . . just a creamier, deeper velvet look to your skin! Childishly pure—yet tinged with the rich ivory of sophistication. If Rachel is your shade, here's a new love for you!

Caressing new Dreamflower Smoothness gives your face a "misty-soft" finish—sentimental . . . endearing—

TODAY! See all 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

Natural—[illegible]
Rose Cream—[illegible]
Brunette—rosy-beige for medium brunettes
Rachel—for cream-ivory skin
Dusk Rose—for rich rosy-tan skin
Dark Rachel—[illegible]

At Beauty Counters Everywhere

New Dreamflower Box—Big dressing-table size, 49¢. Smaller sizes—25¢, 10¢. In 6 new Dreamflower shades—all glamour-makers!

NEW STAR

Pond's "LIPS" —stays on longer

5 glorious Stagline shades. You'll love the way your Pond's "Lips" color stays on and on!

Actual 10¢ size!

Would you believe it!

Here's what the famous public opinion analyst Elmo Roper found out about some big screen stars. He queried two opposite groups of young people, lists here their favorites in order of preference

Spencer Tracy: He's pleased

Kate Hepburn: She's pensive

Favorite Actors of People In College	Favorite Actors of People Not In College	Favorite Actresses of People In College	Favorite Actresses of People Not In College
Clark Gable	Clark Gable	Bette Davis	Bette Davis
Spencer Tracy	Spencer Tracy	Lana Turner	Lana Turner
Gary Cooper	Gary Cooper	Katharine Hepburn	Betty Grable
Tyrone Power	Errol Flynn	Madeleine Carroll	Hedy Lamarr
Errol Flynn	Tyrone Power	Joan Fontaine	Judy Garland
James Stewart	Mickey Rooney	Myrna Loy	Olivia de Havilland
Robert Taylor	Gene Autry	Hedy Lamarr	Deanna Durbin
Mickey Rooney	Robert Taylor	Margaret Sullavan	Madeleine Carroll
Humphrey Bogart	James Stewart	Vivien Leigh	Barbara Stanwyck
Gene Autry	Humphrey Bogart	Rosalind Russell	Claudette Colbert

Bewildered Knight

(*Continued from page* 58) window) and for a brief period he was the owner of a Packard convertible. The Manhattan garage problem and the finance company soon made this inexpedient; however, he found cabs more convenient in the long run anyway. He bought a multiple-record-changer, which on occasion played its last record over and over until morning because he had been too sleepy to switch it off, and he spent four week ends in Connecticut and round dozen on Long Island, at house parties. He discovered ham and eggs at five in the morning, and authors like Baudelaire and Petronius Arbiter, and he met people, important and unimportant. He met Sam Goldwyn, for one, under extraordinary circumstances.

This occurred one night when he had just walked off the stage after his final tint. A man came up to him and said, I just saw the show, Payne—I'm Sam Goldwyn. You're pretty good."

"I ought to be," said the young man from Roanoke. "I'm Clark Gable." He went to his dressing room, humming a song from the show, stripped to his pants and slapped a handful of cleansing cream on his face. Suddenly he paused, staring beyond the reflection in the glass. He was seeing, in retrospect, the suit the man had worn. John knew clothes, now, and he recognized that suit. One of the great tailors in New York had built it, for not less than $250.

In one moment he had wrenched his door open, had flung himself down the stairs; when he reached the stage door Goldwyn was just handing a card to the attendant, saying, "Give him this when he goes out . . . ."

John skidded to a stop and ran his fingers through his hair. "That will not be necessary, Mr. Goldwyn," he said.

THE contract Goldwyn offered him did not require a screen test, paid $350 per week and went along with a verbal promise that he should have a part in "Come And Get It." John came to Hollywood, and he did not get it. This was the supreme disillusionment; this was what he had left New York and come into the Great Sunlit Silence for; this was why he had stood in Grand Central and said good-by to Sybil. She had been as beautiful as he had ever seen her that night, her face, except for a small scar near her eye, restored to its original flawlessness. Another three months, and even that would be gone, thanks to the skill of surgery.

They had both been a little teary that evening. Just before train time he'd said, "Darling, I want to tell you something."

She had smiled, then, and shrugged her silver-fox shoulders. "I wouldn't, darling, if I were you. Hollywood does things to people. You might regret what you said tonight."

"All right," he said. "We'll see."

Ah, well. Hollywood did indeed do things to you. You came to Hollywood and nobody knew you and you didn't know anybody, and the picture you thought you were going to make either did not materialize at all, or made a tremendous hit with someone else in your role. You got loaned around like a lawnmower: to Grand National, where you made "Hats Off"; to Fox, for "Fair Warning"—both of which convinced you, when you saw them, that nothing on earth would ever make you an actor and that if you ever did become one, the memory of these pictures would haunt the memory of all who otherwise might hire you. On the other hand you still got your $350, every week; and finally you met another guy, a fellow with whom you could strike up an acquaintance, share confidences, beefs and eventually an apartment. And you could hope, as is the fashion of the human race.

The young man John met was Lee Bowman who, besides being a thoroughly nice guy, knew a good many people in Hollywood, including an address bookful of girls.

HE met Goldwyn twice again while his contract lasted. The first time was on the lot, when Goldwyn said, "Let me see your teeth." John bared his fangs. "Tsk, tsk," said Goldwyn. "Have them capped and straightened at once."

The second time was also on the lot, outside the executive offices. Meanwhile John had had his teeth cleaned and a couple of small fillings done, whereupon the dentist had pronounced him whole. "Let me see your teeth." Goldwyn commanded again, "Hmm—a thousand percent better. You see? Now you can *smile*."

Paramount offered John a contract shortly after Goldwyn did not pick up his option, and he worked there for nine months, making "Love On Toast," which was so bad it was never released, and "College Swing," which got him nowhere. Finally, when he knew he was to be dropped, he settled his contract for seven weeks' salary (he had thirteen left to go) and the next day signed with Warners, on a deal he had previously arranged.

He was learning.

Lee had decided to give a cocktail party at the apartment one afternoon. Anne Shirley, with whom Lee ran around occasionally, came to it with another girl, unescorted. She left it, somewhat to her surprise, to go to dinner with John; and after that Anne was John's girl, by general consent. He had never, he decided after the first blissful week, been in love before at all—and one evening a month after Lee's cocktail party, he told her a story.

"Long ago," he said, "when I was just fresh from New York and knew exactly three people, I had a talk with Cesar Romero, who was one of them. 'Cesar, old boy,' I told him, 'I'm a family man at heart. A year from now I'm going to be married and settled down.' And Cesar said, 'That's what you think. Where are you going to find the girl? I've been hunting for one for years.' 'I'll find her, all right,' I said. So we made a small

IMPORTANT!

Many of you have written to us about your problems. We haven't always been able to give you an answer. But beginning with our next issue you shall have answers from the greatest advice star in Hollywood—

BETTE DAVIS!

Washed 119 Times Luncheon Cloth Is Unfrayed; Fresh

Laboratory Starch Tests Reveal Linit-Starched Linen Retains New, Fresh Look

You'll be proud of your LINIT-starched table linens! This *different* laundry starch gives them such a proud finish, such luxurious, gleaming smoothness! LINIT makes even everyday cotton table things look and feel like linen. LINIT helps fine fabrics resist laundering wear.

Free! The helpful "LINIT LAUNDRY CHART". Write Corn Products Sales Co., 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., Dept. LC-11.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT

LINIT PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH

MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

PENETRATES THE FABRIC PROTECTS THE FIBRES

KEEPING PACE

with the giant strides of war-time travel

Never in history has a war so urgently required so much of transportation . . . never has transportation responded so efficiently.

Greyhound, carrying millions more passengers than ever in the past, is extending its facilities to the utmost, eliminating all unnecessary services, so that every essential traveler shall reach his destination promptly, without waste of precious time and money.

There are few new buses to be had —there is great need for conservation— so every coach, every scrap of rubber and metal, every gallon of fuel must be made to stretch farther and farther.

Greyhound could not successfully have carried the capacity loads of the past midsummer season without the good-natured cooperation of several million travelers. *Our sincere thanks to every one of you!*

How you can help when taking war-time trips:

- Travel on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.
- Take as little baggage as possible.
- Get trip information in advance.
- Be at bus station early.

GREYHOUND

bet on it. That was just about a year ago."

"You'd better hurry, hadn't you?"

"Yes. My purpose in telling you this fascinating anecdote," John said, "is to point out that I've found the girl. Now do you think I'll win the bet?"

Anne gave the question some deliberation. Finally she smiled. "I think so."

TECHNICALLY, however, he did not win it because he did not marry Anne until August of 1937. In the interval until then they did the things lovers do in California. They went night-clubbing; they swam in the surf in the morning; they went riding in the desert and strolled through mile-long gardens at Santa Barbara.

The young Paynes lived with a flair and were very gay and very much in love, and people said of them, rather fatuously, that there had never been such happy kids in the world, that theirs was the perfect marriage.

It was, indeed, for almost four years. John was seven years older than Anne, which was as it should have been; and he found that Anne had an almost incredible honesty, and a tolerance of everybody everywhere so that she had never had an enemy, and never would—and an indefinable sweetness that he decided was quite unique in the world. None of these things changed her when she had little Julie Anne, nor in the months that followed when he understood, as did she, that something was going wrong.

When you get a divorce in Hollywood you usually tell the judge that your husband was impolite to your friends, used strong language and generally caused you extreme mental anguish. This ordinarily is quietly accepted as a blind for the real reasons which, if published, would ruin a reputation or a career. But when Anne divorced John last January there wasn't any story hidden behind the headlines. She had told him very simply, one night while they were dining at Romanoff's: "I'm hunting for a little house to move into. I'm leaving you, John." And there didn't seem to be anything more for either of them to say. They had known there was trouble and had talked about it, but when they had finished, they realized that it wasn't something they could talk out, or eliminate by eliminating the cause.

Sometimes, you just fall out of love. . . .

THE story of John Payne's five years in Hollywood, up until a few months ago, is a relatively simple one. If you had asked John himself, he would have told you that his story had its happy ending. He had found his girl, finally; he was sure of his love, and of what he wanted —and he almost had it, all of it. There was his career, of course, which lagged for a seemingly endless time at Warners. He made one or two good budget pictures, including "Garden Of The Moon," and a long list of B's. But when Warners dropped him, Daryll Zanuck featured him in "Maryland" and "The Great Profile," and then starred in "Tin Pan Alley," which did the trick.

Almost, it would seem, he got the professional success he wanted in return for his happiness. He would, of course, have it any other way. He is a young man with a torch, not alone for the girl he loved and still loves but for a way of life he loved, too. His New York friends, who would hardly have recognized him during his very married years, would know him again now. They would see the same young bachelor, working harder and playing harder, perhaps, than ever before. They would not be allowed to intrude on the afternoons when Julie Anne and her nurse come to visit him at the beach, so they wouldn't see him in his favorite role. Nor would they catch a glimpse of him on the nights he takes Anne Shirley to dinner.

The greatest clues to their recognition, after all, would be the restlessness of his hands, the alternate moods of gaiety and thoughtfulness; and the songs he writes these days, charming things that no man who was complacent or content or certain of his future would think of writing.

I am sorry I can't finish his story for you. In a way, I think only Anne can do that.

The End

John Payne feels a certain way about ex-wife Anne Shirley (see story above); Jane Russell feels another way about John. She's Howard Hughes's find who debuts in "The Outlaw," the girl whose grin is dressing up Payne's supper tables these nights

Destination—Happiness!

(Continued from page 68) him. He was also that perfect wonder among Hollywood males, a man who had never been married.

Ruth didn't know it, but even before he met her Robert had fallen in love with her. It happened this way. Eric Carpenter, a photographer, had taken a picture of Ruth sitting in her garden, looking cool and relaxed, and eating, of all things, a cracker. That picture had appeared on the cover of a magazine which is distributed through a chain of drugstores.

Now all men have, somewhere in their subconsciousness, a pictured ideal of the kind of girl they'd like to marry and when Bob picked up that magazine and saw that picture, something stirred in his heart. He tore the cover off the magazine and underneath the picture of Ruth he wrote, "February 6, 1942—This is the girl I'd like to marry."

But Ruth, of course, knew nothing of all this when she was first introduced to Bob. She met him simply because he was handling one of the radio programs on which she was to appear. As their eyes met for a second, his heart bounded wildly. But their "How do you do?" were casual enough; so were their subsequent meetings. Then came a day when Ruth was having breakfast at the Brown Derby with a group of friends. In another booth sat Robert Longenecker with a group of his friends. As she walked out of the Brown Derby and waved good-by to her friends, Ruth stepped into the Satyr Book Shop, which is right next to the Derby. She was going to look over some rare editions of her favorite Dickens. Her eyes were shining as her fingers rested on the books . . . yes, they were all there, all her favorites.

Suddenly she looked up, and there was Robert Longenecker, and he was smiling.

Without embarrassment, she said, "I collect Dickens, you see. Of course, I can't afford this beautiful edition, but I can't help looking at it. And I'll buy something else, so that the owner of the shop won't feel cheated."

"I collect Dickens, too," Bob said.

THAT started it You take a beautiful young girl with dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes like Ruth's and a handsome young man like Bob . . . put them in a book shop together to discover that they both collect Dickens . . . and what do you get? A plot that Christopher Morley would love.

For, a few days later, Ruth received in the mail all the volumes of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," with a note which pointed out that since Dickens was their mutual friend, Bob thought it appropriate to send her this particular set of volumes.

It was, Ruth decided, the nicest present she had ever received. She reached for the phone to thank Bob.

"I'm so glad you liked them," he said. And finally finding the courage to ask what he'd wanted to ask for so long, he poured out breathlessly, "Could you have dinner with me tonight?"

They dined at the Brown Derby and saw each other almost constantly after that for six weeks. Still Hollywood didn't become suspicious. The courtship was not conducted as Hollywood's courtships usually are, in the glare of bright lights and in the midst of night clubs. They would go driving into the country together, though they kept their drives short, knowing it was patriotic to use

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A Lesson They're Eager to Learn

Soon these new mothers will leave the hospital where their babies were born. Now they are watching a nurse demonstrate how to care for a newborn infant. She teaches them many vital lessons that hospitals have learned about scientific infant care; and most valuable of all, she gives them a new understanding of the importance of protecting babies against harmful germs.

Largely because of the progress which medical science has made in its never-ending war on germs, this year more than 100,000 U. S. babies will live, who would have died at less than one year of age had they been born 20 years ago.

Nowadays hospitals maintain almost unbelievable vigilance in guarding infants against harmful germs. Only a few specially-assigned nurses are permitted in the nursery, and they must wear sterile masks, caps and gowns. Even the doctor does not enter; he examines babies in a special room, and he too wears mask, cap and gown. When baby is nursing, the mother's bed is covered with a sterile feeding sheet, and her breasts and hands are sterilized. A limited number of visitors is admitted to the mother's room, only during certain hours; and they are asked to stay away from the bed, to prevent transfer of germs which might later come in contact with the baby.

As a vital aid in protecting baby's skin against germs, practically *every* hospital now anoints the baby's entire body with *antiseptic oil*, daily. This helps prevent impetigo, prickly heat, pustular rashes, diaper rash. It is known that germ infection plays a part in these common skin troubles.

Mothers should continue hospital protective measures at home. Keep visitors away from baby. Don't let them fondle or kiss him. And do as hospitals and doctors recommend—anoint your baby with *antiseptic* oil every day until he's at least a year old. Use the oil also after every diaper change. Be sure the oil you use is *antiseptic*. Look for the word "antiseptic" on the label. Don't be satisfied with anything less. Remember that the essence of baby care is *protection against harmful germs.*

And, of course, have your baby examined by your doctor regularly . . . that is Rule No. 1 in infant care.

Why do almost all hospital nurseries use Mennen Antiseptic Oil? Because it is *antiseptic*. No other widely-sold baby oil has that important quality. If you want the *best* for *your* baby, at only slight extra cost, use Mennen Antiseptic Oil. There is no substitute for *antiseptic* care.

When baby is older and you use a baby powder, follow this guide: Mennen Baby Powder, too, is *antiseptic*—a health aid, not a mere "cosmetic." Made by special "hammerizing" process, it is finer, smoother, more uniform in texture than other leading baby powders. Also it has a delicate new scent. Most important, Mennen Baby Powder is *antiseptic*.

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A tinted cream make-up base. *Softens, glamorizes and protects the skin . . . .*

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The bridegroom thought she looked beautiful—and so did everyone else! Ruth Hussey, in an Irene blue gabardine suit with a pale pink blouse and a large blue grosgrain-trimmed felt, gets married to Robert Longenecker

their tires as little as possible. Sometimes Bob talked of the places he had been, for both Ruth and he have always loved quaint and beautiful places.

One day he told her of the Catholic Mission at Pala. It was more than a hundred years old, he said, and it was the only mission in California which had been decorated and built by Indians.

"I've always thought," Bob said, "that if ever I were to marry, I'd get married at the Mission at Pala." And then his eyes sought Ruth's. "That is," said Bob, "if my future bride likes the idea. Ruth, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Bob," she said, "I'd love being married at the Mission. I've always felt that when I got married I wanted a real marriage, not just a Hollywood elopement."

THEY decided then that they would get married in September. And that's probably the way it would have been if it weren't for the fact that we are living in such uncertain times. Like millions of other young men, Bob's life was to be changed by the war and by the need of America for young, brave, clean men like Bob. When Bob knew he was going into the Army, he told Ruth.

"It would make me very happy, Ruth, if you would marry me before I am inducted."

Looking at him, standing so straight and proud before her, Ruth felt something catch at her throat. Her native Yankee caution was thrown to the winds.

"Let's get married on Sunday," she said. "That will give us just time enough to make the arrangements."

Just time enough, she thought, to write her mother and tell her everything. Just time enough for her mother to get the letter and speed on her way to California with William O'Rourke, her husband, who had brought up Ruth since her father died when Ruth was just a baby. Just time enough for her sister and brother to come out to California. And time enough, too, for Bob's mother and sisters and brothers and for her friends and Bob's to get ready.

But in wartime, all plans are subject to change. Bob's mother and his family could be there. But Captain O'Rourke was also joining the Service and was being sent to Maine. The heart of Ruth's mother must have been torn between her husband, who was leaving to serve his country, and Ruth, who was going to be married. She felt it was only right to stay with her husband.

A friend said to Ruth, "Will your mother be able to come?" And Ruth, her eyes bright with unshed tears, said, "No, Mother can't come. But she wrote me such a beautiful letter I feel almost as if she were here."

ON Sunday, August ninth, Bob and Ruth were married in the presence of twenty-six guests. Ruth wore a gold wedding ring that was a duplicate of her mother's. Then Bob gave her, as a gift, a guard ring in a scroll. It was a surprise gift and Ruth had not had the faintest idea that Bob planned it, yet by that strange coincidence which governs true lovers, Ruth had also chosen a surprise gift for Bob. And her gift was also a gold ring in a scroll!

Bob had also chosen for Ruth a watch set in a gold heart. He planned to give it to her the day they said good-by to each other, when he would have to leave for the Army. But being young and impatient and madly in love, he couldn't wait. And so on that very day of their wedding, Bob gave Ruth the watch.

As though the rain had been controlled by some wily studio man, it ceased pouring as the two came out of the Mission—just in time for the photographers to take their pictures. Eric Carpenter, who had taken the picture of Ruth with which Bob had fallen in love, was covering their wedding. After Eric had taken some photographs of the two of them together, Bob drew out the yellowed picture of Ruth on which he had written "February 6, 1942—This is the girl I like to marry."

For the first time, he showed Ruth the picture and told her the story behind it. Then he wrote underneath the picture "August 9, 1942—This is the girl I did marry."

There was a wedding supper at the Riverside Mission Inn and then Ruth and Bob left for Arrowhead on their honeymoon.

Two days later Ruth was back at the studio reporting for "The Man Of America's Conscience"; Bob was on his way to the Army.

But Fate had one more gift for the two of them. Bob has been granted furlough and Ruth a two weeks' extension on her honeymoon. So they departed, destination—happiness!

THE END

Love in Exile

(*Continued from page* 65) location and here was no one who could gainsay the romance that swept these two together.

The filming ended, Madeleine and Stirling returned to Hollywood and the world of reality. It was six weeks before Pearl Harbor and the thunder clouds of total war rolled up darkly on his country's horizon. With characteristic abruptness, Stirling walked out on Hollywood and pictures, nor did he break his tight-lipped silence to say whether it was the imminence of war that drove him away or a final break with Madeleine. He went to Washington and, still silent, disappeared on the high seas.

CAUGHT in the midst of a turmoil on which she hadn't reckoned, Madeleine begged for a leave of absence from her studio and after the finish of "My Favorite Blonde" hurried East where the limelight lost her. Unnoticed by the press of reporters who had chronicled her romantic dilemma so far, she slipped up to Greenwich, Connecticut, in search of a hideaway home. It wasn't too easy to find because it had to have privacy, no near neighbors, a command of the road to spot anyone approaching and a ready exit which would permit of getting to and from New York without having to pass through the village.

Such an ideal spot was the little low, rambling New England house in the woods on North Porchuck Road. On an early December day its owner, engaged in cleaning up the garden preparatory for winter, was startled at the sound of voices.

"Here is the house," the renting agent was saying.

"I'll take it," was the reply in a cultured woman's voice.

The agent introduced owner and prospective tenant. "This is Mrs. Philip Astley."

"How soon do you want the house?" asked the owner, not for a moment connecting the name of Madeleine's first husband with Miss Carroll, the screen star.

"I must have it at once—today—or not at all," replied the blonde woman with the rich voice.

And so Madeleine took up her residence in the little house in the woods. With her was Stirling's mother. Together they sewed and knitted, read and wrote—and waited for their man's infrequent and all too brief visits. Occasionally they would jump into the car, pull out of North Porchuck Road onto Merritt Parkway without passing a single house and whizz into New York for a Broadway play or one of Madeleine's appearances on the radio.

ALTHOUGH she found it easy—almost disquietingly so—to pass unnoticed among the good citizenry of Greenwich, word began to get around that the British star was in their midst. This was in part due to New York newshawks who prematurely began to get on the scent of a marriage story. But Madeleine was too quick for them. She'd spot their cars bending down the road on the hill and would vanish into the low, perfectly masked living room, leaving Mama to deal strategically with the intruders. Local reporters met the same fate, as did deliverymen. When the postman learned the identity of the Mrs. Philip Astley to whom he had been delivering mail and tried to get an autograph for his two little children, he, too, was disappointed. Even guileless air-raid wardens, checking on lights in the dis-

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"Try one of our Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks . . . actually bring your lips to life with a lustrous grooming only possible with our new SATIN-FINISH. And, for the loveliest possible effect, wear it together with its companion rouge and Tangee's *un*-powdery Face Powder."

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WHENEVER I REACHED for that laxative bottle, Betty would scream and run away. She hated the taste of the stuff and it upset her something awful! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED something else. But Betty raised a rumpus every time I gave her a dose. To make matters worse, the medicine didn't do her any good. It was just *too mild!*

ONE DAY MY NEIGHBOR suggested Ex-Lax! I gave some to Betty and she just loved its fine all-chocolate taste. Ex-Lax works so well, too . . . not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

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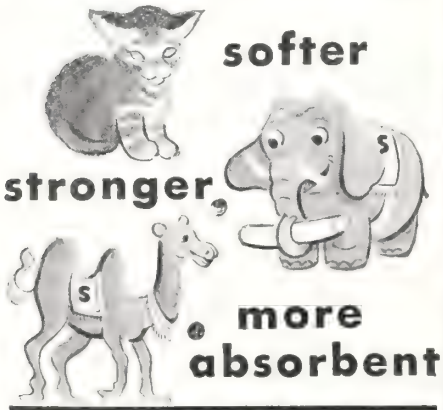

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trict, were turned briefly away.

You may well ask, why all the secrecy? Well, perhaps it had something to do with Stirling. Hayden is engaged in secret work for the Government, work which Madeleine never discusses; the exact nature of which she may not even know.

But she did know that his movements must be protected from the blare of publicity. To be near him she elected to go into exile, at least temporarily.

Finally there came a night in late March when Stirling was able to get back to Greenwich on one of his sudden visits. Piling Madeleine and his mother into the car, he drove to a little town in Massachusetts just outside of Northampton. There, in a simple civil ceremony, Madeleine Carroll became Mrs. Stirling Hayden. After arranging for the mother's return, they spent their wedding night at a near-by inn. For their honeymoon they drove through Massachusetts for several days, called on Stirling's cronies at Gloucester, the port of famous sailing vessels. Then Madeleine returned to the little house in the woods and Stirling went back to No Man's Sea.

THE world might not have known today that they were man and wife had it not been for Madeleine's alarm. It was late June. For weeks she hadn't heard from Stirling. At length word came that he'd be putting into the Bahamas to outfit his Government boat. Without more ado, Madeleine set her beautiful chin, threw some things into a bag and hopped a flying boat down to Nassau. From the comforting circle of her sailor's arms she wanted to hear he was all right—and she did.

There was only one hitch. On the register of the Hotel Rozelda they signed themselves as Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll. And they occupied the same room. The hotel detective, studying the register, was in a fine stew. Girding his courage about him, he knocked on the door. A big bronzed blond giant threw it open.

"Pardon me," began the detective, "but are you Stirling Hayden?"

"I am," replied the young man.

"And—er—is Miss Carroll here with you?"

"She is."

"Then, sir, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to—"

"Don't worry," grinned Hayden. "She's my wife."

"Your wife!" The detective's eyes popped with relief and excitement. "Would you mind giving a statement to our local press, Mr. Hayden? That's big news for these islands. I wouldn't want the boys to miss out."

So, the next day Stirling gave his statement to the reporters, the first of any kind he had made since before his departure from pictures.

Do Hayden and "Mad," as he calls her, mean it when they say no more Hollywood? It begins to look that way. Madeleine has found a charming home on Long Island Sound at Darien which they have bought and have remodeled. It has graceful sweeping lawns and the intimacy of vines that hug the verandah. There's a special place off shore where a pier is to be built to accommodate Stirling's boat when once more he has time to do some civilian sailing.

IT becomes clear that Stirling is the one who wears the dungarees in the Hayden household. And he has no love for Hollywood. Such is his power over her that she is willing to live his way.

Certainly Madeleine has the intelligence and talent to build a constructive life away from the cameras, which is not true of all film stars. Her long experience in living on the Continent, her knowledge of languages and her well-disciplined mind would serve her well in her dream to be attached to the diplomatic service. Such a career would put her in a position to do something concrete about a subject close to her heart—world peace after this war is won. But she believes in every fiber of her being that we must first win it. Toward that end she has given unsparingly of her time, her energy, her money.

Much of this is now curtailed by the new life. Her influence will grow inevitably less as she drops from pictures. Not even the splendid things she now does from under her self-elected bushel basket—such things as personally buying a large consignment of wool from Canada when the Greenwich chapter of British war workers could no longer obtain it—cannot add up to the power for accomplishment that a top picture star commands, because of the vast audiences he or she reaches.

Has Madeleine Carroll chosen the low road? That problem is hers—hers and her husband's.

The End.

Talking picture of Taylor, silent of Stanwyck. Bob confides to Barbara just what he thinks of what the Blottograph expert thought of him on page 53

Holt & Sons

(*Continued from page* 47) me to go into pictures, but he didn't discourage me, either. He has always told me I have my own life to live and whatever I want to do is all right with him as long as I don't think of myself as being above anybody and go out and fight my own battles, not expecting things to be handed to me on a silver platter.

"Dad never asked any producer or director to give me a break. But he gave me a sound body and a sound mind, and a proper outlook on life. He is hard as nails, has one of the finest physiques of any man I know. You certainly need a strong constitution in this business. And now that I am going into the Army Air Corps, I realize again how lucky I am to be his son.

"One of the best things Dad did for me was to send me to the Culver Military Academy in Indiana, the greatest military prep school in the world. So Army life won't be something entirely new for me. I was in the cavalry at Culver and played two years varsity polo. Dad's hobby is horses and I myself have always loved horses. I don't think there was a better rider in pictures when Dad first broke into this business and I doubt very much if there's one now."

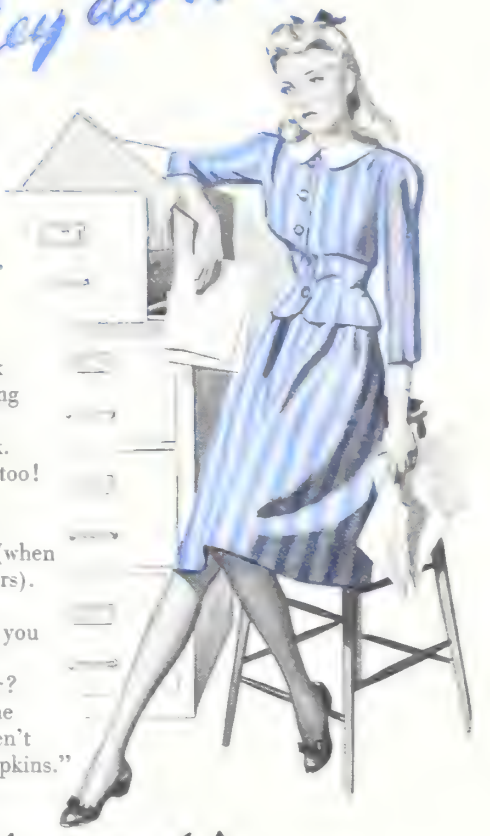
AT Culver, Tim's roommate was Hal Roach Jr., a strapping young giant with almond-shaped blue eyes, who was the captain of the football team on which Tim starred. They are still pals. It was understood at Culver that young Hal, like his father, was going to be a producer and Tim was going to work for him as an actor, so when they had an argument, Hal would tell him, "You're fired!" Tim chuckled as he remembered those days. Hal too, starting from the bottom, as assistant to an assistant director, made good on his own, directing and producing pictures.

Tim made his screen debut in 1926, when he was eight years old, playing himself in a thriller-diller of the great open spaces starring his father. Returning from Culver with a military bearing like his father's, who looks like a tough Army colonel in civilian clothes—tough but urbane—he gained valuable acting experience as a member of the Westwood Theater Guild. On the strength of his stage performances, he applied for a job at Universal.

"I went over to Universal to see the casting director, hoping I might be able to get a part in that picture of the first World War, 'The Road Back.' I waited five hours, but didn't get a chance to see him. Walter Wanger heard about it—we had met in polo games—and asked me if I really wanted a job. I said yes, my ambition was to be an actor like Dad. He gave me a screen test—I played a drunkard with Pat Paterson—which led to a contract and a tiny bit in 'History Is Made At Night.' But my next picture was 'Stella Dallas,' which was a great break for me. I was given the part Doug Fairbanks Jr. did in the silent version."

TIM was definitely on his way up with "Stella Dallas." He rehearsed his difficult scenes with his father, who sometimes visited him on the sets and watched him do his stuff before the camera. Jack Holt is a man given to few words. His five years in Alaska, as prospector, mail carrier and what not, have left on him the stamp of the silent and frozen North. Grimly he would nod his head with a word of approval when Tim played

How do they do it?



YOUR first day on the job . . . and your confidence has done a blackout. You wonder if you can stick it out . . .

Those other girls—they work day after day—do their shopping during lunch hours—even give evenings to war work. *They* must have "difficult days," too!

But they're so *sure* of themselves—laughing and wise-cracking. Discussing dates (when you're thinking of breaking yours).

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a scene especially well or performed a daring stunt on his golden-maned "Duke." It was part of their code that Tim never let any rider double for him in dangerous scenes.

How did his father feel about Tim's part in "The Magnificent Ambersons?"

"Dad was tickled to death. He knows Orson Welles and admires him. Orson has forgotten more than most men in this business will ever know. He isn't afraid to try, to experiment. And he has the courage of his convictions. Once you stop bringing new blood, new ideas and methods into the motion-picture industry, we might as well go back to the silents. Orson is a great guy. His heart is as big as his mind."

Orson says of Tim:

"Tim is so different from the average leading man. In fact, he is not a leading man and never will be one. He has no vanity. There are no funny tricks to his personality, there's no nonsense about him. He is a real actor, has all the fine qualities of youth without its foolishness. He is a hard, conscientious worker and still he does everything with a certain natural ease.

"I saw him first in 'Stagecoach.' He had one close-up that made a tremendous impression on me—when, as a young cavalry officer, he saluted and rode away to his death. It was the way he did it, the way he rode, the poignant, dashing style of his performance that got me. I was so excited I saw practically every other picture he had made. Then I noticed him in his cowboy clothes on the RKO lot, and we soon met.

"I was planning to play the part I gave him, but I decided he was the logical person for it. It wasn't an easy decision for me to make. It was a gamble, but I think he is wonderful in this picture. I was lucky to get him. They talk about producers' giving actors a break. In this business it's the producer who gets the breaks!"

When Tim was told what Welles said about him, he blushed a little and said in an embarrassed tone, "Don't let him kid you. I'm not an actor, I'm a horse mechanic."

TIM likes Westerns. They are his meat. As a Western star he has followed in his father's footsteps and now receives more fan mail than any player on the RKO lot with the exception of Ginger Rogers. When he enlisted in the Air Corps the studio asked for a two-months furlough, which the Government granted so that he could finish the Westerns scheduled for him. In two months he made six of them.

"Westerns dramatize one of the most heroic phases of our history," Tim explained. "Heavens knows enough bum pictures have been made on the eternal triangle of two women and one man, or two men and one woman. In Westerns, like the six I just finished, we try to implant courage and high ideals of citizenship and personal conduct in the minds of the kids who see them. We never use slang in our dialogue. They are good clean pictures. Westerns are just natural for me. I've been practically raised by several of the cowboy extras here. I used to know them when I was so high. They rode with my dad and later with me—great fellows."

Tim is just about the youngest father leaving pictures for the duration. When he was barely twenty he married Mae Ashcraft, daughter of a New York manufacturer, whom he met at a U.C.L.A. sorority dance. They have a three-year-old son, Lance, and for the past two years Tim's hobby has been taking motion pictures of Lance's antics.

"When people marry young, they can adjust themselves better to each other," Tim asserted. "They aren't so set in their ways. There's another angle to consider: if something goes wrong, the girl is still young enough to make another start. I'm saying this as a matter of general principle in favor of early marriages, and not to imply either that I don't expect to come back from the war or that anything might be wrong with my marriage. Thank goodness, I married one of the finest girls in the world, a real wife and mother. And what a housekeeper! Mae has always done the cooking and everything else in our home. No, there isn't anything wrong with our marriage."

TIM has a place in Pacific Palisades, close by his father's ranch house. You could often see father and son riding together. He also owns a fifteen-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley, with an orchard and eight blooded horses. "Dad thinks his method of training horses is the best, while I think mine is. But that's just about the only thing Dad and I don't agree on."

"As I see it," Tim concluded, "being the son of a famous father has been a handicap in my case only in this way: People who know Dad compare me with him. Naturally, I suffer in that comparison and am mighty glad I do.

"Otherwise, I'm no different from any twenty-three-year-old fellow. I like hot dogs—and would eat all I could if I didn't have to keep my weight down. I get the same kick out of watching a ball game or reading a book or going to a movie as any guy my age. I'm just an average punk trying to get along."

This sunny lad with curly brown hair and brown eyes inherited from his father those qualities of manhood that conquered a continent and built the American Dream. There is something native, earthy, sound about Tim Holt. America is safe so long as we have "punks" like him in our bombers, warships and tanks.

The End.

Get Into the Fight Against FIRE!

Do you know that fire is the greatest threat on the home front? From 60 to 70% of England's losses in life and property during the war have been due to FIRE! Our own so-called "normal" losses annually amount to $300,000,000, not to mention the loss in human life. Imagine what that will be if incendiary bombs come to America! Start now to

KEEP THE HOME FIRES OUT!

Fire Prevention Week Begins October 4

The Private Life of Judy Garland Rose

Continued from page 39) To a young ride it can be the end of the world—nly to Judy, somehow, it wasn't. Ac-ıstomed to lightning-quick changes that ın happen to show people on the move, udy got up early the day of the affair, onned an apron and went to work. Then her friend Betty Jane Graham ame over, Judy was deep in carpet veepers and mops. The two pitched in; me flew by.

The guests were due at eight. At 7:45 ıdy was still in a bungalow apron, a nudge of dust across her slightly up-ırned nose and her red hair standing p in small frightened curls. But the ıterers were busy in the kitchen, the ıble was set, the house was abloom with owers everywhere, the fire blazed ightly in the living room. Fifteen min-es later Judy, a beautiful young matron, ıme down the stairs in her smart black nner dress to meet a hurried husband olowing in" from his radio broadcast vo leaps ahead of the first guests.

All Judy's household troubles ended ith the older couple she was finally able get who stepped straight from heaven, hear Judy tell it. Each morning ıdy gives the menu order for dinner and ın be sure of deliciously cooked food vaiting her at the end of a hard day's ork. And *hard* work is what we mean, ith the whole day devoted, at times, to ıe scene, with a few lines of dialogue ıd one song repeated over and over for ı exacting director.

A typical Judy menu for her and Dave ill consist of roast lamb, mashed po-toes, gravy, two and often three veg-ables, a green salad, and always des-rt. Dave is the vegetable hound and kes a lot of them at once. If ever two eople were born with a sweet tooth it's ave and Judy. Pie with gobs of choc-ate ice cream and most everything else ocolate is the favorite with the Roses. t night when Dave gets home from a te broadcast they'll go out to the kitchen ıd whip up chocolate malts on their vn malt machine.

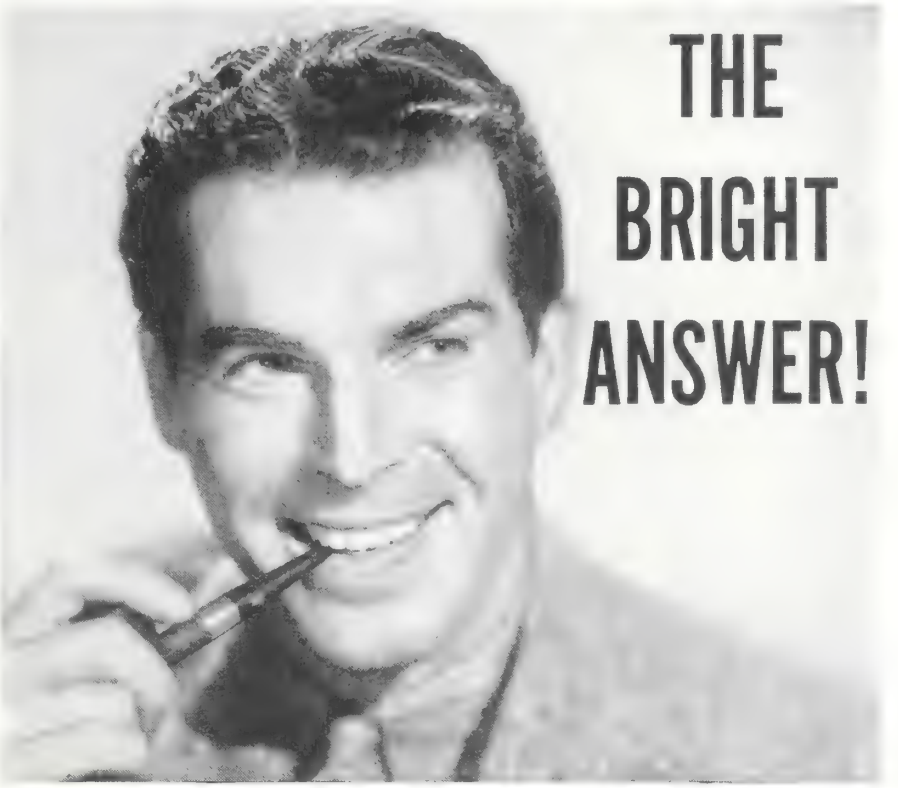
ACH has his own whimsical likes and dislikes in food. Dave, for instance, athes butter and can't eat anything oked in it. How to scramble eggs ithout some fat was always a worry Judy until she visited Chicago. Dave ıd lived at the Blackstone Hotel for veral years and bragged unceasingly out their wonderful scrambled eggs, so ıdy sought out the Blackstone's chef r an explanation.

It was simple. He merely broke the gs into a double boiler and stirred them ntly over the heat from the boiling ater. Judy is now a wow at double-iler scrambled eggs.

Her stirred-together salads of lettuce, na and hard-boiled eggs are eaten holesale by the young set that are vited in for Sunday supper. But just fore the salad dressing is added, Judy refully dishes out her own plate of lad and, before eating, sprinkles it with e water—salad dressing being one of ıdy's "no like" phobia.

Judy and Dave like to eat most of their eals at home, with an occasional iest for dinner. When Vaughn Paul was New York, Deanna Durbin would me over on Sunday, spend the day and ve dinner with Dave and Judy. Some-nes Anne Shirley, Gene Tierney and eg Cassini will come in for dinner on Saturday night. But their closest friends e song writer Hal Arlen and his beauti-

MR. MacMURRAY KNOWS THE BRIGHT ANSWER!



Fred MacMurray, star of **The Forest Rangers,** a Paramount Picture, says: — "Can you tell a 'gentleman' no matter what kind of clothes he's wearing? A good clue is the way he keeps his teeth. So movie standards require that teeth absolutely shine." For this super-polishing, many stars choose *Calox Tooth Powder.*

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★

Why this little girl likes to take her music lessons Judy Garland gets played up to by her husband Dave Rose her piano teacher. For what happens between the chords see the story that begins on page 38

★

ful wife, Andra Tayranda of the stage. The music of Hal, who wrote "Blues In The Night" and Judy's own favorite "Over The Rainbow," has brought a close affiliation between the Arlens and the Roses.

There's lots of good talk about music that results in many thrilling songs pouring out from the music room. Sometimes Dave talks about the background music for the Shirley Temple radio show, which he has been directing (the music, not the drama). It's a once-a-week-at-home for this group that movie audiences would give their eye teeth to hear.

On Thursday nights Dave and Judy have gone over to her married sister's and had dinner with her mother who makes her home there since Judy's marriage. Holidays find the whole Gumm family and Dave's mother at Judy's with turkey and fixings and the strangest combination of all—pie, ice cream and beer, for those who like it. Judy takes milk with her desserts and still climbs into a size eleven dress. In fact, her extreme slenderness, following so quickly upon her natural plump roundness, has her studio greatly concerned.

Dave and Judy have a sort of gentleman's agreement about clothes. When Judy first expressed a desire to go shopping with Dave he wisely declared he thought each should select his clothes. "I'll never influence your selections," he said, "and I think it should work both ways." Judy agreed he was right.

A PARTY for the convention of train owners was held this year at the Rose home, a convention that brought West the president of the Southern Pacific Railroad and other big men of industry who donned, in turn, their overalls and asbestos gloves to drive the engine at its top speed of forty miles an hour.

Traces of Judy's "little girl" love of games and decorations have lingered about. Guests would obligingly step around the unfinished games on the floor before the den fireplace. Christmas time has always had a great big little-girl kick for Judy who spends days hanging holly and mistletoe. Of course, at times she has hung the outdoor wreaths with so much enthusiastic energy a nail hole or two remained behind, but at least it was fun doing one's own pounding.

She'll spend hours on her between-picture days working out new table centerpieces, a white feather and flower arrangement being her favorite.

That Dave understands her "little girl" complexes is evidenced by his gifts. He'll come home of an evening not with the usual elaborate boxes of candy, but a huge sack clutched in one hand, a sack that contains every conceivable kind of chocolate candy bar, mounds, rings, buds and nut clusters. This is Judy's favorite type of candy. Perfume to Judy is something to decorate her dressing table. Jewels, unless they are unusual pieces of inexpensive costume jewelry, interest her not at all. No one has ever heard Judy exclaim over an elaborate frock or fur coat. But a peasant blouse, a dirndl skirt or unusual sweater sends her off into reams of descriptive phrases, all favorable.

BEFORE her marriage Judy couldn't wait to grow up, to grow past the Mickey Rooney pictures, to get into sophisticated womanhood. Judy has grown up far beyond those aims. "I hope I can always make pictures with Mickey," she says, "They are such fun to make and have such a warm appeal for everyone."

To Ava Gardner, Mickey's bride, went Judy's own hope chest filled with new linens. Sometimes the four will get together for dinner and games afterwards. Between Judy and Mickey exists a rare and wonderful friendship to which the marriage of each has brought only deeper understanding.

Marriage has also given to Judy the courage to be young, to be herself. With pigtails, bobby socks and gingham skirt, Judy will appear at the studio for her daily stints. In fact, the only occasion that calls for high heels, hat and gloves is Judy's recording day, the day she sings her songs before the picture begins. "But why dress up to make recordings?" a friend will ask. Even Judy seems puzzled when put right to it, nevertheless the gesture stands.

Dave and Judy never visit each other during their working hours. The only

exception was the day Dave made recordings for Victor records. Judy was so impressed at the honor accorded Dave, she dressed up in her best and sat entranced during the procedure. Three nights a week, when Judy isn't too fatigued, are given over to movie-going. She and Dave have seen all the good movies as they were shown. For hours at a time Dave and Judy would "borrow" little Judy Sherwood, the three-year-old niece named after her aunt. Little Judy has always occupied a deep and special place in the heart of big Judy.

JUDY GARLAND is an intense, emotional girl who feels deeply and keenly. The blackouts fill her with terror not for her own safety alone but for the suffering and hurts to others that might come. She'll lie awake all night in the dark after a raid warning, her heart aching with the dread of it all. She can't bear to drive with anyone who exceeds a twenty-five-mile speed limit. Tense and nervous, she sits on the edge of her seat, miserable and unhappy.

Dave Rose, older in years and experience, is, on the contrary, calm and quiet. Judy needs that quietness, that calmness, almost as badly as a thirsty man does water. To make her feel more secure and to provide a place for her friends, Dave has consented to have the outdoor playroom converted into a shelter to be used during raid warnings. Dave was absent during one blackout and like a child Judy tore out of her own house and down the hill to her sister's home.

The financial arrangement of their home has been worked out perfectly. Dave has taken over the expenses of the home and Judy has bought her own clothes or little gifts. A small bank on the den mantel labeled "Trip Bank" received all the change Dave and Judy collected during the day and when vacation time rolled around the pair had a bank night in their own home with all the change counted up to defray expenses. The "Trip Bank" furnished the cash for the extras on the last trip Judy and Dave made to New York.

A business agent manages the funds of each, allowing to each only a set sum for weekly expenses. July is allotted twenty-five dollars a week. Since she almost always forgets to put any money into her purse it's just so much gravy to Judy.

THEIR beloved sport of taking a Sunday drive in Dave's open convertible with Judy's hair flying free had to be given up, not due just to conservation, but because only a month or two ago someone stole the car from Sunset Boulevard while Judy and Dave were having dinner.

The "hair flying" meant little to Judy who does her own, even to washing and drying it with her recently purchased secondhand dryer. In the morning when not working, Judy will twist her hair about bobby pins, tie her head up in a scarf and, when evening comes, appear with a beautiful coiffure.

Their two dogs, Judy's miniature poodle, named "Choo-Choo" after the train, and Dave's schnauzer, have adjusted themselves to living in one household by the simple expedient of ignoring each other completely. Even when engaged in their favorite sport of train riding, the two would take elaborate measures to ignore the existence of each other—to the amusement of Dave and Judy.

Judy is sentimental. On her finger is a small plain wedding ring, borrowed from her own mother for the wedding.

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A loose leaf that's a lost leaf
Is the last leaf that you'll lose.
After this, gummed reinforcements
Are the guardians you'll choose.

USE DENNISON GUMMED REINFORCEMENTS

It is still there—a mark of love from "a family girl" for her husband, her very own private family.

Of all her accomplishments—her brilliant acting, her radio work, her singing—the one that most thrills her husband's heart is Judy's success as a writer. Dave will come home from his radio work to find his wife sitting crosslegged, like a little girl, in the middle of her bed, her copybook on her lap, her left hand scratching out her thoughts on the white pages.

Already she's sold several stories, but it's one lengthy beautiful poem that Dave loves and hopes one day to set to music.

"When people say, 'My, you have much to be thankful for,' I wonder if they think I don't realize I have?" Judy said, between her numbers on the "Me And My Gal" set. "There's never a night before I go to sleep that I don't count my blessings. I have the work I love, the man I wanted to marry. I've had a home I've loved. Even if I have to give it up for a while, even if Dave has to go away—for a while—I'm still a lucky girl. I think back sometimes to those unhappy days when the kids in our neighborhood snubbed me because I was in show business; how they'd eat my birthday ice cream and cake but wouldn't stay to play; of that little theater right over in Alhambra where the matinee kids threw their lunches at me when I sang in vaudeville and broke my heart. And then I think of now and I just can't thank God enough. . . ."

Judy was perhaps thinking also of that night when the Gumm family had completed the final preparations for their daring journey from the poverty and heartbreak of Minnesota to the happy inviting sunshine of California.

The bags were packed, all of the furniture had been disposed of; even the piano with the lemonade rings on the lid was to be left behind. The Gumms were on their way.

There remained only a last chance for the Gumm Sisters Trio to sing at a County Fair near by. Very little money but money just the same—that extra $15 added to the $200 that had been accumulating all summer and all autumn, would make the success of the trip ahead that much more certain.

Burdened with the cares of last-minute preparations, the family slipped up in its eternal vigilance and left the house door unlatched when it went to the Fair.

It was a common ordinary thief who took their savings. At least that was what the police conjectured. The Gumms never saw the thief, they saw only their shining dream turning into Minnesota dust. . . .

Next month, Photoplay-Movie Mirror tells the story of Judy and her father and her mother and her two sisters, a story of Judy's life that will bring you tears and laughter—a story that will live in your heart. Beginning in the December Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 17) casting directors have against the girl . . . Sigh of relief! Rooney is married . . . And to the best of Hollywood's veteran actresses, Crawford, Garbo, Dietrich, Loy and Young the little hint that it is much nicer to be remembered as "tops" and not in a struggle to keep yourself before the cameras, when now we are ready to boost along the deserving newcomers.

There you are, Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star. That's the way you look to us. If we don't see you correctly, just remember that all we know is what we read and the things we see on the screen.

IRMA HARRISON,
Grand Junction, Colo.

$1.00 PRIZE
Two Guys, Great Guys

LET'S give Bob Hope and Bing Crosby an orchid, a big hand, or what have you—believe me they thoroughly deserve them all.

After finishing their recent exhibition golf match for war relief in Salt Lake City (which, incidentally, was received there very well. I was there and I know) these two talented gentlemen of fun piled in for a hot three-hour drive to a tiny, tiny place by the salt flats on the western Utah-Nevada state line called "Wendover" and there they enthusiastically sang and made fun for thousands of soldiers at the new bomber field.

"Wendover" is the type of small town that sports a movie once a week in the schoolhouse and you can imagine what a time soldiers there would have finding entertainment.

The boys thrilled to Bing's songs and whooped with glee when Bob laughingly renamed the town "Leftover."

More success to you Bing and Bob. It's fellows like you that "keep 'em flying!"

BERNICE MCARTHUR,
Las Vegas, Nev.

$1.00 PRIZE
You Tell Her

JUST what is it he's got?

Physically, he's a dead loss, as far as I'm concerned. Broad shoulders and a slim waist—yes, but so soft! Nice wavy dark hair—but topping an almost impossibly ugly face! Good teeth—but in a sarcastic, bitter mouth! Long dark lashes—but those haughty, intolerant eyes!

By his own admission, he is intolerably conceited and lazy. Even if he hadn't actually admitted it, each move he makes speaks eloquently.

He isn't even a good actor.

There is only one word which describes the man as a whole, and that is —*repulsive!*

Yet in spite of it all, whenever he appears on the screen, whenever I see a picture of him, my heart pounds and I get that well known funny feeling in my stomach—and it's not the *usual* kind of hunger. I guess, like millions of other American girls, I'm just a sucker.

But why? I don't know—you tell me. Just what is it Victor Mature's got?

BETTY JANE ALLEN,
Westfield, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY are they keeping Olivia de Havilland's talent away from us? Her sister, Joan Fontaine, wins the Oscar for a grand performance, but I don't think she's half the actress Livvie is. Why don't they give her a real part? She can be a second Bette Davis!

NAOMI SHAVER,
Detroit, Mich.

WHY does a big studio like M-G-M take one of their best actors and put him in such a picture as "Her Cardboard Lover?" They insist on making a pretty

boy of Robert Taylor and not giving him more character roles like *Johnny Eager* to play. He's a born actor, so please give him a break and let him act.

ROSLYN MILLER,
Chicago, Ill.

He's super-terrific, dynamic and all those adjectives beyond my vocabulary. Who? Why, George Raft in his greatest role, "Broadway." The story that showed him as he was, a hoofer.

MARY LU DELL,
Belleville, N. J.

WHAT does Hollywood have that no other city has? I'll tell you, Richard Ney. How about giving this fellow some more starring roles? We know he can do it if you will only give him a chance to prove it.

BETTY BATES,
Akron, O.

WHY doesn't some enterprising movie company start a new series of travelogues? One to be called "See America First," featuring each of our many famous vacation areas with all their scenic attractions, and the other to be titled "Know American Cities." I can't think of a better way nor a better time to make people realize what a great country this is.

ARTHUR STUBBS,
Delavan, Ill.

WHY must Eleanor Powell only play about once or twice a year? She's a swell dancer and a very good actress. Come on, Hollywood, give us more of Eleanor.

CARMELA MUZIANI,
Donora, Penna.

IT'S time that a grand guy of the movies got bigger and better parts. I'm talking about Robert Young. He has a very charming personality, is very much poised, has his share of good looks and is an all-around swell actor. Robert proved what he could do in "Joe Smith, American." And he can do it again.

MRS. H. S. TRUITT,
Norfolk, Va.

Thank you, Hollywood, for finally giving John Garfield his long-deserved pardon. Please, never make him go back to "dodging the cops." Leave that business to the older and more accomplished "bad men." John can be just as appealing as Robert Taylor and "pretty (?) boy" Mature when he's given the chance—as witness "Tortilla Flat."

KARLAN KRIEGH,
Redding, Calif.

John Garfield (see the letter above) gets his "pardon" from Hollywood

Gotta Watch The Figure!

IT'S EASIER TO BALANCE MY BUDGET SINCE I USE *KLEENEX TISSUES* FOR HANKIES DURING COLDS! WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S LAUNDRY BUYS ME A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF *KLEENEX!*

(from a letter by B. M. W., Atlanta, Ga.)

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(from a letter by R. L., St. Louis, Mo.)

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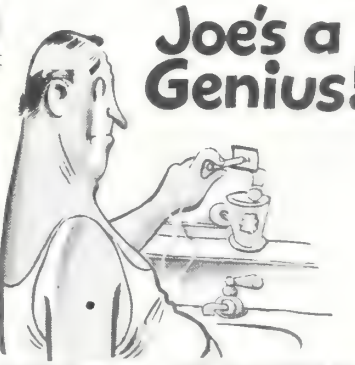

AFTER SHAVING I USE *KLEENEX* TO DRY MY RAZOR. IT HELPS KEEP BLADES FROM RUSTING... SAVES TOWELS!

(from a letter by H. S. P., White Plains, N. Y.)

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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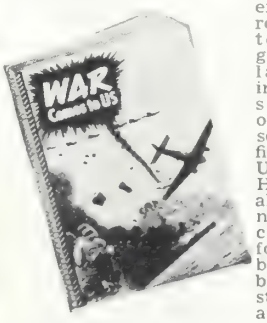

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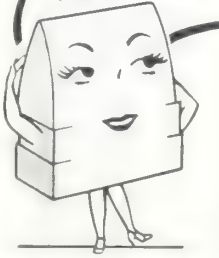

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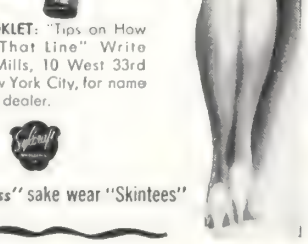

For "Goodness" sake wear "Skintees"

Close Up and Long Shots

(*Continued from page* 4) organized them, and such stars as Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis and Myrna Loy (before her recent marriage), work almost nightly at the VACS canteen at Fort MacArthur. . . .

Thus the "Mrs. Miniver" opening became a benefit for the VACS and took in thousands of charitable dollars . . . but it also put Metro at the head of the procession for the season, which meant that every other studio began immediately writhing, figuring how they could have an opening even fancier. . . .

Twentieth Century-Fox had "Tales Of Manhattan" with, as it advertises, "nine stars and forty-four personalities" ready to show . . . after that "Mrs. Miniver" splash nobody could argue that such a star-studded event should be launched in a mere studio projection room . . . thus it was that the red carpet at Grauman's Chinese was rolled out . . . the grandstands were built along Hollywood Boulevard to seat the fans . . . the moth flakes were shaken out of the ermine coats . . . and "Tales Of Manhattan" was unreeled. . . .

NATURALLY Warners with "Yankee Doodle Dandy" ready to come out weren't going to take that lying down . . . Warners advertised a $5,000,000 "build ships" premiere . . . they really whipped up a keen and beautiful opening on that basis . . . you had to buy a bond to get a seat . . . if you wanted to be within reasonable range of the screen it cost you exactly $50,000 cash . . . people with $50,000 cash being rare, they are usually famous . . . famous names make news . . . so every time Warners sold one of these seats, the papers recorded it . . . which was all to the good . . . our Government got the money and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" got the space. . . .

What Sam Goldwyn would have done with the opening of "The Pride Of The Yankees" after all that must now be only dreamed about . . . because between the "Tales" and the "Dandy" openings, the dim-out regulations were announced . . . "Pride" got a big theater opening, but it had a touch of sadness about it . . . it was good-by to the lights for perhaps a long time to come . . . but under cover of the darkness, the previews, at least, are back in the theaters . . . the list is back to 250 temporarily . . . but that, too, will grow again because one of the most delightful reasons for living in Hollywood is that the more it changes the more it stays itself. . . .

As, for example, there never being any sound reason for the outstanding popularity of any "spot" . . . currently the place to be seen is Andre's . . . "Ooooh, you must go to Andre's," everybody now says to you, so you go, and you see the same old and young familiar faces and you hear the same old and young jokes and you, too, say what an absolutely divine spot it is . . . actually the food is no better than in half a dozen other places . . . the glitter is no more glittering . . . yet just as the Vendome became the place to go after the Montmarte and as Chasen's became the place to go after the Vendome and Romanoff's became the spot after Chasen's now Andre's is it . . . and yet three different restaurants have failed right at this same location . . . ah me, you understand it, I don't . . . I merely live here. . . .

And there are a score of silly reasons why I like Hollywood in wartime . . . I like it for the absolutely idiot quality of its jealousies and the way old scores are settled . . . like the leading milliner

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the leading hairdresser who got mad
ne another . . . so the leading hair-
sser is now cutting hair so it looks
rible with hats and the leading mil-
r is designing hats that call for no
r to be shown at all . . . I like Adrian's
ving M-G-M to go into the custom
hes business and everybody wonder-
how that would affect Irene who had
smartest custom trade all wrapped
. . . but Irene went to M-G-M . . .
ch means that on the outside Adrian
ow doing all the pictures that Irene
ays used to do . . . those terrific free-
e pictures, that is . . . and Irene is
ssing all the girls Adrian used to
n . . . and they are still friends . . .
I love Joan Crawford for establishing
ursery just for the children of young
hers who are working in defense
nts . . . and I am eternally glad that
lywood has discovered, via "Miniver,"
propaganda films can be made that
still supreme entertainment and not
achments . . . go see "The War Against
. Hadley" if you don't believe me, and
to see any of the "war effort shorts"
may see advertised . . . they are all
ific, particularly "Divide And Con-
r" which Warners made and "Mr.
bermouth" which Metro made. . .

ND I am even rather glad that there
is one star in Hollywood who has not
e one single thing for the war effort
not contributed one performance, not
e one broadcast, not even, so far
nyone knows, bought one bond . . .
tried to enlist, not gone out on one
p-show tour . . . I am sort of glad of
because, entrenched as he is, the
n will get him yet . . . and as long as
stays the way he is, he shows by
ry contrast how wonderful every-
y else is being . . . for with this
ption there is not one star, one tech-
an, one player, from the most exalted
he most unknown, who isn't day by
in every way without stint or com-
nt doing all he can for America
freedom.

THE END

****

Remember This!

Our President says:

"Any loss of human life, any interference with production, any loss of critical materials hinders and impedes our war effort."

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Don't Be a Doormat!

(*Continued from page* 42) the respect they gave her, did something for her. The story had a happy ending because she had changed the way she *thought about herself.*"

Olivia might have been talking about herself—although she wasn't. One of Olivia's studio bosses summed it up pretty well one night at a dinner party when he said, "Y'know, we always have a lot of pretty girls around under contract—lovely things in big, transparent hats, with their eyes full of stardust and their heads full of nothing in particular. Once in a great while one of them emerges and becomes a person. One of them has just emerged and she's going to be somebody. It's Olivia de Havilland. I expect," he added, with a smile, "that we'll have a little bit—a leetle mite—of trouble with her! But it will be worth it."

He went on to explain, with amused satisfaction, that when Olivia was lent for the part of *Melanie* in "Gone With The Wind," she had never been off her home lot. For the first time at the Selznick studio people treated her like a grown-up person, like an actress instead of a schoolgirl. Because people thought of her that way, she began to think of herself that way and she gained self-confidence. Naturally, as soon as she had opinions of her own and began to express them, there was bound to be a bit of friction.

Olivia says, "After all, you can't be a sophomore all your life! Sooner or later, unless your development is arrested seriously, you start to be your age! Then—maybe—you have to fight for something. You have to figure it all carefully. The criticism and misunderstanding you'll have. The opposition. You have to figure that you can be wrong, too. That's what scares you! What if you're wrong? But you have to try. When the time comes . . . you have to try."

Perhaps the most significant thing to tell you about Olivia just at that point in her career is the wail of some old friends of hers. "Olivia used to tell us all her troubles," they complained. "She used to come and weep on our shoulders."

Olivia had stopped weeping on anyone's shoulder. She was standing on her own feet and facing her own future. She had stopped being a doormat and she no longer felt like one.

"When you stop asking for advice, then you stop asking for sympathy, too," she says. "You're on your own. And it's a fine feeling!"

NOW, apropos of all this, there is a dangerous saying among young seekers after careers. And it isn't confined to Hollywood. But you hear it from young actors. "The more you demand, the more you will get—and the more respect people will show you." This is not true. If you demand privileges you don't deserve, ask for respect you haven't earned, you are making a grave mistake. There are at least three young players in Hollywood who are making this very mistake at this very moment. They're asking for oblivion—just by taking themselves too big. You would know all three if you were told. Since it isn't too late for any one of them to do the necessary mental backflip, we won't mention names. But you might watch two girls and one good-looking young man (all three comparative newcomers) and see how well they follow up those initial successes. . . .

Of course, the perfect spot—the one everyone dreams of and almost no one

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But Blue-Jay medication loosens corn so it may be easily removed.*

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ever encounters—is the one in which you can take a stand and not really care what comes of it! That gives you a sense of power which you don't deserve. It happened to Lana Turner.

Lana found herself cast in a picture which she felt didn't mean a thing to her. Her career had been progressing so that, in the long winter evenings, she had given some thought to the problem of how to assert herself, how to make her presence felt, without making herself a nuisance. Suddenly, huzza, here it was!

The studio made it clear that it considered it a favor on Lana's part to undertake this thankless role. All right, she thought. It was a favor. Why not assert herself—in a ladylike way—while doing something everyone thought was darned nice of her in the first place? Could a girl have invented a nicer situation?

So-o-o, Lana began to take an interest in her lines and to register her opinions—just so that people would learn that she had opinions, and good ones. She fussed a little but not too much about her costumes. Just enough to let people know that she knew something about costumes. She decided that she wouldn't work after six, no matter what. That was just to let people know she was there. She raised her voice in the nicest possible way whenever she saw an opportunity. She lay awake nights thinking up reasons for voice-raisings.

Sometimes her heart sank a bit as she did these things. But, she told herself, she'd never have another chance like this. She'd show 'em she wasn't a doormat. Sometimes she thought she wasn't making much impression. No one seemed really to be paying attention to her self-assertion.

"Now I know that that's the way it works," she says. "On the next picture, I found myself getting consideration and attention that I'd never dreamed of! I'd demanded it when I didn't rate it," she went on, dreamily. "It all came home to roost—later on, when I did rate it. I'd have had to fight for it then. Did you ever hear of a girl having such a break?"

Nope. We didn't. But we still think Lana's timing was perfect. She knew she was ready and she took the chance she knew she'd have to take sooner or later.

As Roz Russell said, 'way back at the beginning of this story, "You can't be a doormat forever! But you have to know when to begin to fight. You serve your apprenticeship, you learn your job and then you have to sell yourself."

It's true in any career. Look at the successful women you know and see if the rules these picture girls learned don't apply to all of them. And to you?

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SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

Class in Glass

—Joan Bennett, lady beautiful, who turns lady bountiful and gives away some preserved-fruit secrets

BY ANN HAMILTON

IF the man who invented the well-known three-ring circus had waited for awhile before getting his plan under way he could have picked up a lot of valuable pointers from Joan Bennett, who manages her own three-ring circus of career, war work and homemaking with a verve and efficiency that a Commando might envy.

Take last weekend, for instance. Late Friday afternoon I saw her out at Twentieth Century-Fox making a gay young romance scene with Don Ameche for her new comedy, "Girl Trouble." That night I saw her in her American Women's Voluntary Services uniform at the head of a group of stars starting off on an entertainment tour. Joan is one of the hardest working A.W.V.S. members in town and her job at the moment—which, incidentally, she originated—is to gather together a group of stars and lead them on a trek of the recreation halls which the A.W.V.S. operates at nearby military camps and war plants. And after a day on a movie set that's work in anybody's language.

Then on Saturday morning, bright and early when most people would have been resting up from Friday, I saw her again, this time in the grocery department of a downtown department store.

"Don't tell me," I said, "that with 'Girl Trouble' and A.W.V.S. activities you're doing the family marketing too?"

Joan replied with typical Bennett crispness, "Come on along and see for yourself."

She had finished the main part of her marketing, but remarking that she always saved the best until the last, she led me to a section where shelf after shelf of fruit in glass jars sparkled down at us. Pears, peaches, apricots, pineapple, cherries—almost every variety of fruit you can think of—and Joan ordered some of each.

"Surely your small family doesn't eat all that?" I said.

Joan nodded then launched briskly into a lot of sound advice about eating for health and enjoyment which the rest of us can follow.

Seems that health and diet experts say we should have cooked as well as fresh fruit, and Joan, determined that her family shall get their share of the minerals and vitamins they need, is concentrating on fruit put up in glass.

"It's the very highest quality," she explained. "It has to be, because it has to meet government standards—and it does meet them."

SHE went on then to say that in addition to keeping a supply of fruit in glass jars in her kitchen cupboards—"My housekeeper is so pleased with the artistic effect that she's always showing me how beautiful it looks," she chuckled—she always has a few jars in the refrigerator, chilled and ready for instant use. Especially fruit salad.

To hear Joan tell it, there's practically no end to the ways you can serve fruit salad—just as it comes from the jar, or combined with nuts or fresh fruit such as berries, diced melon or orange sections. She says its tops with either French dressing or mayonnaise, but added that she's just as likely to serve it as a fruit cup for a first course, or a last one.

There's a spicy pear gelatin, too, that's a favorite of Joan's, though she admits she hasn't quite made up her mind whether she prefers it as salad or dessert or as accompaniment to the meat course and she's considering the notion of making an extra large portion some day and serving it in all three ways at the same meal.

Which would probably be all right at that, it's so good.

SPICY PEAR GELATIN

1 jar pear halves
juice from pears
½ tsp. powdered cinnamon
½ tsp. powdered cloves
¼ tsp. nutmeg
½ cup sugar
¼ cup vinegar
1 package lemon gelatin

Arrange pear halves (there should be six or eight halves, and nearly a cup of juice) in the bottom of a shallow pan. Bring pear juice, spices, sugar and vinegar to a boil and simmer for ten minutes, then add sufficient hot water to make one pint of syrup.

Add gelatin to hot syrup, allow to cool until it has thickened somewhat, then pour over pear halves and continue chilling until firm.

JOAN thriftily saves all fruit juices, too. She pours them into a jar kept in the refrigerator—she says the varied flavors blend together perfectly—and when she has a cup or so of blended juices on hand she uses it in one of these flavorsome ways:

For pre-breakfast or pre-lunch beverage.

With charged or plain water or cold tea for long cooling drinks.

In place of milk or water for making sweet biscuits or muffins.

To moisten cheese and peanut butter for sandwiches.

To baste meat during roasting, or to braise meat.

Slightly thickened, to serve with hot waffles or French toast.

To thin mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

(Continued from page 6)

✓ Across The Pacific (Warners)

It's About: *The roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent.*

ANOTHER exciting, well-done melodrama that boasts the triumvirate of stars that made "The Maltese Falcon" such a something-to-write-home-about picture last year. True, we could quibble and say "Across The Atlantic" as a title would have been more literal, as Balboa's sea is never seen, the tale originating in Halifax and then via the NYK freighter *Genoa Maru* to New York, and latterly and climactically to the Canal Zone.

The three principals, Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor and Sidney Greenstreet, are brought together aboard the freighter. Bogart, who has presumably been court-martialed out of the Army Coast Artillery, is plied with drink, bribery and other stock devices by Sidney Greenstreet, a Jap agent endeavoring to obtain information about the Panama defenses. Bogart also meets and falls for Mary Astor, a mysterious damsel. In New York Bogart is revealed to be still very much in the Army—on intelligence chore. The climax on the Panamanian plantation of Miss Astor's father is great good fun both for Bogie and the audience.

The three leads are their usual excellent selves. The supporting cast, including Charles Halton, Sen Yung, Roland Got and Lee Tung Foo, have little to do, but contribute outstandingly.

Your Reviewer Says: The Japs get theirs.

✓✓ Between Us Girls (Universal)

It's About: *A daughter's aid to Mother's romance.*

THE audience shrieked. They howled and yowled from start to finish while we sat there amused and highly entertained, but far from hysterical. So we must be wrong—this must be funnier than we think.

Diana Barrymore scores a knockout in her first juicy role as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance to handsome John Boles by posing as a child. Robert Cummings, one of *the* best on the screen, who plays a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse "wittle Diana" and finds himself a victim of thirty kinds of conspiracy. The roller-skating scene is riotous.

Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother. Andy Devine dressed up fit to kill is so importantly good. Henry Koster, producer and director, can take bows in every direction for a grand job.

Your Reviewer Says: A lambast to the funny bone.

✓ The Moon and Sixpence (David L. Loew-Albert Lewin, Inc.)

It's About: *The life story of a great painter.*

LIKE a rare painting, this Somerset Maugham story unfolds on the canvas, a thing of exquisite composition and detail. But the dramatic content of the story that leads to no climactic crescendo renders it a doubtful product as far as entertainment value goes. The performance of George Sanders as the painter who leaves his wife and children to live the bedraggled life of a starving artist is beautifully shaded and rates four stars alone. Herbert Marshall, the writer who wanders in and out of the story as narrator and incredulous spectator to the behavior of Sanders, is most impressive.

Doris Dudley and Steve Geray, whose lives are ruined by the artist, Molly Lamont and Elena Verdugo as his wives, Albert Basserman as the doctor and Florence Bates as the Islander are such worthy additions to this strange and fascinating tale.

Your Reviewer Says: Oddly beautiful.

✓ Here We Go Again (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *Belated honeymooners meet a phony promoter.*

THOSE who laughed at the radio foursome consisting of Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen and Charley McCarthy in last year's picture "Look Who's Laughing" can get all set for another giggle feast. Those four, plus Mortimer Snerd (again in person), the great Gildersleeve (Harold Peary) and Ginny Simms get together in a resort hotel to dish out the laughs like beans in an Army camp.

Gale Gordon, a former suitor of Molly's and Bill Thompson, a phony inventor, add to the story that has Fibber and

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ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES INHALE—BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T WORRY!

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The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at the hotel where Bergen is searching for a peculiar moth whose culture will aid the production of silk. Imagine that mess if you can and imagine, too, how beautifully Ginny Simms sings to Ray Noble's music.

Your Reviewer Says: Here we *all* go again.

✓ The War Against Mrs. Hadley (M-G-M)

It's About: *A selfish woman oblivious to the duty of others.*

NO one at M-G-M dreamed this film, intended only as fair entertainment in a mildish sort of way, would turn out to be a little gem of a number shining brightly in every department.

To our notion Van Johnson, the redheaded, freckle-faced hero, is the best thing in the show, even surpassing the smoother and handsomer Richard Ney, who is a bit of all right, too, in his role of a regenerated young man.

Jean Rogers is a beautiful heroine, but why do we keep remembering Dorothy Morris, who played the maid? Her role was brief and her scenes unimportant and yet . . . .

Fay Bainter is polish itself as the selfish, ingrown woman who refuses to alter her life or accept wartime alterations in the lives of others until—but no, that's your special little treat.

Edward Arnold, Fay Bainter, Sara Allgood and Spring Byington are a grand foursome.

Your Reviewer Says: A love of a picture.

✓ Orchestra Wives (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The intimate love lives of members of a band.*

GLENN MILLER fans rejoice. *Re*-joice with a big "re,' for the lads unload a ton of rare melody that will start the pulses pounding.

What's more, there's a grand little story to boot with George Montgomery, a trumpet player in Miller's band, and Ann Rutherford his wife. Trouble starts when Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia Gilmore, other orchestra wives, reveal George's former relationship with Lynn Bari, singer with the band.

Cesar Romero, the pianist who helps Ann rectify the mistake she made, one that led to the disintegration of the band, is a cutup.

Everyone, for that matter, is tops with this reviewer.

Your Reviewer Says: Right on the beam.

✓ Iceland (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A Marine and an Iceland miss.*

SOME of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie in her new picture "Iceland," her hula and Chinese numbers being particularly outstanding.

The story is only fair, however, and has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a ladies' man and Marine on the island, before he knows where he is.

Osa Massen as Sonja's sister is a very good and a very pretty actress. Jack Oakie clowns on skates very funnily. Sterling Holloway, Felix Bressart and Fritz Feld are amusing.

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When the maker of a product *advertises* that product—he holds it under the glaring spotlight of *public view.*

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Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music for singing Joan Merrill.

Your Reviewer Says: Glide along and enjoy yourself.

✓ Seven Sweethearts (M-G-M)

It's About: *Seven sisters, a newspaper writer and a Dutch father.*

PRODUCER Joe Pasternak, who did so much for Deanna Durbin at Universal, presents this as his first picture under the M-G-M banner and it's a honey. Whimsical and quaint, charming and gay, it has Kathryn Grayson the youngest of seven sisters, whose father S. Z. Sakall runs a hotel (you can be a guest only if he likes you) in a Little Holland village in Michigan.

To the village comes reporter Van Heflin to cover the tulip festival. The oldest sister Marsha Hunt, a would-be Duse, manages to ensnare him right off. But it's little Grayson who captures his heart forever.

The music is delightful, Miss Grayson sings charmingly, S. Z. Sakall is cuter than a bug's ear, the sisters with the boys' names are charming and Van Heflin perfect in his role.

Carl Esmond, Lewis Howard, Louise Beavers and Diana Lewis form a grand supporting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A sweetheart seven times over.

✓ Pardon My Sarong (Universal)

It's About: *Two zanies in the tropics.*

THIS is by far the funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots since their initial bow in "Buck Privates." If you have enjoyed this pair and their madcap antics previously (and who hasn't) then we recommend wholeheartedly that you let yourself go whooping and hollering with the crowd.

This one is essentially a "chase" picture, full of melodramatics, yet it never misses an opportunity to leave off and kid itself. From its beginning reels, wherein the pair take their crosstown Chicago bus to Los Angeles to deliver their wealthy passenger to his waiting yacht, to its hilarious finish on an uncharted South Sea isle and Costello's accidental heroics in capturing a band of renegades preying on the island, it is gleefully and monumentally riotous.

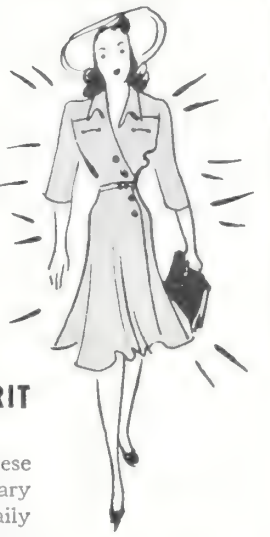
From start to finish the boys are at their best. Robert Paige is good as the romantic lead and Virginia Bruce lovely as the girl. Lionel Atwill and Jack LaRue are two hiss-hiss boys, William Demarest an out-distanced process server, and Leif Erickson and Samuel S. Hinds are natives. The saronged element is filled very nicely, thank you, by Nan Wynn, Marie McDonald and Elaine Morey.

Your Reviewer Says: Pardon our hysterics.

Cairo (M-G-M)

It's About: *A mix-up in spies.*

OH, dear, we're afraid this isn't very good and Jeanette MacDonald did so need a strong picture after several weak ones in a row. But it does have its moments of fun with Bob Young, an American correspondent in Cairo, and Jeanette, an American singer, the dupe



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of Nazi sympathizers. The way Bob and Jeanette chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully. Ethel Waters is superb as the maid.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, they meant well.

✓ The Big Street (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The blind devotion of an underling for a torch singer.*

DAMON RUNYON'S story "Little Pinks" comes to the screen as touching a little masterpiece as you'd want to see. Its aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are attributes strictly Runyonesque on screen or off.

Lucille Ball gives the best performance of her career as the ruthlessly unfeeling night-club performer, permanently injured by a blow from the man she tried to jilt, and blindly adored and served by Henry Fonda, a bus boy. Fonda creates a living thing of his love and devotion. It springs from the screen a living emotion.

William Orr, Barton MacLane, Agnes Moorehead, Sam Levene and Eugene Pallette make up a great cast, don't they?

Your Reviewer Says: An unexpected delight.

The Palm Beach Story (Paramount)

It's About: *A married couple who separate and unite.*

DIRECTOR-producer-restaurateur Preston Sturges, who gave us "The Great McGinty" and "Christmas In July" and nothing much since, falls flat on his directorial face in this so-called comedy written and produced by himself.

It misses a mile, to our notion, despite the cleverness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the separated husband and wife. Claudette, out to garner new laurels, finds them in Rudy Vallee, surprisingly good in his take-off on a well-known millionaire. But once she has them, she doesn't want them. And that's about all there is to that.

Mary Astor is good as the rather decadent man hunter. But the antics, such as odd-looking humans' wearing odd clothes and falling headlong out of taxis, are as antiquated as an antimacassar.

Maybe in this grievous time you'll laugh anyway. We hope so. This is once we should be so happy to be so wrong in our opinion.

Your Reviewer Says: We were frankly bored.

✓✓ Desperate Journey (Warners)

It's About: *R.A.F. flyers who crash in Germany.*

ONE long chase, crammed with exciting incidents, is this picture, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber is hit and crashes in a forest in Germany. Five of them survive the crash and are captured by the Germans. They manage to make their escape and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey who pursues them, and to make their way back to England.

As though this weren't enough they even find time to commit sabotage by exploding a munitions factory. In the resultant melee, one of them is wounded, but fortunately they are aided in their escape by Nancy Coleman and Albert Basserman. Though their adventures are fantastic, the picture is an exciting and thrilling one, with never a moment's let-up in the bedlam.

Errol Flynn plays the leader of the squadron and Ronald Reagan scores a solid hit as the American volunteer flying officer. The other flyers are played by Alan Hale, Arthur Kennedy and Ronald Sinclair; all turn in fine performances. The photography and special effects deserve cheers.

Your Reviewer Says: A thriller.

✓ A Yank At Eton (M-G-M)

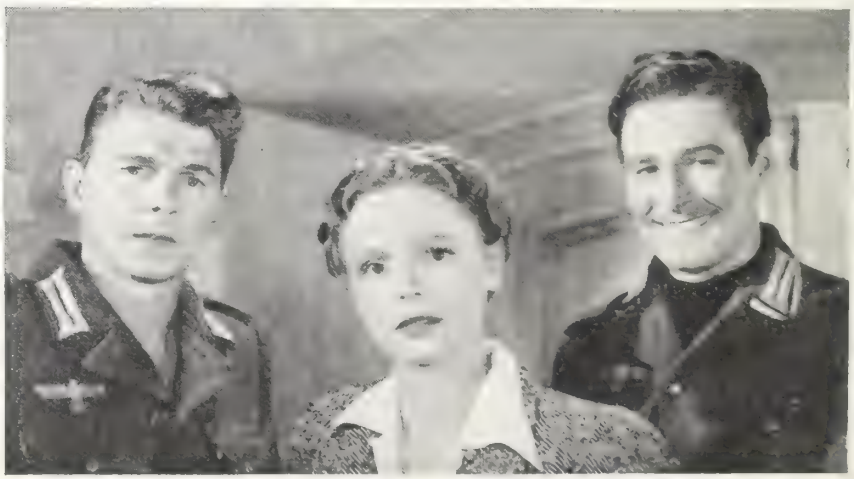
It's About: *An American lad transplanted in England.*

MICKEY ROONEY gives life, color and laughter to a story that depended too much on its star and too little on its content. It's good, but it could have been wonderful is what we're trying to say.

Mickey's imitating of English mannerisms is very funny and kids, of course, will love every moment of it.

Mickey is a typical American high-school football star who wants to go to Notre Dame but finds himself at Eton, instead, when his mother Marta Linden marries a wealthy Englishman, Ian Hunter, and sends for Mickey and his sister Juanita Quigley to come abroad.

Mickey's trials and tribulations at the famous old English school plus a few not so subtle lectures on American-English



Exciting adventures make a thrilling motion picture with an R.A.F. accent: Ronald Reagan, Nancy Coleman, Errol Flynn in "Desperate Journey"

co-operation form the bulk of the yarn.

Freddie Bartholomew, Edmund Gwenn, Raymond Severn, Tina Thayer and Terry Kilburn round out the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: I say there, it's ripping, you know!

Isle Of Missing Men (Monogram)

It's About: *Intrigue in a penal colony.*

THIS is a rather suspenseful little melodrama, with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He befriends Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband, Gilbert Roland, escape. Much exciting action transpires before she is successful, but by that time she has justifiably transferred her affections to Howard, Roland being strictly a no-good who (yes, you guessed it) pays as expected.

Alan Mowbray gives his usual excellent performance. Howard is good, although as much cannot be said for Miss Gilbert. Bradley Page as Howard's utterly efficient lieutenant and Roland give adequate support.

Your Reviewer Says: Cops-and-robberish.

Timber (Universal)

It's About: *Saboteurs move up into our timber regions.*

THERE have been too many delays in the deliveries of timber to the mill and mill boss Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine of the woods' division are worried about it until along comes Dan Dailey Jr., special undercover agent, who fires the man responsible for the saboteuring and hires in his place Edmund MacDonald who brings along his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord.

From then on it's a romance tale for Marjorie and Dan, with Leo and Andy putting in their two cents' worth.

Your Reviewer Says: That outdoor mountain air is refreshing, anyway.

Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *Jewel smugglers meet some zany people.*

WELL, here he is again—good old *Lord Epping* as played by Leon Errol and what a Lord. What an Epping. What a picture. Lupe, as usual, is all over the place trying to help out *Uncle Matt*, also played by Leon Errol, when smuggled jewels are hidden in an onyx elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husband this time. Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers.

Your Reviewer Says: More noise than movie.

Little Tokyo, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A Los Angeles policeman who rounds up Japanese spies.*

OUR local Japanese colony, labeled "Little Tokyo, U. S. A.," comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a Los Angeles police officer, Preston Foster, who suspects shenanigans in the Jap settlement. His superiors and his girl friend, Brenda Joyce, scoff at his accusations until the Pearl Harbor incident. And then Foster, forewarned, is able to scoop up spies like fury.

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CAUTION: Use only as directed on label

Harold Huber, George E. Stone, Abner Biberman and June Duprez head the Nip spy ring.

Your Reviewer Says: Quite a little dish of suki-yaki!

✓ Berlin Correspondent (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *An American news commentator in Berlin.*

A NEAT little package of melodrama is this, with Dana Andrews an American news commentator in Berlin slipping information to a New York paper via the air, much to the consternation and confusion of the Nazis.

When pro-Nazi Virginia Gilmore sets out to trap him she discovers her own father to be the informer. Then comes Andrews' thrilling attempts to rescue her father and extricate himself from a concentration camp.

Martin Kosleck, as usual, plays a believable and nasty Nazi. Mona Maris is good as his secretary. Erwin Kalser is the father.

Your Reviewer Says: A little thriller-diller.

Busses Roar (Warners)

It's About: *Spies and saboteurs on a bus.*

MORE things go on and yet few come off in this meant-to-be-thrilling melodrama that provides only mediocre entertainment. Spies and saboteurs commandeer the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planting a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields. Like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time.

Richard Travis is good as a passenger Marine. Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded passenger are among those present.

Your Reviewer Says: You can miss this bus.

Canal Zone (Columbia)

It's About: *A playboy who becomes a fine aviator.*

IT'S the same old story pattern of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the believable smartie. Chester Morris is swell as the flying instructor. Harriet Hilliard is very nice as the lone female of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar as an old shoe—with heels.

Jackass Mail (M-G-M)

It's About: *A rascally old-timer who becomes a hero.*

IT'S Wally Beery, folks, with Marjorie Main in their oh, so familiar story of a renegade of the old West who becomes regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery himself kills.

It takes the boy, played beautifully by Darryl Hickman, and Marjorie Main, fearless owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally—even to the point where a statue is erected in his honor. J. Carroll Naish is good as ever.

Your Reviewer Says: A typical Beery-Main yarn.

Hillbilly Blitzkrieg (Monogram)

It's About: *Cartoon characters come to life in the Army.*

BILLY DE BECK'S famous cartoon people, *Snuffy Smith,* played by Bud Duncan and *Barney Google,* played by Cliff Nazarro, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention that finally takes off with poor old *Snuffy* aboard.

Edgar Kennedy as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the rather silly maneuvers.

Your Reviewer Says: Small-time fun-making.

Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page* 19)

✓ *JOAN OF OZARK*—Republic: Corn, but good, in this teaming of Judy Canova and Joe E. Brown, with all their ludicrous antics in store for you. Judy lands in Joe E.'s night club, where she's been brought from the Ozarks on a deal hatched by Nazi spies. Jerome Cowan is the spy and Eddie Foy Jr. is swell. The airplane sequence is a howl and it's all a lot of fun. (Oct.)

LADY IN A JAM—Universal: Irene Dunne is an heiress badly in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands in bankruptcy, heads West and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy out-of-this-world and Patric Knowles the doctor. It's all pretty silly, so just laugh it off as one of those things. (Oct.)

MAD MARTINDALES, THE—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers attempts to capture her older sister's (Marjorie Weaver) rich beau to the distress of her young suitor Jimmy Lydon in this hokumy story. Jane deserves better material. (Aug.)

✓✓ *MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE*—RKO-Radio: Orson Welles has made a magnificent picture from the Booth Tarkington novel, presenting it with rare originality in photography and story telling. Tim Holt comes into his own as the spoiled son who ruins his own and his mother's life with his selfishness. Dolores Costello as his mother, Joe Cotten as the man who loves her, Anne Baxter, and Agnes Moorehead are superb. (Sept.)

✓ *MAGNIFICENT DOPE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the yokel jerk who comes to New York to claim his $500 prize as the magnificent dope, offered by success school manager Don Ameche and ends up by out-smarting the smooth, fast-talking Ameche. Lynn Bari, as the girl, has ability, looks and charm, and Edward Everett Horton and George Barbier add a lot to the fun. (Sept.)

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—M-G-M: Pretty corny is this latest of the series, with Red Skelton a stage-struck yokel who convinces Ann Sothern that he's a panic on the stage—until he gets there. The story, after a detour through a bond swindle, winds up in an Army camp. Allen Jenkins, Leo Gorcey, and Donald Meek are a gleesome threesome. (Sept.)

✓✓ *MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE*—Paramount: Don't miss this gay comedy, with Ginger Rogers posing as a twelve-year-old child and wreaking havoc with the boys at a military academy and with Major Ray Milland. Rita Johnson is Ray's suspicious fiancee, Diana Lynn Rita's younger sister who knows the truth about Ginger but helps her, and Robert Benchley add to the fun. (Oct.)

MEET THE STEWARTS—Columbia: Warm and cozy is this story of a poor boy, William Holden, who marries a rich girl, Frances Dee, and their efforts to live on a budget. Frances is lovely and Holden, as always, gives a sincere and polished performance. (Aug.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST—RKO-Radio: It's Lupe Velez again, and Leon Errol impersonating *Lord Epping.* But when the real *Lord Epping* turns up, you can imagine the zaney results. Buddy Rogers is the handsome husband of Lupe. Loud and noisy. (Aug.)

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—Small-U. A.: Shirley Temple is cute as the young modern who executes a mean jitterbug and Dickie Jones is the rich young man who adores her. William Gargan is her father and Guy Kibbee her grandfather. (Aug.)

MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe and Jane Frazee have to marry each other or forfeit a fortune. Since they've never met, Jane has her nutty secretary Betty Kean impersonate her at the arranged meeting, and O'Keefe has Eddie Foy Jr. do the same for him. Need we say more—except that Jane sings delightfully and Betty's dancing is swell? (Sept.)

✓✓ *MRS. MINIVER*—M-G-M: The best picture of the month and high among the best of the year

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is this charming and appealing story of an English family during this war. Greer Garson is *Mrs. Miniver*, mother of three children, and Walter Pidgeon her architect husband. It's a picture for Hollywood to be proud of. (Aug.)

MY FAVORITE SPY—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Kay Kyser is a frustrated bridegroom who is yanked into the Army on his wedding day, then released as a secret member of the F.B.I. Ellen Drew, his bride, who is unaware of his F.B.I. affiliation, believes the worst when Kay is jailed with Jane Wyman. (Aug.)

NIGHT FOR CRIME, A—Producers Releasing Corp.: Murder mystery, with the victim a movie star, played by Lina Basquette. Glenda Farrell is the newspaper reporter and Lyle Talbot the studio press agent. Newspaper columnists Jimmy Starr, Edwin Schallert and Erskine Johnson play themselves. (Oct.)

NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS—Paramount: Preston Foster is a police lieutenant who's accused of murder by Albert Dekker, another police officer. Patricia Morrison is Foster's silly wife, and Cecil Kellaway is dragged in to complicate things even more than they are already. (Sept.)

ONCE UPON A THURSDAY—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt is the maid secretly married to employer Richard Carlson, but when Carlson returns from a trip he becomes engaged to Frances Drake, believing Marsha has divorced him. When they learn at the engagement dinner party that Marsha is about to publish a book of memoirs, the results are most amusing. It's a gay little picture. (Aug.)

✓ *ONE THRILLING NIGHT*—Monogram: A bedroom riot is this comedy with John Beal as the bridegroom who has twenty-four hours to honeymoon with bride Wanda McKay before his induction into the Army. But into their room parade gangsters, cops and robbers, dumb house detectives and hoodlums. Tom Neal and Warren Hymer add to the laughs. (Oct.)

PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS—M-G-M: Both Lee Bowman as a naval officer who craves action but gets a desk job of deciphering code, and Jean Rogers as the girl in his life, deserve better material than this. Spies Mona Maris, Carl Esmond, and Blanche Yurka are so obviously spies it all becomes a bit ridiculous. (Sept.)

✓ *PANAMA HATTIE*—M-G-M: A pleasant, delightful-in-spots musical that boasts Ann Sothern as star, Dan Dailey Jr. as the rich soldier boy, and a trio of comics, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue. The singing of Lena Horne, the dancing of the Berry Brothers and the dead-pan warbling of Virginia O'Brien also brighten it up no end. Little Jackie Horner is very good. (Oct.)

✓✓ *PIED PIPER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley is an elderly Englishman in France when the Nazis invade. As a favor, he agrees to take two English children back to England with him, but the pair expand into a group as Mr. Woolley travels back through devastated France, and then the Nazis catch up with him. It's drama with a chuckle, a laugh with a tear; in fact, the picture's a gem. (Sept.)

PIERRE OF THE PLAINS—M-G-M: John Carroll is a devil-may-care French-Canadian accused of murder but too busy helping a friend escape another murder indictment to care much. We don't care about it either. Ruth Hussey is shamefully miscast and Bruce Cabot, Phil Brown and Henry Travers are poor, weary fellow travelers. (Oct.)

POWDER TOWN—RKO-Radio: A stupid little number, with Edmond O'Brien as a scientist who invents an explosive and must be protected at all times by Vic McLaglen. But then both Edmond and his bodyguard are almost blown up. Girls wander around and get all mixed up in it too. (Aug.)

✓✓ *PRIDE OF THE YANKEES*—Goldwyn: To the role of Lou Gehrig, beloved star of baseball, Gary Cooper brings all the gentleness, simplicity, and sincerity of the first baseman. Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig becomes Hollywood's most important young actress, and Babe Ruth plays himself. It's a fitting tribute to a great man. (Oct.)

✓ *PRIORITIES ON PARADE*—Paramount: Johnnie Johnston is a band leader who seeks a job playing for defense plant workers and the whole band takes jobs in the plant in order to furnish the music, with Johnnie working under the tutelage of Betty Rhodes, who sings very well. Ann Miller is the jealous dancer, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna the comics. Plenty of talent and fun. (Oct.)

PRIVATE BUCKEROO—Universal: Too much of a good thing in this picture, with all the music leaving very little room for plot. Harry James band plays, the Andrews Sisters warble numerous ditties, Dick Foran sings several numbers, and Jennifer Holt, Joe E. Lewis, and Shemp Howard try to squeeze a word in edgewise. (Sept.)

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR—Republic: Don Barry plays an irresponsible soldier who neglects his duty, thereby causing the death of his pal. Later, of course, he sees the error of his ways. Alan Curtis and Fay McKenzie are also good, but it's really the dramatic news flashes and timely inserts that keep the story alive and interesting. (Aug.)

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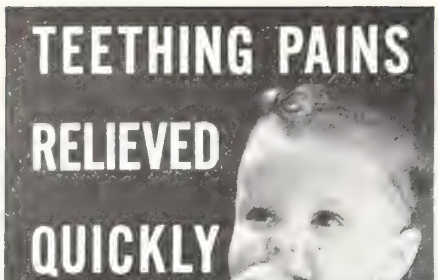

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RUBBER RACKETEERS—Monogram: Timely is this story of a released convict, Ricardo Cortez, who organizes the racket of bootlegging cheap rubber. When a blowout from one of his cheap tires kills a defense worker, Bill Henry starts an organized fight against the villains. Rochelle Hudson and Barbara Read are the girls. (Sept.)

✓ *SHIP AHOY*—M-G-M: Eleanor Powell is a dancer who becomes involved with foreign spies and through her tap dancing foils their plot to steal a mine. Red Skelton, her boy friend, brings life and laughter to his role, and Bert Lahr is comical as Red's stooge. Virginia O'Brien is Bert's heart beat. (Sept.)

SHIPS WITH WINGS—U.A.: An English made picture, expressing the importance of aircraft carriers in battle. The story has the usual heel who is discharged from the R.A.F. and eventually becomes a hero by blowing up a dam. The English cast features Leslie Banks, John Clements and Jane Baxter. The photography is remarkable and worthy of applause. It's fair war stuff. (Aug.)

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU—M-G-M: Love around the globe, with Clark Gable and Robert Sterling a brother team of foreign correspondents and Lana Turner as the beautiful corner of the triangle. The action carries the trio from New York to India, China, and Manila. Gable is right up there at the peak of his acting and Sterling does a fine job, as does Lana. (Oct.)

SUNDAY PUNCH—M-G-M: Connie Gilchrist runs a boarding house for prize fighters, and everything goes along fine until her beautiful daughter Jean Rogers, comes home, and then comes Love. Dan Dailey, Jr., plays the janitor, and William Lundigan the college lad who wins Jean. The big fight climax is a thriller. (Aug.)

SWEATER GIRL—Paramount: Murders occur during rehearsal for a college musical, with Eddie Bracken and girl friend June Preisser trying to solve the mystery, and Nils Aster gets himself suspected among others. Phillip Terry and cute songstress Betty Rhodes add to the doings, and the hit tunes even overshadow the plot with their catchiness. (Sept.)

SYNCOPATION—RKO-Radio: This little ditty wanders around aimlessly and gets nowhere. Jackie Cooper marries Bonita Granville, a belle from New Orleans, joins a symphony orchestra and leaves it to organize his own band. The one and only redeeming feature is the aggregation of popular band leaders in the finale. (Aug.)

✓✓ *TALES OF MANHATTAN*—20th Century-Fox: The adventures of a dress suit from the moment it left the tailor's shop to its ultimate finish is told in complete and separate episodes, some gay, some tragic, some stronger than others, and with an arresting cast which includes Rita Hayworth, Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton and numerous other stars. You'll enjoy it. (Sept.)

✓✓ *TALK OF THE TOWN*—Columbia: Ronald Colman's a dignified, bearded law professor who rents a home from Jean Arthur and finds much confusion. It turns out to be escaped prisoner Cary Grant who's being hidden in the attic by Jean who tries to pass him off as the gardener. Miss Arthur is as always delightful and the men give brilliant performances. (Oct.)

TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—M-G-M: Johnny Weissmuller, the perennial *Tarzan*, comes to New York in search of *Boy*, who was taken to civilization by big-game hunters, and his adventures there result in thrills and chuckles. Maureen O'Hara as *Jane* and Cheeta the ape are with him, of course. (Aug.)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT—20th Century-Fox: The establishing of West Point Academy and the training of the first group of students under Major Laird Cregar make a mighty interesting story, but histrionically it's very weak despite the cast of George Montgomery, John Sutton, John Shepperd and Maureen O'Hara. Cregar is splendid. (Aug.)

✓ *THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE*—Columbia: Good solid comedy, with Joan Crawford as the stern woman executive who tries to run everyone's life and gets all tangled up in love. Melvyn Douglas is the man who cuts her down to his size, and the trimming provides some mighty amusing moments. Joan's jitterbug sequences with Allen Jenkins is a riot. (Sept.)

✓✓ *THIS ABOVE ALL*—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power is the bewildered English soldier who deserts his regiment and meets and falls in love with Joan Fontaine, member of the W.A.A.F., and through her learns what England is fighting for. Both their performances have power and pathos, and the characters of Thomas Mitchell, Nigel Bruce and Philip Merivale are expertly drawn. We heartily recommend it. (Aug.)

✓ *THIS GUN FOR HIRE*—Paramount: The big news in this exciting melodrama is Alan Ladd, newcomer who springs into the big time in his role of the killer. Laird Cregar is terrific as a slimy stooge, Robert Preston very good as the police officer and Veronica Lake proves herself an actress. It's thrilling and suspenseful. (Aug.)

TISH—M-G-M: The three delectable sisters of Mary Roberts Rinehart's beloved "Tish" stories take on all sorts of foreign characterizations in this unimaginative screen version. Marjorie Main, Zasu Pitts and Aline MacMahon play the spinsters; Lee Bowman and Virginia Grey furnish the romantic relief. (Oct.)

UNDERCOVER MAN—Sherman-Paramount: A group of baddies have *Hopalong Cassidy*, played by William Boyd, puzzled when they take turns impersonating first Mexicans and then Americans and they even go so far as to impersonate Hoppie. But his host Antonio Moreno before the catch is made Chris Pin Martin and Andy Clyde cut up cutely. (Oct.)

✓ *WINGS FOR THE EAGLE*—Warners: The plot of this timely drama is subordinated to the exciting background of the busy Lockheed plane factory and the scenes taken there are most vivid and interesting. Among the many workers there are Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson, whose marriage has broken, Dennis Morgan, and George Tobias as the foreign-born foreman who loses his job. (Sept.)

✓✓ *YANKEE DOODLE DANDY*—Warners: This life story of the great star, George M. Cohan, is the best biographical musical to come out of Hollywood and the best thing Jimmy Cagney has done in years. It's warm and sincere, and the Cohan music is unforgettable, as is the picture itself. Cagney, Walter Huston as his father, Rosemary de Camp, and Joan Leslie are all great. (Sept.)

The Ten Most Attractive Men in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 35) hear the explosion; you just feel it.

Five, Cary Grant. Although he wasn't born in America, Cary is the average American girl's dream of a Perfect Beau. He has a sense of humor and broad shoulders; he dances well enough to get around on any night-club floor and he wears clothes like a dream. In fact, he is the best male clotheshorse in the movies.

You can imagine yourself doing incredible things with him—roller skating in ermine or ringing doorbells on a haunted house or eating hot dogs for breakfast or thumbing a ride to the moon. He makes you feel like the heroine of a Leo McCarey picture starring Cary Grant.

Cary brings out the pixie and the gypsy in a girl. And that's good.

SIX, Paul Henreid, the Perfect Continental. Remember the fellow you used to read about in those Riviera novels—the gallant foreigner who was clever and smooth, quick to compliment and kiss the hand, a good conversationalist and charming companion? You never met one, of course—somehow the Continentals who turned up on this side of the Atlantic were always several inches too short or several degrees too arrogant or they stuck out their lips like Maurice Chevalier or shaved their heads like Erich von Stroheim.

Then Henreid arrived. He has everything that Boyer has plus quite a few inches in height and a neater waistline; he has a pleasant sense of fun and a teasing quality that makes him seem much younger than most Europeans who have stepped within camera focus, and far more amusing.

He, too, has read books, and I mean the kind with words in them. This makes him a rather nice contrast to so many foreign stars who only read bank books.

Seven, Errol Flynn. His attraction doesn't have to be explained by me. Tennyson did it better a couple of centuries ago, and Shakespeare knew all about it, and so did Chaucer, and so did the folk who wrote the fairy tale books about princesses and castles. Flynn is this year's model of Sir Galahad, or Sir Anybody. If he isn't, he looks it.

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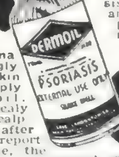

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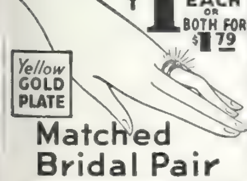

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So far as I know he has never rescued a maiden from a fate worse than death, or even discouraged her from it, but he can't help giving the impression that he's just fought a duel (and won). Even in a night club he looks as though he had checked a sword along with his hat. Errol makes a girl in a knee-length skirt feel as though she were wearing a wimple; I think he could convince Sophie Tucker that she was a frail helpless heroine in an ivory tower.

And if you will pardon me for calling attention to it, Errol is one of the few stars who by his attire permits his avid feminine public to observe that he is a male Betty Grable. You don't find legs like his on a tea table!

Eight, James Cagney. For a special kind of wayward charm, Cagney has them all stopped. He's the Jim who doesn't send her pretty flowers, and with him mutiny seems always to be just an eighth of an inch below the surface; but there is a great Irish tenderness in his eyes even when he is giving you the back of his hand, and he has the kind of a soft voice that makes you lean forward to catch what he's saying. It's very few who do that. When they get you leaning, either you're deaf or they're interesting. With Cagney, it's not because you're deaf.

He is no collar ad, and probably very few people ever ask for the name of his tailor, and when he pulls out a cigarette it comes from a crumpled pack, not a gold cigarette case. But he has a certain magic —the kind, I believe, that you get in Killarney at midnight if the moon is new and the wind is high and the wee people love you.

Nine, Burgess Meredith. I've never seen Burgess out with a girl who didn't seem to be crazy about him, and it's not because he's handsome or tries hard but maybe because he isn't and doesn't. Burgess is glib and full of sly whimsy. He's hep. He has a way of looking wistful that has nothing to do with the way he feels. He cares passionately about the state of the world and he likes boogie-woogie; he's the boy to take you to Harlem or the Stork Club and also to toss you a little high philosophy.

He is a magnificent actor, and he can also make with words on his own, off stage and off screen, without the aid of George Bernard Shaw, Molnar, or Eugene O'Neill.

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Ten, Clark Gable. If there is a girl anywhere who doesn't think Clark Gable is Big Stuff, I haven't met her and she doesn't write me fan mail. With Gable, the decision is unanimous.

And it's not hard to analyze; the secret of his success is masculinity. He is the most male male I've ever encountered. He is any woman's type whether she's a chorus girl, or a duchess, whether she speaks English or Arabic. Just so long as she's a woman, she can imagine herself waltzing in his arms at a gay ball, digging for clams on a lonely beach, drinking burgundy at a table for two, or lying in a wet blind waiting for ducks to fly down wind in the dawn. Or whatever girls imagine in Arabic.

Gable, as an all-around, all-time hero, is very hard to top.

Of course, Charlie Chaplin has a certain something, too. He has the most magnetic bank roll.

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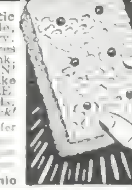

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ACROSS THE PACIFIC"—Warners: *Rick Leland,* Humphrey Bogart; *Alberta Marlow,* Mary Astor; *Dr. Lorenz,* Sydney Greenstreet; *A. V. Smith,* Charles Halton; *Joe Totsuiko,* Sen Yung; *Sugi,* Roland Got; *Sam Wing On,* Lee Tung Foo; *Captain Morrison,* Frank Wilcox; *Colonel Hart,* Paul Stanton; *Canadian Major,* Lester Matthews.

"BIG STREET, THE"—RKO-Radio: *Little Pinks,* Henry Fonda; *Gloria,* Lucille Ball; *Case Ables,* Barton MacLane; *Nicely Nicely Johnson,* Eugene Pallette; *Violette,* Agnes Moorehead; *Horsethief,* Sam Levene; *Professor B,* Ray Collins; *Mrs. Venus,* Marion Martin; *Decatur Reed,* William Orr; *Col. Venus,* George Cleveland; *Mrs. Lefkowitz,* Vera Gordon; *Ruby,* Louise Beabers; *Gentleman George,* Milliard Mitchell; *Lou Adolia,* Juan Varro; *Louie,* Hans Conried; *Doctor,* Harry Shannon; *Detective,* William Halligan; *McWhirter,* John Miljan; *M. C.,* Don Barclay; *Judge Bamberger,* Julius Tannen; *Mulvaney,* Eddie Dunn; *Philly the Weeper,* Bert Hanlon; *Heart of Gold,* Bob Perry; *O'Rourke,* Anthony Blair; *Joel Duffle,* Art Hamburger; *Dr. Mitchell,* Addison Richards; and Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra.

"BERLIN CORRESPONDENT"—20th Century-Fox: *Karen Hauen,* Virginia Gilmore; *Bill Roberts,* Dana Andrews; *Carla,* Mona Maris; *Captain Carl von Rau,* Martin Kosleck; *Dr. Dietrich,* Sig Rumann; *Weiner,* Kurt Katch; *Mr. Hauen,* Erwin Kalser; *Manager,* Torben Meyer; *Gruber,* William Edmunds; *Gunther,* Hans Schumm; *English Prisoner,* Leonard Mudie; *Actor,* Hans Von Morhart; *Doctor,* Curt Furberg; *Pilot,* Henry Rowland; *Prisoner,* Christian Rub.

"BETWEEN US GIRLS"—Universal: *Carrio,* Diana Barrymore; *Chris,* Kay Francis; *Jimmy Blake,* Robert Cummings; *Steve,* John Boles; *Mike Kilinsky,* Andy Devine; *Gallagher,* Ethel Griffies; *Father of boys,* Guinn Williams; *Sergeant,* Walter Catlett; *Little prince,* Scotty Beckett; *Harold,* Peter Jamerson; *Marybelle,* Mary Treen; *Doctor,* Andrew Tombes; *Maid,* Lillian Yarbo; *Soda clerk,* Irving Bacon.

"BUSSES ROAR"—Warners: *Sergeant Ryan,* Richard Travis; *Reba Richards,* Julie Bishop; *Eddie Sloan,* Charles Drake; *Norma,* Eleanor Parker; *Betty,* Elisabeth Fraser; *Dick Remick,* Richard Fraser; *Hoff,* Peter Whitney; *Detective Quinn,* Frank Wilcox; *Sunshine,* Willie Best; *Jerry Silva,* Rex Williams; *Danny,* Harry Lewis; *The Moocher,* Bill Kennedy; *Nick Stoddard,* George Meeker; *Mrs. Dipper,* Vera Lewis; *Henry Dipper,* Harry C. Bradley; *First Old Maid,* Lottie Williams; *Second Old Maid,* Leah Baird; *Yamanito,* Chester Gan.

"CAIRO"—M-G-M: *Marcia Warren,* Jeanette MacDonald; *Homer Smith,* Robert Young; *Cleo,* Ethel Waters; *Philo Cobson,* Reginald Owen; *Mrs. Morrison,* Mona Barrie; *Ahmed,* Eduardo Cianelli; *Bernie,* Larry Nunn; *Teutonic Gentleman,* Lionel Atwill; *Mr. Boggs,* Grant Mitchell.

"CANAL ZONE"—Columbia: *"Hardtack" Hamilton,* Chester Morris; *Susan Merrill,* Harriet Hilliard; *Harley Ames,* John Hubbard; *Kincaid,* Larry Parks; *Madigan,* Forrest Tucker; *Hughes,* Eddie Laughton; *Baldwin,* Lloyd Bridges; *MacNamara,* George McKay; *Commander Merrill,* Stanley Andrews; *"Red" Connors,* John Tyrrell; *Jones,* Stanley Brown; *Henshaw,* John Shay.

"DESPERATE JOURNEY"—Warners: *F. L. Terrence Forbes,* Errol Flynn; *Flying Officer Johnny Hammond,* Ronald Reagan; *Kaethe Brahms,* Nancy Coleman; *Major Otto Baumeister,* Raymond Massey; *Fl. Off. Jed Forrest,* Arthur Kennedy; *Fl. Sgt. Kirk Edwards,* Alan Hale; *Fl. Sgt. Lloyd Hollis,* Ronald Sinclair; *Dr. Mather,* Albert Basserman; *Preuss,* Sig Ruman; *Sl. Lane-Ferris,* Patrick O'Moore; *Herman Brahms,* Felix Basch; *Frau Brahms,* Ilka Gruning; *Frau Raeder,* Elsa Basserman; *Captain Coswick,* Charles Irwin; *Sl. Clark,* Richard Fraser; *Kruse,* Robert O. Davis; *Heinrich Schwartzmueller,* Henry Victor; *Eng. officer,* Bruce Lester; *Wing Commander,* Lester Matthews.

"HERE WE GO AGAIN"—RKO-Radio: *Edgar Bergen,* Himself; *Charlie McCarthy,* Himself; *Fibber McGee,* Jim Jordan; *Molly McGee,* Marian Jordan; *the great Gildersleeve,* Harold Peary; *Jean,* Ginny Simms; *Wimple,* Bill Thompson; *Mortimer Snerd,* Himself; *Ray Noble,* Himself.

"HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG"—Monogram: *Snuffy Smith,* Bud Duncan; *Barney Google,* Cliff Nazarro; *Sergeant Gatling,* Edgar Kennedy; *Julie James,* Doris Linden; *Professor James,* Lucien Littlefield; *Corporal Bruce,* Alan Baldwin; *Marlene Zara,* Nicolle Andre; *Missouri,* Jimmie Dodd; *Dinky,* Teddy Mangean; *Boller,* Jerry Jerome; *Hertle,* Jack Carr; *Luke,* Frank Austin.

"ICELAND"—20th Century-Fox: *Katina Jonsdottir,* Sonja Henie; *Corporal James Murfin,* John Payne; *Slip Riggs,* Jack Oakie; *Papa,* Felix Bressart; *Helga,* Osa Massen; *Adele Wynn,* Joan Merrill; *Tegnar,* Fritz Feld; *Sammy Kaye and His Orchestra,* Themselves; *Sverdrup Svensson,* Sterling Holloway; *Grandma,* Adeline DeWalt Reynolds; *Valtyr's Father,* Ludwig Stossel; *Valtyr,* Duke Adlon; *Aunt Sophie,* Ilka Gruning; *Skating Partner,* Eugene Turner; *Sergeant,* James Flavin.

"ISLE OF MISSING MEN"—Monogram: *Merrill Hammond,* John Howard; *Diana Bryce,* Helen Gilbert; *Dan Curtis,* Gilbert Roland; *Dr. Henry Brown,* Alan Mowbray; *George Kent,* Bradley Page; *Bar Steward,* George Chandler; *Sally,* Geraldine Gray; *Richard Heller,* Egon Brecher; *Nurse Pauline,* Kitty O'Neill; *Tony,* Dewey Robinson; *Jo-Jo,* Charles Williams; *Capt. Sanchez,* Ernie Adams; *Bob Henderson,* Kenneth Duncan; *Sani,* Alex Havier.

"JACKASS MAIL"—M-G-M—*Just Baggot,* Wallace Beery; *Clementine (Tiny) Tucker,* Marjorie Main; *Signor O'Sullivan,* J. Carrol Naish; *Tommy Gargan,* Darryl Hickman; *Red Gargan,* William Haade; *Jim Swade,* Dick Curtis; *Gospel Jones,* Hobart Cavanaugh; *Barky,* Joe Yule.

"LITTLE TOKYO, U. S. A."—20th Century-Fox: *Michael Steele,* Preston Foster; *Maris Hanover,* Brenda Joyce; *Takimura,* Harold Huber; *Hendricks,* Don Douglas; *Teru,* June Duprez; *Kingoro,* George E. Stone; *Satsuma,* Abner Biberman; *Marsten,* Charles Tannen; *Jerry,* Frank Orth; *Suma,* Edward Soohoo; *Shadow,* Beal Wong; *Mrs. Satsuma,* Daisy Lee; *Fujiama,* Leonard Strong; *Captain Wade,* J. Farrell MacDonald; *Oshima,* Richard Loo; *Okono,* Sen Yung; *Mrs. Okono,* Melie Chang.

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT"—RKO-Radio: *Carmelita,* Lupe Velez; *Lord Epping,* *Uncle Matt,* Leon Errol; *Dennis,* Walter Reed; *Della,* Elisabeth Risdon, *Lady Epping,* Lydia Bilbrook; *Diana,* Marion Martin; *Reddy,* Lyle Talbot; *Luigi,* Luis Alberni; *Chief Inspector,* George Cleveland; *Arnold,* Marten Lamont; *Operative,* Jack Briggs; *Alamos,* Arnold Kent; *Headwaiter,* Max Wagner.

"MOON AND SIXPENCE, THE"—David L. Loew—Albert Lewin, Inc.: *Charles Strickland,* George Sanders; *Geoffrey Wolfe,* Herbert Marshall; *Dirk Stroeve,* Steve Geray; *Blanche Stroeve,* Doris Dudley; *Captain Nichols,* Eric Blore; *Dr. Coutras,* Albert Basserman; *Mrs. Strickland,* Molly Lamont; *Ata,* Elena Verdugo; *Tiare Johnson,* Florence Bates; *Rose Waterford,* Heather Thatcher; *Maitland,* Robert Grieg; *Col. MacAndrew,* Kenneth Hunter; *Mrs. MacAndrew,* Irene Tedrow.

"ORCHESTRA WIVES"—20th Century-Fox: *Bill Abbott,* George Montgomery; *Connie,* Ann Rutherford; *Gene Morrison,* Glenn Miller; *Sinjin,* Cesar Romero; *Jaynie,* Lynn Bari; *Natalie,* Carol Landis; *Elsie,* Virginia Gilmore; *Caroline,* Mary Beth Hughes; *Specialty,* Nicholas Brothers; *Mrs. Beck,* Tamara Geva; *Rex Willet,* Frank Orth; *Dr. Ward,* Grant Mitchell; *Cully Anderson,* Henry Morgan; *Beck,* Jackie Gleason; *Hilda,* Edith Evanson; *Henry Fink,* Alec Craig.

"PALM BEACH STORY, THE"—Paramount: *Gerry Jeffers,* Claudette Colbert; *Tom Jeffers,* Joel McCrea; *The Princess Centimillia,* Mary Astor; *J. D. Hackensacker, III,* Rudy Vallee; *Toto,* Sig Arno; *Mr. Hinch,* Robert Warwick; *Mr. Osmond,* Arthur Stuart Hull; *Dr. Kluck,* Torben Meyer; *Mr. Asweld,* Jimmy Conlin; *Mr. McKeewie,* Victor Potel; *1st Member Ale and Quail Club,* William Demarest; *2nd Member Ale and Quail Club,* Jack Norton; *3rd Member Ale and Quail Club,* Robert Greig; *4th Member Ale and Quail Club,* Roscoe Ates; *5th Member Ale and Quail Club,* Dewey Robinson; *6th Member Ale and Quail Club,* Chester Conklin; *7th Member Ale and Quail Club,* Sheldon Jett; *Wienie King,* Robert Dudley; *Manager,* Franklin Pangborn; *Pullman Conductor,* Arthur Hoyt.

"PARDON MY SARONG"—Universal: *Wellington Pflug,* Lou Costello; *Algy Shaw,* Bud Abbott; *Joan Marshall,* Virginia Bruce; *Tommy Layton,* Robert Paige; *Prof. Vornhoff,* Lionel Atwill; *Whaba,* Leif Erickson; *Luana,* Nan Wynn; *The Four Ink Spots,* Themselves; *Tip Tap Toe,* Themselves; *Sharkey the Seal,* Himself; *Katherine Dunham Dancers,* Themselves.

"SEVEN SWEETHEARTS"—M-G-M: *Henry,* Van Heflin; *Billie,* Kathryn Grayson; *Regina,* Marsha Hunt; *Victor,* Cecilia Parker; *Cornelius,* Frances Raeburn; *Peter,* Dorothy Morris; *George,* Frances Rafferty; *Albert,* Peggy Moran; *Van Maasters,* S. Z. Sakall; *Miss Robbins,* Isobel Elsom; *Mrs. Nugent,* Diana Lewis; *Mr. Nugent,* Lewis Howard; *Jan Randall,* Carl Esmond; *Petunia,* Louise Beavers.

"TIMBER"—Universal: *Quebec,* Leo Carrillo; *Arizona,* Andy Devine; *Kansas,* Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Yvette,* Marjorie Lord; *Sandy,* Walter Sande; *Ann,* Jean Phillips; *Pierre LaCour,* Edmund MacDonald; *Jules Fabian,* Nestor Paiva; *Joe Radway,* James Seay; *Daly,* William Hall; *Jim Crowley,* Wade Boteler.

"WAKE ISLAND"—Paramount: [illegible] Brian Donlevy; *Joe Doyle,* Robert Preston; *Lt. Bruce Cameron,* Macdonald Carey; *Shad McClosky,* Albert Dekker; *Sally Cameron,* Barbara Britton; *Aloysius "Smacksie" Randall,* William Bendix; *Ivan Probenzki,* Mikhail Rasumny; *Comm. Reynolds,* Walter Abel; *Captain Patrick,* Damian O'Flynn; *Sgt. Higbee,* Bill Goodwin.

"WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY, THE"—M-G-M: *Elliott Fulton,* Edward Arnold; *Stella Hadley,* Fay Bainter; *Theodore Hadley,* Richard Ney; *Patricia Hadley,* Jean Rogers; *Mrs. Michael Fitzpatrick,* Sara Allgood; *Cecilia Talbot,* Spring Byington; *Michael Fitzpatrick,* Van Johnson; *Mrs. Laura Winters,* Isobel Elsom; *Sally,* Frances Rafferty; *Millie,* Dorothy Morris; *Bennett,* Halliwell Hobbes; *Cook,* Connie Gilchrist; *Peters,* Horace McNally; *Dr. Leonard V. Meecham,* Miles Mander; *Louie,* "Rags" Ragland; *Bob,* Mark Daniels.

"WINGS AND THE WOMAN"—RKO-Radio: [illegible] Newton; *Mr. Johnson,* Edward Chapman; *Mrs. Johnson,* Joan Kemp-Welch; *A. T. A. Commandant,* Nora Swinburne; *Lord Wakefield,* Charles Carson; *Mac,* Brefni O'Rorke; *Housekeeper,* Murie George; *Schoolmistress,* Martita Hunt; *Official Stag Lane,* Anthony Shaw; *Lord Wakefield's Secretary,* Ian Fleming; *Mayor,* Eliott Makeham.

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She blamed it on BAD LUCK . . . *but others weren't so kind!*

LUCY looked at the morning paper with disgust—another one of her "possibilities" married to somebody else! It was the same old story: every man she met took her out once or twice, then did the disappearing act: A phone call saying "he was working nights now", or "going to be out-of-town for several weeks", or "away on a vacation".

Superstitious soul that she was, Lucy put this down to bad luck and took her diminishing dates "catch as catch can". Anyone who knew her, however, could have told her that luck had nothing to do with their indifference.

* * *

A woman may be pretty and charming but if she has halitosis (bad breath) she may end up as a neglected Nellie—without even suspecting why. Bad breath doesn't always announce its presence to the victim. And once guilty of this offense you may be under suspicion always. The news gets around quickly, and there's the risk that people will avoid you.

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It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.

★ ★ ★ ★

The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Murphy and Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first in "Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★

It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

★ ★ ★ ★

Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.

★ ★ ★

"The bells are ringing For Me and My Gal."

—*Leo*

P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest dramatic film since "Mrs. Miniver." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, of course.

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

DECEMBER, 1942 VOL. 22, NO. 1

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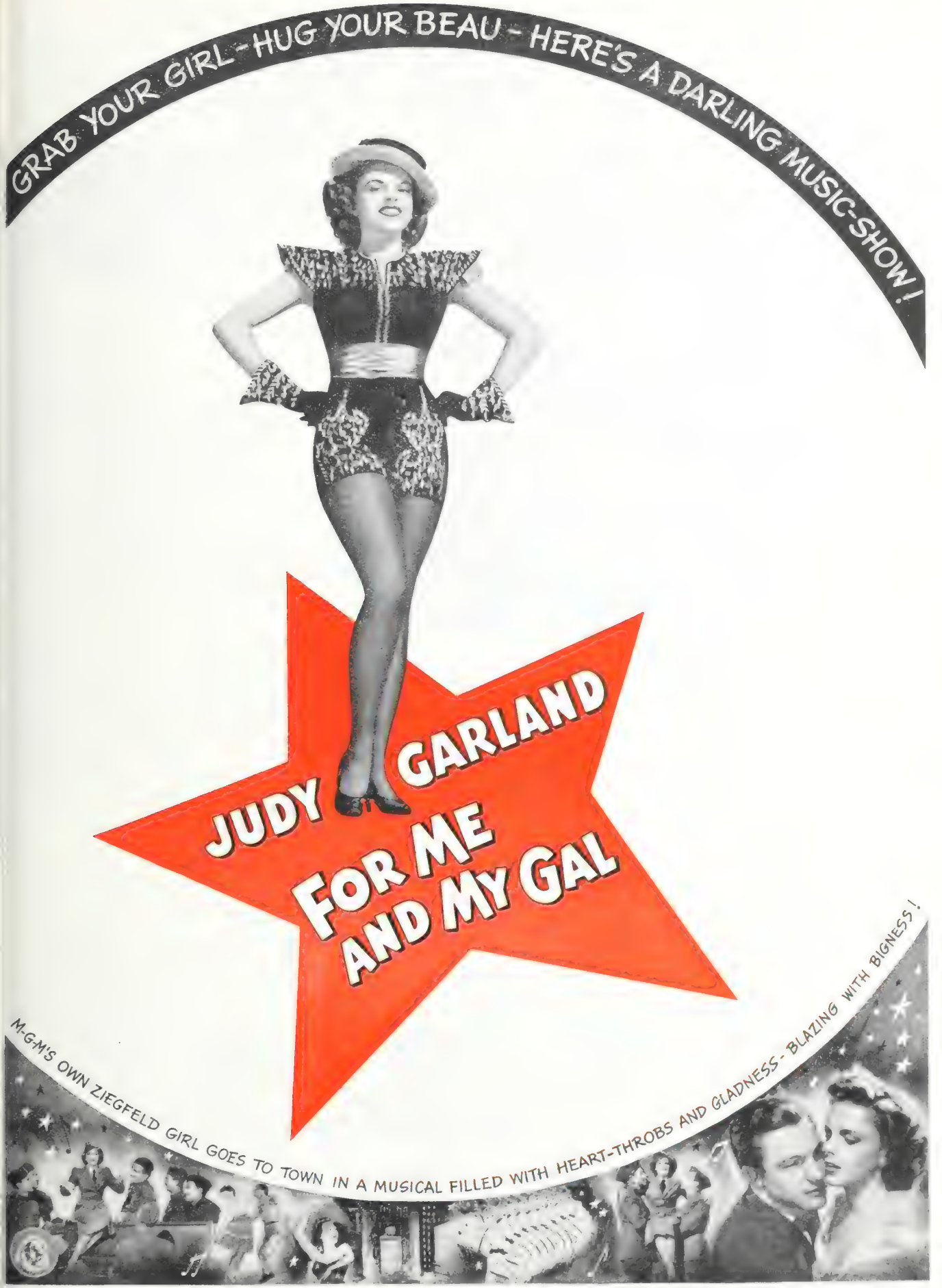


GEORGE MURPHY · GENE KELLY · Marta Eggerth · Ben Blue · Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Screen Play by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers · Original Story by Howard Emmett Rogers · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

What Monty Woolley does in this scene for "Life Begins At 8:30" would make any Santa Claus's cheeks — and nose rosier

IN ITS entire history, Hollywood has never been so busy . and so serious . . . so unpredictable and so beautiful . . . so inspired and inspiring . . . so laughable as it is in this early winter of 1942.

The toupee business is booming and the current film heroes are furiously holding their breaths in the close ups, thereby flattening their midriffs.

The prima-donna business is topsy-turvey . . . Jeanette MacDonald is off the M-G-M pay roll (and if you love Jeanette, run and do not walk away from seeing her final picture on that lot, "Cairo") . . . Judy Garland's first major starring picture, without Mickey Rooney, is a dull and dreary flop . . but "Seven Sweethearts" is so delightful that Kathryn Grayson, who is starred in it, moves right up the front of the high C's.

The prediction business is out of gear . . . Columbia previews "My Sister Eileen," which stars Rosalind Russell but which is supposed to be a most de luxe vehicle in which to launch Janet Blair toward stardom . . . Janet is plenty okay in it, too . . . but it is Miss Jeff Donnell, in a tiny role, who makes the boys in the galleries whistle longingly.

Everybody knows that the more . . shall I say adult . . . actors are returning to the screen but Hollywood is just becoming aware that the girls the boys left behind them are coming back, too . . . Mrs. Tyrone Power . . Annabella to the theater marquees . . is taking up where Ty left off when he entered the Marine Corps . . . Andrea Leeds is picking up her career again now that husband Bob Howard has entered the service . . . Sonja Henie, that superb business woman, is not only handling her own career superbly but carrying on Dan Topping's business for him while he is working for Uncle Sam . . . and even Mary Pickford talks of a return to acting in the role of *Mrs. Day* in "Life With Father."

The boys in uniform come back to town and the goofiest things happen . . . Bill Holden comes back to see Brenda Marshall for a week-end furlough and when he returns to camp gets called down by a petty official because he was photographed in uniform with a pretty girl . . . he explains that said pretty girl is his wife, who is also in pictures, and then he gets orders to stay out of camera range anyhow.

You see Warner Baxter back before the cameras again . . . and Ronnie Colman . . . and Victor McLaglen . and Jack Holt . . . and Lee Tracy . . and you think how pretty soon screen love scenes may demand of you the same ability not to observe them too closely as opera love scenes . . . and then you realize that even off-screen boy friends are not the lightsome lads that they once were but that, in fact, the most sought-after escort of glamour girls today is wickedly witty, white-bearded Monty Woolley.

THEN at the same time you hear the amusing story of how the high-powered press agent of a certain high-powered star besought Mr. John Howard to be her publicity escort hither and thither . . the idea being that Mr. Howard was unattached and that if he absolutely insisted the datings could be kept on a basis of publicity only . . . whereupon Mr. Howard flatly and coldly refused to so much as call the lady on the telephone . . . which started the buzz going that this must mean that Mr. Howard is still in love with Hedy Lamarr . . . a little investigation along these lines brought out no new facts about the Howard-Lamarr datings but did reveal that Hedy's most persistent caller these nights is none other than Arthur Hornblow . . . which only goes to prove that once a gentleman gets a taste for glamour he's never quite cured of it . . . Mr. Hornblow being, as you doubtless recall, the very recent ex-husband of Myrna Loy and also the most intimate friend of Gene Markey, the very recent ex-husband of Hedy.

Yet even if this report . . . and the separation of the Mickey Rooneys and of the Victor Matures . all make it sound as though love in Hollywood were its usual giddy merry-go-round, nothing could be less true this early winter of 1942 . . . on the Mickey Rooney situation you can read more details on page 28 of this issue . . . Ava (*Continued on page* 21)

WE'RE OFF ON THE ROAD TO MOROCCO

We're off on the road to Morocco
This taxi is tough on the spine
Where we goin'? Why we're goin'—
How can we be sure?
I'll lay you eight to five that we meet
Dorothy Lamour.

We're off on the road to Morocco,
Hang on till the end of the line.
I hear this country's where they do the
Dance of the seven veils . . .
We'd tell you more but we would have
The censor on our tails.

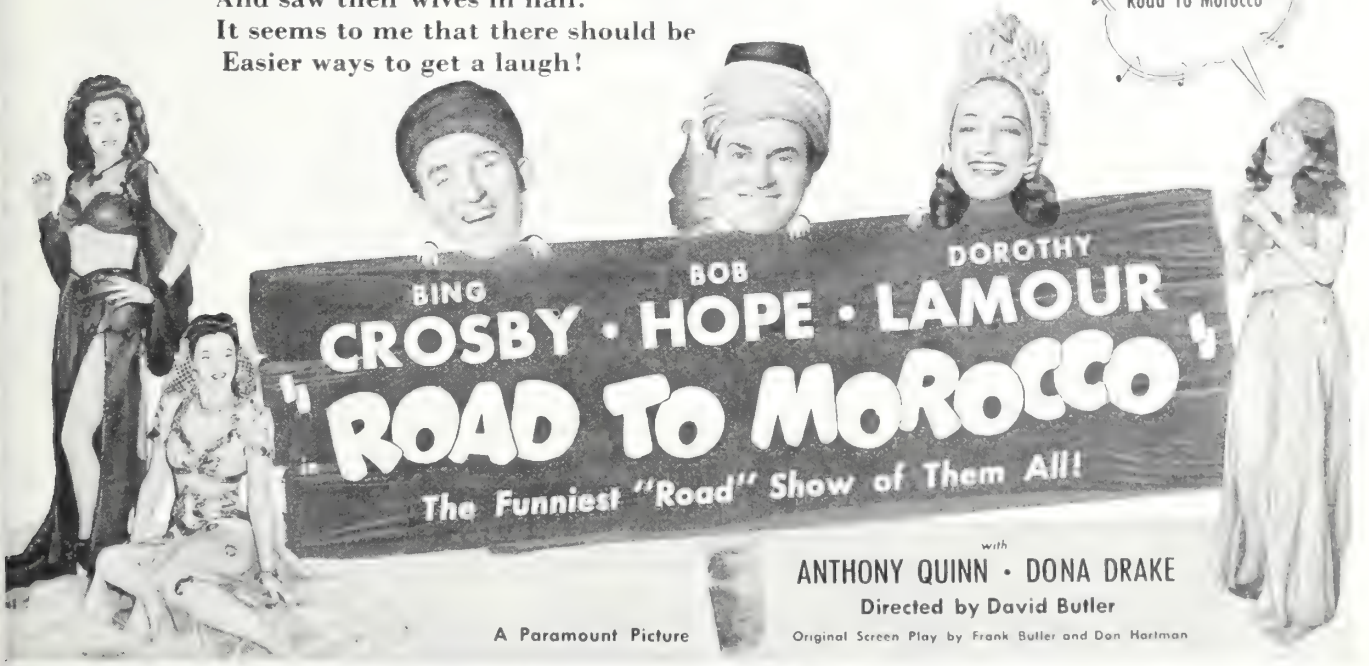
We're off on the road to Morocco
Look out! Well, clear the way!
Cause here we come.
The men eat fire, and live on nails,
And saw their wives in half.
It seems to me that there should be
Easier ways to get a laugh!

(Dance of the seven veils)

(They saw their wives in half)

FOUR BIG SONGS

- "Moonlight Becomes You"
- "Constantly"
- "Ain't Got A Dime To My Name"
- "Road To Morocco"



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

High-standard story: Bette Davis, Paul Henreid in "Now, Voyager"

✓✓ Now, Voyager (Warners)

It's About: *The transformation of an ugly, suppressed woman.*

A GEM of character drawing, beautifully cut and mounted like a precious jewel, is this story of a frustrated woman who finds release through the aid of a kindly psychiatrist, Claude Rains. That woman is Bette Davis, almost unbelievable in her "before and after" portrayal. The mother who crushes her spirit and soul is so skillfully played by Gladys Cooper. Paul Henreid, the man who brings her love that can never be realized in marriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Ilka Chase as the kindly older sister and Bonita Granville, her thoughtlessly cruel child, are up to the very high standard of the story and cast.

There is one fault. The story is too long. And like a precious jewel it sometimes requires too much of one's attention. An imitation stone is often more comfortable to wear. But we wouldn't advise you to miss it. It's a collector's item, really.

Your Reviewer Says: Another Davis masterpiece.

A "don't miss" movie: Roz Russell, Janet Blair in "My Sister Eileen"

✓✓ My Sister Eileen (Columbia)

It's About: *Sisters who come to New York to seek a career.*

A HOWL from start to finish. Dialogue that leaps in the air like popcorn over a fire. Situations that not only rock the screen characters but the audience as well. Such is "My Sister Eileen," a faithful adaptation from the hit Broadway play that was so skillfully written from Ruth McKenney's "New Yorker" stories.

Rosalind Russell, who plays the role of the older sister, Ruth, is past master at tossing around panicking dialogue. Janet Blair, as the pretty sister *Eileen,* is just right for the part. George Tobias, Brian Aherne and Allyn Joslyn join the happy throng that wanders in and out of the famous Greenwich Village basement apartment of the sisters who have come to New York to seek careers.

We guarantee you the time of your life. Don't miss this comedy of the movie month.

Your Reviewer Says: Funnier than a cageful of monkeys.

A "best" action film: John Wayne, John Carroll in "Flying Tigers"

✓✓ Flying Tigers (Republic)

It's About: *A tribute to the volunteer American flyers in China.*

IF EVER there was a thrilling, heart-stirring film that ranges from tears of sympathy to cheers for courage, it is this one, based on the adventures of the Flying Tigers, those volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause.

Assembled for various reasons of their own on the first front of the war, these lads, who include John Wayne, the squadron leader, John Carroll, the braggadocio, Edmund MacDonald, the contrite, Paul Kelly, the steady and stolid, and Gordon Jones, the slow but good-natured, give us a page of American history of which we can be proud.

Scenes of the patient, suffering Chinese and of the thrilling air battles are unforgettable. The foreword by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek lends dignity and authenticity to this, a "best" action picture.

Anna Lee and Mae Clark are good in the two feminine roles.

Your Reviewer Says: A flying hit.

(*Continued on page* 97)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 100
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 101
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 18

It's Bigger AND BETTER THAN "SUN VALLEY SERENADE" BECAUSE IT'S GOT UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING NEPHEWS...THE U. S. MARINES!

Sonja
HENIE
John
PAYNE
in

ICELAND

with **JACK OAKIE**

FELIX BRESSART • OSA MASSEN • JOAN MERRILL • FRITZ FELD • STERLING HOLLOWAY

SAMMY SWING and SWAY **KAYE**

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE
Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON
Original Screen Play by ROBERT ELLIS and HELEN LOGAN

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Songs by
MACK GORDON
HARRY WARREN

"You Can't Say No To A Soldier" "Lovers Knot" • "Let's Bring New Glory To Old Glory" "There'll Never Be Another You" • "I Like A Military Tune"

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Stared-at couple: Joan Crawford and new husband Phil Terry at the Mocambo, their first p.m. public appearance since their marriage

Quick-witted couple: Ida Lupino and Monty Woolley match their preview views

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

HOLLYWOOD Items: Since Olivia de Havilland and sister Joan Fontaine have fallen in love, after all those feuds, it's impossible to get to the phone on the "Princess O'Rourke" set, what with Olivia chatting to Joan between every scene . . .

We walked on the "Tarzan" set the other day and guess what Johnny Weissmuller was doing? Reading *Tarzan* cartoons! . . .

Glimpsed Joan Crawford and bridegroom Phil Terry at the "My Sister Eileen" preview. It's our opinion Joan is handsomer than she's ever been—and she looks plenty happy, too.

That Rumor Again: The Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul rumor continues to leap out like a boogie man at Hollywood reporters these days. That the two are quietly planning a divorce is given credence by one or two very close friends. On the other hand, Deanna herself laughs it off.

"Nonsense. Vaughn was up from camp over the week end!" she says. Lt. Paul is stationed for the time being at San Diego.

So there it is. We only try to keep up with things. Heaven knows we could be wrong one minute and right the next in this crazy man's town.

Good-Bys: Alexis Smith telephoned good-by to her fiance Craig Stevens at his temporary headquarters just before he entered boot camp. Once in the good old "bootery" there's little time for social visits.

Heartsick, but still smiling, Brenda Marshall drove her husband Bill Holden to the train when he was unexpectedly recalled to his camp. Bill had been sent to Hollywood to make a Government short but was called back before the film was started.

And, news of the month, Ann Sheridan said good-by to George Brent. (See page 66.)

Smile-the-while couple: Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton at "Talk Of The Town"

Cal's Inside Gossip: Takes an wful lot of courage to go around ithout a vestige of make-up the ay Laraine Day does. Ever wonder hat a girl looks like without lipick, fellows? Well, if you could take look at little Day you'd understand hy the girls insist on the red paint. It took Uncle Sam, by gosh, to disdge Veronica Lake from the town Seattle where her husband is staoned. The studio tried, executives ied, everybody tried, to no avail. ne little Lake dropped into town for mere day to receive instructions for er Bond-selling tour.

Seen Around Town: Guess what the Hollywood girls are doing these evenings with so many eligible men at the wars? They are banding in little groups and doing the night spots together. T'other eve, Phyllis Brooks, Carole Landis and Arline Judge made the rounds as a threesome and had a grand time.

Why not get together in your town, gals, for a once-a-week spree?

Randy Scott sure cuts a nice figure on any dance floor, but when his arm's decorated by blonde Claire Trevor, Cal puts on his glasses and Hymie Fink gets out his camera (see p. 17).

The Question of Lana: Is she happy? Is she miserable? Will she ruin her career? Is she tossing it away?

These are the questions that buzz around Hollywood concerning the beauteous Miss Turner. Some claim success came too fast to the little Hollywood high-school kid who had Mickey Rooney for a swain before pictures discovered her. One thing of which Cal is certain—the everlasting routine of the studio bores Lana silly, the glory within its gates has grown stale. And it's funny, too, in a way, when we look back several years ago to an interview we had with Wayne

Four stars go for a ride: Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, Irene Dunne, Hedy Lamarr leave Hollywood to sell Bonds all over America on the Victory Tour

Star-spangled quartette Number Two: Joan Leslie, Virginia Gilmore, Lynn Bari and Ann Rutherford shoulder Victory Tour arms — pretty faces, prettier smiles

Morris out at Warners and the little Turner kid, who was sweet on Wayne, had tagged along, refusing to be shaken off.

"Hey," Wayne had said, in the middle of our sodas, "how about your taking me over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to visit sometime?"

At that time Wayne was interested in Eleanor Powell.

"Oh, and take me, too, please," Lana had begged. "I'd love to see that studio."

That, methinks, should be news to that studio, for today Lana makes rare appearances at M-G-M where she is under contract. Recently, after begging for days, the studio finally succeeded in getting Lana in for a photographic sitting. To their horror she refused either a hairdresser, maid or wardrobe mistress. She brought her own clothes from home and between photographs rearranged her own hair and donned and fitted her own clothes. Of the 100 sittings made, ninety-seven were okayed by the studio.

Those who used to see a lot of Lana within the studio see her no more. Her closest girl friends of the publicity department grow vague at the mention of her name.

"I don't know. I never see Lana any more," they say and hurry on to another subject. But there is a something, a sort of sadness in their eyes that doesn't escape us.

"Lana and her husband are happy in night clubs only when others are looking at them," some say. "Left alone they looked bored and miserable."

Still others say Steve Crane is a grand boy and just right for Lana.

It's a mystery to most of Hollywood, however. The lonely, almost friendless beauty, so young, so talented, who walks the path of a strange fate.

Let's hope some great joy, some happiness will make up for all that's been lost to her.

Tidbits: The Eddie Brackens have a baby girl. Daddy is hysterical . . .

Dorothy Lamour dropped in on Cal and Louella Parsons who were having lunch one day recently and brought with her the handsomest Navy captain you ever saw.

Something tells me Dottie's heart belongs to the Navy . . .

Since Gene Autry's enlistment, the legion of Smiley Burnette fans have been asking for future plans. We have the information you seek. Smiley will go into the Roy Rogers A-one specials as the funny man.

Thrilled Stars: From all over the world, officers young and old, high and low rank, congregate each Saturday night at the Officers Club of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel to dance with the Hollywood starlets. A poll among the men, Naval, Air, Army and Marine officers, resulted in the following tabulation of the stars:

Bonita Granville—the cutest blonde.

Martha O'Driscoll—the most alluring blonde.

Kay Francis—the most democratic star.

Sheila Ryan—the most natural starlet.

Fay McKenzie—the best sport.

Jane Withers—the most enthusiastic.

Glenda Farrell—the most understanding.

Evelyn Ankers—the one they're sorry is married.

If you think the stars aren't just as thrilled to meet the officers you

ABSOLUTELY THE FUNNIEST THING ON FILM!

"George Washington Slept Here"

A WARNER BROS. RIOT!

With CHARLES COBURN
PERCY KILBRIDE · HATTIE McDANIEL · WILLIAM TRACY
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Screen play by Everett Freeman • From the stage play by Moss Hart and Geo. S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Ann Miller walked out of Ciro's, Hyman Fink stepped up to take a picture, the Army bystanders started to shout, "What's wrong with the Army?" "Nothing," grinned Ann—so they had their pictures taken too

Cigarette time at Ciro's: Private Bill Holden lights a torch for wife Brenda Marshall. For up-to-the-minute data on the Holden setup, see Cal's news on p. 8

Seen in a Ciro's corner: Tuxedoed George Murphy arm-in-arming it with Lieutenant Ronald Reagan, also all dressed up in best bib and tucker, Army version

should hear the telephone calls that pour into the club from young players asking to be invited back.

P.S.: The Colonels and Naval Commanders have the best time.

Romance Notes: Now it's pretty Sheila Ryan who is the target of millionaire Howard Hughes's affection. When Lana Turner turned from Hughes to marry Steve Crane, there was a strange lull in Mr. Hughes's love life, one that is now properly disturbed by the beauteous Sheila . . .

And speaking of Miss Ryan, her ex-swain, John Payne, is still smitten with pretty Jane Russell.

The two are seen everywhere together . . .

Although she admitted to receiving a sixteen-page letter a day from Jackie Cooper who was on a personal-appearance tour, Bonita Granville was seen everywhere with David May, Ann Rutherword's ex-beau. Bonita and her mater have gone East now to join Jackie on his tour . . .

Since her broken romance with Alfred Vanderbilt, K. T. Stevens is a pretty unhappy girl. But it's not all the result of love. K. T. is moody over the fact she's under contract to David O. Selznick who seems to be in no hurry to make another picture; in fact, is reported to be selling out his interests to Paramount . . .

'Tis only rumor, perhaps, but you know Hollywood rumors! Anyway, they say Columbia has warned Rita Hayworth her big raise in salary will come when she is no longer a part of the Vic Mature publicity campaign. Meaning no longer Vic's girl friend, we suppose . . .

Take our word for it, Linda Darnell will not wed cameraman Pev Marley as predicted. Mr. Marley, aged forty-three, supervised Linda's first screen test and has only a friendly interest in the little Texas beauty. "And I look on him as a friend, too," Linda says.

So that's that, we hope.

Raft and Grable: George Raft met Betty Grable at the depot when she arrived from her last Bond tour and vehemently denied reports he'd been dining with Simone Simon.

Well, maybe it *was* two other people. Who are we to argue with George when he's trying to get an Air Corps job?

We Dine with the Bride-to-be: "It's steak and kidney pie and trifle pudding for dessert," the amazing mother of Miss Evelyn Ankers informed us by phone. Like a shot Cal was on his way. But, alas, the directions were mixed up or else we were or something, for after an hour's wan-

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER

HAYWORTH'S *Glowing* BEAUTY!
ASTAIRE'S *Glorious* RHYTHM!
KERN'S *Greatest* SCORE!

A big tuneful dance film to blow your blues away! Kern's best songs since memorable "Show Boat"!

Hits already being hummed everywhere:
"I'M OLD FASHIONED"
"YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
"DEARLY BELOVED"
"WEDDING IN THE SPRING"

Fred ASTAIRE · *Rita* HAYWORTH

in

You Were Never Lovelier

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Music by JEROME KERN

Screen play by Michael Fessier & Ernest Pagano and Delmer Daves
Directed by William A. SEITER • Produced by Louis F. EDELMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Gay . . . Grand music-making by
XAVIER CUGAT and His Orchestra
Hear their hit tune . . . "CHIU, CHIU"!

now Pour yourself a lovelier complexion

Be guided by the experience of over 2,000,000 girls who found MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the hosiery shades "tops" for sleek, bare legs. Now these same girls are fast learning the priceless beauty secret wiser glamour girls have known for years . . . that MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the flattering facial tones gives them that soft, glowing "knock 'em dead" look all men go for.

A perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily . . . camouflages blemishes . . . and gives your face a velvety smooth, gloriously fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Apply it, blend it . . . add loose powder or not, as you prefer . . . then forget repowdering, for hours and hours.

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades . . . Peach — Rachelle — Brunette—Suntan—Hawaiian—Nut Brown.

More women use MINER'S *than any other* LIQUID MAKE-UP! *Buy it!..Try it!..You'll love it!*

50¢ . . 25¢ Everywhere

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

If you prefer a Cream Base . . . try MINER'S Foundation Cream with LANOLIN

A tinted cream make-up base. *Softens, glamorizes* and *protects* the skin . . . .

39¢ & 10¢

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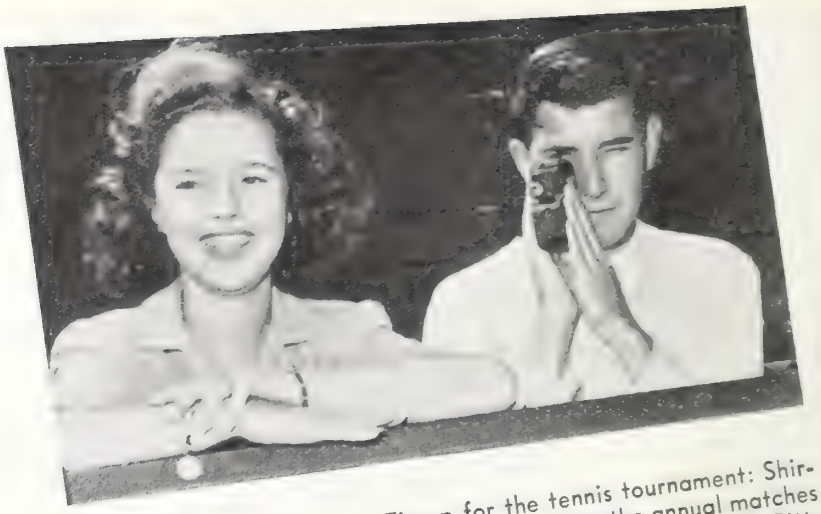
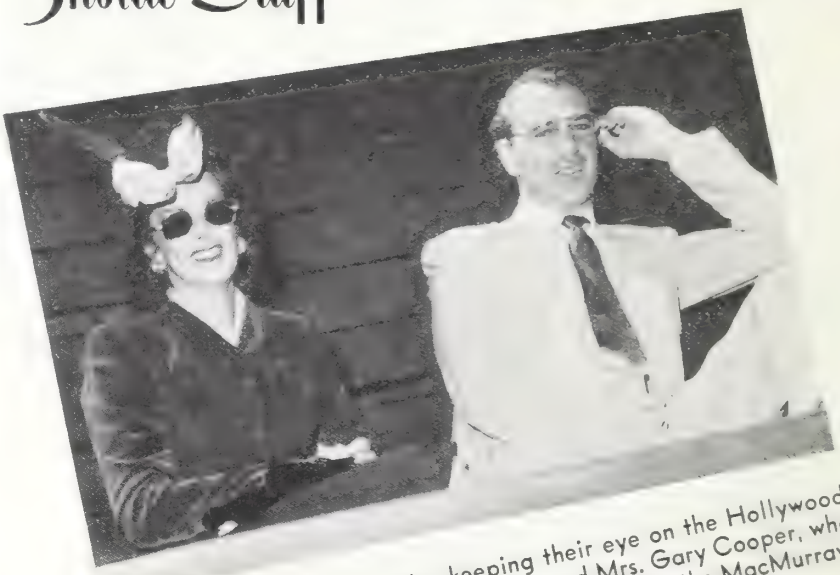


Tie-up for the tennis tournament: Shirley Temple came to the annual matches with Don Gallery, son of Zasu Pitts

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Also keeping their eye on the Hollywood ball were Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, who foursomed the event with the MacMurrays

dering among the Beverly Hills in the dark we had to admit defeat and turn back home.

Like good English neighbors, the Ankerses, after our frantic phone call, came to our rescue and sent us a guide. Dinner was two hours late due to our wanderings, but such food—such food!

After dinner we listened, fascinated, to Mrs. Ankers's experiences as the first white woman to penetrate certain jungles of South America with her geologist husband. Evelyn, in fact, was born in Chile and speaks several languages, including Spanish and Portuguese.

"How's about it, miss?" we said to the blonde English actress as we sat together on the davenport. "You going to marry Richard Denning for sure?"

She nodded emphatically.

Three days later her mother telephoned us, a bit dazed, a bit broken-hearted. Evelyn had gone off to Las Vegas and married Dick without even mentioning it to her. Mrs. Ankers had so wanted to see them married in a church, with Evelyn in white.

But all is well again; Evelyn and Dick are forgiven; and the three of them are having their steak and kidney dinners together.

Cal hopes they'll ask him back soon.

Lunch with Jane: We met at Eaton's, across the street from Republic Studios, out the Valley, Jane Withers, her mother and Cal, for lunch and a chat.

Jane, grown up to five-foot-six and weighing 115 to 118 pounds (depending on the number of sweets), was wearing her hair in a soft pompadour topped by a hairbow. The gold earrings gave her a most sophisticated look. But don't let them fool you.

Jane is still the enthusiastic in-love-with-life young miss she's always been.

That morning she'd had her first screen kiss from young Pat Brooks, her beau in the picture "Johnny Doughboy."

"Well . . ." we prompted Jane.

"Oh, it was all right," she blushed. "But coming on top of two real proposals it was kind of an anti-climax."

The proposals were from boy friends in the Army, if you please.

She still gets crushes on movie stars. The latest is George Montgomery, who telephones Janie at least once every week. (Be still, fluttering heart, be still.) An evening of dancing at the Palladium or a wienie roast at home with a swim in the pool is Jane's idea of a good time. On her birthday her mother permitted her to go for the first time to a night club. She's sixteen, but gives her age as seventeen, since most of her pals are that age.

Last-minute Events: The annual tennis matches brought out the few stars left to Hollywood after one of the greatest Bond-selling pilgrimages in the history of our country. Practically every star in the industry took to the road in a grand tour of the country and, Uncle Sammy, what results!

Interesting to see Mickey Rooney in company with tennis star Phillip Reed at the matches, this being Mickey's first appearance since his separation from Ava Gardner Rooney.

As usual, Hollywoodites overdressed for the affair, with veils, flowers, big hats, pearls and afternoon frocks dotting the grandstands. Apparently the words "spectator sports" mean little in the wardrobe vocabulary of our best known stars, or wives of same. You see, Cal knows about such things, having been coached by Eastern designers. (Is there no end to that man's ingenuity? Answers mailed by request.)

Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant (Barbara Hutton) made one of their rare appearances. Present also were the Gary Coopers and Fred MacMurrays. Cutest couple present was Shirley Temple and Don Gallery, son of Zasu Pitts. Don has left to join the armed forces now, but carries the memory of Shirley's beauty with him.

Bette Davis's illness failed to interfere with the opening of the famous Hollywood Stage Door Canteen of which she is President. Cal will give you all the details of this important establishment in our next issue.

Jean Parker and her husband Douglas Dawson (now in the Army) decided to cancel their marriage once and for all. Jean will continue with her motion-picture career.

Cal's A.B.C.'s of the Month:

A—Alice Faye is back at Twentieth Century-Fox Studio after a year's long absence. Alice's first picture will be "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

B—Bing Crosby's greatest admirer and golf pal, Bob Hope, has gone to visit Alaska bases for a month.

C—John Carroll is riding high since "Flying Tigers." His take-off was so good in that one that, acting as his own agent, he signed pronto to do another picture with Republic.

D—Diana Barrymore continues to astound the merry villagers with her grand dinners served on drugstore dishes. Hint to brides-to-be: Those dishes on sale at drug-chain stores are mighty effective and so easy on the purse.

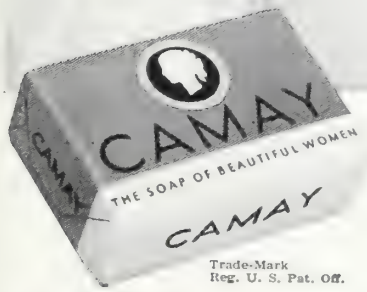
E—Eleanor Powell is still riding the romance merry-go-round with Glenn Ford. And incidentally when a gal takes the boy friend's mother out evenings, what does that mean? To Cal, it spelled the McCoy.

F—Fred MacMurray has fixed up a motorcycle trimmed with home-made gadgets. The horn plays "I Can't Walk Without You, Baby," when Fred rounds the studio corner.

G—Gene Autry, known to Uncle Sam as Sergeant G. Autry, has our vote for the way he'll stop his car for an hour at a time on Sunset Boulevard to sign autographs for

A Bride's Way to New Loveliness!

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Mrs. H. G. Remington of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can't praise the Camay Mild-Soap Diet enough."

"THE Camay Mild-Soap Diet has done thrilling things for my skin," says lovely Mrs. Remington. "I recommend Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet to my friends."

Without knowing it, improper cleansing may now be dulling your skin—or you may be using a soap not mild enough. Skin specialists, themselves, advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! Change *today* to this Mild-Soap Diet—for 30 days! And radiant new loveliness may soon be yours.

Tonight—Go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water, then cold.

Then pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay.

GIRLS! DON'T GIVE UP

IF YOU'VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION

Here's grand way that has helped improve complexions of thousands of women

• If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin —this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, *medicated* cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too. Nurses were among the first to discover how grand it is as a complexion aid.

Try using this snow-white, greaseless cream for just 10 days. See if it doesn't help make your skin softer, smoother, lovelier!

SPECIAL OFFER! For a limited time you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ (plus tax). Take advantage of this Special Anniversary Offer and give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar at any drug or department store *today!*

What's cooking: At Joan Bennett's charity affair, Irene Hervey sells a cookbook to a dubious customer—husband Allan Jones

Movie hero goes to the movies: Don Ameche takes his sequined wife, Honore, to a plush-seat preview, gives off with an A-1 grin

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

kids, soldiers, sailors or whoever asks him.

H—Henry Fonda has one ambition—to finish his chicken coop before he's inducted into the Navy. The actor wants to be sure his wife and children have plenty of eggs for the duration.

I—Ingrid Bergman is so cute with her short haircut for *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" the boys are really whistling as she passes by.

J—Jimmy Stewart (poddon, Lt. James Stewart) hasn't been so serious over a gal since his Olivia de Havilland romance as he is over singer Dinah Shore. Jimmy, a flying instructor in Albuquerque, keeps in telephone touch with his lady fair when duty permits.

K—Kathryn Grayson who didn't go through with her divorce from John Shelton (see details on page 65) will have her little niece live with her during the duration Shelton is in the Army.

L—Leif Erickson, who went through with that second Reno divorce, this time from Margaret Hayes, is concentrating on a motorcycle defense brigade before leaving for the Signal Corps.

M—Mel Milland, wife of Ray Milland, is considered one of the best Red Cross teachers in the country and is in constant demand by organizations to teach classes.

N—Norma Shearer refers to her new groom, Marty Arrouge, as "cute." The way Norma says it is even cuter.

O—Olivia de Havilland spent the first week in her new apartment alone, the furniture all awry and her beautiful face a mass of poison oak.

P—Paulette Goddard has attached a new swain, Moccoco, the South American millionaire who followed her to her farm back east.

Q—Quentin Reynolds, the famous correspondent, writes friends in Hollywood that Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is a member of the famous Commandos abroad.

R—Rita Hayworth writes her best beau, Vic Mature, every day from her Bond-selling tour. Even in a sailor's uniform, Vic is still a hunk of man.

S—Sue Carol, wife of Alan Ladd, is rumored as having a stork visit due in several months.

T—Tyrone Power, looking so handsome in his officer's uniform for "Crash Dive," upon being complimented by a friend, said, "The one

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Dance date: Randy Scott, circling the Ciro's floor with Claire Trevor, clicks with the Fink camera

I'll exchange this for won't have any stripes. But I'm proud to wear it and hope I can earn the decorations." Ty goes into the Marines, as you know, as a private.

U—United States is so proud of Hollywood citizens who, despite illness or fatigue, are carrying on the greatest Bond-selling campaign yet! Salute to Greer Garson and Ronald Colman who actually collapsed but insisted upon carrying on.

V—Van Johnson, the tall blond dynamo of "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," is the target for every girl's glance in movietown. The eligible Van simply bowls them over with his towheaded charm.

W—Will Rogers Jr., who looks so much like his famous dad, is running for representative in Congress from California and has most of the movie colony behind him.

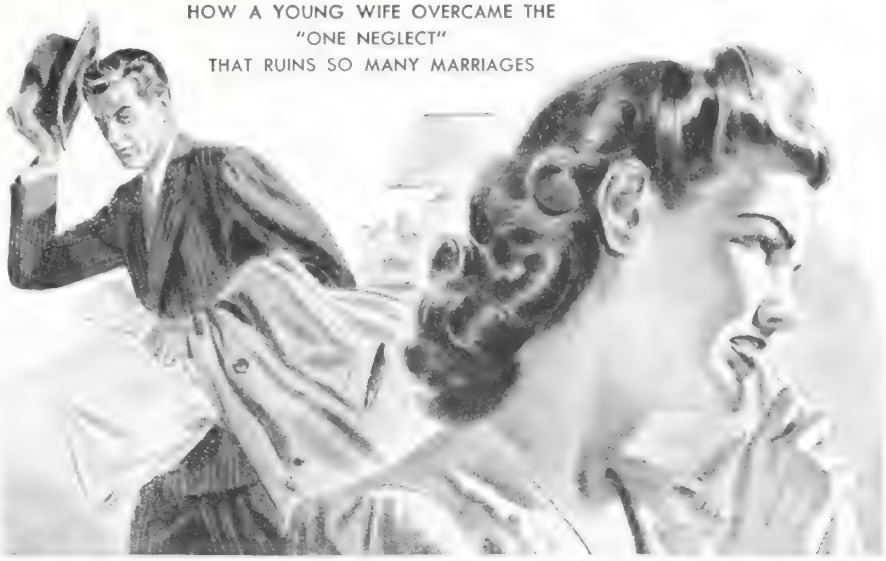
X—Marks the spot Cal fell upon when he heard Myrna Loy had gained twenty-odd pounds since her marriage to John Hertz Jr. Hurry quick and tell us it isn't so. Personally, we don't believe it.

Y—Yells went up when Hedy Lamarr announced there should be a priority on kisses; and those kisses should go to service boys who buy Bonds from movie stars.

Z—Zorina, whose hair was shorn for the ill-fated role of *Maria,* will wear a long beautiful wig for her dance numbers in "The Black Swan."

"Man and Wife_*no longer!*"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. Did he hate me . . . the husband I loved so much? I couldn't guess what had changed our happiness to . . . this. Harsh words . . . frozen silences . . . loneliness . . .

2. One day, I spied my doctor's car next door and hailed him . . . to ask for a sleeping powder. But, wise doctor! He went straight to the *cause* of my troubles. Then he explained. "Often a man can't forgive one *neglect* . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."

3. He recommended a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene . . . Lysol disinfectant. "You see, Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions on the bottle," he explained. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes, as well!"

4. I took my doctor's advice and found Lysol disinfectant so easy to use, so inexpensive. And now my husband and I are happier than ever before in all our days!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

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(SUIVEZ MOI)

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Parfum, $1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, $1 to 4.50
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1
Bath Powder, $1
Bubble Foam, $1

"Follow Me" by
VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

Walter Pidgeon (right) tells Richard Carlson to watch out for Hedy Lamarr in "White Cargo." We tell you to do the same

✓ *ACROSS THE PACIFIC*—Warners: Exciting, well-done melodrama about the roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent, with Humphrey Bogart as the agent, Sidney Greenstreet as a Jap agent and Mary Astor as a mysterious damsel. The three principals cook up a lot of excitement and thrills. (Nov.)

✓ *APACHE TRAIL*—M-G-M: A whoop-la Western, with Indians and uprisings and maraudings. William Lundigan is a fearless stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan. Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. (Oct.)

✓ *ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY* — Paramount: The marital woes of an average young couple, played by Betty Field and Ray Milland, add up to chuckly entertainment, what with the little jealousies, the fibbing of the wife and her interference with her husband's work. Charles Dingle, Patricia Morison, Eugene Pallette and Leif Erickson contribute to a pleasant evening. (Oct.)

BABY FACE MORGAN—Producers Releasing Corp.: Richard Cromwell unknowingly heads a gang of racketeers, although how he could have been so stupid is beyond us. Mary Carlisle is the sweet young thing who finally beats some sense into his head; Robert Armstrong is the bad man. (Oct.)

✓✓ *BAMBI*—Walt Disney-RKO: Disney's art at its greatest and best is attained in this stirring poem of beauty and its message will touch both children and adults alike. Bambi is a little deer born in the forest, living unafraid amidst his friends and the elements until man, the villain, strikes terror into his heart and ruthlessly destroys his home. (Sept.)

✓ *BERLIN CORRESPONDENT*—20th Century-Fox: A neat little package of melodrama, with Dana Andrews an American news commentator in Berlin who slips information via air to his New York paper. When pro-Nazi Virginia Gilmore sets out to trap him, she discovers her own father to be the informer. (Nov.)

✓✓ *BETWEEN US GIRLS*—Universal: Diana Barrymore scores a knockout as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance with John Boles by posing as a twelve-year-old. Robert Cummings, a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse little Diana and finds himself a victim of riotous conspiracy. Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother, and Andy Devine very good. (Nov.)

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—Paramount: Here's Dorothy Lamour back in her sarong again, playing the circus girl who's really an heiress. To help her prove her claim, the whole circus crew, including Richard Denning, Walter Abel, the scientist who discovered Dottie in the jungle, and Jack Haley, an unfunny press agent, go back to the jungle to search for the papers. (Oct.)

✓ *BIG STREET, THE*—RKO-Radio: An unexpected delight is this Damon Runyon story. Its aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are strictly Runyonesque. Lucille Ball is the Ruthlessly unfeeling night-club performer, permanently crippled, and Henry Fonda is the bus boy who blindly adores and serves her. Both give superb performances and create living characters. (Nov.)

SHADOW STAGE

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BUSSES ROAR—Warners: Spies and saboteurs commandeer the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planting a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields, but, like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time. Richard Travis is a passenger Marine; Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded passenger are among those present. (Nov.)

CAIRO—M-G-M: This isn't very good, but it does have its moments of fun with Bob Young as an American correspondent in Cairo and Jeanette MacDonald as an American singer who's the dupe of Nazi sympathizers. The way the two chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully and Ethel Waters is superb as the maid. (Nov.)

CALLING DR. GILLESPIE—M-G-M: Philip Dorn replaces Lew Ayres in the *Dr. Kildare* series and scores a solid hit as the Holland-born doctor who hopes to become a psychoanalyst and does when a homicidal maniac roams the hospital seeking revenge on *Dr. Gillespie,* played as usual by Lionel Barrymore. Phil Brown is the young maniac and Donna Reed his sweetheart. (Oct.)

CANAL ZONE—Columbia: It's the same old story of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the believable smartie, Chester Morris the flying instructor, and Harriet Hilliard the lone female of the cast. (Nov.)

✓ *CROSSROADS*—M-G-M: William Powell plays an amnesia victim in this dramatic story of a French diplomat who brings his blackmailer to trial only to be met with almost convincing proof that he was both criminal and murderer earlier in his life. Hedy Lamarr is Powell's wife, Felix Bressart the family friend, and Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor, and Margaret Wycherly are also very good. (Sept.)

✓✓ *DESPERATE JOURNEY*—Warners: A thriller in this melodrama, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber crashes in Germany. They escape the Germans and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey and make their way back to England. Errol Flynn is the squadron leader and the flyers include Ronald Reagan and Alan Hale. (Nov.)

✓✓ *EAGLE SQUADRON*—Wanger-Universal: A stirring, thrilling tribute to our American boys who joined the R. A. F. Actual action shots of their squadron are incorporated into the story and lend a thrilling effect. Robert Stack does his best work as the American who joins the squadron, and Leif Erickson, Eddie Albert, Diana Barrymore as the English miss in service, and John Loder comprise a good cast. (Sept.)

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT—Columbia: The familiar plot of this story concerns Pat O'Brien, an aviator who causes a plane crash in which his co-pilot is killed, so he takes to wildcat flying in Dutch Guiana to support his son. The son, Glenn Ford, grows up to fall in love with Evelyn Keyes, daughter of the dead co-pilot, and heartache and disillusion result until O'Brien makes restitution. (Sept.)

✓ *FOOTLIGHT SERENADE*—20th Century-Fox: Victor Mature is an egotistical prize fighter who goes on the stage, ousts star Cobina Wright Jr. from her role, substitutes his own choice, Betty Grable, and then can't understand why Betty should prefer John Payne to him. Betty does several dance routines, Jane Wyman plays her girl friend and James Gleason is the producer. (Oct.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Edward Small-U.A.: Dated as the hobble skirt is this story of two argumentative old German-Americans who talk themselves and the audience half to death. Charlie Ruggles and Charles Winninger are the friendly enemies, James Craig is the son who is thought to be lost at sea, and Nancy Kelly is his girl. (Sept.)

✓✓ *GAY SISTERS, THE*—Warners: Different in theme and idea is this picture, but we think you'll enjoy it despite the underlying current of ugliness. Proud Barbara Stanwyck, covetous Geraldine Fitzgerald and moody Nancy Coleman are sisters whose estate has been in litigation for twenty years, impoverishing but never beating them. George Brent is the man responsible for their legal difficulties. (Sept.)

✓ *HERE WE GO AGAIN*—RKO-Radio: A giggle fest, with Fibber McGee and Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at a hotel where Edgar Bergen, with Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, is searching for a peculiar moth to aid the production of silk. You can imagine the goings-on, with the great Gildersleeve adding to the laughs and with Ginny Simms singing to Ray Nobel's music. (Nov.)

HI, NEIGHBOR—Republic: Radio personalities such as Vera Vague, Don Wilson, Lillian Randolph and others cavort around in this weak little home-grown number, with Janet Beecher as sponsor of a school that becomes a lonely heart retreat in the summer. Jean Parker and John Archer are the inevitable twosome. (Oct.)

HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG—Monogram: The famous cartoon characters, *Snuffy Smith,* played by Bud Duncan, and *Barney Google,* played by Cliff Nazarro, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention. Edgar Kennedy

"All you ever longed for in a lipstick—and more!" says Constance Luft Huhn

"Exciting color. Perfectly balanced texture... *not too moist,* yet *not too dry.* So smooth it seems to stroke softly on your lips all by itself. So clinging it *really* stays on for hour after hour. Yes... each of our Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks has these qualities—and something *more:* The softer, glossier sheen of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH!

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TANGEE

SATIN-FINISH *Lipsticks*

as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the rather silly maneuvers. (Nov.)

✓ *HOLIDAY INN*—Paramount: The blending of Fred Astaire's dancing and Bing Crosby's singing is all to the good and Irving Berlin's tunes make this a special treat. Bing leaves their act to run an inn open only on holidays. To the inn as a performer comes lovely Marjorie Reynolds and Fred tries to steal her away. Virginia Dale is also involved. (Oct.)

✓ *ICELAND*—20th Century-Fox: Some of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie; but the story's only fair. It has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a Marine on the island, before he knews where he is. Osa Massen is Sonja's sister, Jack Oakie clowns on skates very funnily and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music. (Nov.)

IN OLD CALIFORNIA—Republic: John Wayne comes out West from Boston to open up a much-needed drugstore, but villainous Albert Dekker, jealous over dance-hall queen Binnie Barnes's interest in Wayne, poisons the drugs and nearly succeeds in having John lynched. The sudden discovery of gold saves him, and the inevitable fight between the two almost wrecks the town. (Sept.)

✓ *INVISIBLE AGENT*—Frank Lloyd-Universal: Jon Hall, who inherits the secret of invisibility, offers his services to his country, flies over Germany, becomes invisible and gets embroiled in some very amusing and intriguing escapades. Ilona Massey is the girl spy; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre and J. Edward Bromberg are the Axis agents. You'll enjoy it. (Oct.)

ISLE OF MISSING MEN—Monogram: A rather suspenseful little melodrama with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He befriends Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband, Gilbert Roland, escape and much exciting action transpires before she is successful. (Nov.)

✓ *IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH*—20th Century-Fox: An exciting baseball yarn, with Lloyd Nolan terrific as the manager of the club that once ousted him as a player on trumped-up charges. George Holmes as the rookie befriended by Nolan shows great promise and Carole Landis as the object of young Holmes's heart is very beautiful. (Oct.)

JACKASS MAIL—M-G-M: Wally Beery and Marjorie Main in their familiar story of a renegade of the old West who becomes regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery himself kills. It takes Darryl Hickman, the boy, and Marjorie Main, fearless owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally. J. Carroll Naish is good as ever. (Nov.)

✓ *JOAN OF OZARK*—Republic: Corn, but good, is this teaming of Judy Canova and Joe E. Brown, with all their ludicrous antics in store for you. Judy lands in Joe E.'s night club, where she's been brought from the Ozarks on a deal hatched by Nazi spies. Jerome Cowan is the spy and Eddie Foy Jr. is swell. The airplane sequence is a howl and it's all a lot of fun. (Oct.)

LADY IN A JAM—Universal: Irene Dunne is an heiress badly in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands in bankruptcy, heads West and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy out-of-this-world and Patric Knowles the doctor. It's all pretty silly, so just laugh it off as one of those things. (Oct.)

LITTLE TOKIO, U. S. A.—20th Century-Fox: The West Coast's Japanese colony comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a police officer. Preston Foster, who suspects shenanigans in the Jap settlement. Comes Pearl Harbor, and he scoops up spies like fury. Brenda Joyce is his girl friend, and June Duprez, Harold Huber and George E. Stone are spies. (Nov.)

✓✓ *MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE*—RKO-Radio: Orson Welles has made a magnificent picture from the Booth Tarkington novel, presenting it with rare originality in photography and story-telling. Tim Holt comes into his own as the spoiled son who ruins his own and his mother's life with his selfishness. Dolores Costello as his mother, Joe Cotten as the man who loves her, Anne Baxter and Agnes Moorehead are superb. (Sept.)

✓ *MAGNIFICENT DOPE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the yokel jerk who comes to New York to claim his $500 prize as the magnificent dope, offered by success school manager Don Ameche and ends up by out-smarting the smooth, fast-talking Ameche. Lynn Bari, as the girl, has ability, looks and charm, and Edward Everett Horton and George Barbier add a lot to the fun. (Sept.)

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—M-G-M: Pretty corny is this latest of the series, with Red Skelton a stage-struck yokel who convinces Ann Sothern that he's a panic on the stage—until he gets there. The story, after a detour through a bond swindle, winds up in an Army camp. Allen Jenkins, Leo Gorcey and Donald Meek are a gleesome threesome. (Sept.)

✓✓ *MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE*—Paramount: Don't miss this gay comedy, with Ginger Rogers posing as a twelve-year-old child and wreaking havoc with the boys at a military academy and with Major Ray Milland. Rita Johnson as Ray's suspicious fiancee, Diana Lynn, Rita's younger sister who knows the truth about Ginger but helps her, and Robert Benchley add to the fun. (Oct.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT—RKO-Radio: Leon Errol again plays the dual role of *Lord Epping* and *Uncle Matt*, with Lupe Velez all over the place trying to help out *Uncle Matt* when smuggled jewels are hidden in an onyx elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husband, and Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers. (Nov.)

✓ *MOON AND SIXPENCE, THE*—David L. Loew-Albert Lewin, Inc.; George Sanders is the painter of Somerset Maugham's famous story, who leaves his wife and children to live the life of a starving artist, and Herbert Marshall the writer who narrates the story. Their performances, as well as those of Daris Dudley and Steve Geray, are most impressive. It's a strange and fascinating tale, but leads to no climactic crescendo.

MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe and Jane Frazee have to marry each other or forfeit a fortune. Since they've never met, Jane has her nutty secretary Betty Kean impersonate her at the arranged meeting, and O'Keefe has Eddie Foy Jr. do the same for him. Need we say more—except that Jane sings delightfully and Betty's dancing is swell? (Sept.)

NIGHT FOR CRIME, A—Producers Releasing Corp.: Murder mystery, with the victim a movie star, played by Lina Basquette. Glenda Farrell is the newspaper reporter and Lyle Talbot the studio press agent. Newspaper columnists Jimmy Starr, Edwin Schallert and Erskine Johnson play themselves. (Oct.)

NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS—Paramount: Preston Foster is a police lieutenant who's accused of murder by Albert Dekker, another police officer. Patricia Morison is Foster's silly wife and Cecil Kellaway is dragged in to complicate things even more than they are already. (Sept.)

✓ *ONE THRILLING NIGHT*—Monogram: A bedroom riot is this comedy with John Beal as the bridegroom who has twenty-four hours to honeymoon with bride Wanda McKay before his induction into the Army. But into their room parade gangsters, cops and robbers, dumb house detective and hoodlums. Tom Neal and Warren Hymer add to the laughs. (Oct.)

✓ *ORCHESTRA WIVES*—20th Century-Fox: All about the love lives of members of a band, with Glenn Miller's band providing all the music. George Montgomery is a trumpet player, Ann Rutherford his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia Gilmore, other orchestra wives, start all the trouble between them. Cesar Romero is the pianist and Lyn Bari the singer. (Nov.)

PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS—M-G-M: Both Lee Bowman as a naval officer who craves action but gets a desk job of deciphering code, and Jean Rogers as the girl in his life, deserve better material than this. Spies Mona Maris, Carl Esmond, and Blanche Yurka are so obviously spies it all becomes a bit ridiculous. (Sept.)

PALM BEACH STORY, THE—Paramount: This so-called comedy misses a mile, despite the cleverness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the separated husband and wife. Claudette, out to garner new laurels, finds them in millionaire Rudy Vallee. Mary Astor is good, but the antics are as antiquated as an antimacassar. (Nov.)

✓ *PANAMA HATTIE*—M-G-M: A pleasant, delightful-in-spots musical that boasts Ann Sothern as star, Dan Dailey Jr., as the rich soldier boy, and a trio of comics, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue. The singing of Lena Horne, the dancing of the Berry Brothers and the dead-pan warbling of Virginia O'Brien also brighten it up no end. Little Jackie Horner is very good. (Oct.)

✓ *PARDON MY SARONG*—Universal: By far the funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots, this is madcap fun from its beginning where the pair take their crosstown Chicago bus to Los Angeles to its hilarious finish on a South Sea isle. Robert Paige is the romantic lead, Virginia Bruce lovely as the girl, Lionel Atwill a villain, and Abbott and Costello are at their best. (Nov.)

✓✓ *PIED PIPER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley is an elderly Englishman in France when the Nazis invade. As a favor, he agrees to take two English children back to England with him, but the pair expand into a group as Mr. Woolley travels back through devastated France, and then the Nazis catch up with him. It's drama with a chuckle, a laugh with a tear; in fact, the picture's a gem. (Sept.)

PIERRE OF THE PLAINS—M-G-M: John Carroll is a devil-may-care French Canadian accused of murder but too busy helping a friend escape another murder indictment to care much. We don't care about it either. Ruth Hussey is shamefully miscast and Bruce Cabot, Phil Brown and Henry Travers are poor, weary fellow travelers. (Oct.)

✓✓ *PRIDE OF THE YANKEES*—Goldwyn: To the role of Lou Gehrig, beloved star of baseball, Gary Cooper brings all the gentleness, simplicity, and sincerity of the first baseman. Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig becomes Hollywood's most important

(Continued on page 96)

Close Ups and Long Shots

(*Continued from page* 4) Gardner is an extraordinarily beautiful girl and I have no doubt an extraordinarily talented one, too, and I have a hunch that it was an awful shock to her when she realized that as long as she remained Mrs. Mickey Rooney she could never reach even leading roles, let alone stardom . . . Diana Lewis faced this same problem when she became Mrs. William Powell but Bill with his wit, wisdom and wealth had the power and the imagination to make marriage for her more exciting than a dozen careers could ever be.

As for Martha Mature, though she has announced that she is going to be merely a receptionist at Columbia studios, Hollywood will not be at all surprised . . . though very amused . . . if she turns out to be as flamboyant a star in her own right as Vic is in his . . . she has the beauty . . . the youth . . . and the flash for it and it only remains to be seen in "Cover Girl" if she has the talent too.

THE only love you are supposed to mention in Hollywood these days, however, is the very established married love, preferably involving male stars of well beyond forty, or fathers of several kiddies . . . it is no accident that you are hearing more of Robert Young these days than you are hearing of Robert Taylor . . . or that it has recently leaked out that both Gary Cooper and Jimmy Cagney are well past forty or that Errol Flynn's health is not remotely all that it should be . . . one of the craziest manifestations of Hollywood's 1942 winter mood is its impulse both to beg its male stars not to enlist and yet to be embarrassed when they do wait for the draft to grab them . . . Gable goes into service and kicks over the age alibi and Henry Fonda destroys the "family-man-dependents" angle . . . and desperate Hollywood looks wildly at Robert Newton's magnificent performance in "Wings And The Woman" and realizes that this is proof that a man can come straight in off a mine sweeper, take only four weeks for a picture and yet turn in such superlative work that you would never know he had been absent from the camera for even a week end . . . so it takes heart, hoping that it can get some of its stars back unharmed once in a while, perhaps . . . either that, or rake in a fortune on reissues of old pictures, as Metro is doing now, trying to supply the demand, newly arisen, for sight of Gable in anything, no matter when filmed.

IN FACT, the whole town makes me think of a scene in "Life Begins At 8:30," which I happened to catch on the set at Twentieth Century-Fox the other day.

In the scene Monty Woolley, playing Santa Claus, is seated on a throne on a platform in a department store. He has been secretly imbibing and gives forth with a hearty hiccough.

One woman in the crowd is shocked.

Monty, observing her, leans forward and says, "And what did you expect, madam—chimes?"

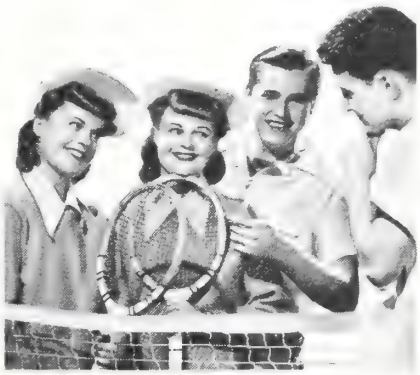
That is more or less what Hollywood is expecting of itself, this first winter of war . . . expecting chimes where it used to have simple hiccoughs, caused by pleasant living . . . and doggone if, by and large, Hollywood isn't producing chimes these days . . . chimes of amusement, chimes of heroism, and chimes that are ringing out the meaning of freedom for the world.

THE END

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois.

They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!



Photoelectric eye proof of Pepsodent's superior polishing ability convinced scientists. But not the Rick Twins. They wanted to see just how good Pepsodent was without scientific gadgets—when it was used in the practical way—the way anyone would brush teeth. So they tossed a coin to see who would use Pepsodent, and Margaret won. Marilyn chose to test another leading tooth powder.

People always had a hard time telling them apart . . . they were that alike. But that was before the test started. Then, admitted Marilyn, "Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed that Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it. Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"

. . . and the Rick Twins' dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twins' test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."

Independent laboratory tests found *no other dentifrice* that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent. By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth *Twice as Bright* as the average of all other leading brands!

Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!

Ten-Minute Masterpiece

Rita Hayworth

A two-plus-two lesson in simple make-up that adds up to a portrait of you as a lovely lady

BY GLORIA MACK

2 Minutes

. . . for the thorough cleansing. Apply the cream richly all over the face and throat. (At twenty a woman's throat is beautiful and she takes it for granted; at thirty-five she's bemoaning the fact she skipped up on throat care because age takes its throat toll then.) Rub in cream thoroughly with an upward and outward movement, remove with tissues. Then go through the whole procedure again. Finish off with a rinsing of face and throat in warm water and a good mild soap.

+ 2 Minutes

. . . for applying the foundation cream. This is the all-important "in-betweener" because, without a good foundation, make-up is a minus act. Remember two things: The foundation lays the groundwork for glamour; it also improves the condition of the skin because the patting and molding movements used in applying relax the skin tension, stimulate the circulation and soften the texture. Choose the foundation cream best suited to your skin type; apply it evenly, patting and molding alternately—and carefully—to keep your make-up from being patchy and streaked.

+ 2 Minutes

. . . for applying your powder. Pat in your powder, never rub it. Don't stint on powder—use more than is necessary and then rub off the surplus with a powder brush. Be sure your foundation cream is completely covered all over the face and neck.

+ 2 Minutes

. . . for applying rouge. Take your choice between cream or powder rouge, the only difference is that if you use the former you apply it before powdering.

If your face is oval, put rouge in the center of the cheek, blend it up towards the temple and make it light under the eyes.

If your face is round, use the darkest rouge your complexion will stand. Keep rouge on outside of cheeks, blend upwards towards the temple, lightly towards the jawline.

If your face is square, rouge under the center of your eyes in a circle, carry it back to your ears, then down under your jawline—lightly. If your face is long and thin, use the lightest rouge possible. Blend it carefully on your cheeks in a circular form.

+ 2 Minutes

. . . for applying lipstick. A few don'ts on this: Don't be a white ghost with dark purple lipstick. Don't use the same color lipstick under artificial lights as you do in sun-time—experiment until you find your most becoming shades. Don't ever forget to apply tissues to remove excess lipstick. And don't forget the teeth inspection process after your lip make-up is on.

P.S. Please remember

And for those spare-time two-minute periods in your day when you sit twiddling your thumbs, just use your head instead and think over what Rita Hayworth, who's appropriately starring in "You Were Never Lovelier," suggests for war-time beauty.

She knows that foundation cream is a protection to the skin as well as being a beautifier. But she changes her cream with the change of season. "I use a good many different shades during the course of the year," she says, "because I think it's necessary the powder foundation should blend with the skin tone, and one's skin does change in tone with the seasons."

She also knows some tricks about applying foundation. Since she was gifted with the greatest gift of all—perfect beauty—she doesn't use the tricks herself, but she herewith donates them to the cause of perfect beauty that is the just reward of every soldier, sailor and Marine.

You can minimize bad points in your face by remembering that a lighter tone of cream emphasizes and a darker tone detracts. For instance, a double chin practically fades out if the foundation cream used there is a bit darker than that used on the face. The sides of a too heavy nose can be softened in the same way. If you have those fascinating high cheek bones like Claudette Colbert's, emphasize them with light cream and use a foundation a trifle darker in the hollow of the cheeks.

First on your list of glamour aids!
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!

Dress up *and vary a simple, basic dress with smart new, hair-dos and change of accessories! The gorgeous, beaded collar shown here ties at back. Makes an office dress look like a "date" dress. The lovely new hair-do is suitable for any evening occasion.*

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bathtub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Special Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Special Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

New Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added gives thrilling new beauty results! Leaves hair far more manageable, more alluring, too!

Every beauty expert knows that lovely hair, beautifully arranged, is any girl's first step to glamour! So don't put off trying our new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Because Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it, to leave hair silkier, smoother, and far easier to arrange—right after shampooing! If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed at the difference!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Special Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Be sure to ask for this wonderful improved shampoo by its new name . . . Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or get a professional shampoo with Special Drene at your favorite beauty shop!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Speak FOR YOURSELF

Virginia Gilmore, who deserves something she's just beginning to get from studio front offices

$10.00 PRIZE

Open Letter to M-G-M

THE unpleasant rumor is circulating that you have committed an unpardonable sin—that of letting down your grandest star, Jeanette MacDonald.

It was hardly credible, but after seeing "I Married An Angel," I can well believe it! How any producer, manager, or whatnot, knowing her wonderful work in "Naughty Marietta," "Maytime," "Sweetheart," "Bittersweet,"—etc., could put her in that inferior farce is more than even the Quiz Kids could answer. Not that *she* let *you* down even then—oh, no, she gave of her best to a fantastic affair that was wholly beneath her from start to finish.

And now we understand she refuses to renew her contract with you, because you promise her no better stories in the future and we, her fans, cry shame upon you!

Let me tell you, Messrs. M-G-M, we, her thousands of loyal supporters, are solidly behind Jeanette MacDonald, now and always.

We don't care whether she appears under the insignia of Leo the Lion or Peter Rabbit or Sammy Squirrel, but we shall demand more and better roles for our favorite from some producer in Hollywood.

And to us in the gallery, knowing how Jeanette has helped line your pockets with gold, you look pretty small right now, Messrs. M-G-M.

Martha O. Farrington,
Lyndonville, Vt.

$5.00 PRIZE

"Buy-and-Buy"

BETTE DAVIS just gave a grand performance as an A-1 American in a Bond Rally at our Auditorium last night. She was charming!

Not the high-hat, sharp-tongued, selfish little beast of that excellent movie portrayal of *Stanley* in "In This Our Life" at a local theater. Which proves what a grand little actress she is.

I did go to see a glamorous movie star, to bask in her scintillation, but I met a levelheaded little business woman who had sacrificed a much-earned vacation to help me, and millions like me, realize our immediate *need* for Stamp, and Bond-buying.

Maybe Bette's head touches clouds of well-deserved happiness, but her feet are firmly planted on good American soil.

She may be an "Oscar" winner, a movie celebrity with millions in dollars, but she likes beef as we do, drinks milk as we do and says hell is what our boys are going through for us, just as we do. . . .

Seeing and hearing Bette gives people like me a grand and glorious urge to buy and buy until by and by the danger of dictatorship passes.

If I was asleep, I'm certainly awake now.

Thanks, Bette!
Sybil Bruce Leach,
St. Joseph, Mo.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE

Something To Remember

WHEN I walked out of the theater where I saw "Pride Of The Yankees," I couldn't utter a word. I felt deeply in awe of the scenes that had unfolded before my eyes. In fact, I felt as if I had been to church!

Yes, Gary Cooper has triumphed again! He is an actor so intensely human that words cannot adequately describe him. But—his acting alone did not make this picture one that will forever hold a cherished corner in our hearts. Teresa Wright held a big candle in the light of that success. She is so fresh-looking, so gay and lovely! The tender moments of love and happiness they shared together were (*Continued on page* 104)

SONJA HENIE THRILLS TO Her Canary's Song

SONJA HENIE, starring in "ICELAND"—A 20th Century-Fox Production

THE PET OF HOLLYWOOD STARS IS

the Only Pet that Sings!

Are *you* longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary—the pet Hollywood adores—and let his happy song "light up" *your* home!

There is no finer pet than a Canary . . . the pet everyone loves. It is a pet *you* can keep without great cost or care . . . and the *only pet that sings!*

Get a Canary *today!* Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song. You'll thrill to his cheery refrains that help drive care away and make you feel like singing, too.

FREE! *Every lover of pets will want French's superbly-illustrated book about Canaries*—just off the press.

Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings . . . Guides for the proper selection of a Canary . . . Instruction in the breeding of Canaries as gifts or for profit.

Send for your FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail name and address—on a penny postcard, to The R. T. French Company, 2522 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

In Hollywood

4 out of 5 Canary Owners demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED

Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S—today and *every* day!

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

Dorothy Lamour

Dorothy Lamour, American

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN was packed to the guards. It was the final night of the thirty-day stretch of Bond-selling for Stars Over America. An A.W.V.S. escort carried Dorothy Lamour and her party safely through to the section where the stars were lining up for their stint on the great platform. I, as your reporter, was there with Dorothy to tell you firsthand what happens to a star selling Bonds.

Out of the galaxy of great names—Paulette Goddard, Myrna Loy, Joan Blondell, Veronica Lake, Jinx Falkenburg, William Gargan, Burgess Meredith, Pat O'Brien and a host of others—Edward Arnold, master of ceremonies, called, "Dottie Lamour!" And as Dorothy stepped across the giant stage the crowd gave a long and appreciative whistle. The selling began and wound up with Dottie minus one more sarong to the tune of $10,000.

As she stepped down from the platform into the teeming crowd, I said to her, "After this you'll have to rest up in a hospital."

"Oh, no I won't," she answered quickly. "My job has only just begun."

Just begun! After twelve days of whirlwind Bond-storming in which she made a hundred and five speeches and sold in excess of $35,000,000 in Bonds! After having been the one herself to start this whole gigantic campaign of stars as Bond salesmen to America! For it was Dorothy who, just three days after the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and the Honolulu she loved, pointed the way single-handed. She couldn't carry a gun, but she did have a name. She'd make that name help Uncle Sam sell his all-important Bonds.

The evolution of this new person who was once Dorothy Lamour, the sarong queen, is one of the most impressive I have ever known. She is an object lesson to every one of us. Why? She has no great oratory to offer the crowd. She doesn't use a prepared speech whipped up by some brilliant publicist. She doesn't dance, tell jokes or sing. ("Heavens," laughs Dottie, "if I did, maybe they wouldn't buy Bonds!") She hasn't even evolved any trick, sure-fire selling slogans.

She just talks—talks straight from the shoulder with a ringing sincerity that reaches down into the hearts of her audience and pulls out Bonds.

"I'm asking you to give your money—at a good profit—for the eyesight, the legs, the arms, the very lives of the men who are fighting for you. That's a pretty easy exchange. Come on, now. Who'll buy a Bond?"

And so it goes across the country. A man in Massachusetts says, "I will! I just lost my boy." Dottie hurries him to the microphone and asks him to tell the crowd just that. A hundred other volunteers follow.

A blacksmith in Maine takes a $1,000 Bond. An office girl in Illinois takes another $1,000 Bond. A little old lady in Indiana takes two dollars worth of stamps, a most precious offering. She's living on relief because her two sons are in the service and she's too old to work.

In Portsmouth, Maine, sixty solemn boys are sworn into the Navy on the stage where Dottie is appearing. When she calls for Bond buyers three of them are the first to raise their hands. Afterward, they pass the hat among themselves to buy her a present.

These are the things that make America. These are the things the Japs didn't bargain for at Pearl Harbor where they made a great American of Dorothy Lamour.

Fred R Sammis

HEARTBREAK FOR MICKEY ROONEY

For the first time in his life Mickey, with his marriage to Ava a failure, faces defeat. Was he to blame? Was she to blame?

THE Mickey Rooneys are divorcing. Barely eight limelighted months after the simple wedding ceremony at the little Santa Ynez Valley Presbyterian church, Hollywood's most talented boy and the beautiful girl from North Carolina are calling it quits in the court of domestic relations. So say the little ink words on Case Number —; charges, extreme cruelty; signature, Ava Gardner Rooney.

Behind those words lies more than the usual disillusionment story of a man whose home has failed and a woman who bleakly faces emotional bankruptcy. Acute as may be the sense of personal disaster to these two, there is a farther reaching drama involved. For in his marriage failure

Mickey's mother, before the wedding, gave his marriage to Ava Gardner three weeks. She knew then what everyone is just finding out

BY SARA HAMILTON

Mickey Rooney is facing his first major defeat. And make no mistake —it *is* major, just as everything else about Mickey has been, since *Andy Hardy* made a star out of him. He can put on the best performance of his life to fool his friends; but this time it won't get him an Oscar. He can write a symphony, play the drums, jive with the jitteriest; but it still hurts.

Mickey isn't the only one. There's Ava, young, beautiful, asking a lot of her marriage—too much, perhaps. For there came a day when the little Southern girl could stand no more bewilderment and unhappiness. Two of the few friends whom she came to know in her brief stay in Hollywood were Jimmie Fidler and his wife. To this reporter she gave the news of her decision to file suit for divorce and that very night listened with her heart pounding as he made the announcement over his broadcast. . . .

That was the first authentic word the public had of the marital differences of the Rooneys. But it was by no means Hollywood's introduction to the possibilities of a split-up—not in this town where grapevines are more prolific than the city water mains. Rumors had come seeping through from neighbors in the beautiful Wilshire Palms apartment where Mickey ensconced his bride that she could be heard nagging him. Other reports had it that Ava was desperately attempting to make a home for Mickey, cooking and tending the house, but he would have none of it. Then when Ava went home for a visit to her mother in Wilson, North Carolina, the grapevine started up afresh with word that she was leaving him, a report which was quashed not so much by Mickey's hot denials as by Ava's early return to Hollywood.

But the peak of the rumors was reached on the anniversary of their first six months of marriage. On that occasion the reports said there had been a downright battle in which Ava came out the loser.

As in all such affairs, the truth lies somewhere in between. But on one point—why they are divorcing—there can be no doubt.

The true reasons are obvious and simple. They were too young, and completely unsuited. The girl from Wilson, North Carolina, might as well have been an immigrant from the steppes of Russia, so far was she removed from Mickey Rooney's world.

Remember she had been in Hollywood only a few short days before she met Mickey. She had come West with her older sister Beatrice, who gave up a New York job and gambled her savings to make sure that Ava was properly cared for until they saw if her stock contract at Metro came to anything. (*Continued on page* 91)

My Christmas

The Christmas bells—with a few gongs thrown in—ring out, with the famous Hopper handing out some pungent Hollywood spice

IN this year of grace 1942, we're going to forget about our own presents and the things we counted on so much in the past—like cars, jewels, sables, homes, antiques, parties, who will give the best, who will have the cream of the crop, who will outdo each other as far as glamour and show-off is concerned—and we'll remember only one thing: That it's our men and women in service who are to be considered. And the greatest Christmas all peace-loving people throughout the world could have would be winning the war. Hollywood's put aside selfishness for a great ideal, so that we can once again try to live up to the Master's teaching, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

But that doesn't prevent our giving tips to Santa Claus on what could make our folks a little bit happier, and maybe, along with them, us too! And we'll do it early enough this year

Present for Charles Boyer: A little red-hot schoolhouse

"From Santa to Hedda"—but what would Charlie McCarthy say!

to please even Uncle Sam, who says all boys and girls should get their Christmas orders in way ahead.

So let's begin with Abbott and Costello. Please, Santa, give them an original story, instead of the same old bilge. But, on the other hand, who am I to gripe, when millions of our citizens rush to see them, no matter what they're in? Why, Lou could play *Little Eva* and Bud *Uncle Tom,* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with or without music, and still keep the wolf from the door.

Santa, take the stuffing out of Brian Aherne's shirts and give it to the war effort.

How about a great big boat for Eddie Albert in his Coast Guard duty?

For Fred Astaire—another picture, dear Santa, with Ginger Rogers, and another with Marjorie Reynolds.

For Connie Bennett—this coming year without a lawsuit.

And please, Santa, if Uncle Sam gets Edgar Bergen, won't you have him hang Charlie McCarthy on the Christmas tree at my house?

And to Jimmy Cagney, another "Yankee Doodle Dandy"; and might I humbly suggest the life of Irving Berlin, which might get Irving a Congressional medal like the one given to George M. Cohan? He's doing an awful lot to earn it.

To Bette Davis, another picture with Director Willie Wyler, so she'll have another worthy sparring partner, which she loves above all else. And we've just got to give Bette another Oscar, if for nothing else than to raise the blood pressure of other Hollywood stars.

For Gene Autry—just give him the rope and a chance, Santa

Why should I bother, dear Santa Claus, about Marlene Dietrich? She'll help herself to anything that's handy. She always does. And might I add, we'd miss her most frightfully if she ever left us, 'cause she still adds glamour to a town that's doing everything it can to forget glamour.

Tips to Santa

BY

Hedda Hopper

For Ginger Rogers: Something she's been without a long time

To Paulette Goddard, a miniature White House as a consolation prize. Not that she'll ever need any consolation.

To Ilka Chase—"How To Make Friends And Influence People," Dale Carnegie's best seller.

To Claudette Colbert—please, Santa, make her head of the Victory Committee, so they'll adopt some of her ideas. Then they'd learn what she knows about organization, which is plenty. In fact, she might help you with your campaign of good will, Santa.

I'D suggest for Judy Garland a blessed event. She'd look so cute as a mother—and you couldn't tell which was the baby.

For Ginger Rogers—I'm really asking for something for Ginger. Though you'll scarcely believe that one gal would ask you to give another gal a husband, I think that's what Ginger needs. Not that she hasn't done pretty well on her own, but I think she's been without one long enough; and no girl her age is complete without a mate. Or am I just too sentimental?

For Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, the legal adoption of the little boy who's been living with Mary for more than six months.

Madeleine Carroll—give her sense enough to hang onto the good thing she's got, meaning Stirling Hayden.

Dolores Del Rio—great happiness in Mexico.

Mary Astor—another "Dodsworth," with Walter Huston playing opposite her. Nor would that be bad for him, either.

Gene Autry—give him a chance to go get Hitler. Look how he polishes off all his villains in those Westerns!

To Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable, Henry Fonda, Jeffrey Lynn, Ty Power—all our stars who might have wangled commissions for themselves but who didn't—a medal for their vision and honesty.

Note to Santa: Costello could be Little Eva, Abbott, Uncle Tom

Drawings by Gene Wilson

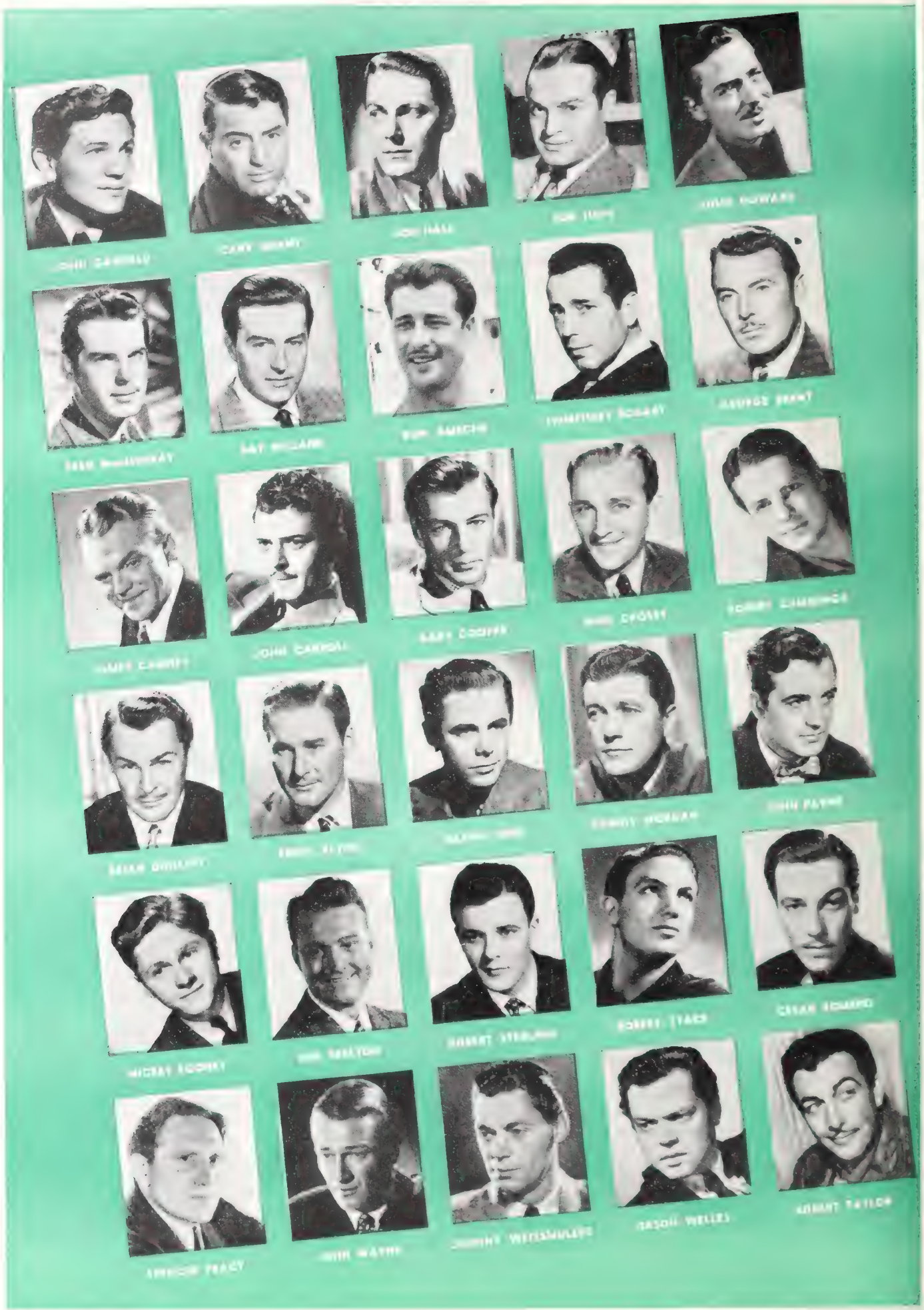
Hedy Lamarr: This Christmas she won't get, she gives for Hedda

Jack Oakie—unless he behaves, give him back to the Indians.

For Shirley Temple, make the producers realize that she's grown-up and is no longer a child actress but an adult, and write stories accordingly. She could step right into the shoes vacated by Mary Pickford.

Roz Russell—let's make her a producer. She has more sense, intelligence, charm, femininity and acting ability than half a dozen of our top people rolled into one. Everybody recognizes what she's done for Hollywood, so let's do something for her in recognition of it. Then, too, think of the fun we'd have if Roz were made a producer.

Myrna Loy—I think we can skip Myrna, 'cause I believe Nature has already started (*Cont'd on page* 72)


JOHN CARROLL
CARY GRANT
JON HALL
BOB HOPE
JOHN HOWARD
GENE RAYMOND
RAY MILLAND
RON RANDOLL
HUMPHREY BOGART
GEORGE BRENT
JAMES CAGNEY
JOHN CARROLL
GARY COOPER
BING CROSBY
ROBERT CUMMINGS
DENNIS MORGAN
JOHN PAYNE
MICKEY ROONEY
RONALD REAGAN
ROBERT TAYLOR
CESAR ROMERO
SPENCER TRACY
JOHN WAYNE
ORSON WELLES
ROBERT TAYLOR

The Truth About Hollywood Deferments

By "Fearless"

Yes, a lot of the stars have been deferred—and they haven't been able to tell the public why! Here's the inside information

WHILE it is true that publicity often overemphasizes Hollywood happenings and that the smallest mistakes of stars are exaggerated, draft deferments in the film industry will take explaining.

The personalities of the fabulous films are on the spot in the matter of serving their country. It is useless to deny that motion-picture stars have been getting the best of it (as to immunity from draft.) Some have been given special deferments and choice assignments and, even when taken, often have been allowed extra months to finish pictures before having to report for active duty.

Husky film heroes without dependents or physical disabilities have frequented sporting events, night clubs and social gatherings, apparently without fear of the draft board—while their country cousins and city pals were being called from their jobs and their homes by the Army, or were cleaning up their affairs to enlist in the Marines or the Navy.

Nor were other members of the film industry so immune. Pictures were held up because technical men, crew hands and laboratory workers were drafted or had volunteered for service —while the ranks of the stars seemingly thinned not at all.

As late as August of this year few important players were to be seen in uniform. Jimmy Stewart, Robert Montgomery, Doug Fairbanks, Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Bill Holden, Jeffrey Lynn, Gene Raymond, Burgess Meredith, Tim Holt and one or two others were notable exceptions—an amazingly low percentage in view of the statements regarding those supposed to be on the verge of going.

Months passed with the stars still among those present and the public began to ask why. Wives, sisters, parents and sweethearts of drafted men who had little worldly goods to fight for wondered why their loved ones should face danger and death while the men to whom America had given so very much remained behind.

The stars have sensed this growing resentment, rubbed to a rawer edge by the actions of those few who pulled strings to get commissions in behind-the-lines jobs as Army, Navy and Marine press agents, intelligence officers and "specialists," this latter covering a multitude of assignments such as Tony Martin's job of running a theater.

Yet, when a star would have responded to this spur of public opinion and joined the fighting forces, he ran head on into an unyielding wall of pressure. For that is the paradox of Hollywood deferments. The stars are, in the main, deferred—not by request, but because of circumstances. No more than in Milwaukee or Spokane have Hollywood's draft boards put into 1-A men who are married, who have children, or who live under other special circumstances allowed for by the Selective Service Act.

There is, of course, no law against a man with a family volunteering. But there has been, in a surprising number of cases, the ceaseless, urgent plea of the studios, of fellow workers, of friends and well-meaning advisers to "stay on the job."

Then Clark Gable kicked the flood gates open by joining up as a private in the officers training school for the Air Corps. Tyrone Power, who had been none too happy over the failure of his attempt to enlist as a non-commissioned officer in the Navy and the publicity that followed his move, threw off the shackles and enlisted in the Marines. At the same time Henry Fonda signed up as a seaman with the Navy and the movement of star enlistments began in earnest.

But not all stars who would willingly have followed the example of the Three Musketeers were free to do so. Yet in no case has a star been able to speak and say why.

Even those whose physical disabilities placed them out of the draft have had to keep their mouths shut. Some who might better have gone into service but who took advantage of technicalities to stay out have welcomed the cloak of censorship Hollywood flung over itself.

So "Fearless," who feels it is only fair to tell the whole truth about Hollywood deferments, has compiled as complete, as authentic and honest a list of Hollywood men who have not yet gone into service, together with their draft status, as it has been possible to make. Not every Hollywood personality is covered, due to lack of space, but you'll find most of the significant ones represented here. Also, our chief concern is with Americans, not those of other nationalities.

"Fearless" now asks, in return for this information, obtained from a hundred different confidential sources, that with the evidence before you, you bring in an unprejudiced verdict.

See chart of stars' war statuses on next page

NAME OF STAR	DEPENDENTS	STATUS, WAR ACTIVITIES, ETC.
Bud Abbott	Wife, one child	Active in Bond drives, Government shorts, camp tours.
Don Ameche	Wife, four children	Radio programs for different charities and Government. "Command Performance" show and U. S. O. appearances.
Humphrey Bogart	Wife	Radio for patriotic and war programs. Personal appearances. Coast Guard Auxiliary. Has turned his boat over to Coast Guard.
George Brent	Wife (not dependent)	Going on full-time duty as civilian instructor with Army Air Force.
James Cagney	Wife, relatives	Executive member of Hollywood Victory Committee. Was on Caravan—made personal appearances, went on radio.
John Carroll	Wife (divorced), one child	Radio shows and personal appearances for Bond sales.
Gary Cooper	Wife, one child	Radio appearances for charity and war shows.
Lou Costello	Wife, two children	Active in Bond drives, Government shorts, camp tours.
Bing Crosby	Wife, four children	Favorite entertainer for all branches of service. Has appeared at many camps. Also appeared for Red Cross and other causes. Tours with the Crosby-Hope Golf Circus.
Robert Cummings	Wife, mother	Flight Commander with Civil Air Patrol. Also captain in Air Corps Reserve awaiting assignment to active duty.
Brian Donlevy	Wife	Personal appearances on road.
Nelson Eddy	Wife and mother	Air-raid warden.
Errol Flynn	Wife (divorced), one child	Rejected physically after trying to enlist. Radio programs for Government.
Glenn Ford	Mother	In training for Coast Guard. Radio and personal appearances.
John Garfield	Wife, one child	Toured Army camps.
Cary Grant	Wife (not dependent)	Personal appearances; Victory Caravan; "Command Performance" radio shows. Very large contributor—first to British, now to American relief organizations.
Jon Hall	Wife (not dependent)	On radio for Treasury Department. Also personal appearances. Awaiting call.
Van Heflin	Wife	Entering service within sixty days.
Bob Hope	Wife, two children	Probably has done more charity and service shows than anyone else in country. Radio shows and recordings for service use. Tours with Crosby-Hope Golf Circus. Toured camps with own show in Northwest, Alaska and Aleutian Islands.
John Howard	Mother and father	Radio shows.
Alan Ladd	Wife (not dependent), one child	Reported physical disability.
Fred MacMurray	Wife, one child	Radio shows for Government. Very active worker for Hollywood Victory Committee. Active in civilian defense service.
Joel McCrea	Wife (not dependent), two children	Government air programs and show for Mexican Army.
Ray Milland	Wife, one child	Considerable radio work for Government.
George Montgomery	Single, family dependents	Radio and personal appearances for Bond-selling.
Dennis Morgan	Wife, three children	Air-raid warden.
George Murphy	Wife, one child	Camp and Government air shows. Hollywood Victory Committee.

(*Continued on page* 104)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Claudette Colbert: Appearing in Paramount's "Palm Beach Story" ..... *page 35*

George Montgomery: Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "China Girl" ..... *page 38*

Mary Beth Hughes: Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Oxbow Incident" *page 38*

Marjorie Reynolds: Appearing in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm" *page 39*

Robert Sterling: Appearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You" ... *page 39*

Janet Blair: Appearing in Columbia's "Something To Shout About" ..... *page 42*

Alan Ladd: Appearing in Paramount's "The Glass Key" *page 44*

Claudette Colbert

Miss Bette Davis
Hollywood
California
Riverbottom
In answering these letters I am not seeking to set down hard and fast rules of conduct. I am merely giving my own personal opinion as to the course I would follow, were I in the position described by the letter-writer. Of course, since I don't know the actual persons involved, and since I know that circumstances always alter cases, under these conditions my advice must not be considered authoritative in any instance.
Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

Photoplay-Movie Mirror institutes the greatest advice feature of the year

BELIEVING that there is great need for wise counsel in this troubled world, Photoplay-Movie Mirror has persuaded Bette Davis, the woman who is Hollywood's famous advice star, to act as consultant to its readers. So every month Miss Davis will study the letters you send her and give her answers on these pages. Naturally she cannot cover every individual query; she will of necessity have to choose those problems which seem most universal. But you may rest assured your letter will be read personally by her and, as proof, each one of you will receive her acknowledgment. Address your letters to Miss Bette Davis, c/o Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. And have no fear that your identity will be revealed to the world, for no names of towns are given and all names of persons are changed to protect the writers. From her personal mail Bette Davis has selected these letters as the ones to be answered this month through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

The Editors

DEAR Miss Davis:

My husband has been drafted and sent to a training camp nearly 2,000 miles away. A good many girls have had to give up their husbands to the Army, but I wonder how many of them face the same problem that I do. You see, I had only known my husband six months before we were married. And we were married chiefly because he was going to be drafted and he said he couldn't bear to leave me unless he knew that I belonged to him.

He didn't know that for two years before I met him I had been going steady with a nice boy, Tom, in our town. Tom won't be taken into the Army because he was blinded in one eye during a hunting accident.

He has telephoned me several times, asking for dates. I told my mother at first that I didn't want to talk to him but she says I'm foolish.

I'm still in love with my husband and I write to him every day, but I'm only twenty-two and I'll have to admit that I think I'll go crazy sitting at home night after night.

What do you think I should do? Refuse to see Tom? Or go out with him on a strictly friendly basis? If I do that, should I tell my husband about the dates or just keep it quiet?

Eleanor J.

Dear Eleanor J.:

You are probably only one out of the hundreds of girls who married in haste because of the war.

My deduction is that you are more in love with Tom than you are with your husband, in spite of what you say. However, let us suppose that you don't realize that fact yourself.

In a way, it seems selfish for a boy to want to marry just before he leaves for camp; this is a man's way of putting a girl on the shelf for the duration although he can do nothing for her, not even offer her companionship. It is, in fact, a type of hoarding.

I think you want me to say that it is quite all right for you to go out with Tom. Personally, that is exactly what *I* would do under the circumstance, being careful to keep our relationship entirely friendly—if you could manage it that way.

Every girl has to look down the road of the future and decide upon one of two paths for herself. She has to foresee the consequences of any given act. In this case there is a chance that townspeople are not going to understand your going out with Tom and that you may suffer from undue criticism. Also, Tom may get out of hand.

If you don't tell your husband you have been seeing Tom, he will learn of it in time, make no mistake about that. Then pray that your husband is an understanding soul.

Finally, beware of propinquity. Being with Tom a great deal may create even greater problems than loneliness and boredom.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

This is not the typical "fan" letter. I have never before written a stranger a letter, but I suppose there is a first time for everything.

I'm a widow, Miss Davis. I'm only twenty-seven, financially independent, and I have a rather good education. But I can't seem to meet the right sort of man. I try not to be too particular; I've done all the usual little stunts such as going out with a perfect bore of a man just on the chance that I might meet someone interesting. Alas, I meet only more bores.

Worse, practically every man who takes an interest in me eventually works around to the old cliché—"Well, well, are you a *merry* widow!" In the town in which I am now living only a girl who will try anything once is considered a good sport.

I don't intend to sacrifice my ideals for cheap companionship. Yet I don't want to live my life alone. So my problem is this: How can I meet a "good" man?

How does one attract a man one meets casually? And how does a girl who *has* been married keep a man interested while refusing to grant him certain taboo favors?

I shall appreciate any advice you care to give me.

Most cordially yours,

Mary-Jo G

Dear Mrs. G.:

In any woman's life, she meets only a few men who really appeal to her, so she must be careful not to drive those away. Life has a way of solving itself, if one doesn't push it too impatiently. (*Continued on page 77*)

George Montgomery

Mary Beth Hughes

Reynolds

Sterling

Portrait

If you got Greer Garson o

SHE has a passion for wearing gloves and boasts a large collection of them.

She never eats garlic.

She sings Russian ballads in Russian and is bored by tennis matches. Her hair is described by painters as Florentine red.

She is always jarred by the snap of a woman's handbag.

She makes the writer think of a cool winter sun.

Her name is Greer Garson.

She is addicted to long telephone conversations, has never argued with a traffic cop, and is overly fond of Chinese shrimps and chicken chow mein. She is five feet, seven inches tall.

She cannot abide birds in cages.

Her eyes are a sea color changing from blue-green to gray according to the color of her gown. She has no sense of time and is seldom punctual. She has never been on an elevated train.

She scrubs her teeth with powder,

Greer—the name's from her mother's maiden name, an Irish contraction of MacGregor—came to Hollywood because Louis B. Mayer convinced her that the California sunshine would add another ten years to her mother's life. Right: With Mrs. Garson in their English-type country house in Bel-air, fashionable suburb of Hollywood

# of a lady with red hair

he phone, she'd talk to you for hours—probably along such intimate lines as these

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

never wears earrings, and is an accomplished pianist.

She is never prompt in answering letters. She never chews gum and dislikes indoor table games. She is frequently catching cold and modestly attributes her hard-won success to luck.

She never drinks cocktails or hard liquor.

She has terrific sudden periods of depression and never eats before going to bed. She cannot sleep in the daytime.

She never reads popular magazines or novels. She gets very seasick, doesn't like night clubs and hopes never to retire from her profession. She hates wearing hats and rarely buys any.

She has never smoked cigarettes.

Greer Garson's given name is from her mother's maiden name, Greer, an Irish contraction of MacGregor. She has never seen a baseball game.

She sleeps in the raw in summer, wears a sheer nightgown in winter, and was the only actress ever to belong to the exclusive Women's University Club of London. She is right-handed and takes vitamins only when working.

She hates posing for portraits.

She is a very good gin rummy player and has a secret ambition to become an expert ski-jorer. Her pet radio aversions are women evangelists and hillbilly troubadours. She was born on September 29, in County Down in North Ireland.

She never drinks beer or ale, is an excellent horsewoman and has no superstitions. She believes this is the happiest period of her life, and is very fond of cucumber-and-cream cheese sandwiches. She is extremely tidy in her habits.

She can't stand the opera "Rigoletto."

She likes sunbaths, avocados and the poetry of John Donne. She has an unfailing memory for names and places, and nurtures a strong prejudice against women's wearing slacks in the city.

She is terrified by big, lavish affairs.

She never had a press agent until she came to Hollywood. Her favorite colors are sea tones but she admits she looks best in black. She speaks French fluently.

She owns two French poodles, one Siamese cat and a fishbowl housing a rare 150-year-old goldfish. She doesn't like jewelry.

She hates boogie-woogie and noisy jive.

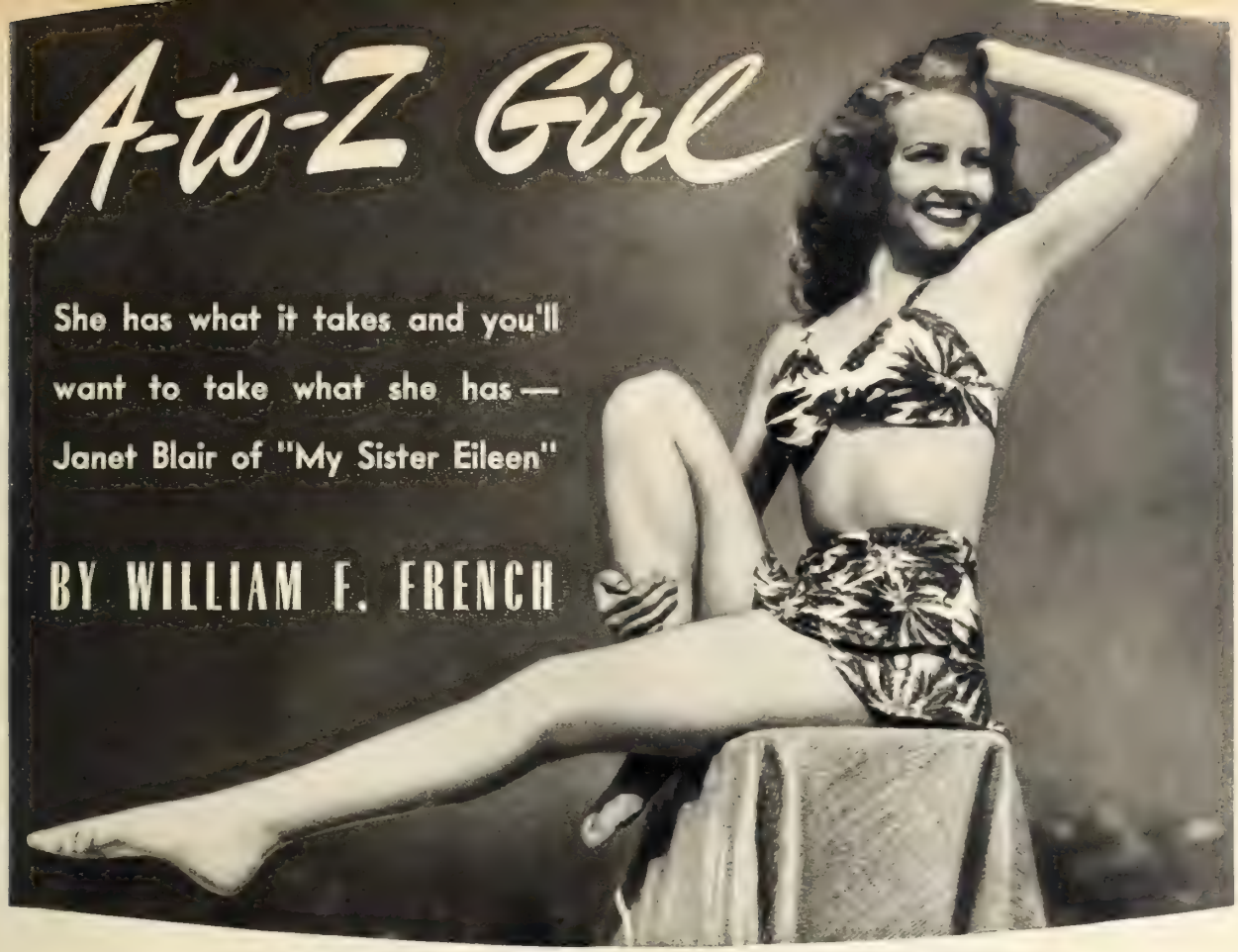
She likes her potatoes whipped or baked and thinks the most desirable asset in a husband is that he love her "madly and irrevocably to the day of my death."

She can ride a bicycle, memorize dialogue quickly, and whistle a good tune. She washes her hair herself, rinsing it with a cup of inexpensive California champagne. She possesses two Steinway (*Continued on page* 80)

She can't abide birds in cages, but she loves dogs, owns two French poodles

She arrived in Hollywood in 1937 with high hopes and a Bachelor of Arts degree

Janet Blair



A-to-Z Girl

She has what it takes and you'll want to take what she has—Janet Blair of "My Sister Eileen"

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

THE trick of getting ahead in Hollywood is to be on the spot with what it takes. And sometimes it takes plenty.

Universal Studio was facing quite a problem finding a girl to play opposite George Raft in "Broadway." She had to be a whirlwind of youth and vitality; be a dramatic actress; be able to sing; and have the appeal, figure and grace to glamorize Raft's big dancing sequence.

Neither casting nor anyone else seemed to know a girl who could fill the bill. That is, no one but Pat O'Brien, co-star of the picture.

Pat said he'd give them the phone number of a gal who could do all they wanted done, and play third base as well. O'Brien told producer Manning that if he'd get a print of "Two Yanks In Trinidad" and take a gander at the little number who played with Brian Donlevy and him in that epic he'd discover a nifty cure for his headache.

Universal took the gander, decided the girl had what they—and the public—wanted. Thus, film-goers had a substantial introduction to the new talked-about, Janet Blair.

Meanwhile Columbia, Janet's home studio, had a problem of its own. Having purchased "My Sister Eileen" and signed Rosalind Russell as *Ruth*, it was looking for an *Eileen* to play flint to Roz's steel.

According to the script, *Eileen* was at once beautiful and goofy-looking, naïve and scheming, getting laughs all through the picture. With Roz standing by, twiddling her thumbs, no doubt.

What to do? Should they hire some famous femme zany to compete with Russell, or should they throw an ambitious but unsuspecting youngster to the lions?

Then someone appeared with a report of Janet Blair's showing in the sneak preview of "Broadway." She had wowed them! Pat O'Brien was wearing an "I told you so" ear-to-ear grin.

That afternoon Janet, who was one of those tested for *Eileen*, was told to be on Stage 3 next morning, ready to work.

But, they'll tell you at Columbia, it wasn't Janet Blair's looks or the bag of tricks she showed in "Broadway" and "Trinidad" that made them take a chance on her. It was another quality that has made it possible for a youngster to hold her own with that marvelous performer Rosalind Russell.

As with almost everyone who gets anywhere in pictures, there's a restless urge behind Janet Blair. But the driving force in her case isn't love of fame, or art, or glamour or money. It isn't even our old friend ambition. It's just eagerness—eagerness to try anything, everything.

All her life this little Irisher (her real name is Martha Janet Laferty and her folks call her Janey) has been eager. Eager to live, eager to learn, eager to please. That's how she happened to play on her brother's ball team, sing in the church choir, study ballet dancing, sketch and paint, go in for drama, enter long-distance swimming contests and take part in almost every form of entertainment her home town of Altoona, Pennsylvania, attempted—all before she was fifteen.

Janet can't bear just to be curious about anything. She has to try it out for herself. At Columbia they say that if you wheeled in a caged lion she'd grab a chair and a whip and have a whirl at animal training. But not, they hastily add, if they saw the cage first. For little Miss Blair now comes under the head of a "property" to be carefully guarded.

Janet is so eager she is usually way ahead of herself. That's why, she explains, she's forever leaving things behind.

"My big fault is forgetting things. Back in Altoona, Louise, my older sister, would follow me around, picking up the things I'd forgotten. After Hal Kemp had heard me in a radio audition and (*Continued on page* 81)

Alan Ladd

I MARRIED A "KILLER"

What's it like to be married to Alan Ladd? His wife tells you—and you'll have to pardon her for what she says!

BY SUE CAROL LADD

MONTHS before Alan Ladd and I were married, months before we even knew that we were beginning to fall in love with each other, I was sitting in the office of a prominent casting director talking about Alan's ability.

He listened for a while; then his eyes narrowed with shrewd amusement.

"No woman could be that enthusiastic about a man," he said, "unless she were madly in love with him. You're in love with this Alan Ladd, aren't you, Sue?"

Vehemently I denied it, not only to him, but to myself. In love with Alan! Why, the idea was absurd. My only reason for being so interested in Alan was purely a business one. So I told myself.

Even when Alan told me he was in love with me, I felt that it was just a temporary, passing emotion with him.

"You'll get over it," I promised him. I didn't think it was love he felt for me. I was sure that he was just so grateful for the help I'd given him in his career that he was mistaking gratitude for love. And I was still positive that I was not falling in love with him.

It took many months, even years of knowing Alan, before I was sure that this was no passing emotion on either of our parts; and that neither of us would get over it.

Ever since movie-goers learned that Alan and I were married, many people have wondered what it is like to be married to the menacing killer, the *Raven,* of "This Gun For Hire."

Well, I can tell you, but you'll have to pardon me if much of what I say sounds like a rave. Any wife who loves her husband probably thinks that he is the best husband in captivity. And I'm no exception. I like and admire Alan so much that even though he has faults, I wouldn't change them if I could. I feel that his very faults are part of his personality. I wouldn't have him without them.

Yet I'll admit that there was one time when I did wish I could change him.

Did you know that he almost lost his life on "This Gun For Hire?" Working for several days in the rain, he caught a severe cold. I begged him to quit working and take a rest, but he wouldn't hold up production because he was so grateful to Paramount for giving him his big break.

One night around dinner time I met him out in front of the studio. I saw that he was shivering and that he might have a chill.

"You need hot soup," I said, and took him to a restaurant across the street. When he couldn't eat it, I knew he was ill and made him go back to his dressing room.

"I'll call a doctor," I said.

He must have known that the doctor would tell him to lay off work, for he said to me, "If you do call one, I'll never talk to you again, Susie."

But I called the doctor anyway; and it turned out that Alan had 104 degrees fever and pneumonia in both lungs. The physician dosed him with a powerful sulfa drug (sulfathiazole) and told him to take a rest. "If you come back to work too soon, you may be in danger of killing yourself," he warned Alan. Paramount said, "Don't come back till you're completely recovered." I said, "If you go back to work too soon, I'll never speak to you again."

So what did Alan do? He was back at work on the fifth day. Still weak and shaken from his illness, he did some of the most difficult stunts in the picture, running up and down, and jumping off a bridge to the train.

I'll never (*Continued on page* 85)

TWO AGAINST LOVE

Chris stood there quietly; it was Riley who spoke from the armchair. In a too tense voice he barked at me suddenly, "I don't like nurses!"

She was too young to understand that the faces of love are many—especially in this place no Hollywood tourist ever sees, and with a man like Riley Sloane

BY HELEN DOWDEY

THEY say that coming events cast their shadows before them. I don't believe it.

That day I walked into Room 22 of the Justin Sanatorium and faced the two men in it, I had not the slightest premonition of what was to happen to them or to me. I was only normally thrilled at what any girl would have thought the big moment of her life. Strange, isn't it?

But then, it was all strange.

Although no tourist ever sees it, Justin Sanatorium is as much a symbol of Hollywood as the Vine Street Brown Derby or Grauman's Chinese. Hidden away in the hills in expensive isolation, it plays as important a part in making movies as that of the casting office or wardrobe department. I hadn't been on its nursing staff two weeks before I found that out.

Justin's is the place to go to have your nervous breakdowns if you're the upper cut of the film colony. Big-name stars and overworked directors came there for seclusion and rest and some poor souls who found the pressure too great appeared regularly to be sobered up . . . only we called it "boiled out." Swimming pools, tennis courts and a wide, green lawn made it look more like a country club than a hospital. Dr. Justin himself, with his clipped mustache and faultlessly modulated manner, was the Hollywood prototype of the fashionable doctor.

To me, fresh from a little Texas town, it was like suddenly moving down the corridors of a world half real, half imaginary. I'd come there on the recommendation of our family doctor when my father's death left me alone, and it was a little frightening to me. If it hadn't been for Chris, I might not have stayed at all and if I hadn't stayed—

I'd liked and trusted Chris on sight. Tall, lean and hard-muscled, he reminded me of men back home, with his gray eyes and un-handsome but attractive face. There was a compelling honesty about him, too, that set him apart from Dr. Justin and the others on the staff. "It isn't that Justin isn't a good doctor," he told me once. "He is. But he has to play the Hollywood game as much as if he were in pictures himself; that's how he makes his dough."

Dr. Christopher Ross, who knows more about the dark recesses of the human soul than anyone I know, was on the staff because it offered him security to support himself and his invalid mother while he continued his researches in psychiatry. And sometimes the patients turned out to be interesting case histories. "Occasionally you get hold of a pretty good neurosis out here," he told me, and grinned.

Oddly enough, it was Chris himself who broke the news that was to change my whole life and entangle me in that pattern of grief and ecstasy and terror that began November 15, 1941, at eleven o'clock in the morning . . . I was to have good cause to remember the day and hour

"If you're free for a minute, meet me at our place," he said as we passed in the hall. "I've got some-

I faced Chris desperately. "Don't send me home with that man. Please —I just can't go on with the case!"

thing important to tell you."

"Our place" was an unfrequented bench screened by three majestic deodars that marked a far corner of the grounds. It was there Chris and I had had our first long talks. It was there he'd told me of his dream to cure men's minds as well as their bodies. "Mental ills can make you as sick as bodily ones—or sicker. Your mind can turn you into a misfit if it's been shocked enough; into a criminal if it's diseased enough. Sooner or later we'll get into the war and then this country will need men with my kind of training. Not only to fight with a gun in our hands, but to fight with knowledge the awful chaos that wholesale murder can bring. That's the way I want to be of service," he had said simply.

And it was at our place only last night that Chris had told me by what he didn't say that he loved me. His mood had been restless, jumpy. I had never before seen him off his even, steady keel. Finally he blurted, "Kay, I don't want to seem to be taking advantage of you. I'm not in a position yet to offer marriage—not with the years of struggle still ahead for me." He'd risen abruptly and begun pacing back and forth. "Sometimes I wonder if a doctor ever has the right to marry."

A warm glow had reached up through me. "Don't worry about any unfairness to me, Chris," I had said softly. "I'll handle that end of it. A bridge is something you can't very well cross until you come to it."

He'd paused and stared hard at me. "I suppose you're right," he'd muttered.

NOW as I watched him coming across the lawn, tall and immaculate in his white uniform, he looked what he was—a healer of men. I told myself he was the sort of man I'd always dreamed of.

He gave his slow smile as he saw me, and took my hands, but his eyes were earnest.

"I've got something to tell you. You're being assigned to a new case this afternoon. An important one. Ever hear of Riley Sloane?"

Riley Sloane! There was hardly a man, woman or child in the United States who, in the last five years, hadn't heard of him. He was the biggest thing in pictures. I'd been too busy ever to become a real movie fan, but I had seen two or three of his pictures and had felt the undeniable Irish charm of the man.

"You don't mean Riley Sloane is coming here and he's to be my case!"

"The studio is sending him. I gather he's not crazy about the idea himself. He's to be your patient because—well, frankly, none of the older nurses is free. It isn't that Dr. Justin doesn't think you're capable; he just wants you to realize how important the case is. Personally, I think you'll do fine—but I must warn you he'll take plenty of handling."

"You mean the iron hand in the velvet glove? What's the matter with him?"

"On the bottle," Chris said briefly. "He's not a chronic drinker, but he's been on a prolonged spree for about a month. The studio wants him boiled out for that part in 'Lost Melody.'"

"Lost Melody" was the gigantic best-seller that for the last year the whole nation had been talking about and trying to cast. Nearly everybody's choice for the part of *Gerald* was Riley Sloane.

"Thrilled?" Chris grinned down at me.

"I suppose I am," I said truthfully. "Not only to see the great Sloane in person but to have him as a patient! The girls I trained with back in Big Springs would swoon with envy if they knew."

"Well, I hope he won't give you too much trouble. He has a pretty bad reputation—he's been in trouble with the studio, trouble with women, trouble with everybody. The tempestuous Celt. He probably has some kind of neurosis. Might be interesting to study, at that."

As we walked back across the grounds, Chris discussed the treatment required for Sloane. Absolute quiet and rest in bed for a few days. Then special baths, gradually increased exercise and therapeutics of various kinds. One of the things I respected most about Chris was the way he never allowed his personal life to overlap his medical one. There was no hint of last night's mood. Now he was just a physician talking with the nurse on the case.

LATE that afternoon I was summoned to Room 22 to meet my new patient.

Chris was standing just inside the door, but my gaze went directly to the big man sprawled in the armchair by the window. The first thing I noticed about him was that he had quite obviously been drunk for some time and was still drunk. He was in complete control of himself, but it was the too tight control of a man who might snap at any moment. His movements were too careful, as if he had had to plan each one before he made it, and his deep-set eyes were overbright and feverish. Brown smudges lay beneath them and lines etched the corners of his mouth. Sober and well, he would look exactly as he did on the screen. The camera hadn't lied about that black, touseled hair or the strong, masculine mouth. But looking at him now, I thought he had the most bitterly (*Continued on page* 87)

Awf'ly Nice

Roddy McDowall may look like a wistful little angel. But don't be misled. He doesn't act like one!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

RODDY McDOWALL can't understand why people think him shy. If they called him crazy, says Roddy, they'd be nearer the truth. "Because I *am*, you know. I do crazy things and go nuts."

His mother's inclined to agree. It embarrasses her to have Roddy, driving with her and seeing a face he likes, wind down the car window and call out a cheery, "Hello, how are you?" to some charming stranger. It startles her to have him come home with the information that he's rented an office. The office is a drawer in the desk of a publicity department friend. He pays a penny a month for it and it's labelled Roddy McDowall's Office. Sometimes he pays two cents in advance to establish his credit. Sometimes he falls behind, for the pleasure of receiving a dunning letter. He insists on a receipt, so he can deduct the amount from his income tax as business expense.

He thinks this false impression of shyness is a holdover from his youth. "When we were little, people would talk to us and we wouldn't respond for a long time, but I think it's because we were considering. Of course Virginia's rather reserved with strangers, more reserved than me, and awf'ly well-behaved. Virginia's my sister, and a year older. She's awf'ly pretty and *awf'ly* nice."

Awf'ly nice is his term of high approbation. It may not sound extravagant, but to get the measure of his enthusiasm, the words must be coupled with the way he says them—all light and warmth and eagerness.

He's a normal twelve-year-old. Like others of his age, this gentleman prefers gore. Asked his opinion of "How Green Was My Valley," he said: "It seemed to go very well."

"Yes, but how did *you* like it, Roddy?"

"Well, I don't really care much for that kind of picture. Not enough bloodshed. I'd rather see a whodunit."

The face may be wistful, but the spirit isn't. It's not lonely communion with his soul which gives his eyes their dream-haunted look. Remarkably well-adjusted to this world, he has only one improvement to suggest—extermination of Hitler and gang. (*Continued on page* 83)

"Virginia's my sister and a year older. She's awf'ly pretty."

HOW TO HOLD YOUR MAN

Says Ray Milland:

"To hold a man's interest I think a girl should do all she can to help him—also let him know she misses him. Most men appreciate good sportsmanship and are bound by it. And if a girl has the hard luck to be mixed up with a heel who takes advantage of such an attitude the sooner the break comes the better—for her."

Says Maureen O'Sullivan:

"If you want to keep a man's interest when he's away I think, first of all, you must see he trusts you. If he isn't sure what you're doing he's not going to care either. He must respect you; then he'll never do anything to hurt you. He must believe you are with him one hundred percent; then he'll feel he hasn't lost his ties with home."

Says Joel McCrea:

"Men like to be mothered. Men in service especially like to be mothered. A special Easter card, a carton of cigarettes wrapped in a star-spangled paper on the Fourth of July, a box of cookies—strong men break down and weep over things like this. I've seen them."

Says Betty Field:

"One way to hold a man—whether he's near or far—is by not perpetually giving him too much attention. Too much attention is boring. An uncertain amount of attention is intriguing."

Says Eleanor Powell:

"Clever letter-writing is a help. Not lovey-dovey letters, but gay, amusing letters. These keep a man guessing. Guessing leads to worry. Worry leads to the next train home—as soon as he gets that leave!"

Says Jack Benny:

"Well, if I were the girl a boy left behind I'd urge him to have fun. I'd repeat that attitude in letters too. It burns a man up when a girl tells him to have a good time; makes him wonder if she's as nuts about him as he is about her. Keeps him chasing—her!"

Says Bing Crosby:

"If you're asking me there's always more chance the boy will lose the girl. Women have the darndest instincts which tell them what to do. This gives them an edge. 'Let your instinct be your guide!'—that's what I'd tell any girl. And if she followed that advice I'll bet she'd be all right."

Says Barbara Stanwyck:

"I think the girls they leave behind will, usually, keep their interest without trying. Boys in service have a disciplined existence. They don't get around much. They're sure to hang a lot of romantic dreams on the girl at home."

Flower in her hair: Nancy Coleman, the girl Warners—and everyone else—is talking about, appearing in "The Edge Of Darkness"

Gleam in his eye: Joseph Cotten, adding his skill to that of Teresa Wright, to make a plus picture of Hitchcock's "Shadow Of A Doubt"

Pocketful O' Songs

Listen! You can hear it—a melody sometimes strong and soaring; sometimes sad and faraway. The words make a story, too—the life story of Judy Garland

At three, Judy kept on singing to her first audience till her father stopped her

"Kiddie Revue" acts knew the Gumms—Virginia, and Sue, and Frances (Judy)

The woman who kept the three little Gumms in tune —Judy's mother Ethel

By JUNE PALMS and CAROLYN DAWSON

IT was only six o'clock but already it seemed dark and chilly in the cheaply furnished room. The two children had been bundled into bed. They were not asleep, however, but stared with big round eyes at an electric sign reflected in the cracked and wavy mirror. "Rooms," the sign spelled out and in smaller letters, "50c & Up."

"Mama," one child said, "what makes the words jiggle so?"

"Hush, dear," the mother whispered, "you'll wake Daddy."

"I'm not asleep," a man's voice said wearily. "Just lyin' here thinking."

"About what?" the woman asked quickly.

There was no response.

"You're worrying again," the woman said. "Worrying about the act. About how we'll *never* get a break. . . ."

"The act will be all right, Ethel. I could do it in my sleep." The man's voice was muffled. "Tank towns! That's the thing that wears me down. We play our hearts out and what does it get us? A fifth-rate room in Peoria."

The woman moved quickly to his side. "Look, Frank," she whispered earnestly. "You're not losing your nerve, are you? The act will make the Palace yet. Last week we had them in the aisles."

"Yeah," Frank said dryly. "We had 'em in the aisles all right. They kept on walking till they reached the street."

The woman sighed. "You're just tired. Tired and blue. Things will look different in the morning."

For a time there was silence in the darkened room. Then two childish voices piped up in a defiant treble.

"Mama," they announced in unison, "we're hungry."

The woman sighed again. "You'd think that gas jet would manage to burn just a minute longer. By then I could have had this oatmeal warm."

"There's a quarter in my pocket," Frank offered.

"You keep that quarter," Ethel advised hurriedly. "We'll need it for the children's milk tomorrow."

SHE struck a match and took the short stub of a candle from somewhere inside a battered make-up kit. Its wavering light revealed a pretty, dark-eyed girl with bangs and locks brought back tightly from the temples in the highly fashionable hairdress of the early nineteen twenties.

"There," she said and set the candle in its broken saucer on the dresser. "This is nicer. Lots, lots nicer."

Virginia spoke with all the dignity of her seven years. "I'm tired of oatmeal."

"Me, too," echoed Mary Jane, aged five.

"Shh!" cautioned Ethel. "Eat your supper now and go to sleep. Listen, Mama will tell you a story. A beautiful story. Once upon a time there was an agent who liked Daddy's act so much. . . ."

Somehow the agent never came along. That is, an agent who believed enough to make a try for Broadway. Week by week the prospects dwindled.

Finally Frank decided that he and vaudeville were quits. A moving-picture theater in a one-horse town could be bought for little more than just a song. Frank had the song.

Thus it happened that on June 10, 1922, the hottest day of the year, Grand Rapids, Minnesota, was the town where little Miss Frances Ethel, the newest addition to the household of Frank and Ethel Gumm, made her initial debut.

"Another girl," a neighbor said in disappointment.

"And am I glad!" Ethel retorted. "We have a trio now." She looked with pride at the red-faced and yawning infant at her side. "Hear that? You make a trio, Frances Ethel. That's good for top billing any time."

What Frances Ethel thought about it she was too bored to say. But not for long. In an amazingly few years she could discuss top billing of a trio with the fluency of a Barrymore. And with almost the same results.

This later work, however, was pursued in a mild form of disguise. Garland was the (*Continued on page* 74)

A guy a girl could

Decision of the month: Every woman wants a husband just like Van Heflin

BY IRENE ZARAT

SEVERAL years ago when Van Heflin had his first Hollywood interview, he set out with the notion that one should oblige.

"Like baseball?" he was asked.

"I love it." (He doesn't know right field from his elbow.)

"Other sports?"

"Oh—football—all of 'em—" (As a college student, he'd gone in duty to one of the big games, gotten soaked in a downpour, caught cold and decided the heck with that.)

He was led by his questioner through various categories, liked everything and knew little about anything he liked. It began to sound dull and not wholly convincing. At length he threw in the sponge. "Look," he suggested. "Go make up your own lies."

So now he tells the truth.

The truth is that he was born a moody character of French-Irish extraction and reborn last May sixteenth when he married Frances Neal. Her hair is red, her nose tiptilted, her spirit gay. He's heard her called beautiful. Himself, he wouldn't know. All he knows is he likes to look at her. She gets such a bang out of life and laughter that it gives him a bang to watch her live and laugh. Her atmosphere dispels the causeless fits of depression he used to wrestle with. What they do doesn't matter. What matters is having "the little mick" around.

He's the kind of guy who'd ache in dumb sympathy with a bereaved pal, but forget to send flowers. A week later he'd ship off a quart of whisky, figuring it would do the pal more good. He's the kind of guy in whom saccharine women produce a form of mild mania. His antidote is to leer at them. He can argue some point of abstract philosophy for hours, untroubled by the fact that he may not know what he's talking about. The mental gymnastics refresh him.

Sailing is his only sport. Before the war and his marriage, he'd spend week ends on Errol Flynn's boat. His closest friend is Charlie Bickford and his admiration for Spence Tracy, as both actor and right guy, is one of the few things he can't put into words.

He scorns superstition but finds himself driving to work the long way every morning. When he took the shortcut a couple of times, bad things happened. Naturally, one had nothing to do with the other, still a man's entitled to his foibles. He used to think he'd enjoy the public attention bestowed on screen actors. Now that he's got it, he finds it embarrassing. Especially since he played the drunk in "Johnny Eager," one wry consequence of which is that every genial soul who's downed a few hails him in brotherhood.

He's no Adonis. Joe Pasternak forestalled his qualms about playing the romantic lead in "Seven Sweethearts." "Yes, yes, I know you're not handsome. I don't want a glamour boy. I want a human being, a guy a girl could fall in love with. I also want an actor." His pull is both subtler and deeper-rooted than that of the collar ads. It's in the thrust of his mind behind his drawling speech, in his dry and irreverent humor, in the way his sardonic pan is transfigured by the extraordinary sweetness of his smile. Joe Pasternak must have seen him in the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story," where Katie Hepburn fell more than half in love with him and audiences went the whole hog. Maybe smart Mr. Pasternak decided that what was good enough for Katharine Hepburn couldn't be bad for Kathryn Grayson.

At Ciro's with his wife Frances—and what matters most to Van is having this "little mick" around

FRANCES and acting are his sole major interests, his hobbies, his diversions, his life. Before meeting her, his idea of fun was work, his idea of punishment a vacation. Most actors enjoy their work, few give themselves to it with Heflin's singlehearted fervor. He's the lucky guy who can earn a living at what he'd be lost without. "Why don't you relax?" people would ask. He didn't know what they were talking about.

It all happened, he'll tell you, because he was funny-looking. His first love was the sea which met his appreciative stare when, at the age of twelve, he was sent from Oklahoma to stay with his grandmother in California. Summers he'd get jobs on boats. Having reached college age, he went back to attend the University of Oklahoma for three years. There the acting bug bit him. The following summer he shipped from San Pedro and disembarked in New York, a character in search of his cousin who was an actress.

By Oklahoma tradition, if you have a fifth cousin on any point of the globe, you walk in on same and stay a few months. Van's cousin was giving a cocktail party. He walked in, wearing his gob's cap and a pair of cowboy boots he hadn't been able to stuff into his bag. Till (*Continued on page* 58)

love

Cousin took him in tow, the guests thought he'd been hired for laughs.

One of them, telling about a part he'd turned down that morning, eyed the greenhorn speculatively and spotted the makings of a gag. "Why don't *you* try out for it?" It became a collective enterprise. They told him what to say and how to comport himself, they primed him with the names of plays in which he was to say he'd appeared. Only a Methuselah could have appeared in them all. Moreover, to ripen the joke, they slipped in three or four plays produced by the very man they were sending him to see.

Fools rush in, et cetera. Van hied him down and rattled off his list of plays. As it happened, Channing Pollock, producer and author of "Mr. Moneypenny," thought this very funny. He tried the fresh kid out, cowboy boots and all, and gave him the part. So, in the perversity of human nature, Van decides a few weeks later that he hates the stage. "It's like Hawaii," he explains. "You dream you can reach up and pick mangos or beautiful babes out of the trees. You find it's just another place." He'd dreamed of the theater as glamour and moonshine. Stripped of illusions, he returned to sea. Urgent parental pleas eventually brought him back to finish his course at the University of Oklahoma, after which he took an M.A. at Yale, in preparation for the dire possibility of a teaching career.

The only good thing to come of his brief affair with the theater was the friendship of Richard Boleslawski. They corresponded. "Deep down you're an actor," Boley told him. "Only you're not ready yet. Get rid of your romantic notions, then come back." He went back after Yale to a series of bad plays, short runs and failures, in the course of which he acquired training, the realistic approach, true love and wedlock with the theater and some excellent notices.

He also ventured into the more conventional type of wedlock with an actress by the name of Esther. The marriage was short-lived, lasting a scant six months. But it came under the head of experience.

Katharine Hepburn saw him in Behrman's "End Of Summer," the first hit he appeared in, and got RKO to sign him for "A Woman Rebels," which was sad for them both. Sadder still for Heflin were the Bs that followed. If he had to do stinkers, he preferred doing them on the stage. So he asked for and was given his release. "What I thought of them," he observes, "is exactly what they thought of me."

He went back to New York at a pretty low ebb. "I felt like a failure and, come to think of it, I was." Stay away from the stage a couple of seasons and you're dead. Van was dead to Broadway, but radio took the corpse in. He became a voice on soap opera three times a day. Till Philip Barry wrote "The Philadelphia Story," with Heflin in mind as the reporter. He went through one rehearsal and quit, because he didn't like the way he was treated in the third act. "Which gives you at a glance the measure of my brains." But his guardian angel was watching that day. Barry wooed him back with a couple of concessions.

"Santa Fe Trail" was made the following summer, while the play took a rest. "This is a heavy. You should never play anything but heavies," they told him at Warners, oblivious of the fact that for months he'd been mowing 'em down as a sex-appeal boy.

"Okay," he said wearily, "I shouldn't play anything but heavies." He enjoyed the picture thoroughly. It was like playing cowboys and Indians, with a horse instead of a broom to ride on. Still he was glad to get back on the road with the play. Hollywood was a shell and a mockery. Hollywood took actors and sliced them into little bits. Nuts to Hollywood.

Then Hollywood released "The Philadelphia Story" and even the carpers hung it with bays. Van slunk around avoiding the picture. He was no dope. He should go looking for inferiority germs? At least he'd wait till the show closed. It closed in Philadelphia on a Saturday night. On Sunday he went to New York, grabbed his sister and steered her to a neighborhood house, where she lent moral support while he saw Jimmy Stewart play the part he'd been playing for two years. He also saw the light. Only a lowlife could sneer at an industry capable of turning out a job like this. What was he sore at then? Not Hollywood obviously, but his own lack of success there. "Which I hope to heaven I'll remember," he says now, "when I suddenly find the snowball's stopped rolling downhill."

Thus chastened and cleansed of error, he betook himself again to Hollywood, resolved to break in like any novice. For the renegade of "Santa Fe Trail," that was hardly necessary. Clutching hands reached, bent on roping and branding him heavy. He thinks heavies are fine—as a first-class stinker, it's always relatively easy to impress an audience. But the menu, he holds, should be varied, so he looked around, picked Metro as the big time, phoned Billy Grady, casting director, and asked for a test. They tested him with Donna Reed.

"It came out remarkable for her and good for me," says Van with appropriate modesty.

"It came out a piperoo for them both," says Billy Grady.

Heflin's no businessman, but figured that his status as an actor would be enhanced if he haggled about terms. That he haggled successfully is apparent in the kind of roles he drew—juicy roles in A pictures, "The Feminine Touch," "H. M. Pulham Esq.," "Johnny Eager." In his unconventional prayers he never fails to bless the name of Mervyn LeRoy for trusting a comparative newcomer with the beautiful, difficult party of *Johnny's* conscience. At the moment he's playing Andrew Johnson, our impeached president, in "Tennessee Johnson." He doesn't look more than one picture ahead. Since college days, he's been a member of the Reserve Corps and is now waiting for a call from the Government. When it comes, he'll go.

Meanwhile, he's learning how to be happy, though idle. He never had many friends. Frances has. People like her. They don't hate him, but he always worked too hard to take time out for friendships. Now her friends brighten the corner where he is.

If she wants to go swimming, they go swimming. If she wants a week end at Arrowhead, he makes reservations. Not that he sinks his personality in hers. (Try and *make* it sink.) To Van it's (*Continued on page* 93)

FEEL THAT

Christmas Headache

COMING ON?

Just reach for the January Photoplay-Movie Mirror and you'll have all the great open spaces on your Christmas list filled in no time!

Our shopping expert spent weeks snooping around the shops and has new and smart suggestions to make which will delight the hearts of Aunt Grace, little Emy Lou, mother and dad, and the Boy Friend, whether he's waiting to hear from the Draft Board or in training somewhere in America.

Let's make this a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas.

Remember—Christmas is one of the things we're fighting for!

Winter Winners

DAY AND NIGHT

Question: What would any girl like for Christmas? Answer: A hostess outfit like this one designed by Earl Luick, worn by Joan Bennett of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Girl Trouble." An all-over quilted coat of brown and white checked rayon silk buttons trimly over white crepe pajamas that have a bias check stripe running down the sides and matching bands on the blouse. The coat flares out in a clever little line, the pajamas follow suit; the whole outfit's perfect for all-around-the-clock

Question: What makes an effective afternoon dress? Answer, by Joan Bennett: A bright color plus simple lines. This dress, designed by Edna Vilm, is of red rayon faille. The drape is ingenious; the bodice the type that flatters any figure. For partying, Joan wears a little hat of bright red velvet roses; for her war work meetings she goes smartly serious in big-brimmed hat of black velvet

Question: How does a girl make a first date come back for more? Answer: She wears a black faille silk and rayon dress with sheer yoke and sleeves like Joan's choice from Demoiselle. It does triple duty—it looks pretty, is just as practical and it's a male compliment-catcher. Turn the page and you'll see a reader wearing the same type dress. Below: Beaver's a best as a winter coat because it teams up with silk dresses for afternoon, goes just as happily with winter wools and sport velveteens

Star-Smart Fashions

AT BUDGET PRICES

You can look as smart as a star! Wear clothes like these of Photoplay-Movie Mirror reader Dorothy Rampone, a U.S.O. hostess, and you'll be a looked-after lady!

A dress with a knowing Hollywood touch—this strikingly simple victory blue rayon crepe that has a jewelled flower spray sparkling on the shoulder. Dorothy's wearing it to a party (she's checking on her date now); she can also wear it to the office, without looking overdressed, on that "tonight I have a date" working day

Dress, $8.95 at Arnold Constable's, N. Y. City

Also in black, red, gold, purple

This luscious emerald green velveteen suit cuts a fancy skating figure. The weskit has little metal buttons marching down the front; the gored skirt flares out gracefully to show the bright lining. Dorothy wears this for skating, for the office, for informal dates; she's also smart and wears the weskit separately as a touch of color over her dark dresses

Weskit and skirt, $10.95 complete at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. City

Also in red or black

The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores specified. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 102

Here's the classic no wise girl is ever without. Dorothy's is in red rayon crepe with a slimming pleated skirt, a black belt closing, and a scrolled little pocket. She's planning a big U.S.O. party here, looking as businesslike as a bank president, looking decorative in a dress all men admire.

Dress, $8.95 at Arnold Constable's, N. Y. City

Also in black, kelly green, victory blue, gold

First love of the fashion-conscious this season: [illegible] Chesterfield. Dorothy bought hers in a soft cherry red with a black velvet collar, wears it to work, and on dates over her evening dresses in the latest [illegible] fashion. It's beautifully tailored, with a fly-front closing, the perfect all-purpose winter coat for a smart young modern.

Coat, $22.95 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. City

Also in brown or black with velvet collar

Because it's smooth, because it's sophisticated, because it's smartly practical, Dorothy chooses this black rayon crepe for her holiday party dress. Her eye was caught by the sheer Jersey yoke [illegible] the enticing [illegible] of the little peplum swishing around it, at the new modified peg-top line of the slim hips—and then just look at the price!

Dress, $7.95 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. City

Also in brown

New Face

In this bright corner—Maria Montez, she of the red hair, the Spanish-Dutch temperament, the bright personality that's made her known in Hollywood. Latin-American born, convent-bred, she spent three years on the Universal lot watching the stars go by, was suddenly chosen to join the procession herself, will probably end up, in Wanger's "Arabian Nights," as a leader of the Hollywood glamour-girl band

Kathryn Grayson's fight for happiness

She is very young, the little Grayson, but even on the very steps of the divorce court, she knew how to save her marriage to John Shelton

BY RUTH WATERBURY

A CERTAIN interviewer, famed throughout Hollywood for "startling" stars into giving out unusual stories, was talking to Kathryn Grayson.

The interviewer, who is well past forty, had never before met Miss Grayson, who is just twenty.

He said to her, "Your type doesn't interest me. I dislike you little girls who are all sweetness and light. You have no temperament."

Kathryn Grayson looked at the man, levelly and calmly, from the depths of her widely spaced hazel eyes.

"Have you heard me sing?" she asked.

"Of course not." said the interviewer, still faithful to his technique of irritating people.

"Well, you should," said Kathryn, "because my voice is my temperament. My voice is Kathryn Grayson. Except for that, you are quite right. I am nothing without it and I'm sure you would find no story in me."

The interviewer agreed and went away and never put down so much as a line about her.

But he and Kathryn were both wrong. There is another story in her, a story much greater than any story about her voice. For many girls can sing charmingly. But the story concerning the heart of Kathryn Grayson is the type of story that occurs most rarely anywhere in the world and practically never in Hollywood. And the time has come when this story may be told.

It is the touching history of a young girl who loves her husband more than she loves anything else in life and that includes fame, fortune, friends and personal happiness.

Right now, with "Seven Sweethearts" finished and proclaimed as an outstanding hit and with its star talked about as the greatest "young voice" in America, Kathryn Grayson, that same star, is living in a tacky little house within short driving distance of Fort Crowder, Missouri.

She is there because John Shelton, her husband, is stationed at Fort Crowder and she wants to be able to spend every minute of his leaves with him.

Kathryn has been married to John Shelton only a little over one year and during that time she has twice gone to court to divorce him. She has charged him with incompatibility of temperament, with mental cruelty and with long absences from home. She has had it drilled into her head how much better it would be for her career if she were divorced. She knows John to be difficult and moody and she faces what all young brides of service men face these days: The possibility of widowhood or of having a man come back home a different person. Yet she is in love with the depth of emotion that is granted only to women who are courageous

(*Continued on page* 94)

Immediately after the marriage began George's campaign to rescue Ann

Why Ann Sheridan and George Brent Have Separated

There was little chance of lasting happiness for this pair. The proof of that? These events that occurred after their wedding

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

HOLLYWOOD hopes the separation of George Brent and Ann Sheridan is only temporary; that by the time you read this the two may be reunited.

But those who know Annie and George, who know the vast differences in their viewpoints and ways of life, are afraid one or the other must change radically before there can be a happy marriage between them.

Like their wedding, the news of their separation came suddenly, swiftly and unexpectedly. But what happened between those two events, the wedding and the parting, leads us to assume there can be little chance of real and lasting happiness unless—but let's tell the story of George and Ann from its start.

To begin with, this is George's fourth known marriage, and rumor has it his fifth. George was married to a young woman in a small stock company in the East before coming to Hollywood. After that venture into wedlock which lasted but briefly, he married Ruth Chatterton. For two years they remained man and wife, his longest marital record. This union was followed by his hurried, hushed-up marriage to the Australian newcomer, Constance Worth, which led to another quick, sudden ending, leaving George bitter and unhappy.

For several years, George had seen Ann Sheridan, the beautiful Texas girl, around the Warner Brothers lot. Everything about and concerning her was contrary to George's way of life. We say this with no disparagement to Ann. As a former flame of George's once said, Brent has always had a great-lady complex. "She has such dignity," was his favorite description of a woman he admired. Ann was no great lady. She was a pal, a comrade, a hail-fellow-well-met to anyone on the lot. "Hi ya, Annie," grips and prop men, publicity men and fellow actors would call. "Hi ya, Annie," and George would wince. Not that George is a snob, remember. Not that he is exclusive or movie-actorish. There is no truer friend of the underdog on the Warner lot than George Brent and the men know it. It's just that he is painfully, woefully shy of people, loathes exhibitionism with all his soul and is completely anti-social.

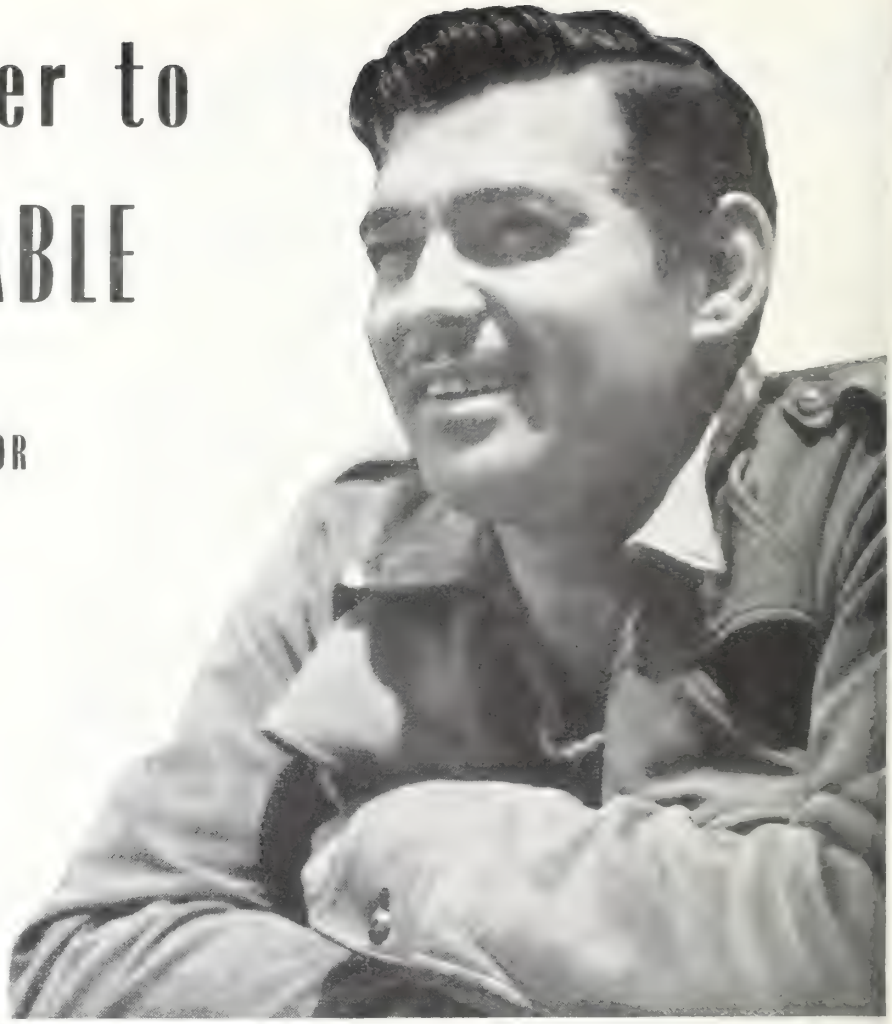
Ann's closest friends are her hairdresser and wardrobe girl. Every moment of her spare time is, or should we say was, spent in their company, chattering, laughing, talking. In the commissary Ann was constantly besieged by people who had complete access to her. There were no barriers as there are with so many stars, barriers that are so necessary to a star's health, time and work.

And so they met—these two at the opposite ends of the earth.

It happened this way. One day Ann, clad in a bathrobe, strolled into the Green Room of the studio's dining room. Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien were lunching with George Brent whom they had come to know after years on the (*Continued on page* 70)

Open Letter to CLARK GABLE

FROM AN EDITOR



DEAR CLARK GABLE:

I'm writing these few words to you not in behalf of your army of fans—they've done their job well—but for those of us who through the years have been your inarticulate admirers; the ones who went to see a picture because you were in it, got a lift from your quality of realness and unbeatable vitality, sent you a mental note of thanks and let it go at that. We're the lazy ones—or perhaps the shy ones.

But you have done something now that makes it impossible for us to sit on our hands any longer.

Nothing can be sillier than this business of patting men on the shoulder for the simple step of joining up with one of the branches of the service. It's pretty logical for a man to decide that nothing else he can do with his time will make sense so long as the Japs and Nazis are riding down every decent-living nation.

We who have come to know you consider it the most natural thing in the world that you should have done what you did—even to passing up the easier way of a comfortable commission and starting at the bottom of the ladder as a private—or, pardon me, a corporal.

We remember how you felt about that trip to Washington when you went East to find out what was the wisest and best thing to do. You came back to Hollywood—remember? —just about the time they were showing the first sneak preview of "Somewhere I'll Find You."

You didn't spare the horses when you talked about that trip. You were impatient because some of them in Washington were still telling you that you could best serve your country by sticking with what you were doing—making pictures that could take people's minds off the terrible things that were happening around them, the restrictions and sacrifices that were creeping up on them.

I was one of those who was inclined to agree with the Washington pleaders, but at the same time I would have bet my bottom dollar that nobody in all the world—not even Carole if she were alive—could have sold you on the fact that they were right. All of us knew how you had been champing at the bit to get into action ever since Pearl Harbor. Then when our boys took a shellacking in the Java Sea, it was all your pals could do to hold you back.

But from the moment that Carole took the sky road, any one of us could have come to you and said, "Well, you'll look grand in a uniform, fellow." We knew then it was only a matter of time before Mr. Clark Gable became Major Gable, or Lieutenant Commander Gable—or just plain Private Gable.

Now that you've bought your ticket, here is a thought to take with you on the journey ahead. In the movies you have represented a man that every woman—at least practically every American woman—could love as a son, as a brother—or as a man.

And that's what you mean now that you're in Uncle Sam's Army. You are Everyman, every American man who is the center of Everywoman's thought today, her prayers, her hopes. She prays that Everyman will eat well, sleep well, and above all, *keep* well. She prays that he'll get the most out of his training to be a soldier, prove his mettle as a man among men.

She hopes that he'll think of her now and then, maybe send her a letter or postcard soon. She knows that he'll take that trip to a foreign field one of these days—and when he does, she's ready to keep quiet and keep smiling. She goes on working at her job so that he won't worry about her and she sends him the letters and little remembrances that will make him a happier soldier.

And then, at night, she prays that he'll do the job he's set out to do—to save his country from murder and rape and starvation—and that someday, even if it's years later, he'll come back to her, be she mother, sister, sweetheart or wife, and start again where they left off.

That's what you'll be meaning to all of us. We've (*Continued on page* 73)

She's Engaged!

HOPE BUCKELEY of New York—another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. *Hope's Ring* (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.

HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something *specific* in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, '*this* one may help Arthur.'"

She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we *look* feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and *love* Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A great *big* jar of Pond's *costs you less* than a *small jar* of many creams."

Every night Hope smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so *clean* and so *smooth*," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

HOPE AND ARTHUR greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Why Ann Sheridan and George Brent Have Separated

(*Continued from page* 67) same lot. Pat and Jimmy called to Ann who strolled over, laughed and talked, and walked over to another table of merry friends.

George glanced over at the redheaded beauty. Coolly and calmly she stared back.

Suddenly Brent motioned with his fork and Ann nodded, thinking he had asked her to lunch next day.

That night he appeared at her door dressed to the hilt. Ann, whose heart was actually beating like a trip hammer, surveyed him calmly.

"Sorry," she said, "I have a date. I understood you to mean lunch tomorrow." And George Brent had to turn around and go home.

IT intrigued him. He came back again and gradually, although they were little suited, they began going together steadily. Ann's laugh still rang out like a bell booming over the studio, her love of life and her absolute passion for general good times blazed away. Occasionally she dragged a reluctant Brent to a friend's home for an evening of fun, and George put forth every effort to please. Although nearly twenty years her senior and long ago satiated with the so-called "good times" of youth, he tried to please.

One night in particular we noticed them at the Mocambo. George was throwing a party for Ann and everything had been specially ordered—the turtle soup, the fowl, the crepe suzettes. But Ann didn't see the food or eat it or care.

She had found a good dancing partner and spent the entire evening on the dance floor while George sat amidst her friends, the ones he had especially invited, and tried to fill in the gaps.

The marriage was one of those swift sudden things that followed a turbulent quarrel. They eloped to Florida. There in the living room of the home of George's sister, Mrs. Sam Harris, Ann took her wedding vows with the beautiful white mantilla which George had given her draped over her flaming red hair.

And then almost immediately began George's campaign to rescue Ann; to save her from the too many friends that took her time; to try to mold her to his quiet, secluded way of life.

At lunch time, instead of Ann's repairing to the studio Green Room for an hour of fun and no food, George insisted she come home to lunch with him and he himself carefully cooked the liver steaks she needed. Like a lover, husband, friend, he watched over her health and habits.

But a man can't watch over the very soul and spirit of a woman and re-create her, casting out the personality with which she was born to reconstruct her anew. Ann chafed under the solitude. With a friend or two in of an evening or maybe just alone, they'd play gin rummy or play the phonograph. George loved Hawaiian records, Ann loved rhumbas, so they took turns playing their favorite records. Occasionally they'd go into each other's arms and dance. For her sake George learned to rhumba.

So you see each tried desperately hard to readjust to the other.

That he loved her is no secret. Both Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland, old flames of George's, spoke of his tender sentimentality, but neither could display the beautiful gifts that Mr. Brent had lavished upon them for the simple reason he gave few.

Yet, we remember the Christmas a year before George married Ann when his secretary telephoned her to come to Mr. Brent's house and pick up a small package she had left there. Puzzled, Ann drove over. In the garage stood a luxurious sedan elegantly wrapped in cellophane and tied with a huge bow. Other equally lavish gifts were showered upon the girl he loved, who yet was so little suited to his retiring nature—his "dark" moods, as Hollywood calls them.

A great star you all know, who once had a romance with George, spoke of those moods. "I'm glad," she said, "that Ann has married George, for I honestly believe she is the only person who can survive the depressing influence of George's moods. He is the greatest defeatist I have ever known and one of the most charming men alive."

While Ann was on "Edge Of Darkness" location with Errol Flynn, the trouble with George reached a climax

IF Ann was understanding, so was George. Before their marriage Ann had bought her first home and the thrill of its belonging completely to her brought a chuckle from George who had long since passed that stage. "It's growing pains in Ann's career," Brent told a friend, "and I wouldn't have her give it up for the world."

But there was no room in the house for George, his dog, books, knickknacks, and large wardrobe necessary to an actor. So Ann moved over to George's tiny Toluca Lake home, the one in which he lived during the days of his Garbo courtship, and occasionally she'd drive out to see her very own Valley home. It wasn't a very happy or comfortable arrangement, but the lease on George's house hadn't expired. So they lived in crowded quarters until some bright future day that, unfortunately, didn't come.

And then those close to Ann gradually noted the change that came over her, a change that George himself spoke of at the time of their separation. Her camaraderie gave way to a superciliousness that wasn't Ann. Boredom, perhaps, or the uselessness of their life together, was becoming apparent. And it couldn't help but leave its mark, just as Ann's first unsuccessful marriage to Eddie Norris had been a blow to her.

The change, barely perceptible at first, slowly grew. Ann was a new Ann; the fires had died down, the love of fun and laughter and music and night clubs and dancing and excitement and glory had been thwarted a long time. Human nature can't change. Ann loved George, but still her nature craved the food that fed it.

THE end came as suddenly and unexpectedly as her marriage.

It really began with Ann's leaving for the "Edge Of Darkness" location and George's leaving pictures to take a stiff fifty hours of training in Government planes. He had formerly been a flyer and now yearned to be a civilian flying instructor, a type of expert badly needed by the Government; but first he had to complete his fifty hours in every type of ship.

With the memory of an event in the past haunting her dreams, Ann begged and pleaded that he go into some other branch of service.

That event had happened one day after George had been flying for years. As he landed his plane he said to those around him, "I'll never fly again." There was no reason except a terrific hunch. Next week he sold his plane and the first flight made by the new owner resulted in a crash which killed him.

Knowing this, Ann was afraid. They parted with hurt and misunderstanding between them.

George and Ann didn't see each other all through his training period and her location jaunt.

And then on a Friday night, his training period over, he returned unexpectedly to Hollywood. His small house had been closed and Ann had already moved to her Valley home.

Ann telephoned the studio on Saturday and cancelled all engagements. On Tuesday morning George gave the announcement of their separation to the press. Ann confirmed it. What words were said then, we'll never know. A man and a woman had been deeply in love but had found their paths must separate.

Hollywood hopes they'll find some way to adjust their differences. "I made a picture with George some years ago," Brenda Marshall told a friend, "and now I have just played his leading lady in his last film 'You Can't Escape Forever.' I couldn't get over the change in George. How tenderly and beautifully he spoke of Ann. It was so obvious that his love had given him new life and new hopes."

Despite this, George will go his way as a flying instructor to young cadets, starting where we don't know. Ann will continue her career, emerging gradually into the limelight, the fun, the laughter she thrives on.

Let's hope somewhere, somehow, these two so widely divergent people will find their love a bond strong enough to overcome all obstacles.

THE END

Claudette Colbert STARRING IN "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Max Factor ★ Hollywood Face Powder!

1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin

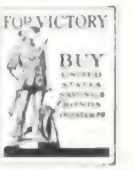
2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up

3...it clings perfectly—really stays on

Color...lovely color that flatters the beauty of your skin...is the secret of this face powder created in original color harmony shades by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

Whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, there is a Color Harmony shade to individualize your type and give your skin a more beautiful, more youthful look.

Superfine in texture, *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder imparts a soft, satin-smooth appearance, and it clings perfectly, too, so that for hours your make-up looks fresh and lovely...One dollar.



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

If LOVE rules You—

Maureen O'Hara and Tyrone Power starring in "The Black Swan," a 20th Century-Fox picture. Easily cultivate love-worthy hands, yourself—with Jergens Lotion.

ROMANTIC HOLLYWOOD STARS care for their lovely hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You see, Jergens helps *protect* the youth-like smoothness and adorable softness of a girl's hands; helps *prevent* disillusioning roughness and chapping.

It's like professional care for your hands. Blended in Jergens Lotion are 2 ingredients, so exceptional for helping rough skin regain delicious softness that many doctors use them. So—always use Jergens.

Maureen O'Hara's Alluring Hands. Oh, yes, —Maureen O'Hara helps to keep her hands adorable with Jergens Lotion. "It's so easy," she says. "Jergens never feels sticky." The first application helps!

Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Christmas Tips to Santa

(*Continued from page* 31) giving her something.

Rita Hayworth—go on, Santa, give her Vic Mature. They deserve each other.

Greta Garbo—give her back to Sweden; and you can throw in Gaylord Hauser, too.

For Charles Boyer—a school for love, so he can teach the younger men how to do it. I mean love. I think we need schools for that as for everything else.

Gary Cooper—just let him keep rolling along like Old Man River.

Joan Crawford—happiness with her new husband, Phil Terry.

Bing Crosby—just give him the urge to keep right on singing.

Mickey Rooney—the discipline, training and steadiness which Army life can give him, if he'll let it sink in.

Jeanette MacDonald—let her join Gene Raymond in England, so she can sing for our soldiers over there.

TO George Sanders—make him stop talking about women in 1943 and confine his remarks to the sterner sex just to see if that will get him anywhere in his career. He's had so much fun with us, I'd like to see if he can have any without us.

Don Ameche—I'm saying a little prayer that Santa Claus will bring you just one good role so that you won't have to discover any more telephones, washing machines, or bear traps.

Jean Arthur—Santa Claus is going to deliver to your door his own version of Emily Post, with a new set of rules for etiquette in public behavior.

Eddie Arnold—may all your troubles go up in smoke and, if they do, you'll be lucky!

Cary Grant—well, what can he want, now that he's got Barbara?

Hedy Lamarr—as a gift to all of us, put her in a frame and under glass.

Bob Hope—prolonged health, so that he can continue just the way he's been going.

Charles Laughton—let's find an orchid the color he likes, so that he can enter his garden in the American Garden contest.

Binnie Barnes—bring her together with Director Bill Seiter so he can again show the producers with short memories that she can be a clever, subtle comedienne, instead of the two-gun woman they insist upon making her.

John Beal—because there's so much disharmony in the world, let's have a look at him in "The Great Commandment," which Twentieth has had resting on its shelf for three years. That picture really teaches the brotherhood of man.

Jack Benny—suppose, Santa, you take his cigars away, while he's acting on the screen and on the air, and give them to Uncle Sam to distribute among our soldiers? And Santa, please give Jack a copy of the new book "How To Overcome Worry" which I am going to write when I get around to it.

Joan Davis—a role on the screen equal to her roles on the air.

Olivia de Havilland—an eligible, unattached, devoted male, so she can settle down and stop having the heebie-jeebies and maybe give a performance like her sister, Joan Fontaine.

But maybe, after all these suggestions, Santa, you'd better skip Hollywood entirely. You've been so wonderful to all of us in the past that I don't think movieland would mind if you didn't even leave a calling card this year.

A Merry Christmas to *you*, Old Boy!

The End.

Open Letter to Clark Gable

(*Continued from page* 68) heard about a few of the snipers who have been writing, "What do you mean by saying you're starting from the ground up when you're a *corporal?*" Those people don't know that in your unit the lowest man is rated as a corporal for purposes of admission and that once he's in, he loses his rating until he finished his officer's training. So you're still just "Mister Gable" when anyone addresses you.

But we've also heard what your team mates down in Miami are writing home; things like ". . . he gets the same treatment as the rest of us and there isn't a man in the outfit whose respect he hasn't won . . . great guy. . . ."

Furthermore, we know you haven't lost your sense of humor; not when you can write as you did to one of the boys at your studio: "They're cutting my hair tomorrow. Brother, oh, brother, when they get down to those Gable ears they'll fly me across the Atlantic as the latest thing in bombers!"

Most of us would have been perfectly happy if you'd stayed on as Clark Gable of the screen, who knew how to make an hour and a half pass in the theater like a few minutes. But you didn't see it that way and we know why.

You're going to do a terrific job for Uncle Sam—just as Jimmy Stewart and Tyrone Power and Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Henry Fonda and all the rest of the Hollywood boys are doing—and will do. Maybe, remembering that you're Everywoman's Everyman you'll do even a touch more than your best—and believe me, pal, that's tops so far as we're concerned!

Helen Gilmore

You couldn't give yourself a lovelier Christmas present than the gorgeous color portrait of Hedy Lamarr on the January cover of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

"Your Satin-Smooth Face IS A MAGNET FOR KISSES"

Before your next "Big Date"—smooth on feathery-light Jergens Face Cream; leave on a moment; remove. Then, a second light film of this same lovely cream—a splash of cold water—and your face is satin-smooth for fresh make-up.

But . . . Dry-Skin Wrinkles get no nice compliments

FORGET expensive, complicated beauty treatments. Use this *one new cream* for lovely, complete smooth-skin care. Use Jergens Face Cream—

(1) for cleansing;
(2) for softening your skin;
(3) as a silken-textured foundation;
(4) as a Night Cream that helps to smooth dry skin while you sleep.

This new cream is a "One Jar" Beauty Treatment—made for *just these times* by the same skin scientists who created Jergens Lotion for your smooth, soft hands. 10¢ to $1.25 a jar. Over 6,000,000 jars have already been used.

ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

Dress Put Through 102 Launderings; Looks Like New

Linit-Starched Cottons Resist Laundering Wear; Have Linen-Like Finish

It will pay you to give your housedresses LINIT care. They'll serve you better—and stay smart, fresh, new looking longer. This *different* laundry starch penetrates the fabric, covers tiny fibres with *protective* coating.

LINIT-starched fabrics stay clean-looking longer, too. *And iron easier.*

Free! The helpful "LINIT LAUNDRY CHART". Write Corn Products Sales Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., Dept. LC-12.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT

PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES

Pocketful o' Songs

(*Continued from page* 55) chosen monicker—Judy Garland—and if that name does not rate top billing over any trio, then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been suffering long enough from hallucinations.

Sometimes, there in Grand Rapids, when Ethel walked into her orderly kitchen she surely thought of the days when she cooked cereal in a dressing room. Or on a more pleasant note, the never-to-be-forgotten sound of thundering applause. If she did, she gave no sign. It was owing to her, however, that in those early years her children's lives were permeated with music.

Ethel would sit at the piano and play for hours—her scarred upright piano with the white spot on the lid where Frank had spilled the glass of lemonade. The Gumms might not be able to afford rugs on their floors or curtains at their windows, but the piano was the heart of their whole existence. That slayed Grand Rapids.

"What can that mother be thinking of?" busybodies asked disapprovingly.

That mother was thinking of the stage. "You are of the theater," she told her three wide-eyed and solemn children. "You were practically born in it and someday you must take your rightful place in it. When that day comes you must be ready."

FRANCES ETHEL, the youngest, early showed a greater interest in music than the others. As a result more time was spent with her.

Perhaps other children in Grand Rapids went to bed at eight o'clock, but other children in Grand Rapids could not recite a Shakespearian sonnet at the age of three. Frances Ethel could; could and did on the slightest provocation.

Strangely enough it was in something far less dramatic that she made her theatrical debut. "Jingle Bells," to be exact, and it was Christmas Eve on the stage of her father's movie house.

It was a bit difficult for the audience to decide whether the little sprite up there behind the footlights was supposed to represent a pixie or a Christmas angel. The costume said angel; hadn't Ethel stayed up late three nights cutting and basting the cheesecloth to give the skirt that gossamer effect? But the little face peeping around the silvered crinoline wings said, "Hey! Hey! Ain't we got fun?"

After the first chorus the applause racked the rafters of the New Grand movie theater. Little Miss Gumm turned a pleased, excited face toward her audience. She immediately repeated the song. Again there was applause. Again she sang. After about eight choruses, however, Frank thought it best to walk out on the stage and remove his daughter amid loud wailing and kicking.

Ethel caught the child to her breast and hugged her warmly. "Baby," she said triumphantly, "you're a trouper."

IT WAS about six months later that Frank's finances, never very good even at high tide, took a sudden dip. His pleasant face began to wear a worried frown.

"I keep worrying about how we're going to make the grade this winter," he told Ethel gravely. "There'll be winter coal and winter coats."

"Forget it," Ethel said. "By the time the snow comes we'll be many miles from here."

Frank was definitely startled. "But where?"

"Hollywood," said Ethel calmly. "I've made up my mind that's where we belong."

Frank mulled it over for a couple of days, then fell into line. Penny by penny the California fund was accumulated. Ethel estimated the cost of the westward trek to be around two hundred dollars. By the first of August she had most of that amount. It had been earned almost entirely by the talents of the three young Gumms. Some engagements paid the huge sum of fifty cents for listening to their melodies and there had been one miraculous occasion when they received the princely wage of fifteen dollars.

At last the bags were packed. All of the furniture had been disposed of; even the piano with the lemonade ring on the lid was to be left behind. The Gumms were on their way.

Then on the eve of their departure came a chance to sing. It was with a dance band at a county fair. Very little money, but money just the same and offering the one thing most precious to a performer's heart—an audience.

Ethel's mind, burdened with the riddle of how to pack three Gumms and six suitcases in the back seat of the car, slipped up in its eternal vigilance. She left the house door unlatched when she took her songbirds to the fair.

It was a common ordinary thief who took their summer savings. At least that was what the police conjectured. The Gumms never saw him. They saw only their shining dream turning into Minnesota dust.

"Frank," Ethel commanded in the very midst of this staggering calamity, "sing the scale."

Frank obligingly complied.

"Not bad," Ethel said. "Not too bad at all. You can practice as we ride along."

Frank and the children stared at her in astonishment.

"If you think," Ethel announced with grim determination, "that a little thing like this is going to delay us you are badly mistaken. We'll sing our way to California. Only this time we'll have *two* acts."

BACK on the road again, Ethel and Frank were like a couple of old war horses in sniffing distance of the enemy. Their act now had a verve which in the old days it had sadly lacked.

"We may get to Broadway yet," Frank said one midnight after an especially successful performance.

Ethel nodded slowly. "Except we're travelling in the wrong direction. I heard we were headed West."

"Times Square by way of Frisco," Frank said jubiliantly. "It's been done before."

That night Ethel looked long and thoughtfully at her sleeping children. "We'll never get to Broadway," she said aloud. "Frank and I just don't have what it takes. We'll never scale the heights." She stooped and kissed them each with a prayer trembling on her lips. "We won't. But maybe one of you will."

Gradually they worked westward. At last they reached Los Angeles. In that city it was amazing the way money seemed to dwindle. Rents were higher, food was higher and in less than a month the Gumm financial situation became alarmingly acute.

Then suddenly came opportunity. A theater in Lancaster, California, needed a manager. Like a swarm of locusts the Gumms descended on the sun-baked desert.

From the beginning life in Lancaster was disappointing. Less than one hundred miles away was Hollywood, Hollywood with all its glamour and its magic key to fame and fortune.

But try to invade its gates!

One day Frank brought home a clipping from a Los Angeles newspaper.

"It's the death of vaudeville," he said to Ethel. "Now maybe you'll give up this dream."

Ethel stared. "The Jazz Singer," she read aloud. "Hear Al Jolson sing. The screen's greatest miracle, etc., etc."

"You see," said Frank. "People aren't going to pay any attention to us when for two bits they can see and hear the headliners of the world."

Ethel read the lines again. Her face was a little white. "That settles it," she said at last.

"Settles what?"

"The girls' careers. Today we go to Los Angeles and register at the casting office. In this business you can't start too soon."

THE next five years were lean years. Dimes must be hoarded because gasoline cost money. And a car used to transport talented hopefuls to Los Angeles did not run on air. Even though some of their employers seemed to think the "hopefuls" did.

Thus the Gumm sisters sang often. In fact, every time there was a chance, and the town of Lancaster was familiar with and not at all impressed by their talents.

One day the papers were filled with the opening of the Chicago World's Fair. Ethel gathered up her girls. Little more than a few cents were in their shabby purses. But they had courage and faith; and a pocketful of songs.

In Chicago they began the weary task of securing a booking. Finally through a friend an audition at the Oriental Theater was arranged.

Such a flurry that morning in the furnished room of the Gumms! The girls wore white dresses with yards and yards of ruffles. It took two hours to iron each dress and there were three to do. Ethel made her charges rest before this important tryout; not so much because they were sheltered flowers, but for the simple reason that they had had no food.

Thus it was that the Gumm Sisters sang on empty stomachs and their mother accompanied them with hands blistered from six solid hours of ironing.

They were hired. "But," said the manager, "you have to get rid of those awful ruffled dresses."

Ethel quietly swooned.

ONE night a soft-voiced, personable young man watched this trio from the wings. It was George Jessel. "Your act is good," he told them. "But too many cracks are made about your name. The Dumb Sisters, The Crum Sisters, The Bum Sisters, etc. Why don't you change it?"

"That's a wonderful idea," the girls agreed. "But change it to what?"

"Why not Garland?" Mr. Jessel said.

So the Gumm Sisters became the Garland Sisters—and with the change of name came a change in fortune.

Meanwhile, back in Lancaster, Frank Gumm began to think things out. Life was so short, he reasoned. In just a year or two his girls would be out of childhood's enchanted land. And he hardly knew them! Even now at times all three seemed quite grown-up. His baby Frances was rounding out with adolescent chubbiness. Lately he had begun calling her his Princess Pudge. She didn't like it very much, but just the same that was what she was—a pudgy little Princess.

And no wonder he didn't know his girls. How could he? Auditions in Los Angeles were becoming more and more frequent. It was a lonesome drive back to Lancaster after nightfall and one which he would not permit Ethel and the girls to make. Why not move to Los Angeles for good and all? He caught a bus and paid a visit to a certain Los Angeles concern. When he returned to Lancaster he was no longer the owner of Gumm's Valley Theater. At least not in Lancater, California. The family again was scheduled for a change in a place to hang their hats. Huntington Park, a stone's throw from Los Angeles, was the new address.

ABOUT this time Ethel and the girls finished their engagement in Chicago. They started on the homeward drive, making Lake Tahoe their principal stop.

"Now, remember," Frances cautioned, "our name is Garland. Forget about the Gumm."

"What about first names?" Ethel asked. "Are you going to change yours, Frances?"

Frances regarded her with wide, solemn eyes.

"I'd like to take mine from my favorite song," she said and sang in her golden voice:

When you think she's a saint, but you know that she ain't
That's Judy, My Judy;
She's as sweet as pie, and I know that I'd die
For Judy, My Judy.

For a time there was silence in the

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CHERAMY perfumer
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moving car. Then Ethel said, "Judy Garland. That's a lovely name, dear."

When they reached Tahoe they sang at the Lodge. It was here that Judy for the first time sang "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart."

For the first time, too, someone was in the audience who saw more than just a big-eyed kid with a "low-down blues" voice—a talent scout from M-G-M who made a note to pass the name of this child singer to the studio higher-ups.

On a certain October day in 1934 life moved as usual on the M-G-M lot. Glamorous big-name stars were bowed into the presence of the Important Ones and unknown names, lucky enough to pass the gates, got the highly specialized Hollywood "brush-off."

Over on a noisy testing stage, above the bedlam, a talent scout was attempting to convince a hard-boiled casting director that he had heard a kid singer at Tahoe who had what it took.

"All right, Al," the casting director said wearily. "Get her over here. But I warn you, if I have to listen to another sweet young darling shriek a take-off of Al Jolson singing 'Mammy' . . . ."

OUT in Huntington Park in the Garland home Frank and Judy were alone. They were absorbed in a red-hot checker game.

"It's your move," Frank reminded her, when suddenly the phone rang stridently.

"Let it ring," Judy said with a fine and high disdain.

"Better answer it. Might be Mother."

A crisp unfamiliar voice came across the wire. "Report to M-G-M immediately. An audition has been arranged."

Frank repeated, "Report to M-G-M immediately."

Panic reigned immediately.

"What'll we do?" Judy cried. "Mother isn't here. I can't sing unless she plays. What'll we do?"

"Do?" asked Frank calmly. "Why, we'll go, that's what we'll do. You'll sing for them. If they like you that will be swell. If they don't, that's all right too."

Judy glanced down at her plain sweater and skirt. The skirt could have stood a little pressing. "I don't think it matters much how I look, do you? They don't want me anyway."

"You look beautiful to me, Pudge," Frank said. "Let's go knock 'em for a loop."

At the studio the casting director took one look at Judy's unconcerned and youthful face.

"No soap," he said brusquely. "She won't do."

Judy was twelve years old. Behind her was twelve years' experience as a trouper. Her black eyes flashed. "I'm no glamour girl," she spouted in the director's startled face. "I'm a singer. And I didn't come to you. You sent for me. The least you can do is listen to me sing. Besides, you broke up our checker game."

Casting directors are notoriously hard-boiled. Nothing phases them. Nothing influences them; not temper, not vitriolic sputtering, not even rank insult. But something in this little girl made this one sit up and take notice.

Perhaps it was that same spark which since then has made the whole world sit up and take notice.

"All right," he said curtly. "Sing."

A tall young man went quietly to a piano. "What's it to be?"

Judy eyed him dubiously. "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart."

WHEN she finished the man at the piano stared at her for a long long time. "My name is Roger Edens," he said unexpectedly. "Will you sing again for some people we are going to call?"

"Certainly," Judy said unconcernedly and sat herself down to wait.

Soon people started streaming into the room from everywhere. One woman with beautiful white hair was addressed as Mrs. Koverman. She listened to Judy's songs. They all listened and were strangely silent.

Finally a man came for whom it seemed that entire group had been waiting anxiously—Mr. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Judy stood before him in her simple garb, a faded sweater and a pleated skirt—a lone twelve-year-old child singing songs straight from her youthful heart.

At last a man said, "That will be all."

She was dismissed like that!

That night even Ethel was a little staggered when the telegram arrived. "Come to the studio to sign a contract." No questions. No screen tests. Just a contract.

"To think you did this all alone," Ethel marvelled. "I wasn't even there to play for you."

Judy laughed. "Have to go on my own sometime," she said. "Who knows? Lots of things might happen."

Who knew, indeed? Judy Garland had taken the first step on her fabulous career. She is to wait eagerly for the sign of the next step, only to be bitterly disappointed. For, shortly after this tragedy strikes the Gumms. Continue Judy's story next month.

Two little girls whose future M-G-M was wondering about: Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland in a short they made together

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 37) Apparently you are trying too hard to find a man to *marry*. Men sense this hunting quality instantly and are frightened away by it. A man friend of mine once said, "Why do women let that acquisitive gleam come into their eyes after they have known a man for an hour and learned that he has a decent job, has pleasant manners and is free?"

Let that be a warning. If I were you, since you have a good education and are only twenty-seven and financially independent, I should travel about the country.

For some reason, a newcomer to town has especial charm. If I were you, I'd take advantage of that fact. I think the only way to secure and hold a man's respect is to be good spirited company, interested in everything he says, but to keep him guessing.

The best of luck to you,

Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

Please don't get the impression that I'm one of those girls who runs around complaining to all her friends about her woes. But I feel as if you were a member of my family, Bette.

Sometimes I think I'm going to tell Burke's mother right to her face what I think of her. The only way I could keep from it today was to sit down and write to you.

I'd better begin at the beginning. Burke and I have been married four years—we were both twenty-one on our wedding day. Burke explained to me when we were making plans for marriage that we would have to live with his mother.

For two years, things were really swell. Mrs. R. was very nice to me. She let us live our lives and she lived hers.

But at the end of that time, she decided that we should have a baby. She began to tell me about the mental troubles of some women she knew who had never had children. After that she began to hint that I should see a doctor because I might not be "normal."

Burke and I have talked it over and decided not to have children yet. Both his mother and I are self-supporting and he is likely to be taken into the Army. He told his mother that he didn't want to leave me with a child to care for alone. She scoffed at that and said she had raised him, she guessed she could care for a grandson. She said everyone had a baby during wartime.

I thought it was bad enough to live in a house with a woman who was sulking all the time, but the next thing I knew she was telling around town that I *couldn't* have a child. And she began to invite a young divorcee to the house practically every Sunday for dinner. This girl is very pretty and full of wisecracks. She has a little girl aged three that she brings along occasionally.

If you think that isn't something, you should see the performance. Mrs. R. hands the baby to Burke, saying that she can't get over how much the child resembles Burke. Then the baby's mother makes eyes at Burke and says he certainly could sire a handsome son.

I've tried to get Burke to move out, but the one time he agreed, his mother had a fainting spell. The doctor told me that she did have a tricky heart, but that she would live for years unless something unforeseen should happen. Of course, I don't want to do anything to upset her heart, but on the other hand I've nearly choked, trying to keep from telling her that I think she's a meddling old fool.

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Eyes that won a chance at stardom

"Loveliest eyes", was the thrilling verdict judges gave MARY ARMSTRONG, of Beaumont, Texas, first prize winner in the "Lovely Eyes" contest sponsored by Camille Glamor-Eyes Makeup. Now, as guest of *Republic Pictures*, Miss Armstrong goes to Hollywood to begin work in a Republic film. She also will be presented with a stunning fur coat by *I. J. Fox*, "America's largest furriers".

OTHER PRIZE WINNERS: *Doris Jackson*, Long Island—a striking 6-piece wardrobe by *Townley Frocks; Bettie Reid*, Sacramento—an exquisite diamond wrist watch by *Gruen; Mary Brennan*, Philadelphia—scholarship in fashion modeling at *Mayfair Mannequin Academy; Dolores Miller*, Hollywood — genuine *Tecla* pearl necklace. And the following winners each receive a set of lovely *Karu* costume jewelry — *Mary Le Blanc*, Baton Rouge; *Jean Burkhart*, Louisville; *Rosanne Perry*, Buffalo; *Olive Midgetto*, New York City; *Adeline Andreis*, Long Island.

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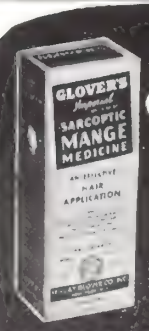

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Forgive me, Miss Davis, for going on this way, but you can see that I have my hands full. I just can't see any way out. What would you do?

Janet R.

Dear Mrs. R.:

Your problem interests me very much. It seems to me that it is the right of every married couple to decide if and when they are going to have children, without interference from anyone.

By all means, go to your library and borrow a play titled "The Silver Cord" by Sydney Howard. This is the story of a managing mother-in-law and the trouble she caused in two households. The only solution to a problem of this kind, and the action I would take, is to explain to Burke how you feel about his mother's behavior, then to move out. Burke will soon see that his mother's attacks are phony.

If it were I, in this spot, I'd act—definitely, vigorously, and with full knowledge that one of two things would happen. Either I'd have my husband and home to myself, or I'd lose him entirely. That is a gamble I'd have to take for the sake of my peace of mind. Incidentally, if he doesn't stand by you, he doesn't love you.

Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

I just saw "The Man Who Came To Dinner" for the third time. I liked the way you played *Maggie Cutler* very much, probably because I am a secretary myself.

I am now doing my hair up high the way yours was done, but still I'm no prize package. A beautiful, famous, elegant lady like you probably has no idea what it means to be awkward and self-conscious. I just know, to look at your hands, that you've never bitten your fingernails. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I have an awful time keeping my nails above the quick.

I might as well tell you all the things that are wrong with me in hopes that you will be able to help me. Whenever a man pays attention to me—and that isn't very often—I can't think of a thing to say. I feel all tied up in knots and I just stand there sort of grinning and wishing the floor would open and drop me into a well.

I'm not exactly a dumb bunny because I got good grades in school and my three older sisters nag at me and say I wouldn't be bad-looking if I weren't such a goof.

I'm twenty-two years old, five feet, eight inches tall and I only weigh 115 pounds.

I won't take up any more of your time, dear Miss Davis, but I thought you might be able to help me. I get so blue sometimes. This is what I want to know—how can I gain poise?

Anxiously yours,
Ruth Ann W.

Dear Miss W.:

In the first place, since you are working and are, therefore, financially independent, if I were in your place I'd take a room in a guest house, so moving away from those three older sisters who, by their nagging, would probably give even a beauty like Hedy Lamarr an inferiority complex.

Paint your nails with the brightest red polish you can find and see if you aren't too pleased with the effect to spoil it by nibbling.

You are tall. Do you stoop when you walk? Some of the loveliest girls in pictures are tall—Alexis Smith, Gail Patrick and Rosalind Russell, for instance—and each of them is as straight as a ramrod.

Finally, the best way I know of gaining poise is to forget yourself entirely and to direct your attention at the person with whom you are talking. Wonder, if you can't divert yourself otherwise, how he or she would look in a bathing suit. Remember those celebrated lines:

When pompous people squelch me
with cold and snooty looks
It makes me happy to conjecture how
they'd look in bathing suits.

Develop a system of conversational topics to put the other fellow at his ease and you'll be surprised at your own resultant calm. Ask, "What picture could you bear to see once a week for an entire year?" or "What was the most frightening thing you ever saw?"

Relax, and you'll be all right.

Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

You've played the roles of so many girls in serious trouble that I thought you might be able to give me some good advice.

I am a country girl who came to the big city and met a very nice boy. Everything I have ever had I have worked for very hard; he has an elegant job that was simply handed to him on a silver platter.

What I am getting at is this, Miss Davis, he has always had everything he wanted. I've learned that there are some things out of reach. Now he is going into the Army. He asked me to marry him when he gets out and I said I would because I love him with my whole heart and soul.

The only trouble is that we are feuding all the time over a very important matter. He thinks I should give him the things that go with marriage right now, before he goes away to war, instead of waiting until he comes home and the wedding is held. He says he doesn't know what is in store for him and that I should be generous and noble instead of thinking only of myself.

I am seventeen and he is twenty-four. Please, please tell me what to do.

Your friend,
Betty L.

Here's your chance to share your problems with Bette Davis. Just write her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. It is understood, however, that all such letters are subject to publication in this magazine if Miss Davis elects to answer them in her department WHAT SHOULD I DO? Names will, of course, be changed to protect the identity of the writer.

Dear Miss L.:

At seventeen, one is likely to think that the present love is the one and only, but take my word for it—life is just beginning. The argument that men use, "Don't be selfish; be patriotic, be generous—I may not live long," is not new. From my reading, I judge that stone-age men used the same type of persuasion.

A girl facing this decision, as I have said before, has to consider the consequences of action in either direction. The consequences, if she listens to her soldier boy, are likely to be extremely serious.

On the other hand, if she says "no" life will go on much the same for her—without regrets. Never forget this: It takes a frightfully strong character to be a weak woman.

And always remember, there are more ways than just one of showing love and devotion. The promise of daily letters, cigarettes every week, surprise packages of writing paper, razor blades and sweets, as well as visits to camp may not be as "all-out" for victory as he would like, but in that way you will be telling your soldier how much he means to you without endangering your own future.

Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis.

DEAR Miss Davis:

You are my favorite actress and for this reason I would like to buy some of the clothes you have worn in your pictures. You wore such a lovely tweed coat trimmed with beautiful fur in "The Bride Came C.O.D." and I would like to own it if it is not too expensive.

But, most important, I want some very critical information from you. What do you do when you kiss? My boy friend judges a girl by the way she kisses so I sure want to learn to do it the right way.

I am only seventeen years old, but tall for my age and I go out with older boys so I want to do everything right.

Your friend,
Kathryn S.

Dear Miss S.:

The clothing that any actress wears in a motion picture is the property of the studio, therefore she cannot dispose of it.

As for your second problem, I think that what you are trying to say, in a mixed-up sort of way, is that you want to learn how to be popular with boys. At present it may appeal to you to have boys describe you as a "hot little number," but if you proceed along that line, by the time you are twenty-three or twenty-four, you are going to have so cheapened yourself that no man is ever going to want you for his wife.

I think you have placed a mistaken value on technique, purely *as* technique, whereas the only thing that really matters between two persons in love is *emotion*.

If I were you, I'd hold out for the real thing instead of experimenting with common substitutes.

Yours very truly,
Bette Davis.

In closing, Miss Davis has this to add: "For the information of those who write in asking to purchase discarded items of my personal wardrobe, perfume bottles, or other items for a collection, I turn over all my personal toss-outs to the Hollywood Guild, 1284 North Crescent Heights Boulevard, Hollywood. The Guild, in turn, sells the material at a nominal figure and the money so collected is used to help distressed theatrical people living in this district."

Miss Colbert sampled the nation's best-known colas in paper cups marked X, Y, Z . . . and without hesitation picked one as best-tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola.

It's the same cola that's voted "Best by Taste-Test" by over 60 Hollywood stars . . . and in 5 out of every 6 certified group taste-tests from coast to coast. Try a big frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola today. You'll be glad you did! Two full glasses, 5¢.

See for yourself why Miss Colbert's favorite cola is Royal Crown Cola. Just taste it *once* . . . you're sure to agree it's best by taste-test!

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ROYAL CROWN COLA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Best by Taste-Test!

WHENEVER I NEEDED a laxative, I'd take down the bottle, pour out a spoonful and hold my nose while I swallowed the nasty-tasting stuff. And how it upset me! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I WENT to the other extreme. I tried another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But the medicine only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*

ONE DAY, I GOT a bright idea! I decided to give Ex-Lax a trial. It tasted swell—just like fine chocolate! And it was so pleasant to find that it works *easily* and *effectively* at the same time. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset you; won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder people call it:

The "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.

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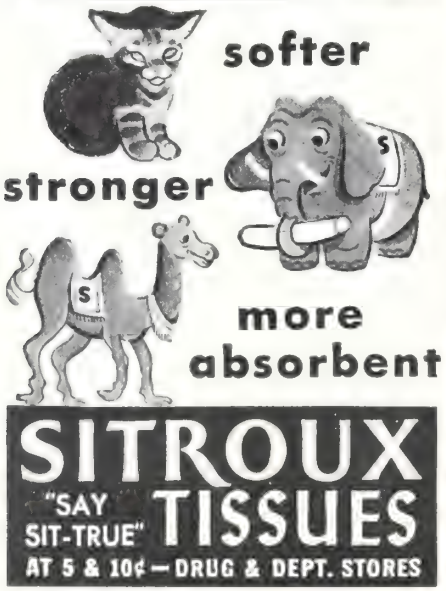


Portrait of a Lady With Red Hair

(*Continued from page* 41) grand pianos.

She gets a great kick out of playing "Indications," is a better-than-average business woman, and graduated the University of London, cum laude, Bachelor of Arts, First Class. She always suffers stagefright.

The lady who was *Mrs. Miniver* puts off being interviewed by the press but once cornered she will talk for hours. She has never attended a bullfight.

She sleeps on a small pillow which goes with her wherever she travels.

She rarely eats candy.

She ate a hamburger once which gave her indigestion, and on her mother's side she descends from Rob Roy McGregor, the Robin-Hoodish Scot warrior. She likes cider, piano concertos and a light, fresh cologne on men.

She has a violent aversion to amateur choirs and singers.

She can drive a car, cannot cook, and devotes her between-pictures time to various and sundry war work. She cannot crochet or knit.

She is easily deceived by people.

She sings a pleasing contralto, likes the smell of a delicatessen and is completely lacking in confidence when confronting a problem. She is very fond of oysters, fruit juices and small, informal parties.

She didn't want to play the role of *Mrs. Chips*, thinking the part "too small and quiet," and after it was done she concluded her work was "too insignificant, the less said about it, the better." She dotes on old 19th Century books on etiquette.

She is quick to criticize people she is fond of.

She once tried dieting, became violently ill and has since given it up. She liked most to stroll with her mother, last thing at night before bedtime, down Picadilly and Park Lane, and back home through Berkeley Square. She thinks the fish in Southern California is tasteless, and she never reads crime or detective stories because they upset her and make her fearful of the dark.

She likes old bindings, walking in the rain, and a corsage of mixed flowers from the garden. She loses her temper easily but never sulks.

GREER GARSON, under an emotional strain, gets a sudden pain in her temples. She thinks the most beautiful building she has ever seen was the church of Santa Maria Della Salute in Venice. She is never bothered by claustro- or atrophobia.

She is very fond of playing "The Man I Love" and the Kerry Dances. She cannot eat bouillabaisse.

Her mother is Scotch-Irish and her father was born in the Orkney Isles of Scandinavian parentage. She lives in an English country house in Hollywood's fashionable suburb, Bel-air.

She seldom dreams.

She likes taking pictures but is forever foreshortening the legs and arms of her subjects. She has never been on roller skates, has never worn glasses, and enjoys listening to sweet swing.

She never enters into political arguments. She has never attended a jitterbug session and, conditions permitting, she would like going on a motor tour of the North American continent, from Alaska to the Canal. She dislikes crowds.

Her mother has never called her by a pet name. She likes puttering around her garden, shopping for men's things, and watching aquatic contests.

She is always late at parties.

She considers herself a romanticist, detests prize fights and the only time she was in an airplane was in a thirty-minute flight from Catalina Island to the mainland.

She flunked in mathematics at school. She is adept at archery and swims a mean crawl. She likes to recall that years ago—when she was ill and unhappy—a fortuneteller at Brighton, England, foretold everything that subsequently happened to her. She has never been to a fortuneteller since.

She is fond of dancing the tango, rhumba and Viennese waltz. She plays only a fair game of golf, likes breakfast in bed, and never enters a conga dancing ring. She likes bathing in the shower, changing her water from hot to cold. She wears no make-up off the screen.

Greer Garson sleeps lightly and is awakened by the slightest noise. She is specially fond of a cream cheese called St. Ivel Lactic and took a postgraduate course at the University of Grenoble, France, where she studied French, Latin and several archaic tongues.

Her father died when she was four months old.

She enjoys reading publicity about herself.

She doesn't like horseracing, attends previews of her own pictures only under pressure, and drinks white burgundy and champagne. She doesn't play bridge.

SHE likes raspberries for breakfast, is most comfortable in French heels, and as a little girl was a tomboy and played mostly with boys.

She avoids the company of pretentious people and will go into raptures over a haggis—a curious Scotch dish made by stuffing the stomach of a sheep with minced meat. She envies women who can wear flowers or ribbons in their hair, a vanity she cannot enjoy because of the vividness of her own coloring.

She used to keep an unsheathed scimitar under her bed, as a young girl, for fear of burglars. She has a nostalgic love of old English folk songs, the ancient sycamores in her garden, and flowers in her bedroom.

She can negotiate ice-skating only when flanked by two men. She has tea every afternoon at five.

Her first part on the stage was in Jewish dialect in "Street Scene," for which she wore a black wig. She cannot resist browsing through antique shops, has never had the habit of biting her fingernails, and would like someday to essay the roles of *Mary Queen of Scots* and *Lady Macbeth*.

She does not understand American football.

She does not go in for calisthenics and has never been able to get someone to lend her James Joyce's "Ulysses." She was exceptionally good at school in spelling and chemistry and has never had to wear braces on her teeth.

She was nicknamed Ginger as a youngster, which she detested, and when she was nineteen she was manager of an information bureau and market research department for a London advertising firm.

She goes through a regular ritual when sleeping—first on her back and then on her right side. She likes quiet evenings at home, California sunshine and coffee with sugar and cream.

SHE suffered a multiple ordeal in the making of "Mrs. Miniver" because so many of her loved ones were going through the same experiences. She was born under the constellation of Venus

and has a great weakness for shells and coral, of which she has an attractive collection.

She doesn't like reading in bed, has a secret yen to do a play about Queen Elizabeth on the New York stage, and hopes someday to go in seriously for gardening, interior decorating and writing.

She eats a great deal of yoghurt, a kind of Turkish curdled milk. Her father was an importer and commission agent.

She is the first of her people to take to the theater and she tutored Cambridge students for their entrance exams when she was fifteen years old and too young herself to be admitted to the University.

She can tolerate coloratura sopranos only as musical instruments, and her first professional appearance was with the Birmingham Repertory Theater at twenty dollars a week. Greer Garson was induced to come to Hollywood because Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M told her that the sunshine would add another ten years to her mother's life.

She made her reputation on the London stage in brittle comedy and she was hailed by the critics as "that splendid new American actress." She was seven years old when she tried desperately to join a troupe of pierrots. She was four when she recited a piece in the village town hall and was awarded the first prize—a moldy box of chocolate, which was a foretaste of the disillusionments that were to beset her on a theatrical career.

Her most valued possession is a little china pig, covered with shamrocks, which her mother gave her when she was five, in lieu of a live baby pig, which Greer had wanted. She places high value on it because her inner disappointment and polite acceptance marked a turning point in her character development.

The End.

A-to-Z Girl

(*Continued from page* 43) I was going to join his band, Mother said, 'Who will pick up for you, Janey? I'm worried about it—you can't get along alone.'

"I said, 'Oh, I'll find someone.' I found a nice fellow in the band. He would follow me or back-track me and pick up what I forget. I was only seventeen and the baby of the troupe, so they spoiled me.

"Once when that boy wasn't on hand I forgot my fur jacket. We were fifty miles along the road before we discovered I didn't have it and we had to drive all the way back for it.

"Soon after I joined the band we started south. I was all excited about going to Florida and got a lot of Palm Beach clothes, evening dresses and bathing suits. But on the way down we ran into that '39 weather that the natives claimed was the worst they had had in forty years.

"It was snowing in Atlanta and so cold in Tampa, Florida, that the boys had to wear overcoats and gloves to play in the pavilion. I wore an evening dress, with woolen underwear under it and a fur coat over it. And woolen socks and galoshes to keep my feet from freezing."

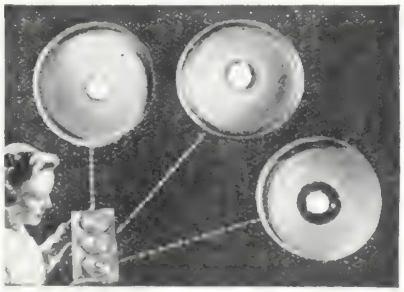
JANET admits she got a warmer reception the following season when she came to Hollywood. Touring the country with Hal Kemp and his boys for a year had polished off her amateur edges. Her voice, her dancing and her personality had improved. The name Janet Blair—the Blair coming from Blair County, Pennsylvania—was well known in jive circles by the time the band headed for the home of the cinema.

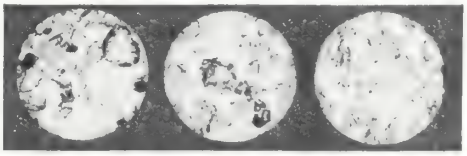
If babies were kept under glass they would be guarded against contact with many harmful germs in the air. Of course this is impossible. But, today, greatly increased protection for babies' skin is provided by an improved antiseptic baby powder from the Mennen laboratories.

NEW DISCOVERIES SHATTER OLD IDEAS ABOUT BABY POWDER

3 out of 4 doctors stated in survey that baby powder should be *antiseptic.*

UNTIL RECENTLY, baby powders have been regarded as little more than cosmetics . . . have been bought by "smell" and "feel." But now Mennen has perfected a new baby powder that keeps baby's skin *safer* in two ways: (1) by definitely *antiseptic* action it helps protect baby's skin against harmful germs; (2) by its superior *anti-frictional* qualities, it helps prevent chafing, irritation and the "breaks" in skin which may admit harmful germs. With these important protective qualities, new Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder—also improved by more *delicate* scent—offers mothers a valuable new baby health aid. Best for baby, it's also best for you. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Toronto.*





"Hammerizing" Process gives Mennen powder amazing new fineness. Photos above, taken through microscope, compare 3 leading baby powders. Mennen (extreme right) is (1) smoother, (2) finer, (3) more uniform in texture, protects baby's skin *better* against chafing and friction.

Germ-killing tests of 3 leading powders show that new Mennen Powder (above, lower right) has definite antiseptic superiority. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In pale areas, germs are thriving; but in dark area (note center of Mennen plate) germ growth has been *prevented.*

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Don't be unhappy! Don't worry—because I can help you as I have many, many women in the same plight as you.

I too, had the embarrassment of a difficult superfluous hair problem on face and limbs. Fortunately I found a way to bring me happiness and I shall be glad to pass this knowledge on to you just for the asking. Now, no one can tell by looking at me that I have ever been troubled with unwanted hair, and if you follow my advice, no one need know of your superfluous hair problem.

It's all done so simply, daintily, and painlessly that you'll be amazed. Now you may show the natural beauty of your complexion and skin when unmarred by hair. So if you have tried other methods and haven't been fully satisfied don't wait another day.

FREE—Send No Money

Write for my FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", which gives the information you want and proves the actual success of my method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer —no obligation of any kind. Address **Madame Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 287, Chicago.**

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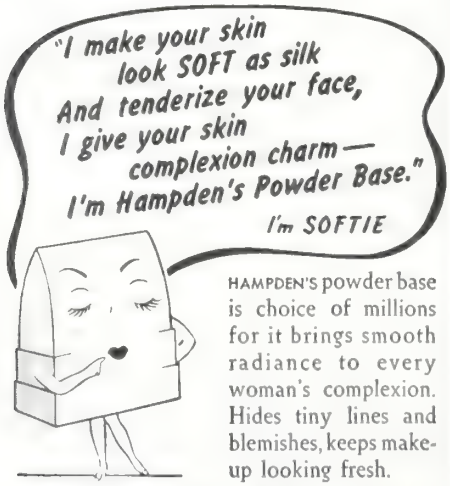

HAMPDEN'S powder base is choice of millions for it brings smooth radiance to every woman's complexion. Hides tiny lines and blemishes, keeps make-up looking fresh.

POWD'R-BASE hampden
50c also 25c & 10c
Over 20 million sold
OUTSELLS ALL FOUNDATIONS

"We were on our way to fill an engagement at the Cocoanut Grove," recalls Janet, "and the thought of coming to Hollywood wowed me. I was always a great movie fan and I couldn't wait till I got here.

"Without stopping to unpack my bags I sailed out of the hotel, looking for dress shops. 'I've just got to have a beautiful dress to open in Hollywood,' I told myself.

"Not having Louise along to manage things, I had no money. But I made up my mind to get that dress, somehow.

"I found a beautiful, luscious pink dress and asked them to hold it for me.

"As I was entering the hotel I met the quietest boy in the band. He never mixed; but now he stopped and said, 'Janet, you look sunk. What's the matter?'

"I said it was opening night and that I felt awful because I couldn't buy the beautiful dress I had seen. He lent me the money—$65. It took me months to pay him back on the instalment plan.

"That first night at the Grove I outdid myself and sang and looked better than I ever did before, or ever will again, I guess. It was the excitement, or the new dress, or something.

"Some producers came back after the show and said they would have tests made of me. But I refused, because I loved singing and being with the band so much."

LATER, after Hal Kemp's death and the breaking up of the band, Janet followed the advice of agents and the NBC Artists' Bureau and returned to Hollywood. On the strength of the glowing accounts of her from New York, Columbia signed her and made her one of the "Three Girls About Town" with Joan Blondell and Binnie Barnes. Next they put her into a "Blondie" picture for additional camera experience and immediately thereafter gave her the feminine lead opposite Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy in "Two Yanks In Trinidad."

Remembering the tips and coaching she had received from Joan Blondell and Binnie Barnes, Janet expected to crash the "My Sister Eileen" set and soak up comedy technique from the sidelines, watching her favorite, Roz Russell, in action. But overnight the studio decided to cast Janet as *Eileen*, notified her to be ready to start the next day. Of course there were no clothes ready for her and she had fittings until after twelve that night. Next morning she was up at 5:30 to be on the set in time to get her final instructions before shooting began.

From that moment on Janet was in ecstasy. "I'm very much like the character *Eileen* that I play in this picture. In real life it's Louise, my older sister, who looks after me.

"She always told me what to do. When our mother took us to a store and told us to pick out what we wanted, Louise would pick the biggest ring or the fluffiest dress for herself. Then, so Mother wouldn't have to spend too much money, she would find something very small or plain for me and say, 'You want that, don't you, Janey? Say yes, Janey.' And like a dope, I'd say yes.

"And she still tells me what I want. But I'd have a terrible time getting along without her. She runs our apartment and keeps me from getting tangled up.

"At first we had a little tough sledding, as Louise had a hard time getting work in a California hospital. She's a laboratory technician and practically all I made went for music lessons. But we were too proud to ask Mother or Dad for help, so we just sat tight, till Louise did find a job. And now we're sitting pretty."

JANET is not quite twenty-one; is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and had reddish-chestnut hair till they bleached it for this picture. She still sketches and dabbles in oils and water colors. She practices ballet regularly when not buried in a picture. She loves comic strips, Du Maurier's writings and symphonic music. She collects lipsticks and match boxes. She likes oatmeal, ice cream and coffee and abhors cakes and pies. She can't cook, sister Louise doing the practical things for the family.

Janet has a wardrobe of twenty-five formals, a dozen sport outfits, thirty-one pairs of shoes, sixteen pairs of slacks and not a single house dress.

She enjoys practically all outdoor sports and adores dancing.

Her heart belongs to Private Lou Busch, who was a pianist with the orchestra with which she sang. She announced to an interested Hollywood that she would marry him as soon as his Army assignments permit. Her heart always did belong to him; the glamour of Hollywood and its males never turned her pretty head. Which is by way of being a phenomenon.

In fact, she's a phenomenon in more ways than one, this A-to-Z girl.

The End

The A-to-Z Girl, Janet Blair, teaches Jiggs, of the cast of her current film, "Something To Shout About," some a-b-c's of the picture business

Awf'ly Nice

(*Continued from page* 49) All this being so, there remains the mystery of his acting, mature beyond that of many grown-ups. To call him a child actor falls wide of the mark. He's an actor who happens to be twelve, but who conveys emotion with the sureness of experience and the sensitivity of understanding.

It's a mystery that can't be wholly explained, any more than you can explain the young Mozart. A child is born with a gift. But Roddy's parents are partly responsible—if not for the gift, then for helping to mould an integrated personality which can use its gift to the best advantage.

RODDY'S father came from a strictly regulated home. His mother spent much of her girlhood in boarding schools. For their children, they decided before they ever had any children, things would be different. From the time consciousness dawned, Roddy and Virginia were treated like human entities. They lived not merely under their parents' roof, but *with* their parents. They weren't shunted off to the nursery or banished with relief at six because it was bedtime. No Sunday invitation was accepted without consulting them. They had the same right as their elders, the McDowalls contended, to choose not to be bored. Each relished the society of the other three. There happened to be no other children in the neighboring houses on Herne Hill where they lived, so Roddy and Virginia invented their own games and played them together.

Their father, of the Merchant Marine in both World Wars, taught his son to sail and passed on to him his own love of ships. Nothing that came within the scope of a child's comprehension was too difficult to be explained.

The children have never disobeyed, not because they're goody-goods, but because the need to assert themselves through revolt hasn't arisen. Allowed every fair latitude, they take it for granted that their mother doesn't say no except for sufficient reason, so they don't argue. Mrs. McDowall doesn't give orders. She makes a suggestion, and it's followed. She doesn't remember when she last punished either. Roddy does. He got in a fight with Virginia and threw something at her and it hit her head and he got spanked. He was five then.

Their dramatic careers—Virginia acted in England and you'll see her in Twentieth's "This Above All"—were launched by their supposed shyness. The elocution teacher at their school suggested lessons to help them overcome it. Mrs. McDowall didn't know what she was talking about. "Shy, indeed! You should see them at home. If you mean they're well-behaved in school, it's because they know they have to be."

She had nothing against the lessons, however, and the McDowalls, brother and sister, wound up by copping every prize in sight. Entered in the same competition, Virginia would look to her own defeat as a foregone conclusion. "Thank heavens Roddy's not in the next one. I might get first place." But she said it equably. Sisterly pride went deeper than professional rivalry.

Mrs. McDowall grew weary of being told that her child was marvelous and ought to be in films. "How does one go about it?" Nobody knew. At length she took matters into her own hands. A columnist wrote that Monty Banks needed a boy for his new picture with Gracie Fields.

As Roddy tells it: "Mummy phoned him up and he was quite rude to Mummy. He said, 'You're the nine hundred and ninety-ninth person to phone me up today, how'm I to know where Monty Banks is?' So Mummy said, 'If you print such things in your column, you must expect to have people phoning you up.' Well, probably seeing the logic of that, though still cross, he said: 'I left him at the Dorchester half an hour ago and for all I know he's still there.' So Mummy said, 'Thank you very much,' and then she said, 'I don't suppose I'll get him, but there's no harm in trying.'

"Well, curiously enough, she did get him and he was very nice and said send some photographs. But I was too small or something was wrong with me and I didn't get the part. However, he advised Mummy where to go and I finally got in a film by the name of 'Scruffy.'"

HE continued his new career till the war. He knows what bombs are like. "They whistle," he says, "like a thousand people screaming." Air raids don't scare him. "Beforehand, you think, I wonder what it's going to be like. The first raid we ever experienced was in somebody's house and the man ran around saying nobody get nervous, and Mummy just looked at him and I looked at Mummy, and she wasn't scared, so neither was I."

"After you've had eight or nine, you really get tired of them, it becomes just something you expect. You say, 'Hitler hasn't come over yet, he should be here in about an hour,' then you go about your business."

His second raid caught him in a taxi with his mother. Before she could stop him, he had his head through the window, informing her that it wasn't a very good raid, he couldn't see the bombs.

Not till Westminster was hit did the thing happen to Roddy which has happened to so many Britishers, crystallizing a general emotion into something deeper and more passionate. Roddy has a special feeling for the Abbey, tied up with his special feeling for history. He'd roamed it often, been allowed to sit in the King's Stall and in Kitchener's. "If they hit the Abbey, Mummy," he'd said, "I can't stand it." He rarely shows temper, cries still more rarely. But when he heard that they'd hit the Abbey, he ground his fists together and half raised them. His mother went to him, but he shook off comfort. "I *hate* Hitler!" he blazed, then ran to his room and sobbed for hours.

THOMAS McDOWALL rejoined the Merchant Marine and sent his family to America. After boarding ship, orders came which kept them in Liverpool harbor for six days. German bombers tried again and again but failed to hit them. The difference between the children—perhaps between male and female the world over—was underscored when a submarine attacked at sea. Roddy went wild with excitement, pleading to be allowed on deck, so he could watch them throw the depth charges. Vaguer about the details of warfare, Virginia asked: "Are there men in that submarine?"

"Of course—"

"But they'll be killed!"

"Of *course*," yelped Roddy.

Mrs. McDowall had planned to register the young ones with an agent, then go on with them to her brother in Washington. But they happened to arrive at the height of an intensive search on the part of Darryl Zanuck and his scouts for a child to play *Huw* in "How Green Was

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CLIP THIS AD. WORTH 29c on the BIG $1.10 jar at drug or dep't stores. DEALERS: You are authorized to accept it as 29c credit on the $1.10 jar. Send this ad with jobber's name to Golden Peacock Co., Dept. MWG, Paris, Tenn., before Jan. 1, 1943 for 29c cash refund.

Roddy thinks America's "awf'ly nice," likes his California home. But most of all he and Virginia miss their father, officer in the Merchant Marine

My Valley." A test of Roddy and the search was ended. With time only for hello and good-by to their Washington relatives, they were hurried to Hollywood.

Roddy thinks America's *awf*'ly nice. He misses England, of course. First, there was the terrible depression of leaving Daddy and home and all the people he knew. He misses the parrot, though the parrot never liked him. He misses Marutti, the most astonishing cat in England, who jumps into the bookcase when the siren goes and, when he hears the 'all-clear, jumps out again. He misses Granny and Alice, the housekeeper, and George, Alice's husband. Most of all he misses the father who was his good companion.

Naïveté and poise are so mixed in him that you can't tell where one will stop and the other break out. Good manners and an extensive vocabulary make him seem adult. He loves Shakespeare but he also loves "Superman" and "True Comics," popped with excitement on meeting the editor of the last-named and suggested that she wasn't giving George Washington enough space. His passion for Shakespeare was born when he heard an older boy at dramatic school read *King Henry's* lines to *Montjoy*, beginning: "Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back and tell thy king I do not seek him now."

"I'd like to be able to say poetry like that," sighed Roddy.

He was all of eight, so his mother said, "Don't be absurd, my beautiful child."

"I like the sound," he persisted. "Will you teach it to me so I can understand it?"

But he spouts Red Skelton with equal delight, crowing on no provocation whatever, "If I *doood* it, I would only get a *whip*-ping."

HE wouldn't say he loves school. He doesn't think anybody *loves* school, but neither does he hate it—except for arithmetic. Unlike Virginia, he'd rather be read to than read. When Virginia gets in a book, she's entirely away from anything else, she's just in the book, when you say hello, she won't hear you. Their favorite story of all time is Kenneth Grahame's "Wind In The Willows," and they name themselves and friends after its characters. It's no uncommon thing to hear Roddy greet someone politely as Mr. Toad. "How are you, Mr. Toad?"

"I'm fine, Rat. And Mole?"

"Mole's well, thank you."

He's perceptive about people. After playing with Donald Crisp, he said: "You know, Mummy, if I were in sore trouble, I'd go to Mr. Crisp." Bette Davis is more than just his favorite actress. "She's *awf*'ly nice!" he breathes worshipfully "And she's such a *good* person too."

VIRGINIA remains his preferred playmate. They attend the studio school together, giggle over Jack Benny, thrill to the Gangbusters, consider the Lux show No. 1 on the air and would take in a movie every day, time and Mummy willing. Vee pastes up her brother's stills and clippings, with such care as only love could bring to the job. They still invent games. There's a complicated affair called "Offices." Roddy's an agent, Virginia his partner and secretary. They have heaps of marvelous clients. Someone like Gary Cooper phones up and asks for an appointment. They give him an appointment for ten next morning, consult their books, see how much money he makes, dash over to the studio and fight for a raise. Next morning Gary looks it over. If he's entirely satisfied, he signs it and the firm of McDowall and McDowall has another client.

Or Roddy puts on an opera, solo, singing hero and heroine, villain and comic, in ear-splitting falsetto and treble bass. As various members of the audience, Virginia reacts. She fancies Roddy as a comic. "He says things right off the bat like Bob Hope, only not quite so good."

She fancies him as a brother too. "Of course he's inhuman about cake and I have to lambaste him when he makes rude remarks on the subject of Errol Flynn."

"Errol Flynn," observes Roddy, "keeps my sister's heart aflutter—"

He also makes rude remarks about Roddy McDowall. "When I see myself in films, I feel strongly impelled to look the other way." He thinks people are awf'ly kind to like him, but if they tell him so, it sort of makes him feel funny, shy in a way. The fact that he's starring in "The Pied Piper" and that Twentieth Century-Fox bought "My Friend Flicka" for him leaves him uninflated as it found him. He's still unaware of his own professional stature. Having bumped an executive with the bike he was learning to ride, he high-tailed it to his mother, gasping, "I just ran Mr. Silvey down. Oh Mummy, I'm afraid we'll all be bounced."

To borrow a phrase, he's *awf*'ly nice.

The End.

I Married a "Killer"

(*Continued from page* 45) forget my first glimpse of him. I had asked him to come in and see me after I'd heard him on the radio. He was wearing a long white trench coat. He was quite sunburned and his hair had been bleached blond by the sun. Yet his eyebrows and his eyelashes were pitch-black over level green eyes.

Alan's voice impressed me, too. It was deep, rich and full. I asked him if he would sign a contract with me.

He said he didn't know whether he wanted to be in pictures. He had tried to get into pictures and finally decided that pictures were not good for him, that he should stick to radio. And Columbia Broadcasting Company had offered to sign him up.

But then he said, "May I let you know in ten days?"

Ten days afterwards he was back. He told me later that he sat down intending to say, "I'm signing with Columbia," and to explain why. But instead he said, "Where's your contract?"

I don't know what made him change his mind. Just impulse, I think. He is always impulsive.

AS A dancer Alan is wonderful. He has a swing in his dancing I've never seen before. But he will sit down to a rhumba. He wants to dance the rhumba, and strangely enough he can dance it, but he's not as good at a rhumba as other dances. And if Alan can't do something better than most people can, he won't do it at all when anyone's watching. If he likes to do something, he slaves at it till he's perfect.

That's how he became such a magnificent diver and swimmer. He used to tie boards to his legs when he slept, to improve his diving form. He had a springboard under the garage and used to practice on that until he almost knocked down the building.

He has told me that the first time he went to a dance he felt he couldn't dance. He wouldn't ask a girl to dance with him till he was fairly good, so he went home and practiced by himself for months.

He can play a fair game of golf or tennis, but if you were to ask him, "Do you play golf?" or "Do you play tennis?" he would say, "No, I never play." If he's only average at something, he won't admit that he can do it at all.

He loves moving pictures. We go about five times a week. He likes double features and likes to sit through a program from beginning to end. Sometimes he'll see each picture twice and he particularly enjoys cartoons.

He thinks Cary Grant, Ronald Colman and Jean Arthur are excellent and he admires Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby. He used to sneak into Paramount through the graveyard when he was a small boy to watch pictures being made. He thinks Loretta Young is a remarkable actress and is very happy over the fact that she will be in his next picture, "China."

WHEN Alan received his acclaim in "This Gun For Hire" every agency in the business began to bid for a share in his contract. At first I thought that nothing would every induce me to sell any part of his contract. I told myself that being married to Alan would make no difference.

But after we were married, I found

"Mommy, did they really save us enough to buy a WAR BOND?"

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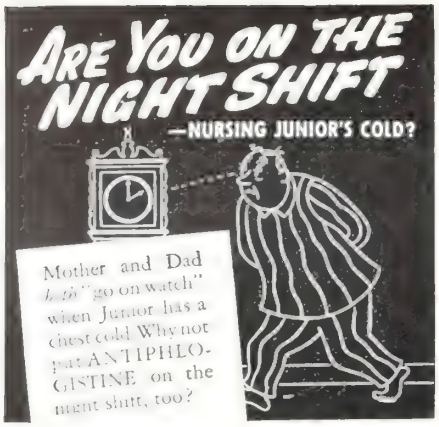

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

that even though I had told myself it would make no difference, I was very much embarrassed asking for anything for Alan. It was like asking for myself. So I changed my mind. I went to the people who I thought were the best agents for Alan and gave them a half-interest in his contract. It seems much better that way.

And Alan is not the type of person who can fight for himself. He's clever and understands people, but he shows his emotions too plainly. If he wanted a role badly, he'd be willing to play it for marbles.

He is always afraid that he has given a bad performance. The night of the preview of "This Gun For Hire," I could feel his heart going like a trip-hammer. Every time someone walked out of the theater (even though it might have been just to get a glass of water) he was sure it was because his performance was bad. It never occurred to him that they might walk out because of someone else's poor performance or for some other reason.

You can always read Alan's emotions on his face except when he is ribbing people. Then he has the deadest pan you ever saw in your life. Sometimes it doesn't occur to them for hours that they are being ribbed!

UNTIL he achieved his success in pictures, Alan had been poor most of his life and had had to do strictly without luxuries.

He is still careful in buying things for himself, though not so much as he used to be. Still if he sees two shirts and one is twice the price of the other, he will buy the cheaper one, even though he likes the more expensive shirt better.

But Alan is just the opposite with me. When we were in New York, we decided that it might be a good idea, since we were going so many places, for me to get a new fur coat. So I ordered a coat and I tried to be a little bit thrifty in ordering it. When Alan saw the fur I had already ordered, he made me cancel it. Instead he bought me a beautiful platinum fox, far more expensive than the fur I had selected!

Yet there have been times when he has been a little "out of patience" with me. Usually, they were times when I came late for an appointment. Alan himself is always punctual and I am usually un-punctual. He has tried and tried to cure me, without much success. It makes him anxious and nervous when I am late.

Alan in many ways is like a small boy. He reads every inch of the funny papers. *Blondie* and *Flash Gordon* are his favorites. Alan loves all heroes, real or fictional—*Superman, Flash Gordon*, Lawrence of Arabia (whom he'd like to play in a picture). He would like to be like the late Douglas Fairbanks.

ALAN, for the first time in his life, now has peace of mind. Before we were married, I used to think he was very moody. But it was the financial worries. Since we've been married, I don't find him moody.

He can't get used to the idea that he is now considered a celebrity. He gets a great thrill out of people's recognizing him and will stop to talk to anyone who tries to talk to him. He's flattered when people ask for his autograph.

One night in New York, he appeared at Kate Smith's broadcast. In front of the studio, throngs of people gathered around him, asking for his autograph. He said he'd give it to them when he came out if they'd let him go in.

When he was on his way out a rather important player who used to be a star said, "You don't want to get into this mess, of course." The boys at the broadcasting station are used to putting celebrities in cabs and whisking them away. So Alan and I were whisked into a cab; the cab started out and people ran after us.

When we got home, Alan was very quiet all evening. Then he said miserably, "I feel sick when I think of all the people who waited for an autograph till the show was over and then I ran out on them."

"I thought you wanted to get home in a hurry," I said. "I thought you didn't want to spend half the evening signing autographs."

"I thought you didn't want me to," Alan said. "I wanted to, very much. I got into the cab because I thought that was what you wanted, Sue."

THAT taught us both a lesson. If Alan is happy signing autographs for people who want them, there'll be no more cabs to whisk us away. Ever since that day, Alan has answered all requests for autographs whenever possible.

He is awed when anyone of importance treats him, Alan Ladd, as if he were also important. Recently Buddy de Sylva, head of Paramount, came to Alan's birthday party and invited us to the de Sylva home for dinner. Alan is still pinching himself to find out if it's true.

And I'm still pinching myself when I think that I'm married to Laddie. I love my work and have no intention, in spite of the rumors that have gone the rounds, of retiring from it. But just the same, I'd rather be Mrs. Alan Ladd than First Lady of the Land.

The End

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whips out her typewriter

to give you her notion of

RESOLUTIONS THE STARS SHOULD MAKE

Two against Love

(*Continued from page* 48) unhappy face I'd ever seen.

"This is Miss Howells, Mr. Sloane," Chris said. "I'm sure she'll make you comfortable."

Riley Sloane took one look at me and closed his eyes. "I don't like nurses," he said distinctly.

"Perhaps Miss Howells will make you change your mind."

Without opening his eyes, he said, "I doubt it."

"He's to go to bed at once, Miss Howells." Chris said evenly. "I'll look in again later."

With an encouraging wink he went out and I looked again at Riley Sloane. It had hardly been an auspicious beginning. "He'll take plenty of handling," Chris had said.

"Is there anything you'd like, Mr. Sloane, before I send the orderly to help you undress?"

"I'd like to get the hell out of here," he said in a toneless voice. "I owe all this to my fine friend Martin, heaven's gift to the motion-picture industry. Fine fellow. Says he sent me out here for my own good. The only things Martin ever does are for the good of Martin Pictures, Incorporated. I'm a valuable property, hence nothing must happen to me." The intense blue gaze held me suddenly. "Were *you* ever a valuable property, Miss—what'd you say your name was?"

"Howells, Mr. Sloane. Now is there anything—"

"No. Yes! Come here." I hesitated, then went over by the chair, drawn by the imperiousness of the command. "No, you were never a valuable property. You're a starched busybody. But you *might* have been . . . Let's see, blonde hair with moonlight on it. Eyes the color of—of tea, by golly. Good straight nose, nice bone structure. And—"

"If you're quite through cataloging my features, I'll call the orderly, Mr. Sloane."

"—slim figure under that ironing-board of a uniform," he went on as if I hadn't spoken. "Nice legs. Cool and self-possessed on the surface, but a volcano underneath."

I was coming to a slow boil. "Don't you think you're being a little ludicrous?"

He stared at me coolly. "You may go now." His tone was bored.

I glared at him and then walked out with whatever shreds of dignity I could gather. As the door closed, I heard him laugh. Flushed with angry humiliation, I hurried to get the orderly. I hated Riley Sloane! He had been completely in the wrong and yet he'd contrived to make me feel—and look—ridiculous.

ON my way past the blue-tiled, flower-banked sun porch Carlotta Fane called me. She had been with us several weeks, the victim of some slight nervous disorder. Aging, garrulous, shrewdly observant, she had been a famous actress thirty years ago. Now she did character parts in movies—and talked the arm off anyone willing to listen. Some of the nurses found her a terrible bore, but I liked Miss Fane.

She was sitting in a cushioned lounge chair, her dyed hair too red in the sun. "Will you help me to my room now, dear? The sun may be healing, according to you moderns, but it's so bad for one's *skin*, I always think. In my day, a woman wouldn't be caught dead with anything but a milk-white complexion. I remember once—" I was grateful for the respite, as I helped her up. It would give me time to gather myself before I went into Room 22 again.

"I hear Sloane is here," Miss Fane rattled on. "My dear, you watch out for him. I've known him for years and he's a charmer—always had women crazy about him. Sweet boy—but dangerous. He's just like my first husband. Black Irish, you know—they're so moody. Don't you fall for Riley. . . ."

"I assure you, Miss Fane, there's not the slightest danger of that."

"Don't you be too sure. There's Honey Hollister, you know—she was mad about him. Some people say she still is." The name brought vague recollections of a lovely, angel-faced blonde who had flared briefly into prominence some years ago and then suddenly disappeared. "She was all set for stardom and then—well, they *said* she retired because of ill health. *I* always thought that Riley—"

I CUT in with, "Do you think Mr. Sloane will play *Gerald* in 'Lost Melody'?"

"Not if Leo Martin has anything to do with it," she said vehemently. "The studio's afraid to risk him. Not that he wouldn't be perfect for the part, but he's so *undependable*. Why, Riley held up 'Man With A Past' for weeks and cost them thousands of dollars by disappearing just as the picture was scheduled to start shooting. They finally located him in Mexico City. He'd taken his plane and flown down. They'd have suspended him except he's too big. Oh, no, they won't risk him in 'Lost Melody.' Mr. Martin told me himself they're going to try Clinton Starr in the part."

On and on she chattered until I had her safely in bed again. "You watch yourself with Riley Sloane," she hissed after me in her best *Lady Macbeth* manner.

Watch myself indeed! His mocking laughter still rankled and I was determined that while he was in my care I would quietly but firmly put Mr. Riley Sloane in his place. He might be an idol to millions, but I'd show him he was plain poison to me.

Nor did Chris's argument change my mind. "But he's an interesting type, Kay," he maintained. "As soon as we get rid of the alcohol he's soaked himself with, I'm going to try to get at the bottom of him. I've an idea there's some deep hurt under that indifference."

INTERESTING, I thought bitterly during the next few days, Riley Sloane might be; difficult he certainly was. He refused in any way to co-operate with the regulations of the hospital. When he was in a "good" mood, he'd devise ways and means to keep me running the whole day; and when his mood was dark, he'd barricade himself in his room to be alone and let us break through as best we could. I will say he offered no physical violence. His particular brand of resistance was strictly the mental type. I somehow sensed it was a symbol of some dark rebellion against life, a perverted anger at something in himself.

One day when he was well enough to be up and lounging around his room, his telephone rang. When I answered, a husky woman's voice said, "I must speak to Riley Sloane."

"I'm sorry. Mr. Sloane is not supposed to be disturbed."

The huskiness deepened into a kind of desperation. "But I must speak to him. It's vitally important. Tell him it's Honey Hollister."

Miss Fane's words came back, and her manner which had hinted at so much more. "It's Miss Hollister," I said hesi-

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tantly. "She says it's important. . . ."

His face darkened and for a moment I thought he would refuse the call. Then with a quick gesture, he picked up the phone. I went on making up the bed.

"Yes?" he said harshly. There was a pause. When he spoke again his voice sounded impatient. But it was more than that; something I couldn't quite put my finger on. "No, don't come out here. You'll get it. You always have, haven't you? I'll send it tomorrow. And *don't call any more.*"

He slammed down the receiver. "Women!" He gave a short, hard laugh. "There's nothing they like better than sticking a knife in you and watching you squirm."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sloane. Perhaps I shouldn't have let you talk—"

"She'd have gotten through to me anyway. She always does."

Whatever had happened between him and Honey Hollister, she still had some hold over him. She still had the power to make him suffer. That much was obvious.

"It's none of my business, Mr. Sloane—but you've got fame and talent and wealth. Somewhere in there it ought to add up to happiness for you. And yet—"

He faced me very deliberately. "My dear girl, when you've kicked around as much as I have you'll discover happiness is a catchword for suckers. Fame and talent and wealth," he mimicked. "Sure, I've got that. And what does it add up to? Exactly nothing."

When he was like that, there was nothing I could do. And I was tired of Riley Sloane and his moods and his women, and angry with myself because I was thinking of him more as a person than a case. It was unprofessional and, in some obscure way, all wrong.

COMPARED to all that turbulence, Chris's serene strength was a wonderful thing. We were both off duty next day and we spent it together, driving around the California hills. When we drove out through the big stone gates of the manor-like hospital, we left all that luxurious, half-real world behind. As we laughed and talked, I kept telling myself how lucky I was. Chris had had his own difficulties and bad breaks from life. Yet they had never made him bitter; only more selfless, more stalwart. And he loved me. He wouldn't say so, but it was there in his eyes and the touch of his hand. It enfolded me and I felt warm and peaceful and happy. I almost dreaded to go back.

It was the next day that the woman came. I saw her going out of Room 22 during visiting hours. Plain, middle-aged, poorly dressed, she was hardly the type to be a friend of Riley Sloane's. I stared at her curiously.

"Mr. Sloane's much better, isn't he?" she said with a shy smile, as we met in the carpeted corridor. "Such a kind man."

"Kind?" It was hardly the word I'd

HOW IS YOUR I. Q. ON *Barbara Stanwyck?*

The answers should be easy; if they're not, see page 90

1. What was Barbara Stanwyck's earliest ambition?
   (a) To marry and raise a family of five children.
   (b) Become a missionary in China.
   (c) To be a premiere danseuse.

2. She is an avid fan of what indoor sport?
   (a) Ping-pong.
   (b) Backgammon.
   (c) Ballroom dancing.

3. What is her favorite type of wearing apparel?
   (a) Slacks.
   (b) Tailored suits.
   (c) Western riding clothes.

4. How did she meet her husband, Robert Taylor, for the first time?
   (a) They were introduced at a dinner party.
   (b) Their cars collided on Sunset Boulevard.
   (c) They were introduced by Mrs. Zeppo Marx.

5. Who is her closest confidante and pal in the business?
   (a) Joan Crawford.
   (b) Gary Cooper.
   (c) Hollis Barnes, her hairdresser.

6. As a Broadway chorine she once won a trophy. For what?
   (a) The most beautiful back.
   (b) The most beautiful legs.
   (c) Excellent dancing.

7. At what routine job is she an adept operator and at which she once earned her living?
   (a) Switchboard operating.
   (b) Stenography.
   (c) Elevator operating.

8. What unusual event takes place on the completion of her every picture production?
   (a) She gives the members of the cast a present.
   (b) The crew give her a present.
   (c) She tosses a party for the cast and crew.

have applied to him.

She studied me for the briefest moment. "That's what I call a man who pays the expenses to save another man's life. Don't you?" Her gentle question contrived to tell me that I and the rest of the world were dead wrong about Riley Sloane.

I glanced at the worn gold wedding band. "Your husband?" I asked.

She nodded. "The garage man where Mr. Sloane has his car serviced. Look miss . . ." Hurriedly she handed me a piece of paper. "If he should ever need anything—I mean— Anyway, there's my name and address."

SHE hastened down the corridor, leaving me too astonished to reply. Thoughtfully I went into his room. He was standing by the window, looking out. On the chaise longue were the simple garden flowers she had brought—so different from the gigantic floral displays crowding his room that bore half the big names of Hollywood. I picked them up.

"I like these," I said. "They're different from the others. They mean something."

He turned quickly, and our eyes met. Then he looked away. "So she told you," he said. "Well, what of it? Money is the lazy man's remedy."

"It wasn't the money. It was the thought—and the fact that nobody will ever know about it except you and those two people. How can you say happiness is for suckers when you give it to other people?"

I could have bitten my tongue off for having committed this pollyanna speech. Now surely I had laid myself open to his nicely concealed scorn. Instead he looked at me thoughtfully. "You're a funny girl," he said at last. "I've given you a merciless ride for a week now. Yet you've never complained. Now you seem actually concerned whether I'm happy or not. I don't get it."

It was the first time I'd ever seen him without his mantle of cynicism and the words held a curious significance. "Maybe I'm just trying to be a good nurse."

"It's more than that. It's something in you—some giving quality. It's been a long time since I met anybody like that. You're not a phony; you're real, Kay." He used my name quietly, intimately, as if he'd always known it.

I looked at him speechlessly, as he moved a step closer. "If I'd known somebody like you—" he broke off. I looked up at him, scarcely breathing. Then very gently he leaned over and brushed my forehead with his lips.

He stepped back. "Thank you, Kay," he said and turned away.

I WENT to my room. I had to be alone. Dimly, I was grateful to be off duty till noon tomorrow. With the mood of that moment on me, I couldn't have taken any temperatures, felt any pulses. During wakeful hours that night, I tried to reason myself back into reality. The great Riley Sloane—and me. It couldn't have happened. But it *had*.

Next day I was half eager, half dreading, to see him. Surely there would have to be a recognition, an awareness of what had passed between us, whatever it was.

I opened the door of Room 22—and halted in shocked bewilderment. A strange man lounged on the bed with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a glass in the other. Sprawled in the easy chair, looking as he had on the day he came, was Riley Sloane. His eyes held that same overbrightness and his face, that same mockery. The room reeked with whiskey.

Riley waved his glass. "Come on in and join the party. Want you to meet my friend, Corky Smith—the screwiest scriptwriter in the business. Corky, meet Miss—what did you say your name was?"

I advanced into the room, cold with anger and something more than that. "That isn't important," I said icily, "because there isn't going to be any more party. Mr. Smith is leaving."

Corky Smith, a slim, tousled young man with a clever, impish face, eyed me up and down. "Riley, you wolf, no wonder you're taking the cure. If they serve lovelies like this one, I'll take it myself." He gave a puckish grin. "Come, come, my pretty, try some of this nectar I smuggled past the jailkeeper in my bunch of posies."

"Didn't I make myself clear? I said Mr. Smith was leaving now."

"Oh, go peddle your thermometers," Riley Sloane said wearily.

With a sudden movement, Corky Smith grabbed my arm and started to pull me down beside him. I didn't use my head; I just used my instinct and with my free hand gave him a clip across the face.

Riley Sloane gave a laugh of amused detachment. "She takes a lot for granted."

"Get out of here!" I said to Smith. "This minute!"

Corky, holding one hand to his face, shrugged comically. "The tigress type. Well, cheerio, Riley. I leave you now—bloody but unbowed. See you later." With a final grin at me, he swaggered out of the room.

SHAKEN with anger, I turned on Riley. "How could you do this?"

"How could I do what?"

"How could you let that man in here, and get drunk, and—" I wasn't a nurse now. I was a woman, outraged and hurt. That made me say more than I should have. "How can you be so different from the man I saw yesterday?"

"Yesterday?" Riley Sloane raised an eyebrow. "My dear girl, yesterday I was in an expansive mood; today I'm in a mood to get drunk. It's as simple as that."

As simple, and as humiliating. I remembered my thoughts of last night and shame flooded through me.

Dr. Justin saved me from answering. Suave and immaculate, he strode through the door and beamed on Riley Sloane. If he saw my rumpled cap and flushed face, he gave no sign.

"I have good news for you, Mr. Sloane. Mr. Martin has requested that you be released as a patient today, so that you can take over that part in 'Lost Melody.' It seems that Mr. Starr was—shall we say—inadequate in the preliminary shooting."

Instead of jumping at the chance for release, Riley leaned back on the lounge, eyeing Dr. Justin narrowly. "What are they trying to do, break that kid?" he demanded quietly. "Starr's okay if they'll give him a chance."

"I'm sure I don't know your studio's business, Mr. Sloane," Justin laughed with synthetic cheer. "But at least you'll be going home."

"An ill wind that blows no good," Sloane muttered dryly.

"Though I'm afraid you'll not be quite free of us. Under ordinary circumstances, you would not be allowed to leave until your treatment was completed. But as Mr. Martin asked it as a personal favor, I agreed only on the condition that a nurse accompany you home and that you continue the treatments there. Miss Howells here will go

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with you when you leave."

I was almost startled out of my professional poise. Me—go home with Riley Sloane? I bit back my instinctive protest. If I spoke up now it would mean my job, maybe even my career. Nurses don't protest at doing what they're told. Not if they want to continue with their chosen careers.

"Now look here," Riley suddenly exploded. "When I go home it's my own business how I live and what I do. I'm not going to have any of your everlasting nursemaids wrapped around my neck."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, but—ah, here's Dr. Ross now." Dr. Justin was obviously relieved. "He'll explain further the measures to be taken. I'll see you of course before you leave. . . ."

Chris waited until Dr. Justin was out of the room. His face was set sternly. "I've just heard you're leaving us, Mr. Sloane. I've also heard, from the orderly, that you threw a little party in here a while ago. Frankly, I can't say I'm sorry to see you go. During your stay, you've succeeded in breaking every single rule of this sanatorium. You've demoralized your doctor, your nurse and yourself!"

A muscle along Riley Sloane's jaw line twitched, then lay quiet. "You'll pardon my not being able to see what business it is of yours what I do with myself."

"You made it my business when you came here. As long as you're under my care, you'll do as I say and that goes for when you are at home as well as here. As a doctor, I find your behavior intolerable. And as a man, I think you're a plain fool."

Riley stared at him coldly. "Have it your way," he said quietly.

"I will . . . Miss Howells, I'd like to see you, please."

OUT in the silent hall, I faced Chris almost desperately. "Don't make me go home with that man," I cried. "I can't!"

"You! I knew a nurse was going, but I didn't know—" he stopped, and there was a curious look in his eyes as if—as if he were withdrawing from me. "I'm sorry, Kay. I know he's difficult and I know it puts you in a spot. But there's nothing I can do."

"But, Chris, you don't understand. It's—"

"It's what?" He was watching me.

But how could I tell him? "He's so—so difficult," I said weakly.

"I've never seen you like this, Kay. This patient, no matter how you dislike him personally, is your responsibility. You're not acting like a nurse at all, but like a hysterical schoolgirl. I don't understand you."

In all the time we'd known each other, he had never been so coolly impersonal. Suddenly I felt lonelier than I ever had in my life. I was in this alone and that was the way I'd have to see it through—whatever it led to. And he was right: I was letting down my whole profession by acting like this. I steadied myself.

"You're perfectly right," I said quietly. "I'm sorry—it was so sudden I was a little upset. I'll be ready to leave with Mr. Sloane."

I was pretty miserable on the long ride in the limousine that carried us across hot San Fernando Valley and up into the hills behind Hollywood. Riley Sloane sat in one corner, his eyes closed. Only once did he speak and that was as we hurried into the winding driveway that led up to his house. "Remember, you let yourself in for this. I didn't ask you."

A pleasant reminder from one's prospective host!

The house was in the rambling ranch style, comfortable without ostentation. I was surprised at the quiet good taste of the furnishings. The servants were an elderly couple, a cook and chauffeur-butler, who were obviously delighted to have their master home again. I wondered if they, too, had been recipients of his unpredictable kindness.

AFTER George, the butler, had put the patient to bed and I had seen that he was comfortable, I had supper in my room. It was a charming guest room. Even though part of a bachelor's house, it still had touches to delight any woman's heart. Big windows overlooked the garden at one end. At the other was a low, broad bed, with an expensively tailored coverlet that picked up the odd blue of the rug and the walls. Concealed lighting lit up the dressing table and when I sat in front of it I should have felt like a movie star myself.

Why couldn't I enjoy it? Almost any other girl in America would have walked barefoot across naked swords and beds of live coals to stand where I stood in the house of Riley Sloane. Then what was the matter with the girl from Big Springs, that for her all this beauty and excitement were salted with dread? It was all nonsense, I told myself. Back there at the hospital I'd let my imagination run away with me. Besides, there was a key in my door. I could use it any time I wanted to.

After supper, I read a little and then got ready for bed. Quiet reigned in the house. The servants roomed in the wing off to one side, the whole length of the house away from the guest wing. I had given Riley a sedative and he was doubtless sleeping soundly by now.

I was just getting into bed when the sound came—a slight scuffling noise at my door. For a moment I went rigid. Then in the dead stillness the sound came again.

"Who's there?" I called. There was no answer.

Kay had tried to tell herself there was nothing to be afraid of. Little did she reckon of the chain of events that awaited her on the other side of that door; events shot through with danger and tragedy and moments of blinding glory. Open the door with Kay Howells—next month.

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS ON PAGE 88 with these correct ones:

1. *(b) She wanted to become a missionary in China.*
2. *(c) Her favorite indoor sport is ballroom dancing.*
3. *(b) Her favorite type of wearing apparel is tailored suits.*
4. *(c) She was introduced to Robert Taylor by Mrs. Zeppo Marx.*
5. *(c) Her closest confidante and pal is Hollis Barnes, her hairdresser.*
6. *(b) She once won a trophy for the most beautiful legs.*
7. *(a) She is adept at switchboard operating and once earned her living in that job.*
8. *(b) On completion of her pictures the crew give her a present.*

Heartbreak for Mickey Rooney

(*Continued from page* 29) What they had seen from that point forward had been mostly Mickey. There had been no opportunity for Ava to become acquainted with the peculiarities and customs of America's great foreign city of Hollywood which, by the very nature of its industry, compels an irregular way of life; no chance to acquire a new set of values. To her, Sunset Boulevard was essentially no different from Main Street in Wilson.

In all Hollywood the most undomesticated, un-Babbitty individual is Mickey Rooney. And this was the man she married.

We hope we aren't betraying a confidence in mentioning this startling prediction made by Mickey's mother, Mrs. Panky, a few days before the wedding. "I love Ava, she's a grand girl, and naturally I want Mickey to be happy. But I give the marriage three weeks before it's over."

And despite her effort to keep the pair together her words were almost uncannily true. Three weeks of happiness and then the deluge! The quarrels, the bickerings, the fights!

WHY? Why would the boy's own mother make such a prediction? Because she knew Mickey. Knew his restless dynamic spirit that cannot be chained by a series of bride's home-cooked dinners or a wedding ring. He can't help it. It's just Mickey. It has been from the day when as a baby of two he toddled out on a vaudeville stage and became an actor. It didn't stop there. His amazing ability spread to dancing, sports, music, composing. He plays practically every instrument in the band and has since he's been able to reach a piano stool, hold a drumstick or finger a brass instrument. His compositions have been widely published and publicized. His acting rates him a place among the first ten in all box-office polls. As a tennis player, he's considered one of the finest amateurs on the Coast. He's an ego-ridden, dynamic, disturbing genius.

And to Ava, genius was just a word in a dictionary. To find it suddenly part of her intimate life would have staggered a far more experienced woman than this nineteen-year-old.

IT is generally believed in Hollywood that Ava Gardner was not genuinely and deeply in love with Mickey Rooney; that she may have thought so, but that in reality she was enamoured of him and flattered by his attentions, blinded by his fame, though honestly convinced she could make him a good wife.

In the beginning she treated Mickey exactly as she had her dates back home and Mickey liked it. No doubt of it. Shortly after their marriage we spotted Ava and Mickey at Charlie Foy's cafe. Mickey was jumping attendance on his beautiful wife. Her cloak had to be adjusted just right, her wants relayed to the waiter, her chair adjusted. Once or twice, Mickey leaned over to kiss his bride behind her dainty ear. Mr. Rooney got politely shoved away and put into his place for his pains. Or perhaps it was embarrassment on Ava's part, since she was little used to the ways of Hollywood swains.

But the novelty of this sort of treatment soon wore off for Mickey, and when it did what in the world did these

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A serious-faced Mickey Rooney shows up at the Tennis Tournament shortly after the announcement of his separation from Ava Gardner

two people, at the opposite poles of life, have in common? Mickey loved the jam sessions on Monday nights at a local cafe. Ava didn't. Mickey loved the wild rhythm of jitterbug music and dances at Little Pico Boulevard cafes. Ava didn't. Not that she didn't enjoy music and dancing, but she liked to take hers in more moderate doses. Mickey liked crowds and excitement and fun. Ava was more interested in quiet home life and a serious career. Mickey's career was already established and he craved fun. Ava didn't. They were too young to understand the law of compromise. Wide open were the rifts and battles that carried them further and further apart.

SEVERAL weeks before the divorce, when the separation rumors were growing strong, Ava suddenly left Mickey and went home to North Carolina. The actor went wild at the merest hint that all was not well between them and Ava re-echoed the denial.

The truth about that is the kids had been quarreling and Ava, anxious to see her mother who is ill, seized the opportunity to go. The short separation helped things along for a while until the night of their six months wedding anniversary. And even Ava admits that quarrel was the beginning of the end.

Another point of difference, small on the surface, but deep-rooted psychologically: Ava Gardner is taller than her husband. That's a handicap for both of them.

Then, Ava came to Hollywood for a career. Most people do. As Mickey's wife she wasn't having it. Whether Mickey objected or not we can't honestly say, but Hollywood claims he was bitterly opposed to it. Certainly the opposition didn't come from Ava.

On the other hand, she claimed she wanted a home more than anything in the world. There is certain touching evidence to support her efforts to establish a home life for Mickey.

Believing that if they had a piano, Mickey would be more content to spend his evenings home with his own music, she wanted to buy one. But this could not be done within the tight budget which Mickey is alloted by his business manager. Most of the budget went toward their apartment in the exclusive and beautiful Wilshire Palms.

Ava is leaving this apartment. It holds too many unhappy memories for her. Mickey has, of course, already left and is living with his mother.

Concerning their private troubles, the pair have wisely refused to discuss the matter publicly. There was, however, a distinct note of unhappiness, a sort of catch in the heart, when Ava said over the phone, "I'm not very happy. Conditions are such I cannot continue to accept them."

Our heart goes out to this little Southern girl who tried so hard. As some wag suggested, living with Mickey would be like living in the midst of an electric fan, with no way of getting out or turning off the current.

Ava chose the only way—the divorce courts. She claims that in the eight months they were married Mickey's community property amounted to $200,000, half of which she has a right to under California law.

She also asks alimony to the amount commensurable with Mickey's $5,000-a-week salary. Whether this will be granted remains to be seen when the decree is given. She has a sick mother to whose support she contributes and she is still paying back her sister Beatrice for the money advanced to keep them going the five months before she married Mickey.

WHAT of the future of these kids? Ava is under contract to M-G-M, Mickey's own studio, and has had several small parts in "This Time For Keeps," "Calling Dr. Gillespie" and the unreleased "Pilot Number Five." The studio has just renewed her contract for a year, but Ava feels her future is very uncertain. For once the Rooney name may prove a handicap. One paper openly stated the studio might keep her under contract whether they used her or not in order that no other studio would bill her as Mrs. Mickey Rooney.

Mickey's military classification is 2A, which means he is exempt for the time being as a worker in an essential industry. There seems to be no anxiety on the studio's part that he will be leaving soon. It's all up to the draft board and Mickey's height, or lack of it. One never knows about that.

Thus ends married life for Mickey and Ava. Tragic when you think that the girl herself does not deny that she still loves Mickey or that she believes he still has some feeling for her. But reconciliation? No, she says, it wouldn't last a month.

And that is what has stopped Mickey. For the first time in his life since he became a star he is confronted by something he can't lick—his marriage. And it still hurts.

Heartbreak for Mickey Rooney? We're afraid it is.

The End.

A Guy a Girl Could Love

(*Continued from page* 58) simple. Whatever Red does is perfection to him. He even enjoys the way she gets mad, such an improvement over his way. He smolders. She explodes, and it's over.

He's heard that wives like husbands to notice their clothes. He reminds himself to notice, but forgets. She's given up trying to groom *him*. What worried her most was his hair. He runs his hands through it till he looks like a frailer Harpo Marx. By now she's resigned. "Never mind—" it's not clear whether she's consoling herself or him—"I didn't marry you to reform you." She's reduced her ministrations to removing the brown tie which is his idea of what goes with a blue suit.

On the eve of "Seven Sweethearts," he owned four suits. Pasternak figured five for the picture. Eyeing his lead thoughtfully, he said maybe he'd better take a look at Van's wardrobe. His worst fears were confirmed.

"But the guy's a newspaper man," protested Van. "They don't make much dough."

Pasternak led him to a tailor, picked the makings of six suits, had him fitted. Hearing the price, Van set up a howl. He'd never paid that much for a suit in his life. He couldn't afford it. A deal was worked out with the studio. Now the suits hang in his closet, to be glared at, while their owner circulates in slacks and tweed coat. Frances used to coax him into one of the nobbier outfits on Saturday night, but it ruined the evening. "Come on home," she'd sigh, "and take off your work clothes. *No* man could suffer that much, just wearing a suit. But the effect's the same."

THEIR favorite hangout is Eugene's on Sunset Boulevard, the only spot in Hollywood that's like New York. It opens at twelve and gets good around two. The pianist can make equally well with concertos or boogie-woogie, the air turns smoke-blue, a couple of Irishmen sing sentimental ballads, the customers call the tune and sing along with them. Frances loves to dance. When actors say they dance badly, it means they fall short of Raft or Romero. When Van says he dances badly, it means badly. So badly that Frances lets him be. She dances with friends who frequent the place. Or with soldiers. Any soldier they spot automatically becomes their guest. Bundles-for-Heflin, they call 'em. Organization work is okay. Themselves, they like the human touch.

They live in a Beverly apartment, to which Frances contributed her spaniel, Van his scottie. The scottie's nine and, n touring the country, has come between Van and some of our snootier hotels, which discriminate against dogs. He'd register protest—quiet in tone, sulphuric in content—before removing self and dog to some lower-case joint. It wasn't shabby quarters he minded, but who the blankandsoforth were they to insult his dog?

She's so fat now that he has to tote her up and down stairs. He makes odious comparisons between her and the spaniel. "Look at her. She's a droop like me. The other's a peppy little devil like you—"

"Who's insulting whom now?" Red interposes. "Pay him no heed, Bonnie. He's fishing—"

ALONE of an evening, they read or listen to records or play gin rummy. Their record collection includes both symphony and swing. Van paints a terse word-picture of people who, being just too spiritual for jazz, put a symphony on the turntable, a rapt expression on their faces, and, before they know it, they're tapping out the downbeat.

Frances beats him consistently at gin rummy. He owes her hundreds of theoretical dollars. One day she got mad and made him come across. He gave her a check, which she duly deposited at the bank. Since they share a joint account, all she got out of it was the trip back and forth. "But I *feel* more paid."

A jewel named Gertrude looks after them. They hired her without benefit of credentials, because they liked her face. Later it transpired that she'd worked for Edna Gladney—the "Blossoms In The Dust" lady—had helped Mrs. Gladney start her first place.

"How's working for picture people?" Van once asked her.

"I rather work for you—"

"But I'm an actor—"

"Oh, you work at it, but you ain't no real actor, Mr. Van." He stole out before she could tell him just what she meant.

Her chuckle, he says, is worth the wages they pay her. She thinks everything's funny, except their eating habits. Too skinny to suit her, they both refuse to be fattened up. Van presents the greater problem. She pleads with him to say what he'd like for dinner. "Anything," he says, his palate dulled by long years of hit-or-miss feeding. It breaks her heart when they go out to eat, so to please her they stay in most of the time.

Apart from food, she's chiefly concerned with "When we gettin' a baby roun' this house?" There she's got nothing on Van. He waits for the time when his little mick will wake up in the middle of the night, yelling for ice cream and pickles.

The End

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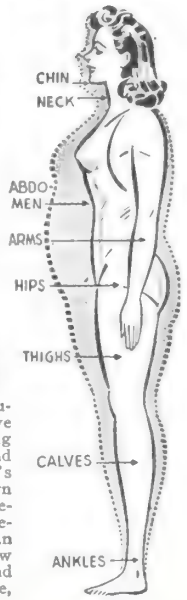

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Kathryn Grayson's Fight for Happiness

(*Continued from page 65*) and imaginative and completely honest, and of the three qualities for lasting love the latter is probably the most important.

Kathryn and John Shelton eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, July 11, 1941. She was nineteen then and he was about thirty. He was the first serious beau she had ever had, but she was John's second wife. She was on her way up then and it looked as though John, after a terrific build-up, were on his way down. The anvil chorus of Hollywood began ringing out that John had married her, not for love, but as revenge on M-G-M who had let him out of his contract with them.

THEY had met on the Metro lot, these two. John was leaving the dramatic coach's office one day just as Kathryn walked in. He was the much more important then, both he and Metro believing he would be the next important male star.

John Shelton was of the right height for stardom, of the desired dark handsomeness. But the demure little Miss Grayson was accustomed to handsome men. She had one courting her right at that moment, but though he sat around tongue-tied nightly in the parlor of the house she shared with her family, he meant nothing to her. His name was George Montgomery.

Yet at sight of John Shelton, she was lost. She beamed up at him so artlessly, so enchantingly, that later John explained that he had fallen immediately for what he called "the soap and water look of her."

Now Kathryn Grayson is no Cinderella girl, sprung swiftly up from nothing into fame. She is, instead, the fourth child of a dignified Southern businessman and his equally dignified Southern wife.

Her name is Zelma Hedrick and she was born in the city of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and while, because of her father's work as a building contractor, she has lived all over the United States, from Virginia to Missouri and from North Carolina to Texas, her schooling has always been of the finest. She has three brothers, who are older than she, and one younger sister, Frances Rayburn, who is also in "Seven Sweethearts." With her family she has gone through periods of being quite rich and equal periods of being very poor, so that today she says she knows that wealth is a thing not to be too terribly desired nor poverty a thing to be feared too much.

When she and John Shelton beheld each other, John was about to co-star with Lana Turner in "We Who Are Young" and Kathryn was going into a small role in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary."

There was no doubt on the lot as to which one of them was the more important; that was John. It was hoped, however, that the little Grayson girl might click.

You know what happened. Even with Lana Turner's electric presence in it, "We Who Are Young" was not box-office dynamite. The preview cards that came back on John Shelton lacked the raves the studio might have expected. But concerning Kathryn Grayson there was nothing but cheers.

At once the "A" picture grooming started for Kathryn, while John was sloughed of into the "Bs." Kathryn barely noticed either event. There was only one thing she now cared about, and that was John's constantly calling her. But John did notice the snubbing he was getting. He noticed it and protested, and at the end of his contract he went to Twentieth Century-Fox.

WITH the two young people separated and on different lots, Metro and Kathryn's family hoped the romance might die. There is intense family loyalty among the Hedricks and some of the Shelton marriage quarrels are said to have come from the fact that John supposedly is not too fond of Kathryn's people, nor they of him. But whether or not that is true, there are no two ways about how devoted the family is to their talented daughter.

On the evening of the eleventh of July, 1941, John drove his car up a dimly lit residential street in Hollywood, picked up Kathryn and, after five hours of driving along a starlit road, pulled into Las Vegas. They were married at one-thirty in the morning and a yawning county clerk witnessed the signatures: Zelma Hedrick and Edward Price.

"As long as there's a chance of reconciliation, I'll always go back," says Kathryn Grayson re John Shelton

As they married under their own names, they hoped to keep their union a secret. They might have gotten away with it, too, if it had not been for Kathryn's oldest brother.

When it got to be midnight and then one and two o'clock and she did not come home, he began to worry about her. At three he called the police station explaining that she had never been away from home so long before, and he feared that she might have been involved in an accident. The reporters got on the story at once, of course, and discovered the news.

So Kathryn and John came back to Hollywood and took a much too expensive house in Brentwood. They had never been fond of mingling with the usual filmland sets; they still stayed by themselves in their connubial splendor.

Meanwhile, at Metro Kathryn's career, though jolted by marriage, was still in the ascendancy, while at Twentieth John wasn't soaring to stardom.

When the news of the first of the Shelton quarrels began leaking out when John was seen here and there alone, friends went to Kathryn. "Divorce him," they urged. He's not going to get anywhere. He will only make you unhappy."

To these friends Kathryn always said just one thing. She said, "John hasn't grown up yet, but he will. I know him in a way no one else does and I know how fine he is. If we can just go through this difficult time, if we can just make this last for two or three years, then I know it will be all right."

SHE has never told anyone what it was that finally drove her to the divorce courts in July, 1942. But everyone in Hollywood knows why she withdrew that divorce action and withdrew still her second divorce action. It was the same reason both times. John asked her to withdraw them. Both times he promised her that whatever were the heartbreaking things that had driven her to such desperation they would never happen again. A friend said to her, "Kathryn, how can you go back?" Kathryn turned fiercely, "As long as there is a chance of reconciliation, I'll always go back."

It was this past September that John enlisted. Kathryn had just finished "Seven Sweethearts." It had been tough shooting "Seven Sweethearts" since crew, cast and director had to know whenever John Shelton telephoned Kathryn would stop and talk to him and not conclude the conversation until he did, even if it took an hour.

But on the day of John's enlistment, Kathryn drew herself up to the very top of her tiny height and said, "Now nothing can separate us."

SHE disposed of the vast Brentwood house and took a modest bungalow in Westwood Village. She cut down on all their extravagances, not even keeping a maid, even though when the telephone rang she answered it in accent, hoping to fool her caller into believing she had a whole staff of help. Then when John was transferred to Camp Crowder, she rented a house near there.

During the time of her first visit to the camp, "Seven Sweethearts" was previewed and there was no longer any possible doubt that Kathryn Grayson was a major star. When she returned to Hollywood, a top Metro executive tried to tell her this.

Kathryn cut in excitedly, "Did I tell you about John's being master-of-ceremonies at the Camp Show? Dan Dailey Jr. is at the same camp with him and Dan was leading man for most of the acts, but John m.c.'d the whole show and he was so wonderful. Why he—why he. . . ."

She went on and on about John, not even realizing that she had interrupted the story of her own triumph.

Well, Dinah Shore sings it. You know that throbbing thing Dinah gets in her voice when she explains,

"I don't need a million dollars.
Baby, all I want is you.
. . . I stood at the gates of heaven
And I could walk right through,
Baby, all I need is you."

That's the way it is with Kathryn Grayson. She has walked through the gates of her personal heaven with John Shelton—and as far as she is concerned all the rest of the world can go hang.

The End.

Hollywood Vignettes

BY GRACE MORPHY-HULST

The author, a West Coast nurse, saw these things happen. Three surprise stories about Hollywood stars

Of A Sunday Morning

THE chimes have ceased to ring at Saint Monica's Church. The people who have been praying for peace pour out into the sunshine. Two elderly women look up and down the street for a taxi. One is quite feeble.

A gentleman steps up to them and says, "My chauffeur will drive you home while I visit with Father Conneally."

The two women, as they settle themselves in the luxurious car, think, "What a nice *young* man to see that we get home safely—or is he young?"

They both look quickly out of the car window as Pat O'Brien turns away and walks toward the rectory.

Interlude

THE Santa Monica recruiting station for U. S. Marines happened to be a table and two chairs in the lobby of one of Mr. Jim Farley's most beautiful post-office buildings. Seated at the table was a lone Marine. The medals on his shirt front and the stripes on his sleeve showed he had been in service.

A tall handsome man with twinkling blue eyes and wearing English tweeds stepped up and handed the Marine a carton of cigarettes. As the astonished Marine rose to thank him, Ian Hunter hurriedly left the building to join his attractive wife waiting for him in a station wagon.

Out Of The Past

THE Queen of Angels Hospital is high on top of a hill in Los Angeles. Here the Franciscan Sisters devote their time to the ill.

In room 226 a famous motion-picture star was very, very ill. Daily a young woman with luxurious reddish hair and beautiful eyes would slip into the hospital, tip-toe down the corridor and quietly enter the room. She would sit motionless by the window where the man, when he opened his tired eyes, could see her.

Gradually the dark-haired man with the deep sun tan grew stronger, and one sunny day the nurse and the lovely girl bundled him into a wheelchair and took him to the sun porch on the roof. A little colored boy with a broken back, wearing a body cast, was also there. The man asked the boy if he liked to read and when the boy said, "Oh yes!" the man had the girl bring a beautifully bound and illustrated volume of "Æsop's Fables." The happy child read it daily and put it under his pillow at night.

The nun in the diet kitchen made many delicacies for the sick man—custards, ice cream and dainty salads. The day he left the hospital he sent her six deep purple orchids which the delighted nun laid at the feet of the image of the Queen of Angels in the chapel.

The patient was George Brent and the lovely girl, Ann Sheridan.

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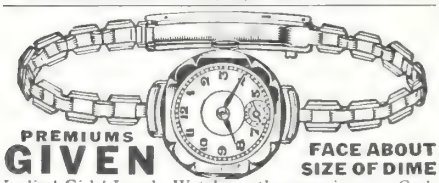

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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page* 20)

young actress, and Babe Ruth plays himself. It's a fitting tribute to a great man. (Oct.)

✓ *PRIORITIES ON PARADE*—Paramount: Johnnie Johnston is a band leader who seeks a job playing for defense plant workers and the whole band takes jobs in the plant in order to furnish the music, with Johnnie working under the tutelage of Betty Rhodes, who sings very well. Ann Miller is the jealous dancer, Vera Vague and Jerry Colona the comics. Plenty of talent and fun. (Oct.)

PRIVATE BUCKEROO—Universal: Too much of a good thing in this picture, with all the music leaving very little room for plot. Harry James' band plays, the Andrews Sisters warble numerous ditties, Dick Foran sings several numbers, and Jennifer Holt, Joe E. Lewis, and Sharp Shemp Howard try to squeeze a word in edgewise. (Sept.)

RUBBER RACKETEERS—Monogram: Timely is this story of a released convict, Ricardo Cortez, who organizes the racket of bootlegging cheap rubber. When a blowout from one of his cheap tires kills a defense worker, Bill Henry starts an organized fight against the villains. Rochelle Hudson and Barbara Read are the girls. (Sept.)

✓ *SEVEN SWEETHEARTS*—M-G-M: Whimsical and gay, charming and quaint, with Kathryn Grayson the youngest of seven sisters, whose father, S. Z. Sakall, runs a hotel in a Little Holland village in Michigan. Reporter Van Hefling comes there to cover the tulip festival and Marsha Hunt, the oldest sister, snares him. The sisters are charming and Miss Grayson sings delightfully. (Nov.)

✓ *SHIP AHOY*—M-G-M: Eleanor Powell is a dancer who becomes involved with foreign spies and through her tap dancing foils their plot to steal a mine. Red Skelton, her boy friend, brings life and laughter to his role, and Bert Lahr is comical as Red's stooge. Virginia O'Brien is Bert's heartbeat. (Sept.)

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU—M-G-M: Love around the globe, with Clark Gable and Robert Sterling a brother team of foreign correspondents and Lana Turner as the beautiful corner of the triangle. The action carries the trio from New York to India, China, and Manila. Gable is right up there at the peak of his acting and Sterling does a fine job, as does Lana. (Oct.)

SWEATER GIRL—Paramount: Murders occur during rehearsal for a college musical, with Eddie Bracken and girl friend June Preisser trying to solve the mystery, and Nils Aster gets himself suspected among others. Philip Terry and cute songstress Betty Rhodes add to the doings, and the hit tunes even overshadow the plot. (Sept.)

✓✓ *TALES OF MANHATTAN*—20th Century-Fox: The adventures of a dress suit from the moment it left the tailor's shop to its ultimate finish is told in complete and separate episodes, some gay, some tragic, some stronger than others, and with an arresting cast which includes Rita Hayworth, Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton and numerous other stars. (Sept.)

✓✓ *TALK OF THE TOWN*—Columbia: Ronald Colman's a dignified, bearded law professor who rents a home from Jean Arthur and finds much confusion. It turns out to be escaped prisoner Cary Grant who's being hidden in the attic. Miss Arthur is as always delightful and the men give brilliant performances. (Oct.)

✓ *THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE*—Columbia: Good solid comedy, with Joan Crawford as the stern woman executive who tries to run every [illegible] life and gets all tangled up in love. Melvyn Douglas is the man who cuts her down to his size [illegible] the trimming provides some mighty amusing [illegible]ments. (Sept.)

TIMBER—Universal: Sabotage in our timber [illegible]gions, with Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine wo[illegible]ing about it until along comes Dan Dailey [illegible] special undercover agent. He fires the saboteur [illegible] hires instead Edmund MacDonald who brings [illegible] his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

TISH—M-G-M: The three delectable sisters [illegible] Mary Roberts Rinehart's beloved "Tish" sto[illegible] take on all sorts of foreign characterizations in [illegible] unimaginative screen version. Marjorie Main, Z[illegible] Pitts and Aline MacMahon play the spinsters [illegible] Bowman and Virginia Grey are romantic. (Oc[illegible])

UNDERCOVER MAN—Sherman-Paramount: [illegible] group of baddies have *Hopalong Cassidy*, played [illegible] William Boyd, puzzled when they take turn[illegible] personating first Mexicans and then Americans [illegible] they even go so far as to impersonate Hoppie and [illegible] host Antonio Moreno before they're caught. (Oc[illegible])

✓✓ *WAKE ISLAND*—Paramount: Every A[illegible] can should see this authentic picture of the gall[illegible] stand of the Marines on Wake Island and th[illegible] magnificent fight. Brian Donlevy plays the Ma[illegible] who commands the Island's defenses. Alb[illegible] Dekker a civilian engineer. MacDonald Ca[illegible] a young flyer, and Robert Preston and W[illegible] Bendix play two marine buddies. (Nov.)

✓ *WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY, THE*—M-G-M: A honey of a picture, with Fay Bainter [illegible] the selfish, ingrown woman who refuses to alter [illegible] life or accept war-time alteration in the lives [illegible] others. Van Johnson, the redheaded, freckle fac[illegible] hero, is the best thing in the show, even su-pa[illegible]ing Richard Ney, who plays the regenerated you[illegible] man. Edward Arnold and Jean Rogers are go[illegible] too. (Nov.)

✓✓ *WINGS AND THE WOMAN*—RKO-Rad[illegible] A fitting tribute to a gallant woman, Amy John[illegible] is this story of her life, with Anna Neagle playi[illegible] the first great woman aviatrix. Robert Newton [illegible] Jim Mollison, the flyer, who married Amy and l[illegible] her, is outstanding. Edward Chapman [illegible] father, Joan Kemp-Welch as her mother, give [illegible]tiful performances, and Miss Neagle is su[illegible] (Nov.)

✓ *WINGS FOR THE EAGLE*—Warners: [illegible] plot of this timely drama is subordinated t[illegible] exciting background of the busy Lockheed [illegible] factory and the scenes taken there are n[illegible] and interesting. Among the many workers [illegible] Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson, whose [illegible] has broken, Dennis Morgan, and George [illegible] the foreign-born foreman who loses his jo[illegible]

✓ *YANK AT ETON, A*—M-G-M: Mickey R[illegible] gives life, color and laughter to a story that [illegible]pends too much on its star and too little on its c[illegible]tent. He's a typical American high-school f[illegible] star who finds himself at Eton when his moth[illegible] marries an Englishman and his trials and tri[illegible]tions at the famous old English school form[illegible] bulk of the yarn. (Nov.)

✓✓ *YANKEE DOODLE DANDY*—Warner: This life story of the great star, George M. Co[illegible] is the best biographical musical to come out [illegible] Hollywood and the best thing Jimmy Cagney h[illegible] done in years. It's warm and sincere, and t[illegible] Cohan music is unforgettable, as the picture [illegible]self. Cagney, Walter Huston, Rosemary de Ca[illegible] and Joan Leslie are all great. (Sept.)

You can line up at the box office, pay your money and not be disappointed in this one: Brian Donlevy, Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake in "The Glass Key"

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 6*)

✓ The Glass Key (Paramount)

It's About: *Shadow of a murder that spreads over a political boss.*

FANS who have been patiently waiting since "This Gun For Hire" for another Alan Ladd picture can now line up at the box-office windows, pay their money on the line and not be disappointed. The boy scores again, proving his first big chance was justly merited. The lad (or should we say Ladd?) has a cool, fascinating quality about his work that burns like a cold inextinguishable flame. As the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy who finds himself suspected of murder, Ladd literally carries the story interest on his slender shoulders. But not to be overlooked is the work of Donlevy, who is growing in stature with every role. That fellow will be a star someday, even if we fans have to perform the duty ourselves.

William Bendix is another actor to watch. His work in "Wake Island" and now in this picture proves him a find with a capital F. Veronica Lake, to our notion, strolled through the tale with a dead-pan, monotonous performance. Bonita Granville, however, gave her brief role plenty of animation. Joseph Calleia, as an owner of gambling houses, is very good. Francis Gifford and Richard Denning decorate a story that almost, but not quite, hits the top register of the month.

Your Reviewer Says: Swell performances hold the attention.

✓✓ The Hard Way (Warners)

It's About: *A woman who, for her own selfish aims, promotes her younger sister.*

TYPICAL of the Ida Lupino roles is this one of a relentlessly selfish woman whose urge for vicarious glory leads to her tragic death and the bitter unhappiness of those around her. Miss Lupino, as expected, plays that role to perfection.

Equally fine, to our notion, is the performance of Jack Carson as the loveable but dumbish half of a small-time vaudeville team who marries Ida's sister, played by Joan Leslie, and rescues both of them from their miserable surroundings. Carson is used by Ida as a stepping stone to Ida's success, a move that leads to complete tragedy.

Miss Leslie is vivacious, young and talented but seems a little lost in the depth of the seething, emotional drama that twirls about and around her. Dennis Morgan, Carson's Casanova partner, is so very good but comes out second fiddler to Carson and Lupino. Leona Maricle as the authoress is a charming newcomer and Gladys George, in a brief moment as the has-been star, shines like a klieg light in a blackout. What an actress!

Your Reviewer Says: It grips and holds with a heavy hand.

✓ The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *The life story of the great poet.*

EVERY student and every lover of American literature familiar with the stories, essays and poems of the nineteenth-century Poe will enjoy the depth and beauty of this biographical tale. There are some details of the poet's life that have been necessarily omitted. But the highlights remain—his adoption as a child by a Virginia family, his first boyhood love affair, his marriage to his cousin and his slow disintegration, due to alcoholism.

John Shepperd seems an ideal Poe. His reading of the poem "The Raven" is exceptionally fine. Linda Darnell gives a polished performance as his young wife. Virginia Gilmore is outstanding as his childhood sweetheart. Mary Howard is beautiful and appealing as his foster mother. Jane Darwell and Frank Conroy are fine additions to the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A worth-while gem.

✓ White Cargo (M-G-M)

It's About: *White men and a tropical seductress.*

OF all the *Tondelayos* in our memory (and the stage has produced dozens) Hedy Lamarr is certainly the most gorgeous. But not the most believable, we're afraid, judging from the "whooies" and "oh, brothers," emitted from certain sections of the audience.

The trouble is the story has now become repetitious through imitation and much of its punch has been lost. However, the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, who listens to the earnest pronouncement of each new young man that he can stand the climate and temptations, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson, such a young man who becomes hopelessly enamoured of *Tondelayo*, is very good.

Frank Morgan is splendid as the drunken doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: Allure, comedy and tragedy served in frosted glasses.

✓✓ For Me And My Gal (M-G-M)

It's About: *A vaudeville team interrupted by World War 1.*

A WINNER, that's what this musical is. A hit from start to finish with the songs of yesterday, from 1916 to World War 1 inclusive, tearing away at the heartstrings like mad while Judy Garland entrances and newcomer Gene Kelly answers that $64 question as to new faces. If ever a star leaped overnight to stardom it should be Kelly, discovered by Judy on the New York stage ("Pal Joey") and brought to Hollywood for this role.

George Murphy loses his vaudeville partner Judy to Gene. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when the headliner Marta Eggerth attracts his attention. Then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. Along comes the war to balk the fulfillment of their great dream—a week at the Palace. Gene's unpatriotism, for which he pays dearly, plunges them deep into the war overseas.

The story has deep appeal. Everyone is bound to love it.

Your Reviewer Says: A musical knockout.

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- **HE'S MY GUY**
- **TAKE ME**
- **CONCHITA, MARQUITA, LOLITA, PEPITA, ROSITA, JUANITA LOPEZ**
- **THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU**
- **LONG, LONG WAY FROM HOME**

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Hello, Annapolis (Columbia)

It's About: *The traditional smart-aleck at Annapolis.*

JEAN PARKER, traditional Navy girl, refuses to marry Tom Brown, son of a millionaire shipbuilder, unless he enters the service. Pretending to comply, Tom attempts to trick her into marriage. Jean turns the tables and tricks him into Annapolis where he gets the smart-aleckness taken out of him. Larry Parks and Phil Brown are good in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the same old billy goat.

Drums Of The Congo (Universal)

It's About: *The search for meteoric mineral in Africa.*

IT seems we need the mineral of a large meteor, laid by the heavens above in an African jungle, for our defense industry. Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to get it. Foreign agents (Mama, those people are here again!) are also after the mineral. Guess who gets it?

Ona Munson is a brave woman doctor and Peggy Moran the girl spy. Richard Lane is a believable heavy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show, for our money. Central Avenue Negroes go crazy all over the place pretending to be jungle natives. But we know better, don't we?

Your Reviewer Says: Voo hooey!

You Can't Escape Forever (Warners)

It's About: *The usual newspaperman-sleuth.*

THE faintly familiar aroma that lingers about this minor epic is not due alone to its set pattern and formula but to the fact it was done several years ago by Paul Muni in a piece called "Hi, Nellie." Remember?

Anyway, George Brent is the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers and murderers who are operating behind the usual swanky night-club front and a Lonely Hearts club on the side. Brenda Marshall, badly photographed, is the girl reporter and sweetie-pie of Mr. Brent. Roscoe Karns is the photographer, Gene Lockhart and Edward Ciannelli the villains.

Your Reviewer Says: A repeat.

Careful, Soft Shoulders (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A dizzy blonde and a dizzy spy mix-up.*

THIS reminds us of a poor man's Alfred Hitchcock mystery-melodrama. Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Only this one lacks the Hitchcock charm and sophistication. It lacks pretty nearly everything else too, except the lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite scatterbrain who gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression they are our own Secret Service operatives.

She learns this fact almost too late. And in an old mill, of all hammy, melodramatic places. Jimmy Ellison is the strong-armed boy friend. Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. Ralph Byrd is a comely lad to have around.

Your Reviewer Says: We are now giving War Stamps to all pictures *without* spies.

Highways By Night (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A millionaire playboy who ends up a truck driver.*

WE had fun casting this Clarence Buddington Kelland story when it ran as a magazine serial; we were that sure it would make a picture. Our choice of characters was ignored, however, by Hollywood; but the chosen performers that do people the cast are a great deal better than the picture which somehow got off to a bad start and worked up to a weak finish.

Richard Carlson as the "What's work, Daddy?" hero, who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business, does very well with the loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell as *Grandma*, Barton MacLane as the gangster boss and Ray Collins as *Uncle Ben* are excellent choices.

There are a lot of punches tossed around to pep up the action but not enough to lift it out of the average routine fare.

Your Reviewer Says: It's all been said before.

✓ Springtime In The Rockies (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *Baffled love set to music.*

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has found a set musical formula that must be sure-fire; simply by giving the old tale a geographical twirl, from Argentina to Miami to New York to Lake Louise, they are able to use it over and over.

The beauty of the Canadian resort in this latest travelogue is enhanced by Technicolor and the charms of Betty Grable, who is enamored of bad boy John Payne, a Broadway actor. When John misbehaves Betty pretends to be in love with her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise. Charlotte Greenwood (old limber legs) and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix-up. Carmen Miranda, got up like a Christmas tree, has never been cuter. The dancing of Betty and Cesar and the playing of Harry James and his orchestra add up to a pretty good musical show.

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty as a picture should be.

Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)

It's About: *A Nazi agent at work near Iceland.*

IT was bound to happen—this story of a Marine base off the Iceland coast and the telling isn't half bad. A mysterious weather man, John Beal, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. His surprising rescue of passengers from

a bombed ship more than proves his innocence. You'd never guess, in fact, the identity of the informer.

Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse. Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer.

Your Reviewer Says: Timely little number

✓ Give Out, Sisters (Universal)

It's About: *An heiress who goes jitterbug*

IT'S corny, it's funny, it's lively and abloom with music and good singing. It has the Andrews Sisters, who introduce four new songs, the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills who dance new steps, Grace McDonald who plays a young heiress gone jitterbug mad, Dan Dailey Jr. as her bandleader beau, and three funny old maids, Edith Barrett, Marie Blake and Fay Helm.

Charles Butterworth, proprietor of a dance school, and his only cohort Walter Catlett add to the fracas that deserves one check for the youthful hullabaloo it stirs up.

Your Reviewer Says: Get in the groove, people.

Foreign Agent (Monogram)

It's About: *Spy rings on the Pacific Coast.*

THIS is another of those spy-ring stories that are growing thicker than elderberries on a bush. This time the baddies wend their naughty way (after the usual secret invention, of course) in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs, which gives the old tale a bit of a lift.

John Shelton and Gale Storm wear the romantic leads most becomingly. Ivan Lebedeff, Hans Shumm and George Travell stir things up a bit. Director William Beaudine makes a pretty good little action piece out of the material given him.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, it has pace, anyway.

Eyes In The Night (M-G-M)

It's About: *A romance that reveals a spy ring.*

A COMPETENTLY acted and conceived little story brings Ann Harding back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up her daughter's romance. The daughter, Donna Reed, has fallen in love with a summer theater player, John Emery, who gets himself erased by plotters who plan to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's undisclosed invention. It's Edward Arnold, playing a blind man, with the aid of his wonderful "Friday," who discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. The two plots run parallel, one to the other, and as can be expected get in each other's way every so often.

We regret Miss Harding was not given a more auspicious home-coming.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much story spoils the broth.

✓ Secrets Of A Co-ed (P.R.C.)

It's About: *The sins of a father catch up with him*

FOR one of the best solo speeches delivered on the screen by actor Otto Kruger, for the outstanding performances of Tina Thayer and Rich Vallin, a newcomer, we give this modest picture our one-check approval.

It tells the story of the secret racketeering operations of a respected attorney, Otto Kruger, that he must himself reveal to a jury when his daughter, Miss Thayer, is on trial for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by Kruger. And plenty of wallop goes into that little mix-up. Russell Hoyt, the campus beau of co-ed Tina, is very good. But villain Vallin is more than good. He's a find. Kruger is even better than usual, which is plenty fine.

Your Reviewer Says: It held our interest and won our respect.

Halfway To Shanghai (Universal)

It's About: *Murder, intrigue and romance aboard an Oriental express.*

PASSENGERS aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man, escaping with plans of defenses in China, is murdered. American engineer Kent Taylor and American girl Irene Hervey, engaged to an Eastern mogul, become involved. Others aboard the train are Charlotte Wynters, a Nazi sympathizer, George Zucco, J. Edward Bromberg, the Burma inspector of police, and several others.

None of it adds up to much, we promise you.

Your Reviewer Says: We had more fun on the 5:15.

City Of Silent Men (P.R.C.)

It's About: *The rehabilitation of ex-convicts.*

THE idea is that ex-convicts given a chance could find a useful place in society. When a small-town mayor turns over a local cannery to the convicts as an experiment, the townsfolk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. However, all turns out well and the mayor, who turns out to be an ex-convict himself, is forgiven.

Outstanding in the cast are Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley, Emmett Lynn and William Gould.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly small-time.

✓ The Forest Rangers (Paramount)

It's About: *A city girl, a ranger and a backwoods girl.*

MORE important than the story is the cast, consisting of Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray and Susan Hayward. And more important even than these three is the succession of fires that all but burn up the screen. How people, trucks and planes so nonchalantly plow through blazing forests without so much as a singe is beyond us.

MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tries to get him away.

Eugene Pallette, Lynn Overman (what an actor), Albert Dekker and Regis Toomey build up the minor roles.

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Radio Mirror

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For the gorgeous Technicolor and the tremendous fire scenes and moments of comedy we toss in our one-check approval.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much blaze about so little.

Sherlock Holmes And The Voice Of Terror (Universal)

It's About: *The famous detective mixes it up with Nazi spies.*

IT was our idea the famous Conan Doyle character lived somewhere back in the nineties, gay or otherwise. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, we find the old boy, who must be getting along in years, with his inseparable pal *Doctor Watson* (Nigel Bruce) uncovering a Nazi radio nest and preventing all sorts of German invasions. My word, what an active old bird, to be sure.

Basil Rathbone, of course, is the indestructible *Holmes* and Evelyn Ankers the pretty Limehouse girl who aids him.

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty average fare.

Just Off Broadway (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A juror who locates the real criminal.*

WHERE do you think detective *Michael Shayne* finds himself now? On the jury, no less. And when *Shayne,* played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he escapes the jury guard and sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party.

And as Red Skelton says, "He dood it." Marjorie Weaver as a girl reporter and Phil Silvers, a press cameraman, Richard Derr as an attorney, and Joan Valerie as a singer, are all in on the excitement.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a B, but a busy one.

Wildcat (Paramount)

It's About: *A partnership in speculative oil drilling.*

THE pep boys of the movies, producers Bill Pine and Bill Thomas, have turned out another johnny-jump-up of a story that moves and wiggles and kicks and screams, and occasionally hobbles along to its exciting finish.

Richard Arlen is the wildcat oil man who forms a partnership with young Elisha Cook Jr., gets buffaloed by Arline Judge, who plays Elisha's fake sister, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. Never a dull moment, we'd say.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a gusher, but not a dud, either.

Flying Fortress (Warners)

It's About: *Two American flyers who join the R.A.F.*

FANS eager for a glimpse of Richard Greene, now in England's armed forces, will have that opportunity in this English-made film. The English actor is as handsome and personable as ever, but just what will be the reaction to his interpretation of an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman in London and finally joins the R.A.F. to be near her and do his bit is problematical.

The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are most thrilling. Englishman Donald Steward's interpretations of an American harem scarem who pals along with Greene is really laughable, especially his attempts at American slang. Carla Lehmann plays the American girl most unconvincingly. Betty Stockfield is pretty as the English girl. It's nice seeing Richard again, but let's hope his next film is a bit stronger.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's blame this on the exigencies of war.

✓✓ George Washington Slept Here (Warners)

It's About: *A young couple who buys a historical country home.*

THOSE war-nerve jitters give way to first-class titters when Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan find themselves in a dilapidated country house long on tradition and short on bathrooms. In fact, there isn't any water, or a roadway, or much of anything else about the place and what there is Jack manages to fall through or trip over or dive under.

The trials and tribulations of the pair are more complicated than ever when Jack becomes violently jealous of their neighbor, Harvey Stephens, and when their rascally young nephew, Douglas Croft, comes to haunt their peace and quiet. Percy Kilbride, handyman, all but steals the show with his eternal digging for water. There is a card if ever we saw one! Charles Coburn, the

Best Pictures of the Month

For Me and My Gal
My Sister Eileen
Now, Voyager
Flying Tigers
George Washington Slept Here
The Hard Way

Best Performances

Judy Garland in "For Me And My Gal"
Gene Kelly in "For Me And My Gal"
Rosalind Russell in "My Sister Eileen"
Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager"
Paul Henreid in "Now, Voyager"
The Flying Tigers in "Flying Tigers"
Alan Ladd in "The Glass Key"
Ida Lupino in "The Hard Way"
Jack Carson in "The Hard Way"

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KDLR—Devil's Lake, N. D.
KRLH—Midland, Texas
WAIR—Winston-Salem, N. C.
KTTS—Springfield Mo.
KVGB—Great Bend, Kansas
KOCY—Oklahoma City, Okla.
KHJ—Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC—San Francisco, Calif.
WRR—Dallas, Texas
**WOL—Washington, D. C.
WIBC—Indianapolis, Ind.
KFJZ—Ft. Worth, Texas
WROK—Rockford, Ill.

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phony rich uncle, Hattie McDaniel, the cook, Darles Dingle, the villain, and Joyce Reynolds and William Tracy, the romantic twosome, grace the fun that brings cheer to the heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Even George would have laughed.

Youth On Parade (Republic)

It's About: *College kids who fool a professor.*

THAT college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. The boys and girls play a trick on Professor John Hubbard that leads to Ruth Terry, a Broadway actress, joining the campus scampers. When the hoax is discovered the Professor lectures the students on American ideals. The show goes on to a riotous finish and Martha gets the Prof, who incidentally is played to perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: It's young and snappy.

Sin Town (Universal)

It's About: *Racketeers and villains out west.*

WHEN bunco artists Constance Bennett and Brod Crawford find themselves on the little end of a deal they arrive in a Western oil town looking for easy money. Crawford finds it when he saves Ward Bond from a lynching and declares himself partner in Bond's saloon. When townsfolk finally rebel at the unlawful antics of both Bond and Crawford there is a fracas that ends the existence of Mr. Ward Bond and sends Mr. Crawford to greener pastures. Anne Gwynne and Patric Knowles provide the love interest; Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo romp around having gusty fun. The brawl between the two villains is really a lulu.

Your Reviewer Says: A commotion in a B picture.

Casts of Current Pictures

ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: *Capt. Morgan,* Bruce Bennett; *Lida Adams,* Virginia Field; *Carl Hansen,* John Beal; *Sandy Brown,* Clifford Severn; *Gregory,* Larry Parks; *Eddie,* Stanley Brown; *Bert,* Lloyd Bridges; *Otto,* Victor Kilian; *Commander Von Smith,* Hans Schumm; *Gunther,* Erik Rolf; *Radio Operator,* Eddie Laughton.

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century Fox: *Connie Mather,* Virginia Bruce; *Thomas Aldrich,* James Ellison; *Mr. Fortune,* Aubrey Mather; *Agatha Mather,* Sheila Ryan; *Elliott Salmon,* Ralph Byrd; *Milo,* Sigurd Tor; *Joe,* Charles Tannen; *Mr. Aldrich,* William B. Davidson; *Mrs. Ipswich,* Dale Winter.

CITY OF SILENT MEN—P.R.C.: *Gil Davis,* Frank Albertson; *Helen Hendricks,* June Lang; *Jane Muller,* Jan Wiley; *Jerry Hendricks,* Richard Clarke; *Mayor Hendricks,* William Gould; *Jeb Parker,* Emmett Lynn; *Frank Muller,* Dick Curtis; *Frank,* Barton Hepburn; *Judge,* Frank Jacquet; *Fred Bernard,* Frank Ferguson; *Liptine,* Richard Bailey; *Police Chief,* Jack Baxley; *Captain,* William Kellogg; *Gordon,* Charles Jordon; *Manners,* Pat Gleason.

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: *Dr. Ann Montgomery,* Ona Munson; *Congo Jack,* Stuart Erwin; *Enid,* Peggy Moran; *Kirk,* Don Terry; *Coutlalls,* Richard Lane; *Kalu,* Jules Bledsoe; *Juma,* Turhan Bey; *Malimi,* Dorothy Dandridge.

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M-G-M: *Duncan Maclain,* Edward Arnold; *Norma Lawry,* Ann Harding; *Barbara Lawry,* Donna Reed; *Gabriel Hoffman,* Horace McNally; *Cheli Scott,* Katherine Emery; *Marty,* Allen Jenkins; *Hansen,* Stanley C. Ridges; *Stephen Lawry,* Reginald Denny; *Paul Gerente,* John Emery; *Vera Hoffman,* Rosemary de Camp; *Boyd,* Erik Rolf; *Busch,* Barry Nelson; *Victor,* Reginald Sheffield; *Anderson,* Steve Geray; *Alistair,* Mantan Moreland; *"Friday,"* Himself.

FLYING FORTRESS—Warners: *Jim Spence,* Richard Greene; *Sidney Kelly,* Carla Lehmann;

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FLYING TIGERS—Republic: *Jim Gordon*, John Wayne; *Woody Jason*, John Carroll; *Brooke Elliott*, Anna Lee; *Hap*, Paul Kelly; *Alabama*, Gordon Jones; *Verna Bales*, Mae Clarke; *Col. Lindsay*, Addison Richards; *Blackie Bales*, Edmund MacDonald; *Dale*, Bill Shirley; *Reardon*, Tom Neal; *McCoy*, Malcolm "Bud" McTaggart; *Barton*, David Bruce; *Mike*, Chester Gan; *McIntosh*, James Dodd; *Tex*, Gregg Barton; *Selby*, John James.

FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M: *Jo Hayden*, Judy Garland; *Jimmy K. Metcalfe*, George Murphy; *Harry Palmer*, Gene Kelly; *Eve Minard*, Marta Eggerth; *Sid Simms*, Ben Blue; *Danny Hayden*, Richard Quine; *Bert Waring*, Horace McNally; *Lily*, Lucille Norman; *Eddie Melton*, Keenan Wynn.

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: *Jimmy*, John Shelton; *Mitzi*, Gale Storm; *Okura*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Nick*, George Travell; *Joan*, Patsy Moran; *Eddie*, Lyle Latell; *Werner*, Hans Schumm; *Davis*, William Halligan; *Stevens*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Jennings*, Boyd Irwin; *George McCall*, Kenneth Harlan; *Beck*, David Clarke; *Anna*, Fay Wall; *Nelson*, Edward Peil; *Bartender*, Paul Bryer; *Editor*, Jack Mulhall; *Flo*, Anna Hope; *Reporter*, Jimmy Starr; *Little Fellow*, Jack Raymond; *Drunk*, Vince Barnett; *Girl At Bar*, Rita Douglas; *Maid*, Jean King.

FOREST RANGERS, THE—Paramount: *Don Stuart*, Fred MacMurray; *Celia Huston*, Paulette Goddard; *Tana Mason*, Susan Hayward; *Jammer Jones*, Lynne Overman; *Twig Dawson*, Albert Dekker; *Mr. Huston*, Eugene Pallette; *Frank Hatfield*, Regis Toomey; *Jim Lawrence*, Rod Cameron; *Terry McCabe*, Clem Bevans; *George Tracy*, James Brown; *Rangers*, Kenneth Griffith, Keith Richards, William Cabanne; *Mr. Hansen*, Jimmy Conlin.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Warners: *Bill Fuller*, Jack Benny; *Connie Fuller*, Ann Sheridan; *Uncle Stanley*, Charles Coburn; *Mr. Kimber*, Percy Kilbride; *Hester*, Hattie McDaniel; *Steve Eldridge*, William Tracy; *Madge*, Joyce Reynolds; *Rena Leslie*, Lee Patrick; *Mr. Prescott*, Charles Dingle; *Clayton Evans*, John Emery; *Raymond*, Douglas Croft; *Jeff Douglas*, Harvey Stephens; *Mr. Gibney*, Franklin Pangborn.

GIVE OUT, SISTERS—Universal: *Andrews Sisters*, Themselves; *Gracie*, Grace McDonald; *Bob Edwards*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Harrison*, William Frawley; *Kendall*, Richard Davies; *Professor*, Chas. Butterworth; *Gribble*, Walter Catlett; *Don*, Donald O'Connor; *Peggy*, Peggy Ryan; *Agatha*, Marie Blake; *Balinda*, Edith Barrett; *Susan*, Fay Helm; *Batterman*, Emmett Vogan; *Jamison*, Leonard Kerry; *Jive Jacks*, Bobby Scheerer, Tommy Hall, Joe Geil, Roland Dupree. *Jive Jills*, Jane McNabb, Jean McNabb, Dolores Mitchell, Dorothy Babb.

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount: *Paul Madvig*, Brian Donlevy; *Janet Henry*, Veronica Lake; *Ed Beaumont*, Alan Ladd; *Opal Madvig*, Bonita Granville; *Shadow O'Rory*, Joseph Calleia; *Taylor Henry*, Richard Denning; *Mr. Henry*, Moroni Olson; *Jeff*, William Bendix; *Eloise Matthews*, Margaret Hayes; *Clyde Matthews*, Arthur Loft; *Tuttle*, George Meader; *Rusty*, Eddie Marr; *Nurse*, Francis Gifford; *Lynch*, Joe McGuinn; *Groggins*, Frank Hagney; *Fisher*, Joseph King; *Politicians*, Pat O'Malley, John W. DeNoria, Ed Peil, Sr., James Millican; *Reporters*, Edmund Cobb, Jack Mulhall.

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI—Universal: *Dagmar*, Irene Hervey; *Alexander Barton*, Kent Taylor; *Col. Blimpton*, Henry Stephenson; *Yinpore*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Zerta*, George Zucco; *Wrallins*, Charlotte Wynters; *Mills*, Fay Helm; *Peale*, Charles Wagenheim.

HARD WAY, THE—Warners: *Helen Chernen* Ida Lupino; *Paul Collins*, Dennis Morgan; *Katherine Chernen*, Joan Leslie; *Albert Runkel*, Jack Carson; *Lily Emery*, Gladys George; *Waitress*, Faye Emerson; *John Sahgrue*, Paul Cavanagh; *Laura Bithorn*, Leona Maricle; *Sam Chernen*, Roman Bohnen; *Johnny Gilpin*, Ray Montgomery; *Chorine*, Julie Bishop; *Max Wade*, Nostor Paiva; *Maria*, Joan Woodbury; *Dorshka*, Ann Doran; *Motion-picture Executive*, Thurston Hall; *Flores*, Charles Judels; *Frenchy*, Lou Lubin; *Anderson*, Jody Gilbert.

HELLO ANNAPOLIS—Columbia: *Bill Arden*, Tom Brown; *Doris Henley*, June Parker; *Paul Herbert*, Larry Parks; *"Kansas City,"* Phil Brown; *Evans Arden*, Joseph Crehan; *Captain Wendell*, Thurston Hall; *Captain Forbes*, Ferris Taylor; *Captain Dugan*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Miss Jenkins*, Mae Busch; *George Crandall*, Robert Stevens; *Norman Brennan*, Stanley Brown; *Hazlett Houston*, William Blees; *Aunt Arabella*, Georgia Caine

HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT—RKO-Radio: *Tommy Van Steel*, Richard Carlson; *Peggy Fogarty*, Jane Randolph; *Grandma Fogarty*, Jane Darwell; *Leo Bronson*, Barton MacLane; *Uncle Ben*, Ray Collins; *Ellen Cromwell*, Renee Haal; *"Footsie" Fogarty*, Gordon Jones; *Duke Wellington*, John Maguire; *Johnny Lieber*, Jack La Rue; *Linda*, Sally Wadsworth; *Reggie*, Marten Lamont; *Chorus Girl*, Iris Adrian.

JUST OFF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: *Michael Shayne*, Lloyd Nolan; *Judy Taylor*, Marjorie Weaver; *Roy Higgins*, Phil Silvers; *Lillian Hubbard*, Janis Carter; *John Logan*, Richard Derr; *Rita Darling*, Joan Valerie; *George Dolphin*, Don Costello; *Sperry*, Chester Clute; *Arno*, Francis Pierlot; *District Attorney*, Grant Richards; *Judge*, George Carleton; *Count Telmachio*, Alexander Lockwood; *Watchman*, William Haade; *Butler*, Leyland Hodgson; *Stage Doorman*, Oscar O'Shea

LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Virginia Clemm*, Linda Darnell; *Edgar Allan Poe*, John Shepperd; *Elmira Royster*, Virginia Gilmore; *Mrs. Clemm*, Jane Darwell; *Frances Allan*, Mary Howard; *John Allan*, Frank Conroy; *Ebenezer Burling*, Henry Morgan; *T. W. White*, Walter Kingsford; *Mr. Graham*, Morris Ankrum; *Poe*, Age 3, Skippy Wanders; *Poe*, Age 12, Freddie Mercer; *Schoomaster*, Erville Alderson; *Elmira*, Age 10, Peggy McIntyre; *Hugh Pleasants*, William Bakewell, Jr.; *Turner Dixon*, Frank Melton; *Charles Dickens*, Morton Lowry; *Thomas Jefferson*, Gilbert Emery; *Doctor Moran*, Ed Stanley; *Tavern Keeper*, Francis Ford; *Kennedy*, Harry Denny; *Shelton*, Hardie Albright.

MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia: *Ruth Sherwood*, Rosalind Russell; *Robert Baker*, Brian Aherne; *Eileen Sherwood*, Janet Blair; *Appopolous*, George Tobias; *Chic Clark*, Allyn Joslyn; *Grandma Sherwood*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Walter Sherwood*, Grant Mitchell; *Frank Lippincott*, Richard Quine; *Effie Shelton*, June Havoc; *Officer Lonigan*, Donald MacBride; *"The Wreck"*, Gordon Jones; *Helen Loomis*, Jeff Donnell; *Ralph Craven*, Clyde Fillmore; *Mrs. Wade*, Minna Phillips; *Jensen*, Frank Sully; *Captain Amadato*, Charles La Torre.

NOW, VOYAGER—Warners: *Charlotte Vale*, Bette Davis; *Jerry Durrance*, Paul Henreid; *Dr. Jaquith*, Claude Rains; *Mrs. Henry Windle Vale*, Gladys Cooper; *June Vale*, Bonita Granville; *Lisa Vale*, Ilka Chase; *Elliot Livingston*, John Loder; *Deb McIntyre*, Lee Patrick; *Mr. Thompson*, Franklin Panghorn; *Miss Trask*, Katherine Alexander; *Frank McIntyre*, James Rennie; *Dora Pickford*, Mary Wickes; *Tina Durrance*, Janis Wilson; *Manoel*, Frank Puglia; *Dr. Dan Regan*, Michael Ames; *Leslie Trotter* Charles Drake; *William*, David Clyde.

SECRETS OF A CO-ED—P.R.C.: *Reynolds*, Otto Kruger; *Brenda*, Tina Thayer; *Nick*, Rico Vallin; *Bill*, Russell Hoyt; *Laura*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Tessie*, Geraldine Spreckles; *Maria*, Diana Del Rio; *Soapy*, Herburt Vigran; *Flo*, Patricia Knox; *Miss Wilson*, Claire Rochelle; *District Attorney*, Addison Richards; *Dean Sophie*, Isabelle La Mal.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—Universal: *Sherlock Holmes*, Basil Rathbone; *Dr. John H. Watson*, Nigel Bruce; *Kitty*, Evelyn Ankers; *Sir Evan Barham*, Reginald Denny; *Meade*, Thomas Gomez; *Mrs. Hudson*, Mary Gordon.

SIN TOWN—Universal: *Kye Allen*, Constance Bennett; *The Dude McNair*, Brod Crawford; *Laura Kirby*, Anne Gwynne; *Wade Crowell*, Patric Knowles; *Judge Eustace Vale*, Andy Devine; *Angelo Colina*, Leo Carrillo; *Rock Delaney*, Ward Bond; *Sheriff Bagby*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Kentucky Jones*, Rolf Harolde; *Dry Hole*, Charles Wagenheim; *Hollister*, Billy Wayne; *Humiston*, Hobart Bosworth; *Anderson*, Bryant Washburn; *Hanson*, Jack Mulhall.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—20th Century-Fox: *Vicky*, Betty Grable; *Dan*, John Payne; *Rosita*, Carmen Miranda; *Harry James and his Music Makers*, Themselves; *Victor*, Cesar Romero; *Phoebe Gray*, Charlotte Greenwood; *McTavish*, Edward Everett Horton; *One of Bickel Brothers*, Frank Orth; *Commissioner*, Jackie Gleason; *Bickel*, Harry Hayden.

WHITE CARGO—M-G-M: *Tondelayo*, Hedy Lamarr; *Harry Witzel*, Walter Pidgeon; *The Doctor*, Frank Morgan; *Langford*, Richard Carlson; *Skipper*, Reginald Owen; *Reverend Roberts*, Henry O'Neill; *Wilbur Ashley*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Ted*, Clyde Cook; *Jim Fish*, Leigh Whipper; *Umeela*, Oscar Polk; *Doctor's Houseboy*, Darby Jones; *Worthing*, Richard Ainley.

WILDCAT—Paramount: *Johnny Magnum*, Richard Arlen; *Nan Dearing*, Arline Judge; *Oliver Westbrook*, William Frawley; *Mike Rawlins*, Buster Crabbe; *Watchfob Jones*, Arthur Hunnicutt; *Chicopee Nevins*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Grits*, Ralph Sanford; *Campbell*, Alec Craig; *Gus Sloane*, John Dilson; *Pete Imhoff*, Ed Keane; *Paul Smithers*, Will Wright; *Ma Smithers*, Jessica Newcombe; *Bud Smithers*, Billy Benedict; *Peters*, Billy Nelson; *Bartender*, Tom Kennedy; *Cully*, Fred Sherman; *Ed*, William Hall; *Fink*, John Fisher; *Abdu*, Abdullah Abbas; *Drunk*, Don Barclay; *Harris*, Dick Elliott.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warners: *Steve "Mitch" Mitchell*, George Brent; *Laurie Abbott*, Brenda Marshall; *Carl Robelink*, Gene Lockhart; *"Mac" McTurk*, Roscoe Karns; *Bess Greer*, Edward Ciannelli; *Major Turner*, Paul Harvey; *Lucille*, Edith Barrett; *Judge Hardaker*, Harry Hayden; *Charley Gates*, Charles Halton; *Reporter Davis*, Don DeFore; *Varney*, Joseph Downing; *Cummings*, George Meeker; *Mr. Crowder*, Erville Alderson; *Kirsty Lundstrom*, Mary Field; *Radcliffe*, Bill Edwards; *Meeker*, Dick Elliott; *Jimmy*, Edward McWade; *Warden*, Joseph Crehan; *Moxie*, Dick Wessel; *Louie*, Paul Newlan.

YOUTH ON PARADE—Republic: *Professor Gerald Payne*, John Hubbard; *Patty Flynn*, Betty Reilly, Ruth Terry; *Sally Carlyle*, Martha O'Driscoll; *Bingo Brown*, Tom Brown; *The Dean*, Ivan Simpson; *Willie Webster*, Charles Smith; *Emmy Lou Piper*, Lynn Merrick; *Frosty*, Nana Bryant; *Bruce*, Bruce Langley; *Eddie Reilly*, Chick Chandler; *Marlyn*, Marlyn Schild.

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shown on pages 62-63

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THE ONE YOU LOVE!

It was an unspoken dream this man and woman shared—a wish more silent than a wintry calm, a hope more pounding than the walled-in sea. For as tempestuously as Jerry adored Frances, they both loved his wife Cynthia still more.

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"Certainly I still love Cynthia," Jerry murmured, "but it's you I need!"

DO DOCTORS' BRIDES FIND HAPPINESS?

He barred her from his glistening white office, and even the grim instruments seemed to shout defiance at her love. Was this a prelude to banishment from his heart as well? Or could she find the *man* in the doctor she married? Learn the gripping answer in *"If You Are a Doctor's Wife"*.

THERE'S MAGIC IN MY HEART!!

Be sure to meet this average American girl who searched desperately for romance, often made mistakes, but somehow came out victorious. Please try to understand her failings—and remember the crazy channels that true love follows. *"There's Magic in My Heart"* is this month's must!

Invitation for Thanksgiving — Honeymoon Wife — Counterfeit Youth — Gallant Youngster — and many more! Get your copy of this grand new issue today, a great value now at all newsstands for only 10c!

True Story

DECEMBER ISSUE **ON SALE NOW**

The Truth about Hollywood Deferments

(*Continued from page* 34)

NAME OF STAR	DEPENDENTS	STATUS, WAR ACTIVITIES
Lloyd Nolan	Wife, one child	Personal appearance for Treasury Department.
John Payne	Wife (divorced), one child	Has just enlisted in Air Corps as a private. Reports for duty on completion of "Hello, Frisco. Hello."
Walter Pidgeon	Wife, one child	Bond-selling tours.
Robert Preston	Wife	Radio, war program shows.
George Raft	Wife	Has a group of young boxers that he takes from camp to camp—at his own expense—to entertain service men.
Roy Rogers	Wife, one child	Personal appearances selling Bonds, camp tours.
Cesar Romero	Single, family dependents	Personal appearances. Government radio programs. Air-raid warden. Lieutenant in the State Guard. Member of the Evacuation Corps.
Mickey Rooney	Wife (divorce pending)	Radio programs, camp tours, personal appearances.
Red Skelton	Wife	More than two hundred personal appearances. Toured small camps and barracks not big enough to draw regular shows.
Robert Stack	Single	Just received commission as ensign in Navy. Now training in aerial gunnery.
Robert Sterling	Single, family dependents	Going into Air Corps training school for pilots as soon as called. Radio war program show. Active in civilian defense services.
Robert Taylor	Wife (not dependent)	Does considerable privately for men in uniform.
Franchot Tone	Wife	Victory Committee and San Diego Navy show.
Spencer Tracy	Wife, two children	Radio shows for Government.
John Wayne	Wife, four children	Air-raid warden.
Johnny Weissmuller	Wife, two children	Radio "Command Performance" and has made Red Cross golf appearances, filling in for Bing Crosby or Bob Hope.
Orson Welles	Wife (divorced), one child	Rejected because of physical disability. Good-will Ambassador to South America. Government radio programs. "Stars Over America" Bond-selling tour.
Robert Young	Wife, two children	Bond-selling tours, radio programs for Government, active in civilian defense organizations.

NOTE: You will not find listed the names of those stars who are over active military age. Be it said once more, up to the moment of our going to press, this is the most complete information obtainable.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 24) so very real they might have been my next-door neighbors.

So, I say "hats off" to all of those who made this picture something to be remembered; but most of all I say thanks to Mrs. Lou Gehrig for this story she has given to the world.

Mrs. George S. Bond,
Baltimore, Md.

$1.00 PRIZE

It Ain't Fair!

WHAT ain't fair? Why, going to the movies to see Bob Stack and then sitting halfway through the film before being able to recognize him. Why dye those golden locks? Bobby isn't Bobby without them.

It's all right to give Charles Boyer a toupee and Groucho Marx a false mustache, but, for gosh sakes, please leave Bob Stack alone. Ex-blonde Joan Bennett makes a stunning brunette, but not Bob.

Here are two lassies whose hearts usually succumb to dark-haired charm —but we emphatically prefer a blonde and sun-kissed Bob.

Rose Mary Thomas,
Betty Mann,
Muncie, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE

Modern Marvel

WE can't go to Hollywood, but, marvel of marvels, Hollywood came to us.

For some weeks this past summer all the glamour and enchantment of that fabulous place hung like a rosy mist over part of Vancouver Island where Director John Farrow was making "The Commandos Come At Dawn," with Paul Muni, Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Ann Carter and a host of extras. These players seemed to enjoy being up here too. More than once as the Commandos and Nazis charged each other the director had to yell to them to "Stop grinning, will you?"

Maureen O'Sullivan was present too, but only as an interested spectator, being the director's wife. Oh yes, and their little son Michael made a big hit with everybody, remaining a pet even when he sneezed one day and spoiled one of dad's finest takes.

Jean M. Cameron,
Vancouver, Canada

$1.00 PRIZE

Give Her A Chance

THAT goes for me and I guarantee many others. Virginia Gilmore really does deserve bigger and better roles and more publicity than she's *not* getting. Sure, I've compared her with Turner, Grable and even Lamarr and speaking from my heart she has just as much glamour but no chance to show it. Put her in a sizzling love scene once in a while instead of those side-busting comedies and I'll bet my bottom dollar she'll pull through a hundred percent. If you big directors and producers are rippling through this, give it a thought, but also please give her a chance.

Vivian Martin,
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

Wishing

I HAVE followed John Payne's career ever since he married Anne Shirley. I have a book containing all the pictures he starred in from his first real important picture, "Garden Of The Moon," to his most recent picture, "Iceland." My book seems rather empty now that I have pictures of John Payne alone and not with Anne Shirley. I am at a loss what to do I can't put anybody else next to him because, well, they just don't seem to fit.

I just hope that my wish will soon come true and that once more I will be able to look at my scrapbook and see Anne Shirley and John Payne together and feel contented.

Alberta Rogers,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Share Your Festive Board

WITH A SERVICE MAN

THIS year thousands of our boys will be away from their homes during Thanksgiving and the Yuletide. May we suggest that you invite one or more of them to spend the holidays with you and your family... The boys will deeply appreciate the chance to "be home again" if only for a day. So let us gladden the hearts of these men in service by sharing the warmth and the friendliness of our homes.

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